### The Grind

**Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at** [http://archiveofourown.org/works/15639291](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15639291).

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<td>Stats:</td>
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### The Grind

by odaatlover

**Summary**

Waverly is a barista at The Grind, a coffee shop in the small town of Purgatory. In the past three months, she's managed to develop a raging crush on one red-haired police officer, Nicole Haught. The only problem is, she doesn't know that Waverly exists...or so she thinks.

**Notes**

This is an AU where there are no supernatural things happening. Enjoy!
“Shit!” Waverly yelped as she spilled hot coffee all over her hand. “Ugh. Of course this would happen to me.” She looked at the time. 7:44 a.m. She quickly swiped the rag over the rest of the puddle before tossing it aside. She grabbed the canister of cinnamon and sprinkled it into the cup, making sure it was the right amount before placing the lid over the hot beverage. She looked back up at the clock.

“Three, two, one…” She whispered. 7:45 a.m. She looked at the door and saw the red-haired police officer reach for the outside door handle to walk inside. She was the most beautiful woman Waverly had ever seen. It had been three months since the woman first walked into her place of work, and she was instantly hooked. She hadn’t even said anything to her that day, since her coworker was the one who had taken the officer’s order. Waverly was in the back cleaning the espresso machine when she had noticed the one and only Nicole Haught. She had never questioned her sexuality before, but she had definitely been questioning it for the past three months. Part of her was terrified about it, but the other part was excited. The thought of being with another woman exhilarated her. And the thought of being with Nicole Haught – what’s a word better than exhilarated? Well, whatever it is, that’s the word Waverly would use to describe the thought of being with Nicole Haught.

“Um, hello?”

Waverly was snapped out of her thoughts when she noticed the officer at the counter in front of her, gently waving her hand in order to get her attention. Waverly felt the heat creep up into her face when she realized she had just been daydreaming about Nicole Haught as she was standing right in front of her. How lame can you get?

“Oh, uh, sorry about that. It’s been a slow start.” Waverly chuckled awkwardly.

“Maybe you’re the one who should be ordering coffee,” the taller woman smiled.

God, those dimples. Waverly shook her head. No. No more daydreaming. Oh shit. What if she thinks I was shaking my head at her? Like I’m telling her she can’t have coffee or something? Quick, give her the coffee!

“Uh, here you go!” She slid the coffee out in front of her.

“But, I didn’t even order yet?” The redhead questioned as her brow furrowed in confusion.

“Oh.” Waverly quickly pulled the coffee back. “What would you like?”

“Can I get an Americano with a little bit of half and half steamed in, and a dash of cinnamon please?” She smiled again. This woman really needs to stop smiling.

“Sure. Here you go!” Waverly shoved the coffee back out in front of her, this time with a big grin on her face.

“You know my coffee order?” The taller woman asked in disbelief as she grabbed the cup.

“Well, you’ve come in here every day at the same time for the past three months and ordered this exact drink. I figured it was about time I learned it.”
“Hm. Fair enough.”

“Plus, I’m just doing my duty so that you can go out and do your duty!” She winced as soon as the words left her mouth. It didn’t sound as dumb in her head.

The redhead just laughed in amusement. “Well, I appreciate you doing your duty.” She said as she raised the cup of coffee, toasting the barista before taking a sip.

Waverly could feel herself blushing again. She wasn’t sure if she could handle anymore interaction with this woman without inadvertently revealing her secret crush. “Well, have a good day!”

“Don’t you want me to pay for this?” The officer chuckled.

“Oh. Uh, no, that’s okay. It’s on me.” Waverly smiled.

“Wow, thank you. I guess I’ll have to return the favor by giving you a complimentary ride in my squad car sometime.”

“I would love that!” Waverly said, a little too excited.

“Well, I better get going. See you tomorrow, Waverly.”

She couldn’t believe it. This perfect woman whom she had been crushing on for the past 93 days knew her name. “Definitely. See you tomorrow, Officer Haught!”

“Please. Any woman who knows my coffee order and pays for it can call me Nicole.” She smirked as she took a sip of the coffee before turning around to walk out the door.

“Nicole,” Waverly whispered to herself. They were officially on a first-name basis, which meant that they were beginning to blur the lines between a barista/customer relationship, to acquaintances. This was progress.

“Oh, and by the way,” Nicole began as she opened the door. “You make my drink way better than that other barista.” She winked before walking out the door.

Waverly could’ve passed out right then and there. But she didn’t, because she knew that there was only nine minutes until the morning rush began, and they were a little short-staffed with Darren – the other barista who didn’t make Nicole Haught’s drink as well as she did – being on vacation this week.

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Nicole jumped into the driver’s seat of the squad car.

“So, how did it go?” Her partner asked from the passenger’s seat.

“How did what go?”

“Don’t play dumb. I know you’ve been hardcore crushing on that barista ever since you first walked into that coffee shop.”

“What? No I haven’t!”

“Come on, Haught. You’re not exactly subtle with it.”

“I am too!” She barked.
“Aha! So you do like her!”

She pursed her lips together. “You’re a pain in my ass, Dolls. You know that?”

“As a partner should be,” he replied matter-of-factly.

She shook her head and chuckled as she took a sip of her perfectly made coffee.

“Okay, so you like Waverly. Now what are you going to do about it?”

“Nothing.”

“What do you mean, nothing?”

“I mean, exactly that. Nothing.”

“You have to do something. Otherwise, you’re never going to get the girl.”

“I’m never going to get her anyways. She’s straight.”

“Did she say that?”

“Well, no.”

“Then how do you know?”

“Because she has a boyfriend.” She rolled her eyes at the thought of Waverly’s boyfriend. She knew all about Champ Hardy. As soon as she found out that he was dating Waverly – about two days after she first walked into the coffee shop and noticed the mesmerizing brunette cleaning the espresso machine – she looked up his file; and she was not a fan. She knew Waverly could do better, even if she didn’t want Nicole.

“So? That doesn’t mean anything. How many boyfriends have you had?”

“One.”

“And are you straight?”

“No. And it only took the one to figure that out.”

“Well maybe it only takes one stubborn redhead police officer for Waverly to figure out that she’s not either.”

Nicole paused for a moment. Maybe Dolls was right. Maybe Waverly wasn’t straight and she really did have a chance. After all, the girl did know her coffee order. But no, that didn’t mean anything. She was probably just doing her job. She probably remembered everyone’s coffee order. It did take 93 days for her to even remember Nicole’s, after all.

“She’s not straight, and that’s the end of it.” She stated as she started up the car.

“What, you think that just because you’re a lesbian, it means that your gaydar is 100% accurate?”

“Precisely.” She pulled out of the parking space and began their usual commute to the police station.

“Whatever. You’re only sabotaging yourself.”

“Tell you what, I’ll make a move on my Earp girl if you make a move on yours.”
“What do you mean?”

“Oh please. I know you have a crush on Wynonna. You’re less subtle ordering drinks from her at Shorty’s than I am ordering coffee from Waverly at The Grind.”

“That’s different.”

“Yeah. You actually know that she likes men and she doesn’t have a boyfriend. So you have a better chance.”

“But she doesn’t remember my drink order.”

“Oh, but she will tonight.”

“What’s tonight?”

“The night we make her remember your drink order.” Nicole smirked.

“Now you’re the one who’s the pain in my ass.” He said looking straight ahead at the road.

“As a partner should be.”

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As Waverly wiped down the espresso machine, she heard the bell above the front door ding behind her. “Hello, welcome to–” She turned around and noticed the familiar dopey grin. “Oh, hey Champ.”

“Hey babe,” the tattooed guy said as he unexpectedly grabbed the short barista and forcefully pulled her into a kiss, giving her no choice but to plant her lips onto his. Which wasn’t a big deal, since he was her boyfriend. She didn’t mind kissing him.

When he released her, she gave him a half-hearted smile. “Any luck finding a job yet?”

“Nah, but something will turn up,” he said as he grabbed a muffin from the dessert dish and shoved it into his mouth.

“Okay, but you are looking though, right?”

“Meh. Here and there. But I’m sure something will just fall into my lap eventually. You know, if it’s meant to be, it’ll be.”

Waverly clenched her jaw. “Um, okay. But you know that jobs don’t actually just fall into laps, right? You have to actually apply for-“

“Oh damn!” Champ cut her off as he noticed the time. “I didn’t realize how late it was. I better get going. I’m supposed to meet Craig in five minutes. We’re going paintballing!” He said enthusiastically.

It took every muscle in Waverly’s body not to roll her eyes.

“Later babe.” He pulled her into another unexpected kiss before heading towards the door.

“Wait, you’re going to pay for that muffin, right?”

“I thought you could pay for it.” He smiled.
“Yeah, sure.” She sighed.

“Thanks babe. You tha man!” He said before running out the door.

“Well, someone has to be,” she mumbled to herself before shaking her head and returning her attention to the appliance.

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Later that night

“This is a bad idea,” Dolls said nervously.

“What? Going to the bar for drinks after a boring day of speeding tickets and paperwork?”

“No, going to the bar in an attempt to get Wynonna to notice me when I already know she won’t.”

“Now who’s the one sabotaging themselves?”

“I’m just saying, I’ve been trying to get her to notice me for weeks, and I’ve clearly failed.”

“Yeah, but you didn’t have me as a wingman. Things are going to be different tonight.” She grinned as she patted his leg.

“That’s easy for you to say. We’re not seeing your girl tonight.”

“Nope. I have until tomorrow morning to prepare,” she bragged.

“In which case, I’ll be your wingman.”

“Yeah right. You’re staying in the squad car, just like you do every morning.”

“We’ll see.”

She rolled her eyes as she parked the squad car in front of the bar.

“Do you think we should’ve changed out of our uniforms before going out tonight?” Dolls asked.

“No way. Chicks dig an officer in uniform, trust me.” She winked as she unbuckled her seatbelt and stepped out of the car.

“I hope so.” He faltered, following suit.

When they walked into the bar, they noticed two empty seats at the counter and sat down.

“I don’t see her. I guess she’s not working tonight,” Dolls said in fake disappointment.

Nicole looked around the bar and noticed the bartender picking up some empty beer mugs from one of the tables. “Relax, she’s over there, busting tables.”

“Yay,” he said unenthusiastically as the nerves crept into his stomach.

“Excuse me!” Nicole waved, flagging down the older Earp.

When Wynonna noticed the waving officer, she walked over behind the counter. “Sorry. Didn’t see you guys walk in.”
Dolls frowned, taking the comment as a personal hit.

“I hope you both aren’t here to arrest me,” Wynonna joked as she pointed to the uniforms.

“Nah, just here for a drink after a long shift.” Nicole reassured.

“Well then, you’re my kind of officers. What are you having?”

“ать just have a club soda,” Nicole replied.

“No alcohol tonight?” Wynonna asked surprised.

“Nah. I’m more of a coffee drinker. My partner here is more into alcohol than I am.” She swung her arm around his shoulder as he scowled at her.

“Fair enough. Club soda it is. And for you?”

“Whiskey neat.”

“Got it. Club soda for red, and whiskey neat for broody. Coming right up,” she said before walking away.

“Broody?! What does that mean!” Dolls whispered to Nicole, who was trying her very best not to laugh.

“Well, you could lighten up a bit. I can see your facial muscles flexing from here.”

“That’s because she just called me broody.”

“Relax, Dolls. The night’s just started. Don’t overthink everything. Be cool.”

“I’m always cool,” he stated, feeling insulted.

“Then act like it.”

He rolled his eyes, questioning why he let her drag him into this. As he looked around the bar, he noticed a small brunette woman playing pool. He nudged his partner’s side.

“Hey, look who’s here.” He smirked as he nodded towards the pool table.

Nicole whirled around and grinned as soon as she saw the petite woman. But her grin was quickly replaced with an expression of disgust when she noticed who she was with.

“Ugh,” she groaned as she turned back around. “She’s with fucking Champ Hardy.”

“She doesn’t have to be. She could be with you right now,” he said with an amused look on his face.

Wynonna returned with two drinks in hand, and a look of confusion. “Are you guys trying to swap nicknames on me? I thought he was the broody one,” she said nodding over towards Dolls.

“She gets broody too sometimes,” he replied as he took the drinks from her.

“Well, then I guess I’ll have to give you a less confusing nickname.”

“Or you can just call me by my first name. Xavier.” He stated coolly.

“Nah, I don’t do first names,” she replied dryly.
His face dropped at the unexpected rejection.

“I’ll just call you whiskey neat.” She winked and clicked her tongue before walking away.

He subtly fist pumped. “Did you hear that Haught? She remembered my drink order!”

“Uh huh. Cool.” Nicole said, her eyes burning into the back of Champ Hardy’s skull.

“If it’s bothering you that much, why don’t you go and talk to her?”

“You know what. I will.” She slid off of the stool and stomped over to them. As soon as she reached the couple, she put on a fake smile. “Hey Waverly!” She waved.

Waverly looked at the redhead and suddenly felt her stomach drop. She wasn’t expecting to see her again until the next morning. Suddenly, she felt underprepared; which was not a good feeling for someone who was such a planner.

“Hey officer Haught.”

Champ whirled around, wrapping his arm around Waverly to send a message to the officer that he was taken, and that there was no point in her trying to make a move on him. He wasn’t really into redheads anyways.

“Who is this?” Nicole asked, pretending as if she hadn’t been keeping an eye on him for the past three months. Waverly had never introduced him to her, so she didn’t want to come off as a stalker.

“This is my, uh…” Waverly hesitated. Suddenly, calling Champ her boyfriend seemed a bit embarrassing.

“I’m her boyfriend, Champ. Champ Hardy,” he said, holding out his hand. “Nicole, was it?”

She looked at his hand. What she really wanted to do was break it, knowing all of the things it’s probably done to Waverly. But she refrained.

“Actually, it’s Officer Haught.” She smiled with clenched teeth as she grabbed his hand and squeezed as hard as she could, causing the boy – Nicole couldn’t bring herself to call him a man – to flinch before pulling his hand away and massaging it.

Waverly felt her heart flutter. Guess she really did only let women who remembered her drink order and paid for it call her Nicole.

“Quite a grip there, Officer Hopp.” He continued to rub his hand.

“It’s Haught,” she corrected, glaring at him. He was stupider than she had previously thought.

“Oh, right. Haught.” He laughed at the name. “The name is a bit presentous, isn’t it?”

Waverly looked down at the floor, avoiding eye contact. Now she was really embarrassed.

“I believe the word you’re thinking of is pretentious,” Nicole replied as she folded her arms sternly across her chest. “And no, it’s not. It’s the name I was given. Unlike Champ.” She challenged.

Waverly gulped. She had never been more turned on by this woman than in this very moment. Champ wasn’t the brightest, but not many people challenged him. So, watching Nicole put him in his place, was extremely hot.
“Actually, the name Champ was given to me too. That’s what everyone calls me, since I’m the town’s rodeo star.” He folded his arms and puffed up his chest as he took a step forward, challenging back.

“Former rodeo star, I believe. I mean, you must be, since I’ve been here for three months and have never heard of you.” She copied his prior actions and took a step forward.

“Whatever. You’re obviously new here, so I’ll give you a free pass.” He huffed before walking over to the pool table and continuing his previous game – the one he was playing against himself, since he didn’t see the point in letting Waverly play if he knew he was just going to win anyways.

Nicole rolled her eyes and noticed Waverly’s face, which said ‘I’m sorry my boyfriend is such an ass.’

She looked back at the shorter girl with eyes that said ‘I’m sorry your boyfriend is such an ass.’

“It was good seeing you Waverly.” There were those dimples again. "I hope you enjoy the rest of your night. I’ll see you tomorrow,” Nicole said sweetly.

“Yeah, see you tomorrow,” Waverly replied softly as she watched the woman walk away, taking in the sight of her perfect ass. She watched the redhead walk away every day, and still couldn’t get over how hot she was. Her last name wasn’t pretentious; it was accurate.

“What a bitch.” Champ scoffed angrily as he took a shot. “That chick is definitely presentous.”

Waverly rolled her eyes.

“I can’t believe you have to see her every day at work.”

“Yeah, well I do,” she said shortly, clearly annoyed and desperately wanting him to go back to ignoring her while he played pool.

He took another shot. “So, what are you going to do about it?”

She stared at the woman of her dreams, who was now showing off her perfect smile as she laughed with another officer, and sighed.

“Nothing.”

Chapter End Notes

Tumblr account for updates, interacting, questions, etc...
odaatlover.tumblr.com
So, You're Gay?

Chapter Summary

Waverly finds out Nicole’s sexual orientation.

The next day

“You got this. You’re Nicole Haught. All you have to do is walk in there and order your coffee, make some small talk, and don’t mention her unfortunate choice in men.” Nicole exhaled shortly in confidence as she stared at the front door from the driver’s seat.

“Did you really just give yourself a pep talk?” Dolls asked in amusement.

“Shut up.” Nicole replied sharply before getting out of the car. She looked down at her watch. 7:44 a.m. “Three, two, one…” 7:45 a.m. She walked up to the door and stepped inside, immediately noticing Waverly’s perfect hair. Normally it would be up in a messy bun or back in a ponytail, and if it was down it would be untouched – aside from a quick brush through. But today, it was in perfect waves. The irony wasn’t lost on her.

“Hey Waves.” Nicole waved. She quickly realized the unintentional nickname. “I mean, Waverly.”

“Waves is fine!” The brunette quickly reassured. “I mean, if you want. Waverly is okay too. I mean, it is my name, so obviously it’s okay. But if you want to call me Waves to save time, I’m okay with that. Or not! It’s up to you and I won’t be offended either way.” She prayed to whatever gods that she didn’t come off as a total geek with her verbal diarrhea.

Nicole was amused by how cute the barista was. “How about I just surprise you.” She leaned against the counter.

“Deal.” Waverly relaxed as she smiled. “Oh, here’s your coffee.” She picked up the cup and held it out to the redhead.

“You remembered my drink again,” Nicole said, staring into Waverly’s eyes as she reached out for the cup, her fingertips brushing against the smaller woman’s.

As soon as Nicole’s fingertips touched hers, Waverly felt the electricity surge through her core, causing her breath to hitch. She felt tranced by the taller woman’s gaze. A strong fluttering sensation entered in the pit of her stomach, as if it had just consumed an entire army of butterflies. If she kept touching Nicole and looking into her eyes like this, she would end up with an uncomfortable ache between her legs that she knew she wouldn’t be able to make go away until after her very long shift. So she quickly retracted her hand from the cup and stared back down at the cash register.

“Um, I better get back to work,” she said, continuing where she had left off before with counting the money.

“Yeah, I better get going too. Here you go.” The officer threw a five-dollar bill down onto the counter. “And you can keep the change.” She smiled at Waverly, who grabbed the bill to put into the register without looking up.
As Nicole turned around to walk away, Waverly took the opportunity to look up. *There’s that perfect ass again.* “Same time tomorrow?” She quickly asked before Nicole left, not wanting their interaction to end with her inability to make eye contact.

The redhead’s mouth formed into a gentle smile. “Same time tomorrow, Waves.”

That one little nickname was all it took to get Waverly’s heart racing. If she were back in high school, this would be the moment where she would draw “NH + WE” all over her notebook. But she wasn’t in high school, she was at work. So, she let the feeling wash over herself for a moment longer before retuning her attention to the money once more.

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A few hours and 57 drinks later, Waverly found herself taking inventory in the back.

“Hey baby!” Said a voice unexpectedly from right behind her, causing her to drop the box of coffee filters that she was holding.

“Jesus Champ! You scared the shit out of me!” She yelled, clearly annoyed by the interruption.

“Sorry. I was just trying to surprise you.”

“Didn’t you see the sign outside?”

“The one that says ‘On break. Be back at 1:30’? Yeah, I saw it.” He smirked.

“Then why did you come in when it’s only…” She looked at her watch, “1:12?”

“Because I missed you. I haven’t seen you all day.”

She rolled her eyes and attempted to continue her work.

“So, did Officer What’s-Her-Face come back in here today?” Champ asked as he slumped down into the chair that Waverly was using as a table after he had pushed all of the stuff off of it.

“It’s Officer Haught.” She corrected, unamused.

“Officer Hot-And-Bothered.” He laughed at his own joke, which really made Waverly’s blood boil.

“Did she come in today?”

“She did,” Waverly replied without looking up from the clipboard she was marking on.

“She, why can’t she just find somewhere else to get her coffee? It’s not like this is the only coffee shop in town.”

She slammed the clipboard down onto one of the boxes and turned to face him. “Oh, so you want to drive away my customers? Is that it?”

He quickly stood up from the chair. “What? No, I just think she shouldn’t be bothering you while you’re working.”

“Kind of like you are right now?” She crossed her arms.

“What’s your problem? Why are you getting mad at me?”

“Because, I’m clearly trying to get stuff done and you won’t leave me alone!”
He gave her a puzzled look as he tried to figure out what he had done wrong. His face softened once he realized the answer. “Oh, I get it. It’s that time of the month, right?” He winked.

Waverly couldn’t believe how ignorant he was. “Wow. You really know how to talk to women, don’t you Champ?” She scoffed.

“I do.” He stated proudly as he took the compliment – or at least what he thought was a compliment, since he wasn’t very fluent in sarcasm. “And I’m even better at fucking them.” He grabbed Waverly’s waist and pulled her into him in an attempt to kiss her.

“What the fuck!” She yelled angrily as she shoved him off of her, causing him to stumble over the chair and fall backwards onto the floor.

“I’m just trying to give you what you want!” He stood up and brushed himself off.

“I know this is hard for you to believe, Champ, but your dick is not what I want right now!”

“I can see that! We haven’t had real sex in weeks, and it’s starting to get annoying. I’m your boyfriend Waverly. I’m supposed to be able to have sex with my girlfriend!”

“That’s all you care about, isn’t it? Getting laid!” She shouted.

“No, it’s not all I care about, but I do care about it. And there are plenty of girls in this town who want it from me. So if you don’t, then I might as well just go to them.” He huffed.

“By all means, have at it,” she said nonchalantly before turning around to resume counting the boxes.

“I mean it, Waverly. I’m getting impatient and sick of you constantly blowing me off. You’re going to lose me.”

She laughed. “You’re getting impatient? Champ, I’m the one getting impatient here. Impatient with you finding a real job, impatient with you not treating me like an object anymore, impatient with you never doing anything thoughtful for me, and impatient with you actually giving me an orgasm for once. But most importantly, I’m impatient waiting for you to grow the hell up. So, if you want to go out and bang other women, that’s fine by me. Because I’m done with you.” She untied her apron and threw it on the floor.

“Where are you going?” He said in a tone that was a mix of anger and surprise.

“Anywhere you aren’t. I still have 13 minutes of my break left, and I’d like to spend it jackass free. So you better be gone by the time I get back,” she said through gritted teeth before stomping out the door.

She had no idea why she was crying. Sure, she had been with Champ for a little over four years, but it’s not like he ever treated her right. It’s not like she was really losing anything. If she were being completely honest with herself, she never even enjoyed being around him. She only started dating him because her friends in high school told her that they would make a cute couple, and she just stayed in the relationship because she never had any real reason to leave. But now, everything was different. Now she was beginning to feel things for someone else. A woman. She didn’t know what that meant, but she wasn’t going to figure it out with Champ constantly breathing down her neck, begging for attention.

“Hey, are you okay?” She heard from the car that was driving next to where she was walking. When she looked over, she noticed red hair.
“Oh, hey Nicole! Yeah, I’m fine. Peachy!”

“Really?” Nicole asked in genuine concern. “You’re crying.”

Waverly’s face dropped. “Oh. Right.”

Nicole watched her wipe the tears from her cheeks. “Hey, do you want to cash in that complimentary squad car ride I owe you?”

“I only have 10 more minutes until my break is over,” Waverly shrugged.

“Oh. Do you want to cash in that 10-minute complimentary squad car ride I owe you?” She playfully grinned in an attempt to cheer up the smaller woman.

Waverly sighed. How could this woman be so sexy and adorable all at the same time? “Sure.” She smiled. She walked around to the passenger’s side of the car and got in.

“So, do you want to talk about it?” Nicole asked after a few seconds of silence.

“Well, it’s just that I, uh…well, Champ and I broke up.” She said hesitantly. Talking with Nicole about Champ was not something she was looking forward to.

“Oh?” Nicole tried her best to stifle a grin. She wanted to be supportive, even though this was the best news she’d ever gotten. “Did he break up with you, or did you break up with him?”

“I broke up with him.”

“Good.”

“Good?”

“Well I mean, if he had broken up with you then that would mean that he’s even more of an idiot than I had previously thought.”

Waverly turned to look out the passenger’s window, trying to hide her dopey smile from the police officer. “I’m the one who did the breaking, so what does that make me?” She asked, head still turned in the opposite direction.

“Smart.” Nicole said bluntly, looking over at Waverly for a quick second before turning back to look ahead at the road.

They had slipped into a moment of comfortable silence before Waverly couldn’t help but get her worries off her chest. “I don’t know,” she sighed. “Part of me feels relieved. Like, I’m free from something I never really wanted in the first place? But another part of me feels like, what if I made a huge mistake?”

“What if I don’t find anyone else? What if I end up alone? Like one of those ladies who lives with their 27 cats.”

Nicole let out a snort.

“What’s so funny?” Waverly asked, offended that she wasn’t being taken seriously.

“No, nothing. It’s just, I can’t imagine you having trouble finding someone else.”
“Why not?”

“Because, I mean, look at you! You’re one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever seen!” she raved. “No, scratch that. You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

Waverly felt her heart rate begin to speed up. *Is Nicole flirting with me? No, there’s no way. She’s just trying to make me feel better. Come on Waverly, don’t go inventing false situations in your head again.*

“Ahem,” Nicole cleared her throat, getting a little nervous at the awkward silence that followed her failed attempt – or at least in her mind – at flirting. “But either way, even if you end up alone with 27 cats, which you won’t, it’ll still be an upgrade from Champ Hardy. I mean, what did you ever even see in that guy?”

“I don’t know. When we were in high school, everyone kept saying that we would look good together. He was the popular boy, and I was the head cheerleader. I just assumed that we had to be together.”

*Of course she was head cheerleader in high school. “Waverly, you don’t have to be with anyone you don’t want to be with,” she comforted. “You should be with whoever makes you happy, and that’s your choice.” She looked over once again, but this time caught soft brown eyes, which she wasn’t prepared for. She was prepared for Waverly to be looking out the window still, or at least straight ahead, but she wasn’t expecting her to be looking at her. They held eye contact for what felt like an eternity, until Nicole finally looked away.*

“So, uh, how long were you and Champ together?”

“Four years.”

*Four years?!* She nearly choked. “You’ve been putting up with that asshole for four years?!”

“It wasn’t all bad! He had some good moments.”

“Oh yeah, like what?”

“Well, he…um…” She couldn’t believe that she couldn’t think of a single nice thing that Champ had done for her in the past four years; over 1,460 days. When Nicole had done 18 nice things for her – small things, but nice things nonetheless – in the past 94 days, and they hadn’t even seen each other outside of the coffee shop until last night...and they weren’t even dating. “I can’t think of anything specific right now, but they exist.”

“Mhm,” Nicole hummed, clearly unconvinced. “Waverly, can I ask you a personal question?”

“Um, yeah?” She faltered.

“How old are you?” Nicole already knew the answer to this from looking at her file, but Waverly didn’t know that.

“21.”

“And how old is Champ?” Again, a question she already knew the answer to.

“21.”

“See, that’s your problem right there.”
“What?”

“Champ is still a child. Everyone knows that women mature before men. You want someone on your level of maturity? You have to date someone older. By at least a few years.”

“Well, how old are you?”

“26.”

She’s a few years older. Was she talking about herself? Was she hitting on me? Does she even like women? I have to find out. “So does that mean that your boyfriend is over 30 then?”

Nicole couldn’t contain her laughter. She knew it wasn’t fair to expect Waverly to just know that she was gay, but she had been out for so long that anybody asking about a boyfriend just seemed ridiculous to her.

“What’s so funny?”

“Oh, it’s just, um, I don’t have a boyfriend.” Nicole parked the car in her usual space in front of the coffee shop.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I just assumed.”

“It’s okay.”

“Do you have a girlfriend?” Waverly really hoped she didn’t offend Nicole with this question. She really hoped that she was gay, or at least open to dating women, but she didn’t know for sure. And today was the day she was going to find out.

Nicole stopped laughing. Her facial expression was replaced by a serious one. She was caught off guard by that question, since she wasn’t expecting Waverly to ever ask her that. Anyone here who asked if she had a boyfriend or husband always just assumed that she was single if her answer was no, and that would be the end of the conversation. Nobody ever considered that she might have a girlfriend or a wife. But of course, Waverly was much smarter than anyone else in this Podunk town.

“I’m sorry,” Waverly began to panic at Nicole’s lack of response. “I didn’t mean to offend you. I’m not assuming that you’re, like…you know.” She didn’t want to say ‘gay’ and end up making things even worse if Nicole was offended. “I just didn’t want to assume that you were single if you weren’t with a man.”

“No, that’s—” Nicole smiled down at the steering wheel and lightly shook her head in disbelief before looking up at Waverly. “You’re the first person here to give me the opportunity to explain myself.”

Waverly smiled back, letting Nicole continue.

“No, I don’t have a girlfriend. I’m not seeing anyone right now. But I do like women.”

Waverly inhaled sharply and nodded. She was internally celebrating, but externally she was trying not to make a big deal out of it. “So, you’re gay?”

“Yeah. Is that okay?” She hesitated, unsure of how the brunette would actually take her confession.

“Are you kidding? Of course it’s okay! Why wouldn’t it be?”

“I just didn’t think you guys had a lot of gays in this town.”
“Well, we don’t. Actually, I think you’re the first gay person I’ve ever met in real life…now that I think about it.”

“That can’t be true.”

“It is, I swear.”

“You’re telling me that in the past 21 years of your life, you’ve never met anyone who wasn’t straight?”

“Not that I know of. But then again, I’ve been here in Purgatory all my life, so it’s not like I’ve really had a chance to branch out and meet different kinds of people.”

“Huh. I’m sure you’ve come across a lot of queer people here, you just didn’t know that they were queer. I don’t blame them. I can’t imagine questioning your sexuality in a town like this.”

“Ha ha, yeah.” Waverly shifted uncomfortably. Nicole had no idea that at that very moment, Waverly was questioning her sexuality in a town like that. In that town. “Um, so are you looking for an older woman then?”

“Well, that’s the beauty of liking women. I don’t have to wait for my prospects to mature.” She smiled. “I’m not super picky about age, but I prefer women that are younger.”

“Oh.” She felt the butterflies again. “How much younger?”

“At least 21.” Nicole smirked.

Waverly looked at Nicole. Her mind was racing. She was actually a prospect for being Nicole’s girlfriend. Officer Nicole Haught’s girlfriend. She studied her face. The way her brown eyes complemented her short, red hair, which caught like fire in the sunlight that was shining through the window. The way that the dimple in her left cheek was deeper than the subtle one in her right cheek when she smiled. And her lips…Waverly wondered what it would be like to kiss those soft, plump…

“Waves?”

“Yeah!” Waverly was brought out of her thoughts as she looked up from Nicole’s lips to her eyes, which caused the redhead to chuckle in amusement.

“It’s been 10 minutes.”

“Oh, shit. I have to get back to work.”

“I know.” Nicole gave her a comforting smile as she rubbed her shoulder. “But, I hope I was able to make you feel a little bit better?”

“Better?”

“Yeah. About your break up? …with Champ?”

“Oh, right! Yes, my break up with Champ. You did. Much better. I mean, me. I feel. I mean, I’m feeling much better.” Just the mere touch of Nicole’s hand anywhere on Waverly’s body apparently made her lose all form of coherence.

“Good. I’m glad I could help.” She dropped her hand from Waverly’s shoulder down to her own lap. “So, I guess I’ll see you tomorrow?”
“Yep! I’ll be here. Serving coffee.”

“And I’ll be here…buying it.” Both of the women giggled.

“Well, I’ll uh, I’ll see you tomorrow, Nicole.”

“Yeah, see you tomorrow, Waverly.”

She smiled at Nicole for a second longer before getting out of the car and rushing through the door, after snatching the ‘On break. Be back at 1:30’ sign off of it.

Nicole relaxed her head back into her headrest and sighed as she watched the petite woman walk into the shop.

“Okay Nicole, don’t get ahead of yourself,” she whispered to herself. “She just broke up with her boyfriend. There’s not much of a chance that she’s into you, or even likes women. She probably wasn’t even flirting. She was just being nice to make you feel better about being gay and coming out to her. Don’t go inventing false situations in your head again.”

She blew an audible amount of air out of her mouth as her cheeks puffed.

“I’m so screwed.”
Waverly tells Wynonna about what she's been hiding, but not without a typical sisterly quarrel.

It’s been a week since Waverly broke up with Champ. It didn’t take long for her to get over him, especially since she got to see Nicole every morning. They hadn’t seen each other outside of the coffee shop since that day, but they were definitely more confident in their flirting. Waverly figured since Nicole was gay, a little flirting wouldn’t bother her, even if she didn’t like Waverly as more than just a friend. And Nicole figured that since Waverly was getting over Champ and wanted a distraction, a little flirting wouldn’t bother her, even if she didn’t like Nicole as more than just a friend. And they were content with where they were currently at; but both of them wanted more.

“Hey Baby Girl,” Wynonna said as Waverly sat down at the bar in front of her. She was cleaning out the inside of a glass with a rag. “Are you enjoying your day off?”

“Yeah. It’s a little boring though. I haven’t had a day off in weeks.”

“Well, you deserve it. Especially with how smoothly you ran that place all by yourself with Darren on vacation.”

“Yeah. That was a little rough, I’ll admit.”

“So go relax! Have some tea, read a book. Maybe get Champ to help de-stress you, if you know what I mean.” She winked.

Waverly cringed at the thought. “Oh, I didn’t tell you?”

“Tell me what?”

“Champ and I broke up.”

Wynonna nearly dropped the glass, but caught it before it hit the ground. She set it, and the rag, down on the counter. “What?! When did this happen?”

“Last week.”

“Well what happened?”

“I just wasn’t feeling it anymore.”

Wynonna let out a sigh of relief once she heard that Waverly was the one who broke up with him. “Waverly, Champ treated you like shit for so many years. I’m glad you finally came to your senses.”

“Really? You don’t think I made a mistake?”

“No way! You were high school sweethearts, but he’s still stuck in high school mode. And you’ve grown up. You should be with someone who’s grown up too.”
Waverly exhaled nervously. Wynonna hadn’t been around during Waverly’s teenage years, but since she came back to Purgatory last year, she’d felt closer to her than ever. “Actually, there is someone else that I like. Someone who’s grown up,” she said almost inaudibly, half hoping that Wynonna didn’t hear what she said so that she wouldn’t have to talk about it, but also half hoping she did so that she could share everything.

“Really?” Wynonna smirked as she leaned down on her elbows to get closer to her little sister. “Who’s the lucky guy?”

Guy. Of course she would assume it’s a guy. Everyone always assumes it’s a guy. What am I thinking? It’s Wynonna; boyfriend stealing Wynonna. She’s never going to understand. “Actually, never mind. It’s no one,” she replied sadly as she stood up from the stool.

“Wait a minute, Waverly. It’s okay. I wasn’t trying to-“

“No, it’s fine. I have stuff I need to get done.”

“On your day off?” Wynonna asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes. On my day off,” she snapped before walking out of the bar.

Wynonna shook her head and chuckled as she picked up the glass. “That girl’s got it bad.”

---

After Wynonna’s shift at Shorty’s, she went home, figuring she could spend some time with her sister. She knocked on the open door to Waverly’s bedroom.

“Knock knock!” Wynonna lilted.

“You don’t have to say ‘knock knock’ as you knock. The actual knocking is pretty self-explanatory on its own,” Waverly snipped from her bed without looking up from her book.

Wynonna rolled her eyes. “Okay, stand down,” she said as she put her hands up in defense. “I come in peace.” She dropped her hands as she made her way towards the bed. Waverly set her book down on the bedside table – next to her tea – and grabbed a stuffed animal to hug.

Wynonna sat down at the edge of Waverly’s bed. “I’m sorry if I was being pushy earlier.”

Waverly sighed. “It’s okay. You were just being curious. I might have overreacted a little.” “And I think I know why.” The older Earp gave a reassuring smile.

“You do?”

“Of course I do. I know you, I’m your sister. Sometimes I know you better than you know yourself.”

“Wow, I’m actually a little relieved to hear you say that.” She sat up and threw the stuffed animal aside. “I’ve been so nervous to tell you.”

“Wave, it’s okay.” Wynonna grabbed her hand. “I know exactly how you feel.”

“Wait, what? What do you mean?”

“I mean, he’s my boyfriend, so I don’t blame you for liking him. He is hot, afterall.” Wynonna nudged her sister’s leg with her elbow.

“Waverly, it’s okay. Calm down.”

Waverly laughed at the accusation and shook her head. “No Wynonna. You’re the town's boyfriend stealer, not me.”

“Oh, ouch. That would probably sting a little more if I didn’t actually receive that superlative in high school,” Wynonna noted. “Why are you attacking me?”

“Because you won’t leave me alone!” Waverly stormed out of the bedroom and slammed the door behind her.

“Huh. Leave it to Waverly to be the one to leave her own room during an argument,” Wynonna said in amusement.

---

Nicole was sitting at her desk doing some paperwork when she heard angry footsteps coming down the hall towards her desk. She looked up to greet the civilian, but when she noticed that it was Waverly – who dropped down into the seat across from her – she quickly became confused.

“Hi?” She said hesitantly, unsure if this was real life or one of her dreams again.

“Hi.” Waverly replied angrily with her arms folded tightly across her chest, looking at the wall behind Nicole instead of directly at her.

“Um, is everything okay?”

“Yeah. This is my face when everything is just dandy,” the brunette replied sarcastically.

Nicole had never felt more dumb than in that moment. “Sorry, that wasn’t–” She closed her eyes and shook her head. “What I meant to say was, what’s wrong?”

“Oh you know, just the usual. My sister just accused me of stealing her boyfriend.”

“What? Wynonna has a boyfriend?”

Waverly glared at her. “Not the point, Nicole.”

“Oh, right. Sorry.” She made a mental note to talk to Dolls later. “So, what exactly did she accuse you of? Having an affair behind her back?”

Waverly shifted in her chair. “Well, she didn’t exactly accuse me of anything action-based like that. More like she accused me of liking him.”

“Oh. Well, do you?”

“Are you serious?” Waverly spat as she stood up from the chair. “No. I don’t fucking like Doc!”

Another mental note: His name was Doc.

“But I can’t just tell her that I like–” She froze. She couldn’t believe how close she had just gotten to carelessly outing herself.
Nicole waited for her to finished her sentence, but then quickly realized that she wouldn’t do it on her own. “Like who?”


“What was that about?” Dolls asked as he walked out of the break room holding a coffee and a donut.

“Jesus Dolls!” Nicole jumped as she held her hand over her chest. “Were you spying on me or something?”

“No, I was just getting some coffee.”

“Were you in there this whole time?”

“No. I just teleported in here recently,” he said dryly.

Nicole rolled her eyes. “So I guess you heard that whole thing then?”

“Yeah. Pretty much.”

“Including the part about Wynonna having a boyfriend?” She asked hesitantly.

“Yep.” He shoved the rest of the donut into his mouth as he slumped down into the chair that Waverly was previously sitting in.

“I’m sorry man. I was going to tell you after Waverly left. I hate that you had to find out that way.”

“It’s okay.”

Nicole looked at him sympathetically for only a short second, knowing that he hated when people pitied him.

“So, what do you think Waverly was going to say at the end there?” He quickly changed the subject.

“I have no idea,” Nicole replied as she continued to finish her paperwork from before.

“Oh, I think I have a pretty good idea.”

“Oh yeah?” Nicole replied without looking up, pretending that she was only half paying attention to him.

“I think she was going to say that she likes you.” He smirked.

She was starting to get annoyed by him. All she wanted to do was get her paperwork done and get out on time for once. She set her pen down. “Or, she likes some other shithead and that’s why she was embarrassed to tell me and Wynonna,” she remarked pointedly before picking the pen back up and writing once again.

“Is that really what you think?”

She sighed. If he wasn’t going to let her finish her work, she might as well get everything off her chest. “Honestly, I don’t really know what to think with that girl anymore. She confuses the hell out of me. One minute she’s getting close to me, and the next she’s pulling away. I don’t know what any of it means.” She relaxed against the back of her chair.
“Well you can always just ask her. Go over to her house tonight and get your answer.”

She tittered. “Yeah, right. What, I’m just supposed to show up randomly at her house to ask her if she likes me?”

“No, but you could go over to her house to return this,” he held up a light brown suede handbag. “And then casually bring up your conversation from earlier.”

“Is that Waverly’s bag?”

“It was sitting on the floor here. She must have left it when she was in a hurry to hide the fact that she likes you.” He grinned.

Nicole pursed her lips and snatched the bag away from him. “Fine. I’ll return the bag. But only for the sake of returning the bag.”

Dolls stood up from the chair and grabbed his coffee from her desk. “Okay, Nicole. Whatever you say.” He looked at her knowingly before walking away.

“I mean it Dolls! I’m showing up in the squad car and in uniform!” She yelled as he walked back over to his desk.

---

Waverly was sitting at the kitchen table eating some leftover pot roast from the night before when Wynonna walked in.

“Hey Baby Girl,” she said delicately as she sat down in the seat across from Waverly.

“Hey,” Waverly replied shortly.

Wynonna sighed. “Look, I messed up, okay? I know I haven’t really been here all that much to practice proper sister-talk etiquette, but I promise I’ll get better at it. Starting now.”

“Now?” Waverly asked nervously.

“Yeah,” Wynonna smiled. “How about you talk, and I’ll just listen.”

“We really don’t have to talk about it. It’s okay.” She fretted.

“Nonsense. You’re my baby sister and I want to know about your life. So tell me, who is it that you like?” She clasped her hands together, patiently awaiting her answer.

“Oh, um…” Waverly fiddled with her fork. She wasn’t prepared to tell Wynonna about her having the hots for Officer Haught. But she couldn’t just say any random name, since everybody knew everybody in this town. And she couldn’t say the name of a guy she already knew, since Wynonna would try to make that hookup happen, which was the last thing Waverly wanted.

“Wave, what’s going on?” Wynonna began to worry. “Why can’t you tell me? It’s not someone bad, is it? Because I really don’t think you could do worse than Champ anyways…”

“No, it’s not someone bad. It’s just– different, is all.”

“Mhm?” She urged her to continue.

“Um, it’s a police officer.”
“Oh, someone of the law! That is different. I like it. Can I guess?” Wynonna replied enthusiastically.

“It’s Officer Haught,” Waverly quickly murmured as she stared down at her plate. She couldn’t bear to look her sister in the eyes. She was too afraid that she would find disappointment and quite possibly disgust.

“Officer Haught…” Wynonna thought back to all of her encounters with the law. “Is he the one with the bleached hair?”

“No. The one with the red hair,” Waverly replied nervously, still looking down.

“Red hair…” she pondered for a moment. “Oh, duh! Red! The club soda from last week!” Wynonna was too excited about her excellent recollection of law enforcement members to realize what it actually meant. As soon as she did, she froze. “Nicole Haught? Wavy red hair just below the chin, brown eyes, about 5’8’’?

“She’s 5’9”, actually.” Waverly corrected, still looking down.

Although Wynonna was completely caught off-guard, she didn’t want to make a big deal out of the situation, since she knew that’s not what Waverly wanted. “My baby sis crushing on an armed officer. I like it.”

Waverly looked up. “You do?” She was surprised. She was expecting at least a little bit more of a reaction.

“Duh. I’d rather you be with someone who can shoot a glock than someone who can herd cattle.” Waverly laughed. “It is a significantly better skill to have when it comes to defense.”

“Plus, she’s got a nice ass. You have excellent taste in women.” She winked at Waverly and smiled for reassurance.

“So, you’re not mad or disappointed?”

“Are you kidding? Of course I’m not. Why would I be?”

Waverly laughed at the words.

“What’s so funny?”

“No, it’s just, I said the same thing when I was asked a similar question. Which kind of makes me realize how silly I was being for thinking that you would reject me or something. Man, this whole coming out thing is a lot scarier than I ever thought it was.”

“Coming out.” Wynonna repeated. “You’re coming out to me,” she stated, thinking about what the words meant, and how she never thought she would say them about Waverly.

“Yeah. I– I guess I am. I guess I did.” She smiled, proud of herself for finally telling someone. “I just came out to you!”

“That’s exciting Baby Girl! But, coming out as what? Are you saying that you’re a lesbian? Or bi? Or what?”

“I uh… I’m not exactly sure? All I know is that I’m not straight.”

“You’ll figure it out. Don’t stress about it. It’s not that important anyways. What’s important is that
“you have a crush on Nicole Haught.”

“I do. I really do.” Waverly dropped her head into her hands.

“Does she know that you like her?”

“Oh god no. I’m not *that* brave. It was hard enough for me to tell you, and we tell each other practically everything.”

“Okay, that’s fair. Does she like you? I mean, does she even like pussy?”

“Oh my god, Wynonna!”

“What? It’s a valid question.”

“But do you have to be so crude about it?” She groaned.

“Sorry,” Wynonna shrugged, obvious that she didn’t actually mean it.

“Yes, she’s gay. But I don’t know if she likes me like that.”

“Does she flirt with you?” Wynonna was getting very intrigued.

“I don’t know.” Waverly shrugged. “How am I supposed to know that?”

“Okay, describe your interactions with her. How often do you see her?”

“She comes in every morning at 7:45 a.m. for an Americano with half and half steamed in and a dash of cinnamon.”

Wynonna grinned.

“What?”

“You know her exact coffee order. That’s so freaking cute.”

“Shut up!” The younger girl blushed. “Okay, so she comes in every day at 7:45 a.m., gets her coffee, we make some small talk for a minute or two, and then she leaves.”

“Okay, well there’s your answer right there.” Wynonna punctuated her statement with a wave of her hand.

“Which is?”

“She obviously likes you.” She stood up to make herself a plate of food. She couldn’t continue to smell Waverly’s food without eating some herself.

“Why do you say that?”

“She buys coffee every morning from you.”

“Yeah? And?” She turned around to face Wynonna, who was taking dishes full of leftovers out of the fridge.

She turned around to look at Waverly. “They have free coffee at the police station,” she explained before turning back around to shovel leftovers onto her plate.
“Okay, but that doesn’t necessarily mean that she likes me. Maybe the coffee there isn’t good.”

Wynonna set the timer on the microwave before sitting back down. “Nope, it’s good.”

“Oh, right. I forget how many times you’ve been down there.” Waverly rolled her eyes.

“Plus, she goes at 7:45, right before the normal morning rush at 8:00. Which means that she wants some time alone with you.”

“Maybe her shift starts at 8 and she has to get her coffee earlier to make it to work on time.”

“Doubt it. Oh, and there’s one more thing.”

“Oh yeah? What’s that?” Waverly asked doubtfully.

“Last week, she and her police friend came to the bar for drinks and she ordered a club soda. When I asked her why she didn’t want alcohol, she said she was more of a coffee drinker,” Wynonna winked.

Waverly’s eyes popped open. “She– she really said that?”

“Yep. Heard it myself.” Wynonna stood up once more to grab her plate and take it back to the table.

“Well…that still doesn’t mean anything. She could just genuinely be more of a coffee drinker.”

“I don’t think so. Her friend was looking at her like it meant something more.” Just then, her face dropped. “Oh shit.”

“What?”

“I think her friend likes me.”

“Why?”

“Probably because I’m amazing.” She shrugged as she took a bite of pot roast.

Waverly rolled her eyes. “No, I mean why do you think that?”

“Oh. Well, because when Red… I mean, Haught, said that she was more of a coffee drinker, and that he was more into alcohol than she was, he looked at her like she had just revealed all of his secrets.”

“Huh.” Waverly thought about it. Maybe Nicole actually did like her. “Well, if that’s true, then at least that means that Nicole doesn’t have a crush on you! Which is a little bit of a relief.”

“Of course she doesn’t, because she like you!”

“I don’t know if I’m ready to believe that yet.”

“Why not? Because you’re scared of actually going for it?” She taunted.

“No,” Waverly replied seriously. “Because I’m afraid of getting my hopes up just to be let down. I really like her, Wynonna. Like, way more than I’ve ever liked anyone. I didn’t even know it was this possible to like someone this much. Every time I see her, I get butterflies– No, dragons, in the pit of my stomach. I think about her all the time, and knowing that I’ll see her at work, even if it’s just for five minutes, is what gets me up in the morning. I just want to be with her so badly that it hurts.” She sighed as she slumped back into her chair and picked up her fork to push her food around her plate.
some more; a move she often did when she was upset or nervous.

Wynonna looked at her little sister sympathetically and took her hand. “Can I be honest with you?”

“Yeah,” Waverly sighed.

“That was some extremely gay shit you just said.”

Waverly pursed her lips and slapped her older sister on the arm.

“Ow!” Wynonna complained.

“You’re not funny!”

“I’m kinda funny,” she replied confidently.

“I’m being serious here, Wynonna. What do I do?”

“Well, obviously you find out if she likes you or not.”

“And how do I do that?”

“You ask her.”

“Ha! Yeah right. Like I could ever do that.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m not that brave.”

“You just came out to me about having a serious girl crush. You’re obviously pretty brave.”

“But I’m not that brave.”

Just when Wynonna opened her mouth to respond, the doorbell rang.

“Are you expecting company?” Wynonna asked.

“No. You?”

“No.” Wynonna’s face lit up when she was hit with a brilliant idea. “Oh, I’ve got a solution!”

“What?” Waverly replied, unamused.

“How about we let the universe decide? If it’s Nicole at the door, it means that she likes you. And if it’s not, then it means that she doesn’t.”

“What kind of fucked up game is that Wynonna?”

“Um, it’s a game I’ve been playing for years. And it’s worked several times, thank you very much.”

“Well, it’s a stupid game. And I’m not playing it.” Waverly crossed her arms in protest.

“Sorry, but the universe plays its game with or without you. That’s just how it goes.”

“Wynonna, seriously. I can’t do this. What if it’s not her? I’ll be crushed. And it’ll be all your fault.” Guilt was Waverly’s go-to tactic when it came to winning against Wynonna.
The doorbell rang again, this time it was followed immediately by a knock.

Wynonna stood up from the table and grinned. “Well, I guess we’re about to find out!” She said before skipping to the door.

Waverly watched her nervously as she turned the corner to open the door.

“Officer Haught! What a pleasant surprise!”

Waverly rolled her eyes and angrily jumped up from her chair as she marched over to the door. “Wynonna, that’s not funny! I swear, if you tell Doc about my crush on–” she paused when she saw wavy red hair.

“Nicole!”
Warning: This chapter contains a lot of awkwardness and sexual tension. Read at your own risk.

“Nicole!” Waverly exclaimed. She wasn’t sure whether or not to believe in Wynonna’s silly universe game, but either way, she was thankful for the outcome. “What are you doing here?”

“Um, you left your bag at the station.” The officer held up the accessory. “I wasn’t sure if you needed it before tomorrow, so I figured I’d go ahead and return it just in case.”

“Oh, I didn’t even realize that I had left it.”

Isn’t that sweet?” Wynonna said to Waverly in a teasing voice. “She came all the way over here to return your handbag after you left it at the police station while visiting her during office hours,” she stated knowingly.

Waverly glared at her with a look that said ‘please stop embarrassing me before you make things worse.’

“Yes, thank you. I really appreciate it.” Waverly stepped forward and graciously took the bag, smiling at the redhead.

Wynonna looked between the two women, grinning at the way they were dopily looking into each other’s eyes. “Officer Haught, why don’t you come inside?”

“Oh, no. I wouldn’t want to impose.”

“Yes, Wynonna. I’m sure she has things to do,” Waverly scolded through gritted teeth.

“Nonsense. She’s got a few minutes to spare for some house-made Earp coffee, right Red?”

Nicole looked between Wynonna’s persistent grin and Waverly’s hesitant face, which was similar to the one that she was wearing when Nicole met Champ at the bar.

“Well, I uh, suppose I could come in for just a few min-“

“Great!” Wynonna exclaimed as she yanked Nicole inside the house and quickly shut the door and locked it, as if showing her that it was too late to back out now.

“Waverly will make you some coffee.”

“I will?” Waverly choked out.

“Yes, you will.” Wynonna gave her a pointed look before turning back to Nicole. “Waverly makes the best coffee.”

“Oh, I know.” Nicole smiled. “I get some every day from Waverly.”
Wynonna coughed in a pathetic attempt to hide her laughter at the wording of that sentence. Waverly looked up at the ceiling and quietly whispered, “Oh god. Why me.” Nicole just stood there, oblivious to the whole thing.

“Come on Waverly. Let’s get that coffee going.” Wynonna clapped.

“Yeah. Guess I better get to making some coffee!” She said in a mock cheery tone.

“That’s the spirit! I always wondered what happened to it after you graduated high school, Miss Head Cheerleader.”

Waverly bit her lip and shook her head. As soon as Nicole left, she was going to get her digs into Wynonna. But for now, she was determined to play nice.

“So, I just have regular milk. No half and half. Is that okay?” Waverly asked as she led them into the kitchen.

“Yeah, that’s perfect,” Nicole smiled at Waverly. “You can just give me regular coffee with a bit of milk. I’ll save my usual order for tomorrow morning.”

Waverly smiled as she made her way to the coffee machine. She already knew that she would see Nicole tomorrow, but the reassurance was nice.

“Um, aren’t you going to ask me what I want?” Wynonna teased.

“No. You don’t deserve my coffee.”

“Fine,” Wynonna scowled. “I’ll just have a beer then,” she said before walking over to the fridge.

“Figures,” Waverly responded.

Once the two coffees were done, they all sat down at the kitchen table in awkward silence – the sounds of slurping and hesitation filling the room. There was one moment where Waverly opened her mouth to say something, but quickly changed her mind and decided to play it off like she was just taking another sip of her coffee. Wynonna groaned at the pathos of it all.

“Waverly, can I talk to you for a minute?”

Waverly awkwardly smiled at Nicole before following Wynonna into the living room. “What’s up?”

“Do I have to do everything myself?” The older Earp complained.

“What do you mean?”

“Talk to her! Start a conversation!”

“About what?”

“Anything. Literally anything.”

Waverly sighed. “I don’t know how to do this. I wasn’t expecting her to show up, and now it just feels awkward and forced. She was probably just planning to drop off the bag, not to come inside and make small talk with us.”

“Well, she’s inside now, so you’re going to have to figure something out, because this whole sipping coffee in silence thing is more torturous than listening to Doc talk about his mustache care routine.”
Knock knock knock

“Now who is it?” Waverly complained.

“Well, we know who it’s not.” Wynonna nodded towards the kitchen. “I’ll go get the door, you do something with Nicole.”

“Like what? Lock her in the basement?” Waverly asked with concern and confusion.

“No Waverly,” Wynonna sighed as she pinched the bridge of her nose, “I meant converse with her.”

“Oh, Right.”

Wynonna turned around and headed for the door. “Lock her in the basement, hmph,” she mumbled under her breath. "We don’t even have a fucking basement.”

When Waverly got back to the kitchen, she noticed Nicole looking at some pictures that were on the refrigerator door.

“Oh god, please don’t look at those!” She rushed over to where the redhead was standing.

“Why not?” Nicole chuckled. “You were so cute!”

Waverly groaned in embarrassment.

“I especially like this one.” She picked up the photo and handed it to Waverly.

“Me in Power Rangers pajamas? I was such a dork.”

“You were not! Everyone had Power Rangers pajamas as a kid,” Nicole replied as she put the photo back in its place under a generic magnet. She turned back to Waverly. “I wanted to be the red one.”

Waverly laughed. “How come?”

“He just seemed so cool.”

“I wanted to be the pink one.”

“I wanted to do the pink one,” Nicole quipped.

“Really? At such a young age? I doubt that.”

“Hey, love has no limits. Especially not age limits.”

“Except between a 21-year-old girl and a 21-year-old boy, right?” Waverly challenged.

Nicole smiled. “Right. Because the boy would be way out of the girl’s league, whether she knew it or not.” The corners of her mouth pulled up into a grin as Waverly just shook her head and laughed.

“Look who showed up!” Wynonna said excitedly as she walked into the kitchen. Behind her was a man who looked like he had just walked right out of an old western film.


“Why hello there, Miss Earp.” Doc tipped his black Stetson to her. “And good evening to you, Officer.”
“Good evening,” she replied with a polite smile. But on the inside, she wanted to laugh. Was this guy for real? “You can call me Officer Haught.”


“It is pretty easy for people to remember, I suppose.”

Wynonna grinned at the interaction. “I love this. It’s like Waverly and I are having our first real double date! Since that asshat Champ would never come over or take Waverly out on a real date.”

“What?” Everyone else said simultaneously. Waverly said it in embarrassment, Nicole said it in fear that Waverly had told Wynonna that she was gay and was now making fun of her, and Doc said it in pure confusion.

“Wynonna!” Waverly hissed. She couldn’t believe that her sister had just said that in front of Nicole. …Actually, she could believe it.

“What? What did I say?” She looked around the room. When she noticed everyone’s facial expressions, she realized her mistake. “Oh. Oops.”

Waverly dropped her red face into her hands and groaned.

“Sorry.” Wynonna shrugged. “Well, at least now we’ll have something to talk about,” she added enthusiastically, trying to make the situation laughable.

“I can’t believe you! This is why I didn’t want to tell you anything! The second I tell you I like someone, you go and blurt it out to the whole world, including the person I like!” Waverly fumed.

It was in that moment that Nicole realized what was going on. Suddenly, it all made sense. Wynonna inviting her inside, her being extra pushy, Waverly acting extra awkward and smiley...Waverly liked her. She smiled to herself.

“Waverly, I’m so-”

“You’re sorry, I get it. The thing is Wynonna, it doesn’t mean much when you’re constantly saying it.” She stormed out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

Everyone was silent for a moment before Doc finally said, “I’m going to assume that I am not the one she likes.”

“I’ll go talk to her,” Nicole said as she made her way towards the stairs.

“Hey,” Wynonna said as she grabbed Nicole’s arm. “She’s never really been with someone who’s actually cared for her. So if she pushes you away, don’t take it personally.”

“Thanks. I’ll keep that in mind,” Nicole replied gratefully before continuing her path towards the upset brunette.

“Uh, is everything going to be okay there?” Doc asked.

“Yeah, it will be,” Wynonna reassured as she watched Nicole run up the stairs. She really did have a nice ass. She was excited for Waverly. “Come on cowboy,” she patted his chest. “Let’s go to Shorty’s and get a drink. I have a feeling these two will want the house to themselves for a while.”

As Nicole ventured across the upstairs hallway, she followed the sounds of sniffing that were coming from a room at the end of the hall. When she got to the door, she hesitated for a moment
before knocking on it.

“Go away Wynonna! You can’t fix this. You can’t undo what you did!” Waverly barked.

“It’s me,” Nicole said softly as she slowly pushed opened the door to reveal herself.

“Oh, great,” Waverly replied sarcastically, wiping the tears from her face. “I was desperately trying to avoid having this conversation.”

Nicole gently shut the door behind her and walked over to sit down next to Waverly, who was sitting on the edge of the bed. “What conversation?”

“This one.”

“The one where I ask you what’s wrong?”

Waverly rolled her eyes and scoffed. “You know what’s wrong. Freaking Wynonna is what’s wrong. She always ruins everything.”

Nicole knew that she had to push a little harder to get what she wanted out of Waverly. “Really? All I heard was her say was some joke about a double date. Doesn’t seem like such a big deal to me.”

“You don’t have to pretend. I know you’re not stupid.” Waverly sighed.

“What do you mean?” She asked innocently.

“God Nicole!” Waverly whipped around to look at the redhead, who was wearing a confused look. She’s a good actor, I’ll give her that. “You don’t have to pretend that you don’t know that I like you.” She huffed before turning back around to face the front. “And I’m going to kill Wynonna for not being able to keep her mouth shut for one freaking minute.”

Nicole smiled coyly as she looked down at her lap. That was the answer she was looking for. She had already figured it out earlier, but she wanted to hear it from Waverly. She at least wanted to give her that power before making any moves. After a moment, she looked back up at the brunette, who was shaking her head, clearly thinking about all the ways in which she was going to kill her sister.

“You know, you should give Wynonna a little bit more credit,” Nicole said softly as she looked lovingly into Waverly’s eyes – who was still avoiding eye contact with Nicole.

“Oh yeah? And why is that.” Waverly was so beyond frustrated and embarrassed that she couldn’t see what was happening right in front of her.

Nicole cupped the smaller girl’s cheek and turned her head, forcing them to make eye contact. That’s when she finally saw it – the look. Nicole was looking at her the way that she looks at Nicole. She was oblivious to it before, but in this very moment, everything was crystal clear. It all clicked for Waverly – the playful winks, the subtle touches, the routine coffee purchases…it was all real. She felt her stomach drop as goosebumps formed on every inch of her skin.

“Because if it weren’t for her, I wouldn’t do this.” Nicole gently brought her lips down to Waverly’s, pausing for a second to make sure it was what the trembling girl wanted, before connecting their lips together in the sweetest, gentlest kiss Waverly had ever experienced.

Fireworks. That’s the word Waverly would forever use to describe this moment. She had never felt lips so soft. She had never felt something so right. And she had most definitely never been this turned on. Just when she was beginning to come back to her senses and really understand what was
happening, Nicole pulled away. Even though the kiss was over – much to Waverly’s disappointment – she kept her eyes closed. She was afraid that if she had opened them, Nicole would be gone, and she would wake up from a dream; just like always.

“Um.”

The brunette opened her eyes at the sound. That was enough for her to be convinced that this was reality. But instead of seeing a happy face, she saw a worried one.

“Was that, uh… was that okay?” Nicole stammered. Waverly’s lack of response was making her nervous. What if she didn’t like it?

Waverly looked at her in astonishment. How was this gorgeous, confident, intelligent woman completely oblivious to how much power she had over Waverly? She wanted to make sure Nicole knew exactly what she did to her. She grabbed the back of Nicole’s neck and pulled her in, crashing their lips together. Nicole was definitely not expecting that, which was revealed by the moan that escaped from the back of her throat. Their lips moved in rhythm against each other, dancing perfectly, like they were made for each other. Once Waverly felt comfortable and brave enough, she swiped her tongue across Nicole’s bottom lip, asking for permission to enter. But instead of giving the brunette permission, Nicole darted her own tongue into Waverly’s mouth. Their tongues moved against each other; first a little hesitantly, then with hunger.

Waverly never really enjoyed kissing before. She always found it to be an overrated thing that always just involved too much saliva. But this was something else entirely. This wasn’t just someone’s mouth on hers, spreading spit everywhere. This was something sexy. An act of intimacy leading to something more; something bigger. Something that Waverly had been wanting for ages… or at least three months. She felt a surge of energy shoot straight down to her center, and suddenly kissing wasn’t enough anymore. She wanted more contact. She wanted to feel Nicole everywhere. She pushed the taller woman down onto the bed and rested her body down on top of hers, placing her thigh between two slender legs that were clad in black fitted slacks. Waverly loved the way Nicole wore her uniform. How the dark-colored pants hugged her curves perfectly; how her matching tucked-in shirt showed off her thin waist and was opened just enough at the top to reveal the right amount of cleavage to leave everyone curious and guessing; the way she often stood with her hands resting on her belt buckle. God she was so sexy in that uniform – which she was wearing right now… which really wasn’t helping the ache between Waverly’s legs. Waverly was so thankful to live in a town that had a more modern style of police uniforms, because even though she knew that Nicole would still look hot in bootcut khakis and a slightly looser fitting navy blue polyester button up, she knew that the ensemble wouldn’t compare to this.

When Nicole felt herself being pushed down and Waverly’s warm body pressing down on top of hers, she couldn’t help but let out a high-pitched whimper. Only Waverly Earp could cause a girly noise like that escape Nicole’s lips. And only Waverly Earp can cause an even girlier moan from her by putting her knee between her legs, creating the perfect amount of pressure on her most sensitive spot. A spot that’s been aching since she walked into this house with that magical handbag. But she knew that they weren’t going any further than this tonight; she didn’t want to. She didn’t want it to happen this way. She wanted Waverly’s first time to be planned out perfectly, especially since she knew that Waverly was a planner. And even though Waverly wasn’t a virgin, she knew that it would be the first time Waverly would have sex with someone who knew how to treat her right. Someone who knew how to touch her in all the right places without her having to say a single word, because that was the kind of lover Nicole was. She was attentive, and she was a giver. So in a way, it would be Waverly’s first time. Which is why she didn’t want it to be now, and like this; desperate and needy. There would be time for desperate and needy sex later down the road. But for now, Waverly just wanted to explore Nicole’s body just a little bit more past her lips, and Nicole was okay with
that. She restrained from moving her hips – much to her displeasure – and just laid there, holding Waverly in her arms and passionately kissing her.

After about 10 minutes in this position, Nicole couldn’t take it anymore. She needed more from Waverly. Her body was begging for it in a way that had gotten too intense for her to bear any longer. And since she didn’t want to go there, she knew that her only option was to stop.

Nicole hummed into Waverly’s mouth and began to sit up. She gently pushed Waverly’s shoulders away from her, forcing their lips to disconnect. Once they did, both women were panting and gasping for air, as if they had just run a marathon.

“What’s wrong?” Waverly asked in a slightly panicked tone. “Am I doing something wrong?”

“No! No, not at all,” Nicole reassured as she rubbed Waverly’s biceps in an attempt to relax her. “You’re doing everything perfectly, which is the problem.” She chuckled.

Waverly raised an eyebrow. “I’m lost.”

Nicole shifted so that she was sitting cross-legged on the bed across from Waverly, who was sitting back on her heels. “What I mean is, you’re doing everything right. And if you keep doing everything right, I might actually explode.”

Waverly’s eyes opened a bit wider as comprehension dawned on her. She was glad to hear that she wasn’t the only one who was unbearably turned on right now. “Well, we don’t have to stop,” she said in a sultry voice as she walked two fingers up Nicole’s inner thigh and pulled her bottom lip between her teeth.

Nicole chuckled and grabbed Waverly’s hands before bringing them up to her lips and giving them a quick peck. “We do. Because I don’t want to go any further tonight, even if my body does.”

“Oh,” Waverly replied in disappointment. This was beginning to feel a bit like rejection. And Nicole could see that.

“Hey,” she cooed as she placed a hand on Waverly’s cheek and gently brushed it with her thumb. “I want to. Believe me, I really want to. But this is all new for you, and for me too in a way. And I don’t want it to be rushed. I want it to be special. And most importantly, I want it to be planned.”

The brunette beamed. “I do love planning.”

“I know you do,” Nicole laughed as she brought her hand back down to hold Waverly’s, intertwining their fingers as they both watched. “And I want us to go on a real date first.”

“Yes!” Waverly quickly exclaimed as she looked up from their hands.

“Yes?” Nicole was confused. She hadn’t asked anything.

“Yes, I’ll go on a date with you Nicole Haught!” Waverly grinned from ear to ear.

Nicole let out an amused laugh. “Waverly Earp, you are most definitely the cutest woman I’ve ever met. And I love it.”

Waverly looked away shyly as she blushed. Nobody had ever said anything like that to her before.

“How does tomorrow night sound?”

“It sounds really far away, but I guess it’ll have to do,” Waverly replied playfully.
“Tomorrow night it is then.” Nicole nodded as she looked into Waverly’s eyes again. Those eyes were like a trap just waiting to capture all of Nicole’s attention, making it extremely difficult for her to bring any of her awareness back to the world surrounding her. “Um,” she shook her head. “I should probably get going. It’s late, and I know you have to be up early tomorrow.”

The pair got up off the bed and walked downstairs. They stood at the door, holding each other for a few moments in a warm hug before giving a long kiss goodbye.

“I’ll see you in a few hours?” Waverly lilted.

“You most definitely will.” Nicole nodded her head at Waverly before walking off the porch.

Waverly watched her walk to her car, get in, shut the door, and then jump back out before jogging back up the porch stairs.

“Hey, sorry. Um, can I get your number?” Nicole asked. “I mean, I could probably just get it from you tomorrow, but I figured I might as well go ahead and get it now while I’m still here.”

“Oh my gosh!” Waverly exclaimed as she waved her hands around. “Yes, of course! Sorry, I wasn’t even thinking of that.”

“Yeah,” Nicole chuckled awkwardly as she pulled out her phone and created a new contact.

“It’s 926-1036.”

“Got it.” Nicole smiled as she shoved her phone back into her pocket. “See you tomorrow!”

“See you tomorrow!” Waverly, once again, watched Nicole leave down the stairs.

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Even though it was the middle of the night, Waverly couldn’t sleep. She wasn’t sure if it was because of the excitement of what had happened earlier that night, or the cup of coffee she had, or both, but either way she found herself downstairs at the kitchen table with her book. She only got to enjoy 30 minutes of peace and quiet before Wynonna stumbled in, only a little bit tipsy.

“Hey Waves! What’re ya doin’ down here and not upstairs in your bedroom banging a Haught redhead.” She snickered at her unoriginal joke.

“Nicole went home,” Waverly stated apathetically as she put her book down.

“Oh no.” Wynonna sat down at the table next to her. “What happened? She didn’t reject you, did she? I’m gonna kill that woman. I don’t care if she’s a police officer.” She stood up from her chair with a scowl on her face.


“I’m happy to hear that!” Wynonna grinned. “But I still shouldn’t have blurted it out like that. I just got really excited, and I forget how big of a deal all of this actually is for you. Even if I’m trying not to make it into one. I have to let you do things on your own time.”

Waverly appreciated her sister’s support. “It’s okay. You’re forgiven. Just don’t do it again,” she warned.

“Deal.” Wynonna nodded. “So, if everything went well, why aren’t you two getting it on?”
“Because we want it to be special, and planned.”

“Ugh,” Wynonna groaned. “You make it sound like you’re a teenager losing her virginity for the first time.”

“Well, I kind of am, in a way. I’ve never been with a woman before. Hell, I’ve barely even been with a man.” Wynonna silently held a hand out for a high five at the obvious dig at Champ, which Waverly happily accepted before continuing. “We just want it to be perfect, you know? Something we’ll both remember forever.”

“I’m sure it’ll be perfect no matter what. Haught seems like she’s really good in bed.” Wynonna winked.

“And on that note, I’m going to sleep. Good night.” Waverly slipped out of her chair and walked towards the stairs.

“I’m just saying, I noticed that she has very nimble fingers! Her tongue looks skilled too!” Wynonna yelled, knowing that Waverly heard her, even if she didn’t respond.

When Waverly got to her bedroom, she picked her phone up from the bedside table and opened a text she had received from an unknown number.

Hey, this is Nicole. Just texting you so that you have my number!

Waverly smiled and lightly bit her thumb before typing out her reply.

**Waverly:** Thanks for finally giving me your number ;) Can’t wait to see you tomorrow!

She impatiently stared at her phone, hoping that she didn’t seem too keen. Luckily, she received a new message only 10 seconds later from Nicole.

**Nicole:** I’ll be there at 7:40 a.m. this time so that we can have an extra 5 minutes together :)

Waverly’s thumbs glided across the keyboard.

**Waverly:** And I’ll be waiting with your Americano with half and half steamed in and a dash of cinnamon at 7:39 a.m. <3
First Date - Part 1

Chapter Summary

This chapter was a bit long, so I decided to break it up into two. Enjoy!

Nicole walked into the coffee shop wearing her perfect uniform with her hands resting on her belt buckle, causing Waverly’s mouth to drop slightly open. She could’ve sworn the officer’s uniform top revealed just a little bit more cleavage today. Waverly never thought that she would be the kind of girl who got turned on by another woman’s cleavage, but here she was, practically fawning over the woman with fiery red hair – which, by the way, was in perfect waves. Waverly could tell that she had spent a little more time on it this morning, which she appreciated.

“Hey there, pretty lady.” Nicole smiled, showing off her dimples as she walked up to the counter.

“Good morning, officer.” Waverly replied, playing along with Nicole’s game. “Can I interest you in one of our tasty pastries?”

“No, thank you. I think I’ll just have a cup of coffee.”

“You sure? We have muffins, danishes, donuts, cronuts…”

“You have cronuts?” Nicole asked in disbelief, slipping out of character. Waverly laughed at how excited she had gotten. “Oh, uh, I mean,” she cleared her throat. “That’s very generous of you ma’am, but I’ll just stick to the caffeine.”

“Alright then. What would you like?”

“Can I get an Americano with half and half steamed in and a dash of cinnamon please?” She smiled.

“Oh! Lucky for you, I have one right here!” Waverly exclaimed playfully as she placed the cup in front of the officer.

“Why, thank you! What do I owe you?”

“An orgasm,” Waverly said boldly.

Nicole almost dropped her coffee as she felt a surge of heat rush between her legs. She looked at Waverly with wide eyes. “W-what?” She stuttered.

“Relax, Nicole. I’m only joking.” Waverly giggled.

Nicole let out a sigh of relief. “Jesus, Waverly. Don’t do that to me!”

“Do what?” Waverly asked innocently.

“Don’t get me all worked up right before I have to start my shift!” She handed Waverly her card and watched her swipe it.

“You’re the one getting me all worked up! Walking in here wearing that sexy uniform and then standing with your feet hip-width apart and clutching that belt buckle in a dominant power stance.”
She handed the card back to the amused officer. “It’s unfair!”

“Really? You like the uniform?” Nicole gleamed.

“I really like the uniform.” She leaned a little closer to Nicole.

“Huh. Good to know.” A playful smirk spread across Nicole’s face.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” She leaned back and narrowed her eyes at Nicole. “What are you up to?”


“Uh huh.” Waverly replied, unconvinced, as she leaned over the counter and grabbed Nicole by the collar of her shirt, pulling her into a searing kiss. It only lasted a maximum of three seconds, but it was enough to make Nicole go weak in the knees. She grabbed onto the edge of the counter for support as Waverly released her.

“Now who’s being unfair?” Nicole whined.

“Still you.” Waverly grinned. “Hey, so where are we going tonight?”

“It’s a surprise.” Nicole winked as she sipped her coffee.

“Well, what are you wearing?”

“That’s also a surprise.”

“Nicole,” Waverly drew out her name as she whined, “I just want to make sure we’re not wearing the same thing.”

“I don’t think that’ll be a problem. We have completely different tastes in clothing.”

“Well, is this a formal occasion? You’re not taking me to a mechanical bull pit or anything, are you?”

“Dammit. You got me.” She snapped her fingers in a swooping motion.

“Nicole, I’m being serious!”

“Okay, okay. Wear something nice.” She looked at the time. “Shit. I have to get going.”

“Okay,” Waverly groaned.

“I’ll pick you up at seven tonight.” She gave Waverly a quick peck on the cheek before rushing out the door.

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“So, what are you wearing on your date tonight?” Dolls asked as he sat on top of the table in the break room next to Nicole – who was sitting in a chair.

“Oh, I was just going to wear my uniform. I’m thinking it’ll be easier to get us a booth with it on,” she replied nonchalantly as she sipped her third coffee of the day.

Dolls stared at her in fear.

“I’m kidding,” she said bluntly.
“Oh thank god.” He let out a sigh of relief. “This is serious Nicole. It’s the first time she’s going to see you out of uniform. You have to make a good impression by wearing something that accentuates your curves.”

Nicole looked at him with a raised eyebrow. “What is this? Queer eye for the straight guy?”

“I have been hooked on that show lately,” Dolls confessed. “They’re just so good at giving advice! I mean, with the hair, and the clothes, even the food! And it’s amazing to see all of these different types of people come together. It’s very interesting to watch.”

Nicole stared at him. “If I didn’t already know that you were straight, I would know that you were straight.”

“I’m taking that as a compliment.” He shrugged. “So, what are you really wearing tonight?”

“Honestly? I’m not quite sure yet. I can’t decide if I want to go for a sexy dress, or something sexy with pants.”

“Well the important part is that it’s sexy. As long as you have that, Waverly will swoon.”

“Did you really just use the word swoon?” Nicole teased, resulting in Dolls playfully pushing her in her chair.

“Haught! Dolls!” Nedley yelled from the doorway. The two officers jumped up from where they were sitting. “I don’t pay you two to horse around. There’s an elderly woman waiting in the lobby for some assistance. Get to it!”

“Yes sir,” Nicole said as she powerwalked out of the breakroom.

“Sorry Sherriff,” Dolls apologized, following suit.

Nedley shook his head. “Kids these days.”

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Waverly practically ran into the bar and jumped on the stool in front of Wynonna.

“Um, hey?” The older Earp said as she unexpectedly saw her sister in her place of work.

“Help me pick out what to wear!” Waverly whined.

“What’s wrong with that?”

“What?” Waverly looked down at her well-fitted T-Shirt and jeggings. “No, I mean for tonight!”

Wynonna looked at her in confusion.

“My date with Nicole…” Waverly specified, a little annoyed at her sister for not remembering one of the biggest moments of her life.

“Oh, right! Your hot date with Officer Haught,” Wynonna teased, causing Waverly to groan. “You know, it would be a lot easier to help you pick out what to wear if we had a closet full of clothes here.”

“Yeah, but we don’t, so do your best.”
“What I mean is, why don’t we just wait until tonight? I can help you when my shift is over. What time is she picking you up?”

“Seven.”

“I get off at six, so we’ll have plenty of time.”

“Well what if she gets there early?” Waverly asked a bit panicked.

“Then I’ll keep her entertained until you’re ready, okay? Relax Waves. I’ve never seen you this nervous to go out to dinner with someone.” She grinned. “It’s kind of cute.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. At least someone found her agony entertaining. Part of her missed being with Champ and not having to go through the mental suffering of picking outfits and freaking out over what to say next.

“Well well, look who it is.” A familiar voice said from behind Waverly.

She looked up and whispered, “Not funny, universe.” She turned around as she sighed. “Hello, Champ.”

“Have you come to your senses yet?”

“About what?” She folded her arms.

“About coming back to me. I know you miss what we had.”

Was he listening to the conversation I was having in my head just now? “Champ, I really don’t. In fact, this is the happiest I’ve been in over four years.”

“What, spending your Friday night alone on the couch? Come on baby, just come back with me to my place tonight. I just got a new TV!” He exclaimed that last part as if it were an accomplishment.

Waverly clenched her jaw. “Actually, I can’t. I have a date tonight.” She remarked.

Champ narrowed his eyes. “Who is he? I’ll punch him in the face for stealing my girl!”

Waverly shook her head as she rolled her eyes. “Champ, it’s over. We’re done. For good. Why don’t you just get that through your thick skull and leave me alone.” She turned back around to face Wynonna, who was pretending like she wasn’t listening to the whole thing. Wynonna was trying this new thing called ‘letting Waverly fight her own battles’, which Waverly appreciated.

He growled before finally walking away, mumbling words such as ‘bitch’ and ‘regret’.

Wynonna smirked at her sister. “He really is an ass.”

“A huge ass,” she sighed. “Whatever. I don’t even want to think about him anymore. The only thing I want to think about is my dinner date with Nicole.”

“Right. Sure. Dinner with Nicole. That’s what you’ll be thinking about all day,” Wynonna mumbled.

Waverly ignored her. “My break is almost over.” She hopped off the stool. “I’ll see you at six o’clock. And don’t be late!” She wagged her index finger at her sister before making a swift exit.

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“How about this one?” Waverly asked, wearing a sparkly beige dress.

Wynonna looked up at her sister. “Isn’t that your prom dress from junior year?”

Waverly looked down at herself to assess the wardrobe. “Oh, right. Maybe this one is a little too much.” She walked back over to the closet and removed the garment.

“Yeah, just a little,” Wynonna replied sarcastically. “Oh, what about this one!” She grabbed a red dress from the pile of clothes on the bed and held it up to show Waverly, who poked her head and bare shoulders around the corner of the closet door frame. “You can’t go wrong with a sexy red dress.”

“That one’s too short.”

“Can a red dress really be too short?”

“Trust me, that one is. I’m not showing up to my first date with Nicole looking like a floozy.”

“Fine,” Wynonna mumbled as she threw the dress into the established discard pile before picking up another garment. “I bet this one will get a good reaction.”

Waverly turned her head around the corner once again and narrowed her eyes at Wynonna. “That’s my old high school cheerleading uniform.”

“I know,” The older sister smirked. “And I bet it will get a good reaction.”

“I’m not wearing that to dinner.”

“I didn’t say to wear it to dinner,” she replied suggestively.

Waverly huffed as she walked out of the closet – ironically. “Wynonna, can you be serious for one second? It’s already 6:30 and I really need to find an outfit for tonight.”

“Okay okay, fine.” She tossed the uniform aside.

“Thank you.” She walked back over to the hanging clothes.

Wynonna rolled her eyes and sifted through the pile next to her before picking up a slinky black dress. “What’s this? I’ve never seen you wear this before.”

Waverly walked over to her, wearing only her bra and panties. “Oh, yeah. I actually forgot about that. I bought that for a date Champ was supposed to take me on before he bailed on me to go to a horse race with his friends.”

“Figures,” Wynonna said in an unsurprised tone of voice.

Waverly’s eyes widened at the garment before she snatched it out of her sister’s hands. “It’s perfect!” She exclaimed as she eyeballed the garment up and down. She quickly threw it on over her shoulders and patted it down her body to straighten it out.

“Wow. You look gorgeous in that!” Wynonna exhaled, looking at a grown-up woman for once, instead of her baby sister.

“Yeah? You like it?”

“I think more importantly, Haught is going to like it.”
“I hope so.”

“I guarantee she’ll be between your legs in 10 minutes tops after seeing you in that. Dinner might actually end up being an appetizer,” she laughed.

“That’s not the goal tonight, Wynonna.” Waverly warned. She was hesitant about it since she had never been with a woman before, but also, she was kind of hoping it would happen tonight. She had wanted Nicole for so long that she desperately wanted to release the three months of sexual tension that had built up.

“Maybe it’s not the goal for tonight, but I’m sure it’s a goal for some point.”

Waverly walked over to the vanity to turn on her curling iron. “Well, yeah. I mean, of course it’s a goal. But I don’t know if it’s a goal for our first date.” She turned back around to face Wynonna. “Or maybe it is? I don’t know. I really want her, but I’m a little nervous.”

“Nervous about what? You’ve done it before.”

“Not with another woman though.” She sat down on the bed next to the pile on clothes. “What if I don’t know what to do, and it’s really bad for Nicole?”

“Do you like her?”

“Yeah.”

“And do your lady parts kick into gear when you think about her?”

Waverly blushed and nodded.

“Then I’m sure you’ll know what to do. It’s not rocket science. It’s another lady. It’s not like you’ve never touched a vagina before.”

Waverly furrowed her brow in confusion.

“Your own?” Wynonna explained, as if it were obvious. “Oh my god, please don’t tell me you’ve never touched yourself before.”

“Ugh, Wynonna! Do we have to talk about this!” A wave of embarrassment washed over the younger Earp as she stood up to sit at her vanity, Wynonna following behind her.

“I just want to make sure you’re taking care of your needs,” Wynonna explained as she stood behind Waverly and looked at her through the mirror. “I know Champ never really did, and going 21 years without the big O sounds very stress-inducing.”

“Yes, my needs are fine. Can you go away now and let me get ready in peace?”

“Fine. Let me know if you need any help.” She kissed the top of Waverly’s head before heading downstairs.

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*Ding dong*

Wynonna walked to the front door and opened it, revealing a woman standing there in a not-too-big white fuzzy knit off the shoulder sweater and dark washed skinny jeans cuffed right above a pair of dark brown ankle booties.
Wynonna whistled at her as she looked her up and down. “Wow. I almost didn’t recognize you without the uniform, Red.”

“Yeah, well I almost didn’t recognize you without a rag over your shoulder and a beer in your hand, Earp,” she quipped.

“Touché. Come on in.”

Nicole followed Wynonna inside, shutting the door behind her.

“You’re five minutes late.” Wynonna stated as she led them over to the couch in the living room.

“I figured I would give Waverly some more time to get ready.” She sat down on the end cushion of the couch, opposite of Wynonna.

“Huh. That’s pretty thoughtful of you.”

“Well I guess I’m just a naturally thoughtful person.”

Wynonna nodded as if saying ‘I can see that’.

“Look, if you’re going to give me some sort of ‘If you hurt her I’ll kill you’ big sister talk, I’d rather you go ahead and get it out of the way.”

“Fair enough.” She leaned over to Nicole and said with a straight face, “If you hurt her, I’ll kill you,” then leaned back to where she was before.

Nicole nodded. “I respect that. But I would never hurt her.”

“And you’re the first person I’ve actually believed.”

“Because I’m a woman?”

“Because the last time I said that to one of Waverly’s dates, she was 12. But our Aunt Gus kind of drove them to the movie theater and watched the movie with them, so it probably didn’t count as a real date.” Nicole and Wynonna laughed in unison.

“You never gave Champ the talk?”

“I never got the chance. When I came back here, he and Waverly had already been dating for three years.”

“Huh, I didn’t know you left. I just kind of assume everyone in Purgatory has been here all their lives,” Nicole let out a breathy chuckle.

“Well, for the most part you’re not wrong,” Wynonna admitted. “But um, yeah, I left as soon as I graduated high school and just came back last year.”

“Oh. Did you go off to college?”

A hearty laugh escaped Wynonna’s lips. “No, no. I never went to college. I just left home and went off on my own.”

“Ah.” Nicole nodded. “How come?”

Wynonna went silent. She looked at Nicole with sad eyes for a moment before looking at her phone.
“Hey, it’s already 10 after seven. I better go check on Waverly to see if she’s almost ready.” She hopped off the couch and went up the stairs.

“Waverly, are you almost done? There’s a sexy redheaded cop downstairs waiting for you,” Wynonna called out as she barged into Waverly’s room. The petite girl was all dolled up wearing the black dress, stilettos, and her hair in perfect curls. She was sitting on the edge of her bed, staring at the floor.

“What’s wrong?” Wynonna asked as she walked towards her.

“Huh?” Waverly looked up at questioning eyes. “Oh, sorry. I guess I’m just really nervous.”

“Well there’s no need. Everything is going to go well, I know it. Besides, Haught is down there asking me personal questions and I don’t want to give too much away.”

“What did she ask?”

“Well, I told her that I left home when I was 18 and just came back a year ago, and she asked me why I left.”

Waverly shot up from the bed. “Did you tell her?”

“No, of course not. I’m leaving that story for you to tell.”

“Good.” Waverly sighed.

“But she’s downstairs all alone right now waiting to go on a date that should’ve started 15 minutes ago. Are you ready?”

“Yeah. I’m ready.” Waverly nodded.

“Alright then. Let’s get you downstairs.”

As the Earp girls walked down the stairs, Wynonna leaned over to whisper in Waverly’s ear, “By the way, you look stunning Baby Girl. Nicole is going to cream her jeans when she sees you.” She emphasized the statement with a wink.

Waverly blushed and playfully smacked her sister’s arm. As they entered the living room, Nicole quickly stood up off the couch.

“Wow. Waves. You look…wow,” the redhead said, feeling a bit speechless. She gulped as she eyed the petite woman up and down.

Wynonna could audibly hear Nicole’s breath hitch. She snickered at the dumbfounded woman. “See, what did I tell you?” She gloated softly as she looked at Waverly, who was frozen with her mouth slightly agape, eyeing Nicole in the same manner. “Annd you are too,” she mumbled. “I’m just gonna,” she pointed behind her as she began slowly backing away, realizing that her words were falling on deaf ears. “Yeah.” And with that, she left the house to give the pair their privacy.

“I just realized, I don’t think I’ve ever seen you in anything but your uniform,” Waverly finally managed to get out, still shamelessly checking Nicole out.

“Thoughts? I mean, I know you think the uniform is sexy, but…” She teased.

“I’ve come to the conclusion that you in general are sexy. I mean, wow.” She gawked at her date for a few more moments before shaking her head and snapping herself out of her fantasies. “Sorry, I’m
being rude staring at you.”

Nicole chuckled as she stepped towards Waverly. “Uh, I think that’s the point.” She smiled as she picked up her keys from the coffee table. “Are you ready to go?”

“Oh yeah. Shoot, it’s already 7:20. We’re going to be late for our reservation.”

“Actually, I scheduled in an extra 30 minutes, so we’re actually going to be 10 minutes early.” She grinned.

“You really are amazing.” Waverly was falling more in love with the woman by the minute.

“Just wait until you see where I’m taking you for dinner.” Nicole smirked.

As soon as the words left her mouth, Waverly pulled her into a sensual kiss.

“Whoa,” Nicole breathed out. “What was that for?”

“Sorry,” Waverly said guiltily. “I’ve just been dying to do that since this morning.”

Nicole pulled Waverly back into another, similar kiss. As soon as she released Waverly’s lips, she said, “Me too,” and smiled. “Now are we ready to go?”

“Definitely.”
“Pollo Al Mattone?” The waiter asked holding a steaming plate of comish hen.

“Right here!” Waverly said enthusiastically as he set the plate down in front of her. She moaned at the sight and smell of the dish.

“And Tagliatelle for you honey.”

“Thank you,” Nicole smiled as he placed her dish in front of her.

“Enjoy,” the waiter kindly said before walking away.

“He called you honey,” Waverly stated. “Should I be jealous?”

“No, because he’s obviously gay.” Nicole chuckled as she refilled Waverly’s and her wine glasses with the bottle of Chianti she had ordered for them to share.

Waverly discretely looked over at the waiter, who was now taking the orders of the customers at another table. “How can you tell?”

“I have eyes,” Nicole said bluntly.

“Oh. I’m not very good at this.”

“Did you know that I was gay before I told you?” Nicole asked nonchalantly before taking a bite of her pasta.

“I didn’t. But I had hoped,” Waverly replied, doing the same with her own food.

“I always just assume it’s obvious from looking at me. Like, everyone can just tell.”

“I think the people in this town expect a lesbian to look like this really butch woman with a shaved head and tattoos. Which you definitely are not.” Waverly chuckled.

Nicole laughed. “No, I’m not butch.”

“But, I can’t say that I’m surprised,” the brunette continued. “Now that I’ve gotten to know you a little bit better, I can’t really imagine you being with a man.”

“Yeah, that would be tragic,” she joked before sipping her wine.

“So, have you ever been with a man?” Waverly blurted out without realizing what exactly she was asking her date.

“Already bringing up exes on the first date?” Nicole raised an eyebrow. “That’s a bold move.”
“Hey, it’s only fair, since you already know about my ex.”

“Unfortunately.” She took a gulp of wine. “Okay, I’ve only ever had one boyfriend.”

“And?”

“And now I’m here with you.” She took a bite of her food.

“So, I’m guessing it didn’t go well,” Waverly let out a soft chuckle. “Is that how you knew that you were gay?”

“Well, after I slept with him, I knew something wasn’t right. I just didn’t enjoy it – at all. I think that was when I knew that I didn’t like boys. But when I had my first lesbian experience the next year, my senior year of high school, that was when I knew that I was gay. Everything just clicked for me, and it was like this moment of clarity. Like, ‘Oh. Everything makes sense now.’ I call it the click moment.”

Waverly smiled at Nicole as if she were telling this epic love story. “That’s so cool!”

“Yeah, I guess it kind of was.” Her eyes crinkled in an honest smile. She looked at Waverly’s plate and noticed that she had barely eaten any of her food. “Is your food okay?”

“Yeah, it’s actually probably the best thing I’ve ever tasted.”

“Really? Better than the chicken tenders at Shorty’s?” Nicole quipped.

Waverly giggled. “Somehow, even better than those.”

“Then why aren’t you eating it?”

“My stomach just hurts a little. I think I’m nervous.”

“Nervous about what?”

“About messing this up.”

The redhead showed off her dimples. “Waves, you can’t mess this up. It’s not possible.”

Waverly smiled, thankful for the reassurance. “I think the whole thing just kind of scares me. But it’s also extremely exciting. Like being on a rollercoaster.”

“Are you really comparing this to a rollercoaster ride? That’s so cliché!”

“Shut up! It’s just the first analogy I thought of.” Waverly giggled.

“Well, you know what that means.”

“No. What?” Waverly asked, getting a little worried.

“That our next date has to involve a rollercoaster.”

The pair giggled. Suddenly, Waverly felt a sharp pain in her lower abdomen. She winced as she dropped her fork.

“What’s wrong? Are you okay?” Nicole asked worriedly.

“Yeah I’m fine. I’m just going to go to the restroom really quick.” She hastily made her way to the
back of the restaurant. When she got to the bathroom, she discovered that the thing that she had hoped wasn’t happening, was actually happening.

“Oh no. No, no. No. Not today,” she groaned as she buried her face in her hands. “Why do you do this to me, tonight of all nights?” For the most part she appreciated the universe, but sometimes she hated it. This wasn’t supposed to happen for another three days. She had a plan, and now it was all ruined. She walked over to the tampon dispenser and pulled a quarter out of her purse…only to realize that she didn’t actually have a quarter.

“Shit,” she hissed to herself. If she were being honest, she probably would’ve just wasted it anyways, since those machines were never actually stocked. Luckily for her, another woman had just walked in. “Oh!” Waverly blurted in excitement.

The other woman jumped as she was startled by the unexpected sound.

“Hi, excuse me, sorry,” Waverly apologized, feeling a little bit guilty. “Um, you wouldn’t happen to have a tampon, would you? I don’t have any quarters.”

“It’s probably a good thing. Those things are never actually stocked anyways.” The older woman rummaged through her bag and pulled out exactly what Waverly needed. “Here you go my dear.”

“Thank you so much!” Waverly exhaled in relief. She went back into the stall to finish her business before walking over to the sink to wash her hands next to the woman, who was also washing her hands.

“First date?” She asked Waverly as she shook the water off her hands over the sink.

“How can you tell?” Waverly asked, doing the same.

“You seem really nervous. Nobody gets that nervous on anything other than a first date.”

“Yeah, heh, well I hope it doesn’t show too much.”

“I’m sure he can’t even tell,” she said with a reassuring smile. “Men are oblivious sometimes.”

“Oh, uh…” Waverly debated whether or not to correct the stranger, but then remembered that they were 40 minutes outside of town and she would probably never see this woman again in her life. “She, actually.”

The woman paused for just a brief moment before saying, “Oh. Well then I’m sorry, but you’re screwed.” She winked before giving a teasing smile.

Waverly unclenched her muscles at the reaction.

“Look, just relax a little. You’re already on the date, so the hard part is over. She obviously likes you, so just be yourself.”

The brunette nodded and sighed. “You’re right. I just need to get out of my head. Thanks for the advice.”

“With age comes wisdom,” she winked once again before leaving the restroom.

Waverly stared at herself in the mirror, gave herself a quick pep talk, and then walked out of the restroom and back to her seat across from Nicole, who picked up her fork again once Waverly had returned – she didn’t want to eat while Waverly was gone, since she thought it would be rude.
“Hey, is everything okay?” She asked, concerned.

Waverly realized how long she had been gone and blushed with embarrassment. “Oh, yeah. I’m fine. I ran into a woman in there and we were talking.”

“A woman, eh? Should I be jealous?” Nicole teased.

“Only if you get jealous of people who are nearly my parents’ age,” she laughed for a moment, but then she thought about what she had just said. Her smile slowly dropped, along with her eyes, as painful memories flooded her mind.

Nicole noticed the sudden drop in her mood and figured she should change the subject. “So, um, I’m assuming you don’t want dessert since you could barely eat your meal.”

“Yes, I’m not too hungry. But I’m definitely taking this home and devouring it tomorrow during my lunch break. Don’t tell anyone I said this, but,” she leaned over and looked around cautiously, “I actually like food better on the second day.”

She and Nicole both laughed at the joke as the waiter walked over.

“Is everyone doing alright over here?”

“Can we actually get the check please?” Nicole asked politely.

“Yes. And can we also get two to-go boxes please?”

“Coming right up.” The waiter walked back to get their items before quickly returning. “Here you are.” Nicole glanced at the bill before handing it back to him, along with her card. As he left to swipe it, Waverly and Nicole emptied their plates into the Styrofoam boxes, finishing just in time for the waiter to return once more.

“Thank you both, and I hope you have a wonderful evening.” He smiled at the women.

“Thank you, you too.” Nicole replied before adding up the tip and signing the check.

“So,” she asked as she set the pen down and leaned back into her chair, “What do you want to do now?”

“I’m okay with anything.” Waverly smiled.

“Well, we could go back to my place,” Nicole smirked suggestively. “I live alone, so we won’t have to worry about any interruptions…well, aside from Calamity Jane, my cat. But she’s usually pretty absent most of the time.”

Waverly’s face dropped. “Oh, um. I sort of can’t.”

“You can’t go back to my place?” Nicole chuckled.

“No, I mean I can’t…do that, with you.”

Nicole slumped back into her chair. She really just meant to talk or maybe make out a little at most, but the rejection still stung. “Oh.” She was studying Waverly’s face, trying to decipher what she meant. Was the date not going as well as she had previously thought? She was pretty sure Waverly had been giving her subtle hints all night about wanting her tonight, but maybe she had read her
Waverly noticed the worry that had begun to develop on Nicole’s face. “I mean, not because I don’t want to!” She reassured, “But because, well, I kind of unexpectedly got my period just now. So, you know…” She trailed off as she looked down at her lap, unable to make eye contact. She braced herself for yelling, or for Nicole to storm off in frustration.

“Oh.” Nicole was relieved to hear that it wasn’t because of her. “Hey, it’s okay. We can just go back to my place and watch a movie or something.” She gave the brunette a reassuring smile.

Waverly was relieved that Nicole hadn’t gotten mad at her, but she still felt guilty. “I’m sorry,” she said softly in shame.

“For ruining the plans.”

“Waves, you didn’t ruin anything. And you definitely shouldn’t apologize for something that’s out of your control. I’m having fun with you, and I’m still going to have fun with you later when we’re cuddling on the couch watching a movie.”

Waverly smiled. All of that sounded amazing, especially since all she wanted to do right now was get out of her dress and heels and into some oversized pajamas. “Are you sure you’re okay with that? I mean, I can still do you or something, if you want.”

Nicole was baffled. “Waverly, no. No way. I’m not having you ‘do me’ while you’re feeling all crampy and bloated. Plus, sex is a two-person sport. And that’s not how I want the first time to be.”

“Really?” Waverly asked, surprised.

The redhead was taken aback. “Yes, of course. Why are you so surprised by that?”

Waverly shrugged. “I guess I’m just used to the way Champ and I did things.”

Nicole clenched her jaw. “And how did you and Champ do things?” She could already tell that the answer was going to be incorrect.

“Well, whenever I got my period and he wanted to have sex, he would just make me give him a–” Waverly paused. Was it okay to be talking about her sex life with her ex-boyfriend on a date with her (hopefully) soon-to-be girlfriend?

“Give him a what?” Nicole asked bluntly, urging the brunette to finish her statement.

“Um, a blow job. Or a hand job, depending on what he wanted.”

Nicole squeezed her right hand into a fist and took a gulp of her wine to calm herself down before slamming the glass back down onto the table. “Uh huh. And define made you,” she replied angrily.

“No, not like made me made me. He just encouraged me to, and I did.”

“And did you want to?” Nicole knew that she was entering inappropriate territory, but she didn’t care.

“Well, not really.”

“Then why didn’t you tell him that?”
“Because I had to do it. It was my fault for getting him all worked up by flirting and stuff without letting him know beforehand that I wouldn’t be able to have sex. So, I had to finish him off somehow.”

Nicole stared at Waverly and observed her. How could this sweet and kind woman have been treated so wrong? “Waverly, you know that sex isn’t just about getting off, right?”

“It’s not?” Waverly asked, genuinely surprised.

Nicole smacked her forehead with her palm and cursed Champ’s name before straightening herself back up. “It’s about two people connecting on a very deep and intimate level. Or at least that’s what it means to me. And I hope that someday I can make you feel the same way.”

A soft smile swept across Waverly’s face. Nicole was already way better than Champ. “I’d love that.”

“But not tonight. Tonight is about being in oversized pajamas and watching a rom-com.”

“Oh my god, you read my mind.”

“Then what are we waiting for?” Nicole stood up from her chair and held a hand out for Waverly to take as she guided her up.

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When Nicole and Waverly stepped inside Nicole’s house, Waverly toed off her heels and instantly dropped down on the couch to massage her feet. “Oh sweet baby Jesus that feels good,” she sighed in ecstasy.

“You know, if those heels hurt you that badly, you didn’t have to wear them,” Nicole stated.

“Of course I did! These are my sexy heels.”

Nicole raised her hands in mock surrender. “Okay. I’m just saying, your comfort is important too,” she stated before disappearing up the stairs.

A minute later she came back down with a plain white t-shirt and some cotton shorts. “These might be a little big on you, but we’re going for oversized here anyways, right?” She asked as she handed the pile of clothes to the smaller woman.

Waverly’s face lit up. “You’re literally the best, you know that?” She graciously took the clothes from the redhead.

“I know,” Nicole replied happily as she turned to go back upstairs to change into her own pajamas. God, that ass, Waverly thought to herself as she drooled.

“Pardon?” Nicole asked as she turned around.

“Oh, uh…did I say that out loud?” She faltered.

Nicole let out a light chuckle. “You did, but it’s okay. Glad to know you like my ass.” She winked before continuing up the stairs.

After internally scolding herself, Waverly took out her phone to check the time, but noticed a text from Wynonna.
**Wynonna:** Hey Baby Girl. How was the date?

Waverly typed out her reply.

**Waverly:** It was good. Dinner was amazing. We just got back to her place and are going to watch a movie.

**Wynonna:** Oh “watch a movie” huh? ;)

**Waverly:** It’s not happening tonight.

**Wynonna:** Why not? I thought you wanted to

**Waverly:** I do, but I got my period

**Wynonna:** Son of a bitch

**Waverly:** Yeah :/ I’ll let you know when I’m on my way home

Waverly set her phone down on the coffee table and took off her dress. She picked up the t-shirt to change, but was interrupted by Nicole in a blue shirt and flannel pants coming down the stairs.

“So, I have these to choose from—“ Her jaw dropped when she noticed a half-naked Waverly standing frozen in her living room. She couldn’t help but stare, which caused Waverly to immediately bring the t-shirt up to her chest over her bra in an attempt to cover herself. “Oh, gosh,” Nicole closed her eyes. “I’m sorry. I honestly thought you would be done changing by now.”

“Yeah, um sorry. I got distracted texting Wynonna,” she said nervously.

“My fault. I’m just gonna…” Nicole struggled to set the DVD boxes down on the coffee table with her eyes closed. “…Let you finish.” She turned around and walked into the kitchen.

Waverly quickly threw on the clothes and sat down on the couch, tensely holding her posture with her hands in her lap.

“Do you want water?” Nicole yelled from the kitchen.

“Yes please,” Waverly yelled back.

Nicole filled two glasses with water and began to walk back towards the living room. Before she turned the corner, she asked, “Is it okay for me to come in?”

“Oh, um, yeah,” Waverly replied.

Nicole sat down on the couch and handed Waverly her glass, who gulped down half of the water.

“Do you want any medicine or a heating pad or anything?” Nicole asked, wanting to make sure that Waverly was completely comfortable.

Waverly grinned as she realized the benefits of being with a woman. Champ would never in a million years think to make such an offer. “I’m okay for now. Thank you.”

Nicole nodded before picking up the DVDs. “So, which one?”

Waverly studied the boxes. “Honestly, I’ve never heard of any of these.”
“Well, that’s probably because they’re all lesbian movies,” Nicole grinned. “I figured I should start submerging you in gay culture now.”

Waverly giggled. “Okay, then how about you pick. What’s the best one?”

“Hmm…” Nicole looked between the boxes. “This one is definitely my favorite.” She placed the other movies down on the table and handed the box to Waverly, who read the summary on the back.

“Looks good to me!”

Nicole hopped off the couch and popped the DVD into the player before grabbing a blanket, turning off the lights, and sitting down next to Waverly. She draped the blanket over the two of them, making sure they were comfortable, before picking up the remote. “Ready?” She asked.

“Wait.” Waverly grabbed Nicole’s arm and wrapped it around her own shoulders as she nuzzled into the woman’s side and hugged her torso. “Now I’m ready.”

The redhead grinned at the act, taking in the sight of how perfect Waverly looked, before hitting play.
Sex Dreams And Romantic Dinners

Chapter Summary

Some first sightings of smut for those of you that have been looking for it :)

It had been exactly one week since Waverly’s first date with Nicole, and she had slept over at the police officer’s house five out of those seven days – including their first date. They hadn’t done anything more than steamy make out sessions though. There were a couple of times where shirts may have been removed, but pants and bras were always still on. Waverly enjoyed feeling Nicole’s soft skin. Her favorite thing was tracing the outline of the officer’s abs with her fingertips. She could tell that the woman took excellent care of her body and that it was something that was important to her, which Waverly found very attractive. But, all of the steamy make out sessions and exploration of skin had caused an unbearable amount of sexual frustration. Waverly had never masturbated so many times in one week…or one day, for that matter. And even though she didn’t know it, Nicole hadn’t either. The naturally protective police officer was waiting for the right time, and Waverly was waiting for Nicole. But she was now at a point where she couldn’t wait any longer, because she didn’t just want it; she needed it. And she desperately hoped that tonight would be the night that she would get to have sex with the red-haired officer that she had been dreaming about for the past four months.

“Hey cutie,” Nicole lilted as she walked into the shop. “You excited about tonight?”

“What, cooking dinner for you at my house for the first time? I’m ecstatic!”

“I hope you’re not lying about being able to cook,” Nicole teased before taking the first sip of her coffee that was handed to her, like always.

“And if I am?” Waverly teased back.

“The I guess we have to break up.” The officer winked.

The brunette beamed. They had been dating for a week, but were they girlfriends? They hadn’t officially said anything, but she wasn’t really sure how all of this worked. Maybe she was supposed to already know. If they were girlfriends, did that mean that they could finally sleep together? Is that what Nicole was waiting for? The unspoken announcement of their relationship? It was all so confusing to Waverly.

“So,” the barista cleared her throat once she realized she had been spaced out a little too long to not be questioned about it, “Wynonna is out of the house, which means we’ll be all alone all night long with no interruptions.” Waverly smirked at Nicole as she lightly trailed her finger down the middle of the redhead’s torso, hoping she would get the hint.

Nicole gulped. The thought of having Waverly all to herself made her muscles twitch with anticipation. But, the woman was probably just talking about some more kissing and removing shirts; nothing more. The officer didn’t dwell on it or let herself get too excited.

“Can’t wait.” Nicole smiled at Waverly and gave her a quick kiss on the lips before pulling out two five dollar bills and handed them over.
“Oh, uh you accidentally gave me two fives,” Waverly said as she handed one back to the officer, but Nicole just pushed her hand back.

“No, that’s for you.”

“What for?”

“Well, you’re always buying me coffee, so I figured I’d buy yours for once,” she smiled lovingly. A smile that caused Waverly to blush as her heart began to beat erratically.

They were snapped out of their longing stares by a customer walking through the door.

“Oh, well I hope you have a good day officer,” Waverly said, trying to play it off like they hadn’t just been undressing each other with their eyes.

“Thank you, ma’am. Have a good day,” Nicole winked before leaving the shop.

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“You alright?” Dolls asked Nicole. They had been in the car for five minutes and hadn’t said a single word, due to Nicole being lost in her thoughts.

“Yep,” she replied without looking over at him.

“Haught,” he said pointedly.

She sighed in defeat. “Fine. How can you tell when someone is ready to take the next step?”

“You mean sex?”

The redhead nodded.

“Aren’t you the expert when it comes to women? I remember because of all the times you’ve bragged about being an expert when it comes to women…”

“This is different. She’s different. She throws me off my game and everything is skewed. I feel like I don’t know what I’m doing anymore.”

“Yeah, love will do that to you,” he grinned.

“I never said I loved her.”

“I know, which is why I’m saying it for you. But seriously, just talk to her.”

“But what if I ask and she only says she’s ready because she thinks I want her to? I’ve heard all of the horror stories of her relationship with Champ. I want her to feel in control of the situation this time.”

“Then I guess you just let her come to you.”

Nicole sighed. “Yeah, I guess you’re right. I’m just not used to being the one to stand back and follow someone else’s lead.”

“Waverly might not be the most experienced person when it comes to being with a woman, but she’s an adult. Trust that she knows what she wants, and trust your instincts.”
Nicole nodded as she exhaled. “You’re right. I just have to trust her.”

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“What’s got you down?” Wynonna asked Waverly as she handed her a cider. “You never drink during a work day. …Actually, I rarely ever see you drink.”

The small woman chugged half of the beverage before slamming it down on the counter and wiping her mouth. “I need some liquid courage.”

“For what?”

“Can I ask you something?” Waverly leaned forward.

“Yeah, sure. It’s not like I just asked you a question or anything,” Wynonna replied sarcastically.

“How do you tell someone you’re ready to sleep with them?”

“Well I don’t usually tell them, I just start removing clothes. Usually they get the hint.”

Waverly stared at her, unsure of what to do with that information.

“Oh,” Wynonna’s eyes widened. “You meant ‘you’ as in a general ‘you’, not me specifically. You’re asking for advice.”

“Yes.”

Wynonna smirked. “Does that mean my baby sis wants to get laid by a Haught poli-“

“I’m serious Wynonna!” Waverly interrupted her obvious joke, wanting her older sister to be serious for once. “I need your help. I want to have sex with-” She looked around the room when she realized that she was speaking a little too loudly – even for a bar – before turning back to Wynonna a little closer than before and whispering “Nicole.” She sighed as she leaned back. “But I think she’s waiting for something.”

“Waiting for what?”

“I don’t know exactly. Maybe for her to want to?”

Wynonna laughed. “Baby Girl, I can guarantee that Haught is not waiting for herself to be ready. She’s been ready to rip your clothes off for a long time, trust me.”

Waverly slightly smiled at the thought of Nicole wanting her just as badly as she wanted Nicole. “Then what’s she waiting for? She’s the one who keeps stopping us every time we get close to crossing the line between steamy makeout session and-“

“Doing it like bunnies?”

The younger woman nodded.

“Well, if I had to guess, she’s probably waiting for you to tell her you’re ready.”

“But when we take our shirts off, I always give her the look.”

“No, not to show her you’re ready. To tell her you’re ready.”
“Oh,” Waverly slumped on the stool in thought. “Like, to say the words ‘I want to have sex with you?’”

Wynonna raised an eyebrow and slowly nodded at her.

“Huh. I don’t think I’ve ever actually said that before.”

“Welcome to the world of healthy relationships, where communication is key.”

“It’s just that, Champ never-“

“There’s a lot of things that Champ never did that he should have,” Wynonna interrupted, knowing exactly what Waverly was going to say. “But you’re with Nicole now. So you’re going to have to start getting used to letting her know exactly what you want, because from what I can tell, that’s the only way she does things.”

Waverly nodded. This whole thing with Nicole was extremely new for her. Not because she’s a woman – well, of course that too – but because she’s never had much of a say in things before. She was always used to being told what to do, so this amount of power was new for her.

She finished her cider and sat the glass bottle down on the table. “Thanks, Wynonna. You’re a good older sister.”

“I do what I can,” she winked.

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It had been a slow day at the precinct. Nicole found herself constantly looking up at the clock. Sadly, she wasn’t even halfway through her work day yet. She sighed as she grabbed a new file from the rather large ‘to do’ pile on her desk.

“Hey sexy,” a sultry voice came from behind her.

When Nicole turned around, she noticed Waverly strutting towards her with a suggestive smirk on her face. She was wearing a tight-fitting sweater with a neck line shaped like a V that dropped down the valley of her breasts, a very tight mini-skirt, and suede knee-high boots.

Nicole’s jaw nearly dropped to the floor at the sight of the woman. “Holy…” she began, but before she could finish her sentence, Waverly spun her chair all the way around and swung her left leg over the officer, straddling her lap. Before her brain – which had turned to mush at this point – could process what was happening, Waverly’s mouth was on hers, hungrily devouring it in a kiss that made Nicole’s head spin. She wrapped her hands around Waverly’s lower back and pulled her in, rocking her hips to create pressure against both of their centers, causing them both to moan into each other’s mouths.

“Nicole,” Waverly panted before bringing her lips back down to the officer’s. Just thinking about their lips disconnecting for longer than a second felt like torture. “I want you so badly,” she finally continued.

Nicole hummed into Waverly’s mouth. Those words alone were enough to cause a pool of arousal to coat her center.

“Please,” Waverly begged.

That was enough for Nicole. There was no way she could say no at this point. She was a goner. She
stood up and held on to the smaller woman with strong arms as Waverly wrapped her legs around Nicole’s hips, still connected at the mouth. Nicole turned them around, kicked the chair out of the way, pushed everything off of the top of her desk with a quick swipe of her arm, and laid Waverly down on the wood furniture – all without breaking the kiss, or opening her eyes.

As soon as Waverly hit the table, Nicole hastily grabbed the top of Waverly’s sweater and yanked it down her shoulders, causing the garment to rip in the process, revealing her perfect breasts. Of course she wasn’t wearing a bra. Nicole immediately dropped her lips to the brunette’s taut nipples and began licking and sucking.

“Unghhh,” Waverly moaned at the top of her lungs at the contact.

After a few greedy seconds, Nicole brought her mouth to the other breast, wanting to give both of them equal attention.

“Please baby,” Waverly whined. “I need you so badly. I can’t take it anymore,” Waverly begged in a whimper that sounded like she was genuinely about to cry.

Nicole happily obliged and began kissing down Waverly’s tight abdomen, not lingering any longer than Waverly – who was now on her back with her palms pressed into her forehead, breathing and moaning in a way that would surely cause lightheadedness pretty soon as a result of Nicole’s soft kisses on her sensitive skin – wanted her to. When Nicole reached the skirt fabric, she reached underneath the bottom and pulled Waverly’s ruined panties down her short, thin legs and mindlessly tossed them aside. Waverly leaned up on her elbows to look into Nicole’s eyes, giving permission to the questioning one’s looking back.

Once Nicole received the permission she needed, she pushed Waverly’s skirt up and spread her legs wide before dropping her head down and licking up soft, wet, swollen folds, circling at the top.

“Oh, fuck!” Waverly yelled. Nobody would ever believe such a sound came from sweet, innocent Waverly Earp if they weren’t there to witness it; which Nicole was thankful she was, because it only encouraged her more.

The redhead continued her pattern of licking up Waverly’s slit a few more times before focusing on her clit, which was extremely swollen and sensitive at this point. She experimented with different patterns before settling on a figure eight motion. Waverly brought her right hand down to Nicole’s head and tangled it in red waves as she kept her balance on her left elbow. She furrowed her brow while a symphony of moans, groans, whimpered, and occasional profanities escaped her slightly agape mouth, all while watching Nicole eat her out. Waverly only ever cursed when she was angry, scared, or really annoyed, so hearing it now as a form of pleasure caused Nicole’s lower abdomen to twitch in a way that was sure to result in her being soaked all the way through her uniform slacks.

Waverly pushed Nicole’s head down as she simultaneously thrusted up into her mouth. She didn’t care if Nicole couldn’t breathe, because at this point her mind was only focused on one thing; release. Nicole could feel Waverly getting closer to the edge and plunged two fingers deep into Waverly’s more-than-ready center.

“Oh FUCK!” Waverly screamed at the top of her lungs, which was accompanied by strong panting.

“Yes, baby! Oh yes!”

Nicole quickly pumped her fingers in and out, raking them along the ridges of Waverly’s wall. She made sure to hit her sweet spot, which she knew she was due to Waverly’s eyes rolling back in ecstasy.
“Jesus Nicole. You fuck me so good!” Waverly let out between pants. “I’m going to come so fucking hard baby.”

“Come for me baby,” Nicole replied shortly after sitting up and replacing her tongue with the fingers of her other hand. She was watching Waverly’s face twitch and contort in pleasure. “I want to see your come all over my desk. And then I want to lick it all up.”

Waverly felt her walls tense up. “Fuck baby, I’m coming. Oh god.” Waverly’s panting became shorter and faster. “Officer Haught...fuck me Officer Haught...Officer Haught...Haught...Haught...Haught...”

“Haught!”

Nicole jumped up as she lifted her head from her arm on her desk, causing her to bang her knee on the side panel. “Ow! Shit!” She yelped in pain as she massaged the area. “What the fuck!” She hissed.

“I believe the words you’re looking for are ‘thank you’, seeing as Nedley will fire your ass if he catches you sleeping on the job,” Dolls nagged.

“I wasn’t sleeping,” Nicole replied stubbornly.

“Oh no?” He eyeballed the small puddle of drool.

Nicole quickly wiped it up and glared at him. “Don’t you have work to get done? Or is your job to stand here and annoy me?”

He rolled his eyes. “You’re welcome,” he mumbled as he walked back to his desk.

Nicole sighed and rubbed her eyes with her thumb and index finger, shaking her head. She shifted uncomfortably as she felt the stickiness of her arousal between her legs. “Oh great,” she whispered to herself. She slowly stood up and walked around her desk.

“Now where are you going?” Dolls asked her from his chair.

“To the bathroom. Did you want to follow me in there?” She snipped.

“Nope. I’m good.” He returned to his work as Nicole grumbled and slowly waddled away.

After a few minutes of splashing cold water on her face and attempting to think of anything other than Waverly, she made her way back to her desk. Just as she sat down, she heard a cheery voice from behind her.

“Officer Haught!”

She whipped around to reveal Waverly wearing a tight-fitting V neck that showed off only a bit of her cleavage, and skin-tight shorts that were far too short to be deemed appropriate.

“Oh no, not again.” She lightly slapped her cheek to wake herself up.

Waverly furrowed her brow. “Uh, are you okay?”

When Nicole realized that it wasn’t a dream, her cheeks blushed crimson with embarrassment. “Uh, yeah. I’m fine! It’s just been a long day.”

“Tell me about it.” The brunette walked towards Nicole.
The redhead shot up from her seat and stood away from Waverly. “Uh, why don’t you sit over there…in that chair!” She pointed to the chair across from her desk.

“Yeah, that’s where I was headed silly.” Waverly chuckled and sat down at the same time as Nicole. When she studied the officer’s face, she found something she had never seen before. She wasn’t sure what it was, but she could tell that it was causing the redhead to become stressed. “Are you sure you’re okay? You seem a little…off.”

“Huh?” Nicole snapped out of the thoughts of her pervious dream, imagining it all happening with Waverly wearing her current outfit. “Oh, no. I mean, yeah! I’m fine.”

“Okay, if you’re sure…” Waverly said doubtfully.

“I am,” Nicole replied with a weak smile. “So, what did you want?”

“Oh, right. I wanted to ask you, what do you think of us doing it at your place tonight?”

“D-doing it…my p-place?” Nicole stuttered as her cheeks began to flush.

“Yeah. The dinner I’m making involves some specific appliances that we don’t have, and that I noticed you had in your kitchen last time I was there. I figured it would just be easier to have our date there than to ask to borrow all of that stuff.”

“Oh, right. Dinner.” Nicole relaxed. “Um, sure. We can have it at my place.”

“Perfect!” She stood up from the chair and began to walk towards Nicole. “I’ll text Wynonna to let her know we don’t need the house anymore, and you bring your appetite,” she smiled as she stood next to Nicole so close that the redhead could feel the heat radiating from the brunette’s skin. Nicole subtly pushed her chair away a bit to create some space between them.

“My a-appetite?” Nicole couldn’t get her dream off of her mind.

“Yeah,” Waverly smiled.

Nicole gulped. “Appetite for w-what?”

“It’s a surprise, remember?” Waverly grinned.

Nicole realized what Waverly had meant. “Oh, right. Dinner.”

Waverly furrowed her brow. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yes! Just a lot of work to get done. I want to get out of here on time, you know?” She said less-than-confidently.

“Yeah, I better get back to work too. You know, I want to make sure Darren doesn’t accidentally start a fire…again.”

“That Darren is one silly boy,” Nicole laughed awkwardly. “See you at seven!”

“Yes, see you at seven,” Waverly said softly as she stared into Nicole’s eyes and brushed her shoulder with her hand for a moment before leaving. She skipped off with her hands in her pockets. “Bye Officer Dolls!” She waved as she passed by his desk.

Nicole watched her leave, gulping at the sight. When Waverly was gone, she looked over at Dolls, who had a smug grin on his face.
“Don’t even say it,” Nicole warned before turning back around to her files. “I already know.”

Nicole gripped the steering wheel a little too hard as she made her way home. She wasn’t expecting sex tonight, but she sure did want it. She would be lying if she said that she didn’t. How could she not when Waverly was constantly teasing her and looking at her like she was the fudge to her sundae? But she figured Waverly probably wasn’t ready yet, and decided that it wasn’t going to happen tonight. When she got home, she quickly began to tidy up. Her house wasn’t too messy, so it didn’t take her that long.

When she decided that the house looked acceptable for their date, she stripped off her clothes and jumped in the shower. She sighed as the hot water hit her tense muscles, relieving all of the pent-up stress she had been carrying. She reached back behind her neck and began massaging as she closed her eyes. “Damn this feels good,” she whispered. She dropped her hands to her shoulders and repeated the massaging motion, then to her lower back, and then to her thighs. She moved her right hand to between her legs, and began massaging there. “Ungh,” she moaned at the contact of her wet fingers on her sensitive bud. She had been waiting for this ever since her dream earlier. She began to move her fingers faster and faster, until they were moving wildly over her clit at superhuman speed. “Shit!” She moaned as she came quickly, bucking against her hand and riding out her orgasm. She dropped her speed and drew lazy strokes along her folds, but never stopped completely. Instead, she began to move a little bit quicker again, leading herself to another orgasm. This time, she grabbed the detachable showerhead and brought it down to her center. She sighed at the incredible feeling of being extremely sensitive from her first orgasm. She didn’t rush herself, since she knew she had some time to kill before Waverly had arrived. She wanted to enjoy herself before having to spend an entire night looking at Waverly.

Waverly arrived at Nicole’s house right on time. She walked up the front porch with her hands full of paper grocery bags and shifted one of the bags more into the other arm as she slightly struggled to ring the doorbell. She rang a few times, but no answer. She looked down at her watch; 7:08. She began to worry that something was wrong, since Nicole’s car was there. She set the groceries on the ground and grabbed the spare key from under the flower pot. She unlocked the door before placing the key back and picking up the groceries.

“Nicole?” Waverly said as she walked into the kitchen and sat the groceries down on the counter. “Nicole?” She yelled a little louder.

The woman rushed down the stairs with soaking wet hair and a towel wrapped around her body. “Waverly?” She asked, surprised when she noticed the brunette standing there in a lacy mini-skirt that ended way above her knees, and a silky blouse that was buttoned at the top and tied at the bottom, showing off a little bit of her midriff. Damn, Nicole thought to herself.

“Hey! Sorry, I rang but when you didn’t answer I got worried, so I let myself in.”

Nicole looked at the kitchen clock and saw how late she was. “Shit, I’m sorry Waves. I lost track of time.”

“It’s okay,” she smiled reassuringly.

“Erm, have you been here long?” Nicole asked worriedly.

“Nah, I just walked in.”
“Oh, okay.” Nicole smiled.

“Well, I'll let you get ready. I'm going to get started on dinner, if that's okay.”

“Yeah, of course. Go ahead. I'll only be a few minutes,” Nicole replied.

“It's okay, take your time. I've got plenty to do here,” Waverly smirked suggestively.

“Kay,” Nicole breathed out as she smiled. “I'm just…” she pointed to the stairs behind her as she eyeballed Waverly up and down, “Upstairs,” she finished incoherently.

“Go,” Waverly chuckled at her. She loved the reaction she got out of Nicole.

“Yeah.” Nicole smiled once more before heading back up the stairs.

Waverly watched her leave as she shook her head, wishing that she could just follow her up those stairs and rip that towel off. But, she knew that she had to get dinner started. She emptied the contents of the bags and began chopping some vegetables.

When Nicole got to her room, she quickly sifted through some clothes. She hadn't picked out her outfit yet, but eventually decided on a pair of blue jeans and a flannel shirt. After putting on a little bit of makeup and deciding that her hair had air-dried enough to create subtle, natural waves, she headed downstairs.

“That smells amazing,” she raved as she walked into the kitchen.

Waverly turned around from the saucepan she was attending to. “Thank you,” she blushed before turning back around.

“Can I finally know what you're making?” Nicole asked as she stepped behind Waverly.

“It's pork chops in port wine sauce, roasted vegetables, and couscous.” She shivered as she felt Nicole standing directly behind her. “And for dessert, I got us some stuff for strawberry shortcake.”

“It looks delicious,” the taller woman replied near Waverly’s ear.

Nicole really wasn't trying to tease Waverly or anything. She just wanted to get a closer look at the food without getting in the way, but the proximity of her front to Waverly’s back was too much for the brunette to handle. She dropped the spatula in the saucepan and turned around to kiss Nicole, eliciting a moan from the redhead. They hungrily kissed, hands rubbing all over each other’s bodies, for what seemed like hours. Both of them could have done this forever; exploring each other’s lips and soft skin. Just as Nicole had slid her hands under Waverly’s blouse, the kitchen timer went off, startling them and causing them to pull away from each other. Waverly quickly turned around and turned off the annoying beeping sound as Nicole shook her head in frustration at herself for getting too handsy with the woman who was trying to cook them a delicious meal.

Waverly turned back around to continue the kiss, but instead Nicole took a step back and said, “Um, you know what? I just remembered that I don’t have anything to drink other than water here. I'm going to run out to the store really quick and grab something. I'll be right back.”

Before Waverly could protest, the redhead was out the door. Waverly sighed and turned off the burners before continuing to prepare the meal.
Chapter Notes

I was going to wait until Monday to post this, but since I got so many people wanting an update I figured I’d give it to you early ;). Also, these next few chapters are going to be very smutty to make up for the long build up. Enjoy!

“So, where did you learn to cook?” Nicole asked before taking a bite of her strawberry shortcake.

“My Aunt Gus taught me,” Waverly smiled.

“She’s the one that owns Shorty’s, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Are you close to her?” Nicole didn’t realize that the question would bring up any sort of painful memories, until she saw the sadness form in Waverly’s eyes.

“Um, I used to live with her. Until Wynonna came back, and then I moved in with her at our old house that we grew up in.”

Nicole nodded and decided not to pry any further unless Waverly wanted to talk about it. “Well, I can’t wait to meet her,” she smiled. Then her eyes widened at the realization that she had just assumed that Waverly would introduce them to each other. “I mean, if you want me to, of course. I’m not saying you have to, just…you know.” She shoved some more shortcake in her mouth in an attempt to prevent from digging herself any deeper.

Waverly chuckled. “I’m glad I’m not the only one who gets verbal diarrhea around beautiful women.” Waverly watched Nicole blush at the comment before continuing, “You’ll meet her sometime. Don’t worry.”

Just as Nicole was about to reply, Calamity Jane jumped up onto the table between them and knocked the open bottle of red wine all over Waverly’s lap. The brunette scooted back her chair, trying to avoid the spill, but it was no use. She stood up and looked down as the liquid dripped all down her legs.

“Calamity Jane, no!” Nicole yelled as she swiped up the cat and set her on the floor. “Oh my god, I’m so sorry!” Nicole apologized as she ran to the counter to get some paper towels. “She never does that. I don’t know what’s gotten into her.”

“It’s okay!” Waverly replied with a smile, trying to make Nicole feel better. “It only got on my legs, not on any of my clothes.”

“Still, she’s not getting any treats for a while.” Nicole scowled at the cat who strutted down the hallway. She could’ve sworn that the cat was smirking at her.

“These paper towels aren’t really working too well. Is it okay if I use your shower and rinse off my legs?”
“Yeah, of course!”

“You have a detachable shower head, right?”

Nicole’s froze as she thought back to earlier. Did Waverly hear her? Had she been caught? It’s not like she was doing anything wrong, but she really didn’t want Waverly to know that she had been getting off to the thought of her just minutes prior to her entering her home.

“I mean, it’ll be much easier to get this off without stripping if you do have one, but it’s okay if you don’t,” Waverly explained.

“Oh, yes. Yes, I have a detachable shower head. No need to strip!” She said a little too eagerly. “Erm, I’ll show you where it is.” She quickly walked past Waverly and led her up the stairs to her bedroom.

Nicole showed Waverly how to work the shower before handing her a towel and shutting the door to give the girl her privacy. She paced around her bedroom as she waited, hoping that Waverly wouldn’t figure out what she had done in there earlier. It’s not like there was any way that she could, but still, Nicole was a natural worrier.

After a few minutes, Nicole heard the water turn off, followed by a shrill shriek.

“Waverly!” She yelled as she pushed open the bathroom door, revealing a scared Waverly standing on the toilet, aiming a bottle of hairspray at a rather large spider that was crawling on the floor. Nicole ran in and stomped on the spider as Waverly ran out, watching the officer pick up the spider with a piece of tissue and flush it down the toilet.

“It’s okay,” Nicole said in a calming tone as she walked out. “With it being rainy lately, I’ve been getting some bugs in the house. I’m having someone come by and spray it tomorrow.” She stepped over to Waverly and rubbed her shoulders to relax her.

“My hero,” Waverly said gratefully as she grinned.

“Well, it’s my job to protect and serve.” Nicole winked.

“Protect and serve, huh?” Waverly questioned suggestively. This is it, she thought. This is the moment; your chance. Take it!

Waverly pulled Nicole into a quick kiss, which the officer happily accepted. The truth was, she had been dying to kiss Waverly again ever since their kiss earlier, and was hoping they would end up having another one of their makeout sessions.

Waverly brought her hands down to Nicole’s and intertwined their fingers as she smiled at the officer. Nicole leaned down and Kissed Waverly’s nose as the brunette snaked her left hand up to the back of Nicole’s neck. She smiled at the act before pulling Nicole into a quick, soft kiss, which the redhead happily accepted. After a second, the women pulled away, eyes still closed, foreheads touching, taking in the tenderness of it all. Waverly slid her hand down to Nicole’s jaw, gently encouraging her into another kiss. When Nicole’s lips reached out for hers, the brunette pulled back a bit, teasingly letting her hot breath linger for a moment on the redhead’s lips, before giving into her own desires and pulling Nicole in by her neck again for another quick kiss; this one a little needier. The desire began to grow inside Waverly, and in response she brought both hands to Nicole’s face and pulled her into another kiss as Nicole wrapped her hands around the brunette’s small waist. Waverly pulled back once more, only this time to begin unbuttoning Nicole’s shirt from top to bottom, constantly looking between the taller woman’s eyes and lips as she did so.
Once Waverly disconnected her lips again, Nicole brought her lips up to her forehead, but before she could get a kiss in she realized what the brunette was doing and looked down at the moving hands on the buttons of her shirt, then back up into brown eyes. She brought her hands down to the knot in Waverly’s blouse and untied it before unbuttoning the rest of it, revealing a lacy, black bra. It wasn’t that big of a deal. They had made out without shirts before, so it’s not like it meant anything more was going to happen, so Nicole was okay with it all.

But then Waverly hungrily Kissed Nicole, harder than before, and began unbuckling the redhead’s belt. With their foreheads touching, Waverly looked up at Nicole to make sure it was okay, and Nicole looked down past her opened shirt to Waverly’s hands smoothly releasing the belt. That’s when Nicole realized what she was doing.

“Okay whoa baby, Waverly wait…” Nicole started as she brought her hands down to Waverly’s, pulling them off of the button of her jeans, and throwing her head back, cursing herself for stopping the thing that she desperately wanted, but knew couldn’t have. The brunette brought her hands back up to the back of Nicole’s neck and continued kissing her again. “Waverly…” she tried again, but failed. “Waves!” she said one last time as she pushed the petite woman off of her. She looked into Waverly’s eyes and tried to pull her thoughts together as she panted. “We don’t have to do this.”

“Don’t you want to?” Waverly asked. She wanted to. So badly. And she could tell that Nicole did too, but that also something was holding her back.

Nicole hesitated. The truth was, she did want it. All she wanted to do was take Waverly right there in her bed and make love to her all night long. But she didn’t want to be greedy. “We don’t have to,” she repeated.

“Nicole,” Waverly looked at her. She slowly brought her hands down from Nicole’s neck and slid them into her back pockets. She heard the woman gulp. “I want this.” She stared into her eyes before bringing her right hand up to Nicole’s cheek and kissing her again, but this time much slower.

The redhead was dubious. What if Waverly was just saying that because she could tell that Nicole wanted it? Or because she felt like she had to prove something? The last thing she wanted was for Waverly to feel the way she did with Champ. She pulled back out of the kiss again. “But, what about dessert? We never finished, plus we were going to watch that movie…”

Waverly loudly groaned in annoyance. “God damnit Nicole!” The officer was taken aback. Waverly noticed this and continued in a calmer tone, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. I just…Ugh!” She sighed in frustration. “Look, you are amazing. You’re so caring, and kind, and you always want to protect people, especially me, and I love that about you. But right now, I’m so beyond sexually frustrated, and touching myself every five minutes isn’t cutting it anymore. I need you, Nicole. I need to touch you, and I need you to touch me, because I’m going crazy here!”

Nicole stared at her with wide eyes, unable to move. She didn’t expect such inappropriate wording to come out of Waverly’s mouth.

“So,” Waverly continued, “Do you want me?”

“I- I do,” Nicole finally managed to choke out.

“And do you want me right now?”

Nicole nodded.

“And is there any reason why you physically can’t have sex with me right now?”
Nicole shook her head.

“Then please, for the love of all that is holy in this world, can we have sex Nicole?”

Nicole had spent all this time thinking of Waverly as this fragile girl who needed to be carefully brought into this experience. But now she finally saw her for what she was – a grown ass woman with a healthy sex drive and a desire to have her.

“Fuck it,” Nicole finally said.

Waverly was going to make some joke about the wording, but before she could get a word out, she felt Nicole claiming her lips with her own, kissing her with just the amount of pressure and passion that the smaller woman needed. She brought her hands up to the redhead’s collarbone and pulled back to watch her hands as they glided down the exposed skin, all the way to the unbuckled belt, which Waverly slowly pulled out of the belt loops of Nicole’s jeans. After she had thrown it on the floor in the sexiest manner Nicole had ever seen, the taller woman pushed Waverly’s blouse off of her shoulders and helped her pull it off. Then, in a moment Waverly will never forget, Nicole picked the petite brunette up – Waverly wrapping her legs around Nicole’s waist and her arms around her shoulders – and walked her over to the bed before gently laying her down. Waverly had never felt anyone so strong, not even Champ. It only turned her on even more.

As soon as Nicole laid Waverly down onto the bed, she began kissing her neck, eliciting soft, breathy moans from Waverly, who still had her arms wrapped around Nicole. The redhead moved her trail of kisses down to Waverly’s collarbone, enjoying the spot for a moment, before moving down between her bra-clad breasts. She kissed as much skin as was revealed by the garment, before sitting up.

“Can I take this off?” Nicole asked.

“Mhm,” Waverly nodded as she sat up. Before she could move to take it off herself, Nicole reached behind Waverly’s back and instantly unhooked it with a flick of her wrist. The smoothness of the woman in front of her was almost too much to handle.

The brunette slid the garment down her arms before tossing it aside. She laid back down on her back, showing off her exposed chest.

Nicole was in awe. Waverly had the most beautiful breasts she had ever seen. Honestly, like museum worthy. She brought her lips back down to the smaller girl’s cleavage right where she left off, and continued the trail down to her left nipple. Once she reached her destination, she began to delicately swirl her tongue around the nipple, studying Waverly’s face to make sure she liked it.

“Oh wow,” Waverly breathed out as she writhed under her touch.

*Note to self: Waverly likes nipple stimulation.*

Nicole brought her hand up to her other breast and gave it equal attention. After a few minutes, she sat up and took off her own shirt and navy-blue bra, exposing herself to the woman beneath her.

Waverly’s jaw dropped. She couldn’t believe she was here right now, staring at Nicole Haught’s beautiful chest. “Can I touch them?” She asked hesitantly.

Nicole chuckled. “Of course.” She reached down and grabbed Waverly’s hands, guiding them up to palm her breasts.

Nicole closed her eyes at the sensation as her breathing began to speed up, and Waverly looked up at
Nicole in awe. She couldn’t believe the reaction that she was causing. In fact, she couldn’t believe that any of this was happening at all. They had officially gone further than they had ever gone before. Only two more articles of clothing left to be removed, and they would be completely naked. Just the thought drove the brunette crazy. She couldn’t wait. She brought her hands down to the waist of Nicole’s jeans and unbuttoned and unzipped them. Nicole took the hint and stood up to push them down her slender legs before kicking them aside and getting back on the bed. She was wearing matching navy-blue boyshorts, which Waverly drooled over.

“You like them?” Nicole teased.

“Yes,” Waverly replied, still staring.

“Good. Now it’s your turn.” She reached down and pulled Waverly’s skirt down her legs, revealing a black thong. “Holy shit, Waves.” Her jaw dropped. “Are you trying to kill me?”

Waverly blushed as the redhead continued to stare at her. Once she was finally able to move her muscles again, she laid down on top of Waverly, her thigh between the brunette’s legs, and kissed her; hard. The woman beneath her let out a guttural moan at the feeling of contact on her center. She began thrusting her hips up into Nicole’s thigh, feeling the stimulation she needed on her clit. Nicole thrusted her own hips in response, rocking back and forth into the woman who was clearly enjoying this.

Waverly was feeling so many things everywhere. The feeling of Nicole’s breasts moving against hers, Nicole’s mouth sucking on her pulse point, Nicole’s strong thigh rubbing against her swollen clit; it was all too much for her to handle. Suddenly, without warning, Waverly felt herself coming through her panties onto Nicole’s thigh. She leaned up and moaned into Nicole’s collarbone as the older woman continued gentle thrusts with her hips to help the girl ride out her release. After a few seconds, Waverly dropped her head back down onto the bed, and Nicole kissed her forehead.

“Are you okay?” Nicole asked sweetly, thankful to have been able to witness everything that had just happened underneath her.

Waverly paused for a moment. “I am in a sense that it felt really good. But I mean, was that okay to do?”

“What do you mean?”

“We haven’t even gotten to the real part of sex and I already…you know…” she faltered, clearly a little embarrassed.

“Waves, my love, everything we’re doing right now is sex,’’ she reassured as she rubbed Waverly’s cheek with her thumb. “And there’s no time limit or end goal here. You can have as many orgasms as you want, in any way you want. We can keep going all night long if we want to.”

The brunette smiled. “I think I want that.”

Nicole chuckled. “Wait until you see what I have planned for you. Then you can decide if you have the energy to keep going all night.”

Waverly couldn’t wait. “Oh, I’m sure you’re going to give me some mind-blowing orgasms tonight, I can already tell. But for now, I really want to see you.”

The taller woman raised her eyebrow in confusion. “What do you mean see me? I’m right here.”

“I mean, I want to see all of you.” She looked down Nicole’s body before looking back up into her
eyes.

How could Nicole say no to Waverly when she was practically eye humping her like that? She stood up off the bed and hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her boyshorts, but before she could slide them down, Waverly stopped her.

“Wait!”

“What’s wrong?” Nicole asked.

Waverly sat up. “Come here. I want to see something.”

Nicole walked over to the bed next to Waverly with a confused look on her face. What was she up to?

As soon as she was within reach of the brunette, Waverly eyeballed a small, dark wet patch in the middle of the woman’s boyshorts. She curiously brought her fingers up, and gently felt the spot. The unexpected act caused Nicole to moan as she closed her eyes. Waverly continued moving her delicate fingers around the spot as she watched Nicole’s face, smiling at the reaction she was getting.

“You’re wet,” she said to the woman next to her, who was barely holding it together.

“Yeah,” Nicole managed to choke out, “that’s kind of what happens during sex,” she replied before a sigh escaped her opened mouth as Waverly unintentionally swiped her fingers right across her clit. The redhead tilted her head back.

“No, I mean you’re wet, for me.” She stilled her fingers before dropping them down by her side.

Nicole opened her eyes and looked at Waverly, suddenly remembering again that this was her first time with another woman. “Baby, you always do this to me. Every day. Every night. When you’re with me, when you’re not. I’m always thinking about you. You make me feel like a horny teenager again,” Nicole chuckled.

“Really?”

“Really.”

Waverly grinned. “Okay, well that was all I wanted to see. You may proceed.” She threw her head back into clasped hands, enjoying the show that was about to happen.

Nicole hooked her thumbs around the waistband once again, hesitated for a moment, and then slowly pushed them down and kicked them aside. Waverly’s breath hitched at the sight of the completely naked woman in front of her.

“Oh, Nicole,” she whispered as she eyed the woman up and down.

“Um, is that a good thing, or a bad thing? I know this is different than what you’re used to, so I just want to make sure you’re still good with all of this.” She fought the urge to cover herself up, trying her best not to show her insecurities.

“Yes. I’m absolutely good with all of this. God, you’re so fucking sexy, Nicole. I’m getting turned on looking at you.” She squeezed her thighs together, needing to feel some sort of pressure to relieve the ache that resided.

Nicole noticed this, and smirked. “Want me to help you with that?” She said as she watched Waverly
continue to squeeze.

“I would love that.”

Nicole crawled up the bed and captured the brunette’s lips in a searing kiss, causing the girl to moan. As they kissed, Nicole reached down and swiftly pulled Waverly’s thong off. With their foreheads connected, she looked down and panted out her open mouth at the delicious sight of Waverly’s glistening sex. “Fuck,” was all she said before bringing her lips back up to Waverly’s, kissing her harder than before. Without warning, she greedily reached down and brought her fingers to Waverly’s heat. With her eyes closed, Waverly furrowed her brow and opened her mouth, releasing a moan at the contact she’d been craving for forever, and Nicole closed her eyes and smiled, releasing a sigh at the amount of arousal Waverly had managed to accumulate.

“Fuck, you’re so wet.” Nicole growled before dropping her lips to Waverly’s collarbone and swiping her tongue along the bone. She nipped at the skin, eliciting a moan from the woman beneath her.

*Note to self: Waverly likes biting.*

She moved her fingers gently in slow circles around her clit, Waverly writhing in response. The brunette was speechless. Her mouth was open like she was trying to say something, but she never did. Instead, she laid back and let herself enjoy the talents of this incredible woman on top of her. Nicole moved her fingers down right next to Waverly’s entrance, teasing her for a second before moving back up to just below her clit, but not actually touching it. She repeated this motion a few times, each time Waverly getting more impatient. Nicole smiled, proud of herself, every time Waverly whined. She wanted to hear her beg to be touched. She wanted to hear her own name escape this sexy woman’s lips as a plea for her release. But most of all, she wanted Waverly to be the one in charge of how she’s going to come undone, because she deserved *at least* that.

It had been about three minutes of this torture, and Waverly couldn’t take it anymore. She couldn’t wait any longer for Nicole to finally touch her where she desperately needed her fingers. “Nicole,” she whined.

“Yes baby?” The redhead asked as she brought her fingers up to the top, closer to the sensitive bud than ever before but still not touching it, before moving back down. Waverly whimpered. “Please, I can’t take it anymore.”

Nicole hummed as she slowly moved her fingers up. “Please what?”

“Please, touch me. I need you.”

Deciding that was good enough for her, she slowly moved all the way up to the brunette’s clit and drew slow circles. Waverly inhaled sharply as the nerves engaged from finally being touched after being teased for so long. She could swear that Nicole’s teasing had caused her to be even more sensitive, which she didn’t know was possible.

“Faster,” Waverly demanded, feeling a little bit braver to say what she wanted.

Nicole smiled at the fact that Waverly trusted her and was getting more comfortable with having control over her own body. The redhead picked up the pace and circled the swollen nub with two fingers.

“Nicole?” Waverly managed to say after almost a minute of trying to get a herself to speak through her moans and whimpers.

The redhead moved her lips next to Waverly’s right ear. “*What is it baby? What do you want me to*
“do to you?” she asked in a low, raspy whisper as she continued the circling motion before bringing her lips down to the brunette’s neck and leaving slow, gentle kisses.

The feeling of her warm breath against Waverly’s ear mixed with the slow kisses and the fast movements on her clit caused chills to form all over the smaller woman’s body. It was sensory overload. “Oh god, what are you doing to me?” Waverly asked. “How-“ she cut herself off with an uncontrollable sigh of pleasure. “How is it even possible to feel this good?”

“Mmm,” Nicole hummed against her neck before trailing kisses back up to Waverly’s ear. “Making you feel good turns me on so much. You have no idea how wet I am right now because of you.” She punctuated her statement with a quick nip at the brunette’s earlobe, causing her to shudder in pleasure. Nicole whispered in her ear once more, “I want to make you come. I want to feel you climax beneath me. Can I do that baby?”

Waverly nodded. She would have responded with words, but she couldn’t seem to form them.

Nicole gently slid her fingers down Waverly’s soaked slit and rested them just above her entrance. “Can I go inside?”

Once again, the brunette gave her response with a nod. Nicole placed her lips over Waverly’s in a sensual kiss as she slowly dipped her middle finger inside the woman’s entrance, swallowing the moan that she knew would escape the smaller woman’s lips. After pushing her finger all the way in, she slowly pulled it out at the same speed she entered with. Once her finger reached the very edge, she pushed back in. She repeated this motion with this slow speed a few more times, making sure Waverly was adjusted to her long, slender fingers before picking up her pace a bit. She pumped her finger in and out at a moderate pace, staring down at Waverly’s twitching face and studying it. She used it as a guide to tell her what to do next, and when to do it. When she saw the brunette furrow her brow as she began to buck her hips a bit harder into Nicole’s hand, she knew exactly what that meant. It could’ve meant that she wanted Nicole to move faster, deeper, or even harder. But the redhead knew that the request Waverly was making, was more. She pulled her finger all the way out and immediately reentered the brunette with an added digit. Waverly smiled as she let out a sigh of relief, thankful that the redhead was able to read her mind, because at this point she had forgotten how to speak.

Nicole studied Waverly’s body some more and pumped faster, curving her fingers to hit all the right spots. She picked up her pace even more when Waverly rocked her hips faster into the redhead. When she began to feel Waverly’s walls tighten, she knew exactly what Waverly needed to be pushed over the edge. When she looked at her face to double check that the girl was ready to be brought to her climax, she saw the desperation she was looking for. But she also saw something else; uncertainty. It made sense. Waverly had never given herself to someone like this. She’d never had an orgasm with anyone else before – she had admitted to Nicole a few days prior – and even the one she just had earlier was the result of humping Nicole’s leg. But she’s never let herself go with someone inside her, intentionally touching her and feeling all of her responses. There were no walls, no barriers, nothing to hide what she was feeling. It was a very vulnerable thing that she had never experienced before, and Nicole was aware of this. She wanted Waverly to know that she could trust her, and that all of this was for her.

Without stopping, Nicole shifted directly on top of Waverly to where her own center was on the back of her own hand. She snaked her left arm under the trembling girl’s neck and wrapped it around her shoulders, holding her for support. She moved the thumb of her pumping hand up to Waverly’s clit and drew circles as she rocked her hips, assisting her fingers to go a little bit deeper. Waverly tried to hold back, she tried to make it last as long as she could, but it was all too much. There were so many things happening, so many good things happening, that she couldn’t stop herself. She
couldn’t stop her walls from clenching around Nicole’s skilled fingers. She couldn’t stop her abdomen from tightening its muscles. She couldn’t stop her heart rate from picking up its pace to a speed it had never gone before. And she couldn’t stop the heat from reaching the surface of her skin as the blood rushed straight to her core. As much as she tried, she couldn’t stop any of these things. Nicole saw the internal battle the brunette was having with herself as her face changed back and forth from pleasure to fear.

“It’s okay baby,” she said as she held Waverly tighter with her left arm. “I’ve got you. You can let go. I’ve got you,” she reassured as she rocked her hips harder and moved her thumb faster. “I love you.”

And with that, Waverly arched her back off the bed as she felt all of the tension leaving her body. Her eyes were squeezed shut so tight that she began to see stars, and she clawed at Nicole’s back in a way that she knew would leave marks – not that either of them cared. A long and loud moan escaped her lips, as if all of her demons had been forced to leave, never to return.

Nicole felt Waverly’s walls pulsing around her fingers, as if they never wanted her to leave. She stared down and watched this sweet, amazing, alluring woman coming undone as she put all of her trust into Nicole; and that was the greatest gift the redhead could ever ask for. She smiled as she felt the brunette drop back down onto the bed, gasping for air as her center twitched a few more times around Nicole in aftershocks. Both of them were suddenly aware of the sheet of sweat that covered their bodies. She watched the woman under her draw out one long, exaggerated breath as her heart rate had finally returned to normal. Smiling at the response, she kissed Waverly’s forehead. She really did love this woman; she’d known it for a while. When she pulled back, she noticed deep lines in Waverly’s forehead as she tried to keep the tears from falling out of her closed eyes.

“Hey,” Nicole cooed as she pulled her left arm out so that her hand was gently rubbing the top of Waverly’s head. Her right hand stayed still inside Waverly, not wanting to catch her off-guard by moving it. “What’s wrong?”

The sound of Nicole’s voice caused the tears to fall even harder. Waverly opened her eyes and stared up at the woman who had just done something that nobody had ever done before, and that’s when Nicole saw it. The familiar look of all of the emotions that she herself had experienced after her first time with another woman. She smiled down at Waverly as she gently brushed her left thumb back and forth across light brown hair.

“The click moment,” Nicole whispered with a sympathetic smile.

Waverly nodded and sniffled as she brought her hands up to cup Nicole’s face, moving her right hand into Nicole’s perfect red hair as she took in all of the woman’s features with tear-filled eyes.

“The click moment,” she whispered back as she smiled at the reality of it all. She chuckled as more tears streamed down her face. She moved her left hand to tuck Nicole’s hair behind her ear before wrapping her arms around the woman’s shoulders and holding the back of her neck, playing with the ends of Nicole’s hair.

After letting herself get lost in the moment for only a few seconds, Waverly whispered, “I love you too.” She smiled before pulling Nicole down into a slow, gentle kiss. One that was filled with the new knowledge of self-discovery, love, and the desires of life-long promises.
Waverly's First Time

Chapter Summary

Waverly’s first time “pleasing” a woman :)

“I love you too,” Waverly whispered before pulling Nicole down into a slow, gentle kiss.

The redhead smiled into the brunette’s lips as she slowly removed her fingers from inside Waverly, causing the brunette to sigh in response. This kiss started out as delicate, but quickly became rough and passionate. Waverly began to rock her hips up into the officer. It was so subtle that Nicole almost hadn’t noticed. Even Waverly wasn’t aware that she was doing it. It was like her body had a mind of its own; and it wanted more.

Nicole could hear Waverly’s heart rate speed up as her breathing increased. She rocked her own hips into the smaller woman, eliciting a moan from swollen lips as she moved down to the nape of her neck. She kissed, sucked, nipped, and licked at the spot, making note of which act got the best reaction from the writhing woman. She then trailed kisses down to Waverly’s breasts, where she lingered for a couple of minutes, really trying to work the brunette back up to where she had been before; and she had.

Waverly was panting and bucking her hips into the officer, desperate for contact as she felt soft lips on her nipples. “Unghh” she moaned out as one particular thrust of Nicole’s hips hit the perfect spot with just the right amount of pressure. Nicole took this cue and continued her trail further south as she kissed across flexed abdominals. The closer she got to Waverly’s heat, the more ragged the girl’s breathing became, and the faster her head began to spin. As soon as the officer’s lips hit Waverly’s pubic bone, she felt the brunette tense up. She looked up at Waverly.

“Is this okay?”

Waverly nodded hesitantly. Almost like her answer was both ‘yes’ and ‘no’. Nicole sat up and delicately rubbed her hands on the brunette’s clenching abdomen, trying to ease the tension.

“Baby, it’s okay if you don’t want me to. I just want to do whatever you like. Whatever makes you feel good.” She gave a reassuring smile.

“I- I don’t know if I like it,” Waverly quavered.

“Nobody’s ever given you oral?” She asked, trying to hide her disbelief in order to not make Waverly feel bad. How could anyone not want to taste this girl when it’s all Nicole had been dreaming about for months?

Waverly shook her head in response to the officer’s question.

Nicole nodded in understanding as she slowly brought one finger down to wet folds and moved it so gently around Waverly’s center that it was almost painful. The brunette exhaled sharply as if she had been holding her breath for way too long.

“Baby, do you trust me?” Nicole asked, her finger still moving in slow, unrecognizable patterns. She could feel Waverly’s clit swelling in reaction to her touch.
Waverly nodded, struggling to keep her eyes open. “I do,” she said between gasps of pleasure.

“Can I taste you?” Nicole asked with a sweet smile.

The brunette closed her eyes and tilted her head back as she furrowed her brow, a soft moan escaping her lips at one perfect swipe of Nicole’s finger. She fervently nodded. “Yes,” she breathed out.

Nicole grinned before dropping down to kiss the smaller woman’s stomach again. Her muscles seemed significantly more relaxed, which was what the redhead wanted. She moved her lips down to kiss Waverly’s center, but instead of touching right where Waverly wanted, she moved her path to the side, ending up at the brunette’s inner thigh, which was coated in arousal. Nicole licked the spot and sighed in pleasure. It tasted just like Waverly, which she loved.

The officer settled herself between Waverly’s legs as she continued to move her lips down to the inside of her knee. Knowing Waverly was a cheerleader, it probably meant that she was a dancer too. And she could now tell by the shape of her strong thighs that she used them frequently in more ways than just walking. She guided Waverly’s legs over her shoulders as she began to move her mouth back up to the brunette’s glistening center. She inhaled deeply through her nose, taking in the heady smell of Waverly’s arousal and licked her lips in anticipation.

Waverly was watching the whole thing with cautious eyes. She felt very vulnerable. Nobody had ever been that close to her center with their face – not even her gynecologist. Nicole was kissing the skin just one inch away from her folds, and a bunch of thoughts began to flood her mind. What if she wasn’t clean enough? What if she doesn’t like it? What if she didn’t taste good? She had never tasted herself before, so it’s not like she knew what she tasted like – not that she would have anything to compare it to even if she had.

Nicole kissed around the brunette’s pubic bone a few more times to build up the anticipation, before darting out her tongue to gently separate her wet folds and licking up her slit.

As soon as she made contact, Waverly’s jaw dropped and her forehead crinkled as she gasped in response to a feeling that was truly indescribable. It wasn’t like anything she had ever felt before. It was soft, and wet, and so fucking good. But the thing that turned her on the most, was how much she could tell Nicole was enjoying it. She could feel the redhead humming against her center in pleasure, and she could see the corners of her mouth slightly tugged up as if she were in heaven.

The redhead moved her tongue up to the brunette’s excited nub and swiped her tongue across it, eliciting a rather loud moan from the smaller woman. She watched Waverly drop her head down onto the bed and grab her forehead with her hands. She loved knowing that she was able to make the woman fall apart with something as simple as a few licks of her tongue. She massaged Waverly’s inner thighs with her fingers as she licked large circles around her clit. She stayed here for a few minutes, until the brunette threaded her hands into Nicole’s hair, pushing her down in encouragement. The officer knew that the girl was getting closer. She picked up her pace and was now drawing small circles directly over Waverly’s clit with her tongue.

“Fuck!” Waverly moaned at the change of pace. “Oh my god,” she gasped. “Jesus Christ, baby. Oh god!” She fervently thrust her hips up into the officer’s tongue – Waverly thanked the heavens for blessing Nicole with that tongue. “Unghhh I’m gonna come. Nicole, ooooh fuck!”

The redhead could feel Waverly’s center twitching and contracting, desperate for something to grab onto. Knowing the woman was ready, she gently thrust two fingers inside her sopping wet entrance and pumped simultaneously with her rapidly moving tongue. Just as she expected, Waverly’s walls clamped down onto Nicole in a tight grip.
The brunette felt a bolt of energy rush straight to her center as every single muscle in her body tensed up. She panted at an uncontrollable rate as her back slowly arched off the bed. She felt her release getting closer, and closer, until…

“OH FUCK!” Waverly cried, filling the room with echoes as she exploded with the most intense orgasm she’d ever had in her entire life. She grabbed the sheets next to her and bunched them up in her fists, squeezing so hard that her knuckles were turning white.

Nicole used her free hand to hold Waverly’s hips down, keeping her grounded. She felt arousal streaming out all over her hand and onto her sheets. She stared at Waverly’s face the whole time as she watched the woman that she loved fall over the edge. Waverly continued rocking her hips, so Nicole kept pumping and licking so she could help the woman ride out her orgasm. But what she didn’t know, was that Waverly’s orgasm had ended seconds ago, and she was now bringing her to a second orgasm. Waverly clenched her jaw as she threw her hands back onto the headboard of Nicole’s bed and held on for dear life as she felt another intense wave of pleasure wash over her.

“UNGHHHHHHHHHHH! NICOLE! FUCK!” She screamed.

The officer was thankful that they were at her house and not Waverly’s, because she knew that Wynonna would have heard Waverly – even from Shorty’s – and neither of them would ever hear the end of it.

Once again, Nicole grounded Waverly as she watched her come down from the unexpected high. When she knew that Waverly was completely finished, she dropped her tongue to the brunette’s entrance and licked her all the way up through her folds, gathering all of the remaining arousal on her tongue before crawling up to Waverly and french kissing her, forcing her to taste herself. Waverly wrapped her arms around Nicole’s neck and moaned into the kiss as she tasted herself on the redhead’s tongue. They kissed sloppily for a minute before Waverly pulled away, gasping for air.

“Wow,” Waverly panted as she looked into her lover’s eyes.

“You liked it?” Nicole smirked, already knowing the answer.

“Nicole, you just made me come twice in a row. I think saying ‘I liked it’ would be an understatement.”

The officer smiled, proud of herself, before kissing Waverly’s forehead, then her nose, then both of her cheeks, ending with a tender kiss on her lips. She then laid down next to her and positioned herself so that she was holding the slightly exhausted brunette in her arms.

Waverly sighed in post-orgasm glow as she curled up into strong arms. “This doesn’t mean that we’re done, you know. I’m just recuperating.”

“Oh really?” Nicole chuckled.

Waverly took Nicole’s hand in her own, intertwining their fingers and watching as she played with them. “I still can’t believe it,” she said.

“What?” Nicole asked as she looked over at Waverly.

“That sex can be that amazing,” she replied, still watching their hands as their fingers danced together.

“No, I mean…” she dropped Nicole’s hand and turned to look at her. “It’s never quite felt right. Like, there was always something missing. It was okay, but it was never like the way everyone had described it to be. Honestly, going to work seemed more fun. And it wasn’t even just that he was selfish in bed. I didn’t like any of it. Not a single thing. And I just always thought next time would be better, but it never was.”

She waited for Nicole to respond, but the redhead just looked at her in silence, waiting for her to continue. “I thought that maybe I was just broken. Like I wasn’t made to enjoy it for some reason. I never in a million years thought that it was because I was…well, you know.”

Nicole nodded in understanding. “Have you ever been attracted to women before?”

“I never thought I was, but maybe I was just ignoring it. Or maybe I just never found the right woman until now,” she smiled at the officer before kissing her sweetly. “Makes me think, maybe it was all me and Champ wasn’t really as bad as I thought he was.”

“No, Champ’s still an ass,” Nicole quickly reassured. “And even if you were straight that relationship still wouldn’t have worked out, because you deserve to have someone who treats you right.”

“Like you?” Waverly smirked.

“Well I uh, I wasn’t exactly talking about me per se. I just meant in general,” Nicole explained, trying not to come off as cocky.

“But you do though. You’re the most caring person I’ve ever met, and you make me feel so safe all the time. You’re thoughtful, and generous…I mean, you just gave me four orgasms without even having one yourself.”

Nicole was suddenly aware of the ache between her legs, but ignored it. “I wanted to make this special for you.”

“And you have, you really have,” Waverly cupped Nicole’s cheeks. “But now, I want to return the favor, and focus on you for once.”

“Waves, baby, you really don’t have to. I’m okay with just cuddling if you want.”

“What I want right now, is to feel you coming for me.” The brunette positioned herself so that she was straddling Nicole’s hips. She grabbed the officer’s wrists, moving them up and pinning them above her head before leaning down and capturing soft lips in a passionate kiss.

Nicole shuddered when Waverly released her bottom lip after gently tugging on it with her teeth. “Well, if it’s what you want, then who am I to stop you,” Nicole breathed out.

The brunette kissed the redhead for a while, unsure of what exactly to do next. She stayed on her lips for what seemed like forever before sitting up and looking into Nicole’s eyes with hesitation. “Um, what should I do?”

“What do you want to do?” Nicole asked, exposing her body for the smaller woman to assess.

“Um…” she looked down at Nicole’s body; more specifically, her breasts.

“I want to touch your boobs.”

Nicole reached out for Waverly’s hands and brought them down to her breasts, encouraging her to
rub and pinch her nipples. Waverly watched Nicole as she moaned at the feeling. She leaned down and licked one of her nipples, circling her tongue around it before sucking it between her lips.

“That’s so good baby,” Nicole sighed as she tangled a hand in brown hair.

Waverly stayed on the tight peak before moving to the other one. She licked for a few minutes, enjoying the feeling of the soft skin in her mouth, before sitting back up.

“I want to touch you,” she said nervously. “Is that okay?”

“Baby,” Nicole began as she delicately rubbed her hands up and down the tops of Waverly’s thighs. “If you don’t touch me, I think I might pass out.”

The brunette’s center twitched at the desperation in the officer’s voice. Nicole was always the one making sure that Waverly was getting what she needed. But not now. No, now the police officer was writhing beneath her petite body and silently begging to be touched. Waverly was the one holding all of the power, and she loved it. She moved back off of Nicole’s hips and settled in between her legs so that she was sitting back on her heels. Nicole placed both feet flat on either side of Waverly as she bent her knees, completely exposing herself to the smaller woman.

Waverly cupped her hand over Nicole’s sex and rubbed her palm up and down, feeling the heat radiating from it through red curls and watching the reaction it got. Nicole threw her head back, completely immersed in her own pleasure.

The brunette looked down from Nicole’s face to her center and slowly dipped her finger into the pool of liquid that resided there, eliciting a moan from the officer. Without warning, Waverly slid her finger inside Nicole, causing the woman to gasp. It’s not that Nicole wasn’t ready for it, because her dripping entrance definitely was, but she wasn’t expecting it to be the first thing that the brunette would do.

“Oh wow,” Waverly said in awe. “You feel so soft, like velvet. This feels so warm and nice,” she smiled as she studied Nicole’s center, watching her finger disappear and reappear as she slowly moved in and out.

“Uh huh,” Nicole panted with closed eyes, trying her best to make Waverly feel good about herself with reassuring words, but it was nearly impossible to do so while being touched like that by such perfect fingers.

Waverly noticed Nicole’s reaction and realized that she was talking too much and not focusing enough on the woman beneath her. She pumped her finger in and out at a steady pace, focusing on not speeding up or slowing down too much. She wasn’t sure what Nicole liked, and didn’t want to make a mistake.

Nicole realized that Waverly wasn’t as experienced as she was and would need a little bit more help in order to get what she wanted from her.

“Faster baby,” Nicole guided. The brunette moved her finger in and out at a faster pace.

“Two fingers,” Nicole breathed out. Waverly happily obliged as she pushed her index and middle finger together inside of Nicole, feeling the slick arousal coating them. She loved it.

After a few moments, Nicole whined, “Baby. Fuck me harder.”

Waverly’s stomach dropped at that request. Suddenly, the mood had switched from Waverly touching Nicole for the first time, to Nicole needing to be fucked by her. Without removing her
fingers from the officer, the brunette leaned forward and placed her left hand on the bed next to Nicole’s sweaty face, bracing herself so that her face was hovering right above the redhead’s as she repeatedly drove her fingers in as hard and as fast as she could.

“Fuck baby,” Nicole gasped as she brought her left hand down to grab onto Waverly’s hip bone, and her right hand to her own sensitive bud to give it some stimulation, which she needed in order to come. She didn’t want to overwhelm Waverly by asking her to rub her clit while also fucking her with her fingers, especially since this was her first time doing another woman. And Waverly didn’t mind having only one task to focus on.

“Waves, I’m going to come. Don’t stop.”

Nicole felt her body tense up before releasing her juices onto Waverly’s fingers. She moaned in ecstasy as she grabbed the back of Waverly’s head and pulled her into a sloppy kiss, teeth hitting together, while she rode out her orgasm.

Nicole released the kiss and gently wrapped her hand around Waverly’s wrist and held it there, forcing her to stop her movements as her walls contracted around her fingers. Waverly watched the woman’s brow furrow and tiny gasps escape her lips in unison with the aftershocks, and she was in awe. When Nicole let out a long sigh of satisfaction and released Waverly’s wrist, the brunette immediately brought her fingers up to her lips right above Nicole’s face and sucked them in curiosity as she stared into the woman’s eyes.

“Thoughts?” Nicole smiled as she watched the brunette taste her.

“I like it,” she smiled. “It’s sexy. And it tastes the way you smell.” She brought the hand down onto the mattress so that both hands were now holding her up on either side of Nicole’s head and leaned down to kiss her for a moment. “But I’m not sure if I’m ready to do that just yet.”

“It’s okay,” Nicole reassured. “I’m a little tired anyways.”

“Oh, did I wear you out?” Waverly asked with a playful smirk.

“Baby, you just gave me an amazing orgasm. Of course you wore me out,” she laughed.

“Really? It was good?”

“It was better than good. Don’t doubt yourself, baby. You do so many things to me that even just blowing on me with your hot breath probably would’ve sent me flying over the edge.”

Waverly smiled as she laid down next to Nicole, laying her head on her chest and drawing lazy circles with her index finger on the woman’s collarbone as a strong arm wrapped around her.

“Why did we wait so long to do this?” Waverly asked, half joking and half serious.

Nicole chuckled. “Because we’re both a couple of idiots that fell for one another without realizing that the feelings were mutual.”


“Mhm, and why is that?” Nicole replied, sleep beginning to take over as she laid there with her eyes closed, relaxing under the smaller woman’s touch.

“Because without her, this probably wouldn’t have happened tonight.”
Nicole let out a breathy chuckle. “I’ll be sure to give her extra treats tomorrow.” She pulled Waverly in closer to her and kissed the top of her head. Waverly sighed as she wrapped her arm around Nicole’s torso, drifting off into a deep slumber.
Backstory

Chapter Summary

Waverly and Nicole FINALLY eat some food, and also we get a little bit of backstory from the two

Waverly groggily opened her eyes as she noticed the sunlight beaming through the room, illuminating Nicole’s vibrant hair. She smiled at the beautiful woman next to her and gently kissed her cheek. She quickly realized that they hadn’t moved all night and were still in the same position they had fallen asleep in – Nicole’s right arm wrapped protectively around Waverly and Waverly’s head on Nicole’s chest, hugging her torso.

Waverly looked down and noticed that the covers had been pushed partially off of Nicole’s lower half, exposing her center. Thinking back to last night, she greedily reached down and gently began playing with Nicole’s short, red curls. She looked up at the officer to see if she had woken up to the touch, but she was still asleep. Waverly decided to push a bit further and lightly dipped her finger barely between Nicole’s folds, all while watching her face for any reaction. Still none. She moved her finger up and down as she felt arousal begin to coat the redhead’s heat, but Nicole was still fast asleep, breathing deeply and slowly. The brunette then slowly dragged her finger up until she felt Nicole’s clit, and began touching it with soft, gentle strokes. She could feel it begin to swell, and knew that Nicole’s body was reacting to her touch – whether Nicole was awake for it or not.

“Mmm, Waves,” Nicole mumbled almost inaudibly. If Waverly hadn’t been observing her face this whole time, she probably wouldn’t have ever heard her. At first she thought that Nicole had finally woken up, but the lack of movement from the woman’s body told her otherwise. Waverly smiled at the fact that Nicole had just said her name, which meant that she was dreaming of Waverly. And at this point, with the brunette touching her sex, it was most likely a sex dream – whether it had started out that way or not.

Waverly began to pick up her pace, circling the officer’s now enlarged clit at a decent pace, hoping that she could bring the woman to orgasm before waking her up.

“Waverly,” Nicole mumbled once again as her breathing began to pick up. The parts of her body that were covered began to form beads of sweat, and her face began to flush.

The smaller woman grinned as she felt the woman’s center begin to slightly contract every so often, signaling that she was very sensitive, and very close to the edge. Waverly switched from using her finger muscles to using her wrist muscles as she rapidly rubbed her hand on the officer’s clit. She noticed Nicole’s muscles tense up as small gasps escaped her mouth. Waverly knew what the signs meant – Nicole had reached her climax.

“Waverly! Fuck!” Nicole moaned as her eyes shot open when her orgasm hit her. She writhed around, riding out the contractions of her release as she grabbed the pillow beneath her. When she was finished, she slowly closed her eyes, trying to regain her energy as her breathing slowly began to return back to normal. Waverly kissed the woman’s chest and rested her head back down, returning to her previous position from when she woke up as she wiped her fingers on the sheet next to Nicole.

“Good morning,” Waverly lilted.
“Don’t…good morning…me…missy,” Nicole said between pants. “I can’t believe you just did that to me while I was asleep!”

“Mhm,” Waverly replied nonchalantly as she traced hearts in Nicole’s skin. Then she quickly realized that she had just brought Nicole to orgasm while the woman was asleep, unable to stop her if she didn’t want her to. “Oh my god, Nicole. I’m so sorry! I wasn’t thinking and I was being selfish and I just wanted to see you come again after last night. I’m so sorry if I…”

Nicole chuckled, “It’s okay. I liked it. You can wake me up like that any time,” she smiled at the brunette, who visibly relaxed at the redhead’s reply.

“But do it again, and I’ll have to arrest you,” Nicole said in her police officer voice, her eyes betraying any seriousness.

“And if I like being arrested? Then what are you going to do about it officer?” Waverly replied innocently, deciding to play along.

Nicole smirked. This whole officer roleplaying thing was kind of hot. She decided to explore it further. She quickly flipped them over to where she was on top of Waverly, who was surprised by the unexpected movement. Nicole slowly and forcefully grounded her center into Waverly’s, causing the brunette to whimper.

“Then I’m going to do to you what you did to me, and make your body quake with pleasure,” she replied huskily, as if that were an actual punishment.

Waverly’s body shivered with anticipation as Nicole slowly snaked her hand down between their bodies and immediately brought it to the brunette’s clit, not wasting any time. A gasp of pleasure escaped Waverly’s lips as she grabbed onto Nicole for support. The officer moved her hand as quickly as she could across the bud, and Waverly was immediately hit with fire as her orgasm washed over her.

When the brunette came down from her high, she covered her face with her hands, embarrassed that she came literally 18 seconds after Nicole had started touching her.

Nicole sat up on top of Waverly and smiled warmly at the woman as she reached down and gently removed her hands from her face.

“Baby, don’t be embarrassed,” Nicole cooed. “That was fucking hot.”

“I don’t even know how that happened so fast. There was zero warning. I didn’t even get to enjoy it for that long,” the brunette pouted.

“That was your punishment,” Nicole smirked.

Waverly giggled and pulled the redhead down into a quick kiss.

“Are you hungry?” Nicole asked.

“Starving.”

“Me too. Do you like pancakes?”

“Um, I’m human, aren’t I?”

“Pancakes it is then. You wait here and relax. I’ll let you know when they’re ready.” She kissed the
petite woman’s nose before putting on a t-shirt and shorts and walking down the stairs.

When Nicole got to the bottom of the stairs, she noticed Calamity Jane cuddled up in her cat bed.

“I know you helped get me laid, but what you did still wasn’t okay. Don’t ever do it again.” She wagged a stern finger at the cat and received a soft meow in response.

The redhead pulled a box of pancake mix from the cupboard before mixing it with water and pouring the mixture onto the hot skillet in softball-sized circles. After about 20 minutes, she went back upstairs to tell Waverly that the pancakes were ready, but instead of finding her relaxing in the bed under the covers like she had thought she would be, she found her posed naked and completely exposed on the bed with her head rested on her right hand, laying on her side with her perfect legs crossed. Her long bangs had been pinned back and dolled up with hairspray, and she had put on a little bit of makeup.

“Is that my makeup?” Nicole asked once she was able to move.

“I may have borrowed it. Is that okay?” The brunette batted her eyelashes.

Nicole shook her head as she walked towards the woman. “Waves, why are you doing this to me.”

“You know why,” Waverly smirked.

“I do.”

Nicole swiftly crawled on top of Waverly and slammed her lips to the brunette’s, nearly knocking all the wind from her lungs. Waverly grabbed onto the redhead’s torso, clenching with desire in an attempt to drown herself in the officer’s usual smell of vanilla dipped donuts – they were, after all, her favorite.

The redhead sat up to take off her t-shirt and shorts as Waverly assisted her before dropping back down and reconnecting their lips. Once they were both worked up enough, Nicole sat up again, dragging her nails down the smaller woman’s sides as she did so, before adjusting herself so that her right leg was over Waverly’s left, and her left leg was under Waverly’s right. She held the brunette’s right leg up in the air with her left hand as she braced herself on the bed with her right hand behind her and pushed herself forward, connecting their wet centers together. She began thrusting, causing a sensation that Waverly never thought was possible. They were rubbing their genitals together, and it was sexy as fuck.

“Shit,” Nicole hissed as she could actually feel Waverly’s clit rubbing against hers. Waverly didn’t say anything. Instead, she revealed her pleasure with moans and gasps, putting all her focus into what she was feeling.

After a few minutes, Nicole could feel herself getting close. She held off though, wanting to come with Waverly.

“Are you close baby?” The officer panted out as she continued her labored thrusts.

“Uh huh,” Waverly said with closed eyes and rapid breathing.

“Let me know baby. I want to come with you.”

“I’m almost there,” Waverly panted.

Nicole didn’t know how much longer she could hold off. Her bud was extremely sensitive at this
point, and everything was almost overwhelming. But thankfully, it was only a few seconds later when Waverly choked out, “I’m coming!”

The officer rocked her hips faster and let go of her own release as they climaxed together. Their arousals dripped out onto each other’s centers and mixed together. Nicole’s orgasm had finished a little bit sooner than Waverly’s, but she kept up her thrusts until Waverly had released all of her muscles and laid still on the bed, attempting to catch her breath. The redhead gently lowered the brunette’s leg down onto the bed and slid herself out from the tangle of limbs, ending up sitting across from the smaller woman with her legs dangling over either side of the mattress and propping herself up with her hands behind her. As she did so, she noticed that Waverly’s inner thighs were completely coated with arousal.

“Is that yours, or mine?” Nicole asked in an amused tone as she pointed to the pool of wetness.

Waverly looked down and smiled. “Who knows.” She reached out to Nicole’s center and unexpectedly slid her finger up her soaking slit, causing Nicole’s eyes to roll to the back of her head as a guttural groan escaped the back of her throat. Waverly sucked her finger while seductively staring into Nicole’s wide eyes. Then, she did the same to herself, moaning in pleasure. Nicole’s jaw dropped as she watched the brunette finger herself for a mere second. She tasted herself, and then brought her finger down to her thighs, gathering up the arousal, and bringing it up to her lips before sucking one last time.


“What’s wrong baby?”

“I’m so hungry. We just had a lot of sex and I need energy.” She pouted.

“Then let’s go eat.”

“But you’re being all sexy again!”

Waverly noted Nicole’s reaction when she was touching herself. She made sure to return to this thought later when they were having sex again – Waverly had already decided that this was going to be a weekend of amazing sex with the police officer.

“I promise I won’t be sexy anymore. Now, let’s go eat some pancakes.” She sniffed through her nose as an alarming smell hit her. “Speaking of which, is something burning?”

Nicole’s eyes widened as she jumped off the bed. “The pancakes!” She ran downstairs and immediately turned off the burner and peeled off the last two pancakes, which were now black and smoking.

“Those two are yours,” Waverly pointed and laughed when she walked into the kitchen, wearing one of Nicole’s t-shirts and a clean pair of her boyshorts.

“Nah, Calamity Jane can have those. They’re her punishment for knocking red wine all over you.”

“I thought we decided that we were going to thank her, not punish her.”

“You decided. She was still a bad kitty,” Nicole replied as she placed an equal number of pancakes onto two plates and brought them over to the table along with two mugs of coffee before sitting down across from Waverly.
“Mmm, these are so good!” Waverly raved after taking her first bite.

“Thank you. It took me a while to perfect the ratio of pancake mix to water, but I finally got it,” the officer teased.

“Hey, you’d be surprised by how many people can’t even make pancakes from a box. Wynonna being one of them.”

“She doesn’t strike me as being a good cook.”

“Oh, believe me, she’s the worst,” Waverly laughed.

“Good thing you didn’t have to grow up eating her cooking, right?” Nicole joked before realizing what she had just said, and the impact it had on Waverly. “Waverly, I’m so sorry,” she quickly apologized. “I wasn’t thinking. I shouldn’t have said that.”

“It’s fine,” Waverly replied as she continued to eat her pancakes, looking down at her plate and avoiding eye contact with the redhead.

After a few minutes of silence from Waverly being annoyed at Nicole, and Nicole being annoyed at herself, she sighed. She knew she wasn’t being fair. It’s not like Nicole knew anything about her past, so how could she have known that little jokes like that would be such a big deal? She knew that she had to tell the woman the truth.

“Um, it happened when I was 12,” Waverly started, still not looking at Nicole.

The officer set her fork down on her plate to give the brunette her undivided attention.

“My dad and my oldest sister Willa, who was 19 at the time, were driving home from Wynonna’s high school graduation. Wynonna had left with some friends, and I left with my aunt and uncle because Willa and I had been fighting and my dad didn’t want to hear us arguing the whole way home. About five minutes after they left the ceremony, a semi-truck blew a red light and they drove right into the side of it, killing them instantly. Immediately after their funeral, Wynonna packed a bag and took off, without even telling us. I think she felt like it was her fault since it was her graduation they were driving home from. Like somehow if it weren’t for her, none of it would have happened. But I went to live with my Aunt Gus and Uncle Curtis. Wynonna went to live in Greece, and only came back one time – to pay her respects at my Uncle Curtis’s funeral last year. He died of a heart attack. I managed to convince her to stay, and we ended up moving back into our old house together.”

Nicole stared at her, tears falling down her face. She couldn’t believe the amount of tragedy that this girl had gone through at such a young age. “Waves. I’m so sorry. I can’t even imagine having to go through that at only 12 years old.”

“Yeah, well, I did. It’s so dumb. First my mom left us when I was a baby without any explanation, and then my dad and sister die, and then my favorite uncle in the whole world dies. It’s like my family is cursed or something.”

Nicole gave a sympathetic smile as she reached out for Waverly’s hand.

“And the worst part is that I should’ve been in the car with them. If Willa and I hadn’t been fighting, I would’ve been in that car with her and Daddy. I don’t get why they had to be the unlucky ones, and I got to live.”

“Maybe you were meant for bigger things,” she cooed as she rubbed her thumb across the back of
Waverly’s hand.

“And Daddy and Willa weren’t?”

“No, I just meant that-”

“Whatever, it doesn’t matter,” she quickly replied, knowing that Nicole was just trying to help. “It happened, and there’s nothing I can do to change the past.” She wiped her face with her hands. “Can you please tell me something screwed up about you to make me feel better about my messed-up family?” She joked.

Nicolie swallowed as she debated whether or not to tell Waverly her own secret that she had kept to herself for so long. She had never talked about it before with anyone, but figured since Waverly was brave enough to trust her with her past, Nicole should be too.

“I also had a sister who passed away,” Nicole finally said.

Waverly looked over at Nicole, her eyes wide at the unexpected confession. “Oh, Nicole,” she replied sympathetically. “I had no idea.”

“She died before I was born, so it’s not like anything you went through. But my parents had me immediately after she died at 10 years old, so I was the replacement child.”

“I’m sure that’s not true.”

“It is. They tried to get me into the same hobbies as her, they bought me clothes that were similar to the ones she wore, and they even accidentally called me by her name sometimes, Natalie. But None of that was me. I didn’t like horseback riding like she did, and I didn’t like to wear sundresses like she did, and my name was definitely not Natalie. But when I came out as a lesbian, that’s when they really began to resent me. They told me that I was never going to be good enough if I chose to live that sort of lifestyle. But the truth was, I was never going to be good enough for them anyways, because I was never going to be like her. I was never going to be her.”

Waverly waited for her to continue.

“So, after high school I moved as far away as possible from them and trained to become a police officer. I wanted to do something good for the world, as a way to prove to myself that I wasn’t disposable. Haven’t seen or heard from them since. It’s sadder for them, really. They ended up losing two daughters.”

“Why did you decide to come to Purgatory?”

“I wasn’t happy with where I was at in the city. I was constantly put on paperwork and was treated like a rookie, even after six years of service. I wanted to go somewhere that would give me a chance to put my skills to use. So I figured, small town like this probably could use some more hands.”

“I’m glad you decided to come here,” Waverly smiled.

“Me too,” Nicole wrapped both of her hands around Waverly’s.

“You know, my dad was the sheriff before he passed.”

“Really?” Nicole was surprised.

“Yeah, Nedley was like his right-hand man, which is why he got promoted from deputy to sheriff
when Daddy died.”

“Nedley can be tough sometimes, but he’s a pretty good boss. Doesn’t bug me too much and lets me go out into the field.”

“Yeah, for now,” Waverly remarked.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, since he worked so closely with Daddy he became like a father figure to us, so when he eventually finds out about our relationship, he’s going to be watching you like a hawk,” Waverly giggled.

Nicole’s eyes widened. The last thing she wanted was her boss to chase her down around the precinct with a glock and shouting accusations of ‘defiling’ little Waverly. “I can’t wait,” Nicole replied as she gulped.

Waverly laughed at how quickly badass officer Haught had suddenly become afraid. “But don’t worry, we’ve got plenty of time until then. I want you all to myself for a while.”

Nicole smiled at the thought.

“Nicole?”

The officer hummed in response as she sipped her coffee.

“Are we girlfriends?”

She paused before gently setting the mug down on the table. “Do you want to be?”

“Do you?”

Nicole smiled, knowing Waverly’s answer. “I would like that a lot, actually.”

The brunette grinned. “Me too.”
Nicole and Waverly snuggled on the couch as they watched TV, bellies full of pancakes. They were only two episodes into The L Word, and Waverly couldn’t take it anymore. All of the sex scenes were driving the brunette crazy. Waverly slowly drew her hand down from its resting spot on Nicole’s chest to the waistband of her shorts as she teased the woman. She looked up at brown eyes, which were glued to the screen, trying their best not to react to the smaller woman. Waverly knew she would have to go further if she wanted to get a reaction from her girlfriend. She dipped her fingers between slick folds, causing the officer to gasp.

“Waves,” Nicole wined as she drew out her name.

“What’s wrong?” Waverly asked innocently as she continued stroking with her fingers.

“I’m trying to watch,” Nicole replied as she swallowed a moan.

“I’m trying to watch too. I’m trying to watch my hot girlfriend come for me,” she grinned.

Nicole laughed and shook her head as she paused the show. “I’ve created a sex addict.”

“It’s your fault for fucking me so good,” Waverly replied before swinging her leg over the officer and straddling her lap as their lips hungrily connected. Nicole brought her hands under Waverly’s shirt and lifted it above her head, revealing her bare torso before scratching her short nails all over her back. Waverly wrapped her arms around Nicole’s neck for support as the women grinded their hips into each other.

After a couple of minutes in this position, Waverly stood up off of the officer, who whined at the loss of contact, before grabbing the woman’s shorts and yanking them off, leaving her in nothing but her shirt. Then, she dropped to her knees and spread Nicole’s legs, taking in the sight of the woman’s wet sex.

“Waves, are you sure?” Nicole panted.

The brunette responded by bringing her tongue down to Nicole’s center and swirling it around.

“Fuck!” Nicole hissed as she grabbed onto the back of the couch behind her head and began thrusting up into Waverly.

Waverly took her time exploring around Nicole’s heat with her tongue before bringing it up to her clit and circling it, taking in the taste and smell of the woman she loved invading her senses. The corners of her mouth tugged up into a slight smile as she heard sounds of pleasure escape her girlfriend’s gaping mouth.

“Oh yeah, right there. *Fuck!*” Nicole moaned before bringing her hand down to Waverly’s head, feeling it bob up and down with each lick.
The redhead crinkled her brow as she looked down into Waverly’s eyes, which were staring back at her seductively through thick lashes. The sheer sexiness of the woman between her legs was enough to bring her to her climax.

“FUCK!” She yelled at the top of her lungs as she threw her head back, letting the waves of pleasure wash over her. When she had finished riding out her orgasm, she reached down and grabbed the brunette, pulling her up into a searing kiss and tasting her own arousal on Waverly’s tongue. But they were quickly interrupted by the doorbell.

The women quickly pulled apart as if they had been caught. Nicole shrugged, signaling that she didn’t know who it could be.

“Just ignore it,” Waverly whispered as she went back to kissing her girlfriend.

“Um, hello?” Came a voice through the door after a few loud knocks. “I’m here to exterminate the bugs from your house!”

Nicole quickly pulled out of the kiss. “Shit,” she hissed. “I completely forgot about my appointment.” She covered her mouth with her hand.

The pair quickly put their clothes back on before Nicole ran to the door, brushed her hands through her hair really quick, and then opened it.

“Oh, hi,” she said sheepishly.

“Hi,” the man waved back. “Hope I didn’t catch you at a bad time,” he smirked.

All of the blood drained from Nicole’s face. She knew he had heard. There was no way he hadn’t. “Um, no, not at all. Please, come in."

The man walked through the house and noticed Waverly awkwardly standing in the living room in the oversized t-shirt and boyshorts. She thanked the heavens that the shirt, which belonged to Nicole, was long enough to make it look like she was wearing really short shorts.

“Waverly Earp?” He questioned as he squinted. “Is that you?”

“Tim? You’re an exterminator?” She subtly grabbed onto the edges of the shirt and pulled it down a bit, trying to stretch it out to cover a bit more of herself.

“Yeah, well you know, family business,” he said as he eyed her up and down, licking his lips.

Nicole noticed the drooling man and clenched her jaw. “Let me guess, friends from high school?” She asked, forcing herself into the conversation.

“Well, sort of. I was a senior and the captain of the basketball team that Waverly and her girls cheered for every Tuesday night. But of course, Waverly was the real MVP of those games. Even back then when she was a little freshman.” He continued ogling her. “Man, you still look good Earp!”

Waverly pulled the shirt lower, and blushed, feeling extremely uncomfortable. “Um, thanks,” she mumbled.

Nicole loosened her fists and breathed slowly, trying her best to keep calm. How dare this man come into her home and look at her girlfriend like that.
“I didn’t know you lived here,” he said with a confused look on his face as he realized that this wasn’t the Earp homestead. Everyone knew that Wynonna had come back to town and Waverly had moved back into their childhood home with her. It was the talk of the town.

“Oh, I uh, I don’t live here…” she explained sheepishly with her left hand on her back and her right hand rubbing the side of her neck.

“This is my house,” Nicole said as she placed her hands on her hips territorially, hoping that he would take the hint.

“Oh.” He looked between them, trying to figure out the situation. When he put it together, a smirk spread across his face. “Ohhhhh.” He nodded, looking between the girls, grinning as he put a mental image to what he had heard earlier. “Nice! Waverly Earp, a lesbian. Who would’ve thought? I guess dreams really do come true!” He shook his head in excitement as he eyeballed the brunette again with new knowledge.

Waverly looked down at the floor in embarrassment, desperately wishing that he would leave.

“Say, if you two are ever looking for a third, I’m available!” He waltzed over to Nicole and eyed her up and down. “And luckily for you sweetheart, I’m really into redheads.”

He reached out to touch her arm, but instead Nicole grabbed his wrist and maneuvered it behind his back, pushing him up against the wall.

“Ow!” He yelped with his left cheek smashed against the wall. “What the hell!”

“Unluckily for you, I’m a cop, dipshit. And if you tell anybody about Waverly and me, even your little insignificant buddies from your Friday night circle jerk group, I will find out, and I will personally make your life hell. Got it?”

He nodded fervently. “Got it!”

“Good.” She dropped his arm and watched him grab it, wincing in pain. “Now get out of my house before I throw you out.”

He quickly sprinted out the front door before Nicole slammed it shut.

Just when Waverly thought her girlfriend couldn’t get any hotter, there she goes, proving her wrong again. “I never pegged you for the jealous type,” Waverly said with her hands on her hips. She dropped them as she slowly walked over to the fuming redhead. “It’s really sexy.”

“Guys like that make me sick! I can’t believe he had the audacity to talk to us like that. And did you see the way he looked at you?! Ugh, what a jackass!”

Waverly tried her best to hide her smile. Nicole really was the cutest when she was mad, and she was especially cute when she was mad and protective. “You know what’ll make you feel better?” Waverly asked as she walked her fingers up the officer’s chest.

“What?” Nicole huffed out, too angry to notice Waverly attempting to seduce her.

The brunette stood on her tiptoes as she nipped at the officer’s ear, causing the woman to shudder. She knew she had the officer’s attention now. “ Fucking me against that wall over there,” Waverly whispered as she nodded her head over to the wall behind Nicole, right where she had previously threatened the exterminator.
Nicole felt her stomach drop. Waverly had somehow managed to make her forget all about what had just happened. She planted her lips onto the brunette’s and hastily pushed her over to the wall, slamming her against it. The roughness of it all caused a rush of arousal to coat Waverly’s center. The redhead dropped her lips to Waverly’s neck and nipped as she grabbed Waverly’s ass with her hands and pulled her into her.

“I don’t need to be worked up,” Waverly said through breathy moans. “I just need to be fucked.”

The officer kept her left hand on Waverly’s ass as she brought her right hand to her center, pushing the boyshorts aside. Before she could do anything, Waverly grabbed onto her arm and stilled her, causing Nicole to pull back and look at her with questioning eyes.

“Before you start, I just wanted to say, don’t hold back. I want it rough. And don’t worry, I can take it.”

Nicole nodded as she bit her lower lip and looked into her lover’s eyes, making sure it was really what the girl wanted. When she was sure, she plunged two fingers deep into Waverly and began thrusting them – hard and fast.

The smaller woman inhaled sharply as she dug her nails into Nicole’s shoulder blades through her shirt. She rocked her hips into the woman, setting the pace. The officer followed with deep thrusts, being sure to put pressure against her front wall each time.

“Oh yes baby. Fuck me good,” Waverly moaned as she wrapped a leg around the Nicole’s waist, forcing her in deeper.

The redhead used her hips to push her fingers in even deeper as she nipped and sucked at Waverly’s neck. She brought her left hand up to Waverly’s hair and grabbed it, pulling her head to the side to expose her neck for better access.

The rough act mixed with her back hitting the wall and Nicole’s fingers roughly fucking her caused Waverly’s walls to tighten. She couldn’t take it anymore, she wanted to feel the woman on every inch of her skin. She pulled Nicole into a searing kiss, lips messily gliding back and forth as she let heat and arousal take over her body. She felt her muscles tense up as a burst of energy jolted through them, squeezing tighter and tighter, until she felt all of the tension breaking in an explosion of pleasure. She grabbed onto Nicole’s shoulders for support as her whole body shook in ecstasy, releasing a very loud, strangled moan. Her fresh arousal spilled out of her heat and onto the redhead’s fingers. Nicole felt Waverly getting heavier on her shoulders, so she quickly pulled out of her and wrapped her arms around her, holding her up as the girl’s knees gave out.

Nicole let out a chuckle. “You alright there?”

“Jesus,” Waverly said with her face buried in Nicole’s chest, slowly shaking her head in disbelief. “That was so freaking good.”

“Really? I never pegged you to be the rough type,” Nicole smirked, copying Waverly’s wording from earlier.

The brunette lifted her head from the woman’s chest. “There’s a lot you don’t know about me, Officer Haught,” Waverly winked.

“Oh really? I can’t wait to learn everything.” She smiled as she kissed the top of Waverly’s head. “Want to finally finish the rest of this episode of The L Word?”

“Yeah, I could use a bit of a break. But then afterwards, you’re all mine.”
“Do you have your handcuffs?” Waverly asked hesitantly from her spot on top of Nicole, after each having had three more orgasms in the officer’s bed.

“Uh, yeah. Why?” Nicole looked at her with a raised eyebrow, still panting from her last orgasm that had just happened moments prior.

“Because,” Waverly leaned down and moved her lips slowly against Nicole’s. She smirked as she sat back up and rubbed her hands slowly up and down her girlfriend’s torso. Nicole watched the sexiness that was Waverly Earp with wide, attentive eyes. “I want to play with you,” she said, batton her eyelashes.

“I feel like this is a bad idea,” Nicole said as she uncontrollably began to move her body up and down under her girlfriend’s touch, already getting worked up again.

“It’ll feel good, trust me. I’m going to give you the best orgasm of your life.” She smiled innocently as she slowly rubbed her hands from Nicole’s neck all the way down to her ankles. The officer gulted. “And besides, you always get to be in control. I’d like to see you be the one taking orders for once,” she smirked.

Nicole was nervous, yet excited. She was kind of a control freak, which she knew, so thinking about being cuffed and unable to do anything scared her a little. She thought about it for a moment until she decided to give in. Screw it. “Okay, they’re in my utility belt in my closet.”

Waverly hopped her naked body off of the bed and rushed over to grab the handcuffs before carefully placing the keys on top of the dresser and returning to Nicole.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” The brunette asked as she opened the cuffs and crawled back on top of her girlfriend to straddle her.

“I’m sure. I mean, the thought of not being in control scares me a little, but also the thought of you doing things to me with my hands restrained sounds exciting and sexy,” Nicole smiled.

“Do you want to use a safe word or something, just in case?” Waverly asked.

“Um, sure. How about, pineapple?”

The brunette giggled. “Okay, pineapple means stop. Got it.” She gazed down at Nicole with a fire in her eyes.

The redhead chuckled. “You look like you’re plotting something very devious right now.”

“Oh, you have no idea what I’m about to do to you,” Waverly stated as she roughly rolled the officer over onto her stomach and cuffed her hands behind her back – making sure they weren’t too loose or too tight – before rolling her back over and sitting back on her heels between Nicole’s legs,

“Damn Waves. That was hot,” the redhead smirked.

“Shut up,” Waverly barked as she scratched her nails down the officer’s legs, causing them to tremble. “Don’t speak unless I say you can, got it?”

Nicole gulped as she nodded her head. She was right – dominant Waverly was sexy.

“Good,” Waverly replied. She reached out to massage Nicole’s breasts.
“Ungh baby, that feels good,” Nicole sighed, slightly writing under the smaller woman’s touch.

Waverly stopped her movements and pulled her hands back. Nicole opened her eyes to see the reason for the sudden loss of contact.

“Did I say you could speak?” Waverly asked sternly.

“Oh, uh, no- I mean…” Nicole shook her head.

“That’s right. Next time, I’m going to leave you here handcuffed without release…in more ways than one.” She looked down at Nicole’s red curls, and then back up to her eyes. “Got it?”

Nicole nodded fervently. Waverly’s dominance was already making her crave her sweet release, but she knew she had to be patient. She took a deep breath and tried to relax, but it didn’t prepare her for what Waverly was about to do next.

The brunette brought her hand down to her own center and parted her wet folds before slowly dipping her fingers inside and fucking herself. Her eyelids fluttered as she let out a small gasp.

“Oh, fuck baby.” She began to slowly rock her hips. “This feels so good.”

Nicole watched with wide eyes as she gulped. Watching Waverly fuck herself was undoubtedly the hottest thing she had ever seen. The brunette began to pick up her pace as she brought her other hand down and circled her clit, short moans and whimpers escaping her lips as she did so.

“Baby, I’m going to come. Are you watching?”

Nicole nodded with her mouth wide open as she stared down at Waverly’s center, watching her delicate fingers at work.

“Fuck!” Waverly moaned as she sat up off her heels and thrusted roughly into her fingers, her center pulsing in waves of pleasure. When she was finished, she leaned down and shoved her glistening fingers into the officer’s mouth, who greedily sucked them dry.

“You liked that baby?” Waverly asked before releasing her fingers from her girlfriend’s mouth.

“God Waves, that was so fucking sexy,” Nicole replied in awe. She had never seen this side of Waverly before, and it was driving her nuts.

“Uh uh uh,” Waverly replied as she brought a finger down to Nicole’s clit and gave it one quick swipe, causing the redhead’s hips to jolt as she moaned. “No talking, remember?” She continued as she brought the finger up to Nicole’s lips and shushed her. The redhead nodded in understanding.

The brunette then brought her hands back down to Nicole’s nipples and played with them for what felt like hours. Nicole was starting to become impatient. She tried squeezing her legs together, but with Waverly sitting in between them she couldn’t, keeping her from feeling any relief. She writhed under her girlfriend’s touch, not sure how much more she could take. She needed Waverly to touch her center.

Waverly noticed how much Nicole was twisting and turning. She looked down and saw her arousal begin to drip down onto the sheets. She knew Nicole wouldn’t be able to take much more with how long she had been teasing her. She slowly dragged her hands down towards the officer’s red curls, but instead of touching her right where Nicole needed, she brought them to the sides, impossibly close to her wetness, and rubbed up and down. Nicole whined as she involuntarily pulled her hands apart, but was stopped by the cuffs.
“What’s wrong baby? You want me to touch you?” Waverly asked as she moved her hands dangerously close to where Nicole wanted them most and traced lightly.

The redhead nodded as she panted, eyebrows furrowed in frustration. Waverly took one finger and drove it deep into Nicole’s center, causing her hips to buck forward and her back to arch off the bed as the back of her head sunk deep into the pillow.

“Fuck!” She cried at the unexpected contact, her eyes squeezed shut.

The brunette slowly dragged her finger all the way back out and brought it up to her lips, sucking it like it was the best thing she’d ever tasted. Nicole watched in agony, desperately wanting to feel Waverly’s finger inside her again.

“You may speak,” Waverly said as she saw the thoughts racing through Nicole’s mind.

“Baby, I don’t think I can take much more of this teasing. I need you to touch me. Please,” She begged.

Waverly tapped her finger on her chin. “Well, since you asked so nicely.” She brought her fingers to the redhead’s center and stuck two of them inside, pushing forward painfully slow as Nicole tried to push herself onto the brunette’s fingers, but Waverly adjusted to where her pace remained the same no matter what Nicole did. She stilled her hand before slowly pulling all the way back out again, causing Nicole to whine in frustration. She repeated this motion nine more times, each time eliciting a whimper from Nicole, before picking up her pace.

“Ungh,” Nicole moaned, finally getting what she wanted. She felt herself getting close to the edge.

“I’m gonna come,” she panted, urging Waverly to keep going. Just as the brunette felt Nicole’s muscles begin to tighten she pulled her fingers back out.

Nicole shot up to look at Waverly. “What the hell!” she growled as she was stopped from reaching her climax. She tried to free her hands, but it was no use. Waverly held her legs wide open, making sure she didn’t get any contact on her center.

“You come when I decide you can come.”

Nicole dropped her head back onto the pillow and groaned. Just as she was about to say something, she felt her clit being stimulated. Her eyes shot open as she gasped. She quickly looked down, and saw Waverly’s head between her legs, tongue moving at a pace so fast it was causing her legs to involuntarily shake. She bit her bottom lip and rocked her hips as she watched. It wasn’t long before she was brought back to the edge again. In a matter of seconds, she felt the heat rush to her center.

“Fuck!” She cried. But once again, Waverly removed herself from Nicole, and stopped her from reaching her orgasm. The redhead cried out in frustration as she writhed around in the bed, searching for contact anywhere, but found none.

After a minute without being touched anywhere except her knees – where Waverly was keeping her legs spread – Waverly quickly brought her fingers down through red curls and moved them as quickly as possible around Nicole’s impossibly hard nub.

“Jesus, fucking Christ. Holy fuck, yes!” Nicole was brought closer to the edge than she had been before, and knew she was going to get to finish this time. Surely Waverly wasn’t that cruel. But once again, Waverly removed her hand, causing tears to well up in Nicole’s eyes as she whimpered in frustration, moving her limbs all around the bed. “Dammit Waverly!”
“Do you want to come baby?” Waverly asked sweetly as she gently rubbed Nicole’s legs, urging them to still.

“Yes!” She growled, body still writhing in torture as her center throbbed.

“Then beg me,” the brunette demanded.

“Please baby. Please let me come,” Nicole cried.

Waverly shook her head. “Not good enough.”

“Waves, baby. I need you so badly to give me an orgasm. I can’t take this anymore.”

“Try again,” she replied, unimpressed.

Nicole sat up. She’d had enough. “Waverly Earp, my pussy is dripping wet, waiting for you to fuck it and give it the release it deserves for dealing with all of your fucking teasing! I need to come, right now, or else I might actually die! I don’t care how you do it, just fuck me Waverly. Fuck me right now until I come everywhere, or else I’m sending you straight fucking home!”

As soon as Nicole finished her sentence, Waverly plunged three digits deep inside the woman and began thrusting hard and fast as she brought her other hand down to Nicole’s clit and drew quick circles, causing the redhead to fall back down onto the mattress.

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Fuck fuck fuck FUCK!” Nicole screamed as she arched her back off the bed and pulled against the handcuffs, her whole body shaking as she finally got the release she had been craving for the past half hour.

Waverly continued her movements as Nicole continued rocking her hips into her girlfriend’s hands.

“Oh god, oh fuck, UNGHHHH!” Unexpectedly, Nicole was hit with a second orgasm, with just as much intensity as her first. “Shit!” She cried as her legs began to tremble at the unbelievable amount of electricity that pulsed through her veins. She dropped her body onto the bed and panted, beads of sweat dripping down her entire body as she quickly pulled her overly-sensitive clit away from Waverly’s fingers. She could feel the damp sheets sticking to her skin.

“Waves, holy shit,” she said between gasps of air. “I’ve never come so hard in my entire life, and I’ve never come twice in a row like that.” She continued panting.

“Really?” Waverly asked as she brought the keys over to unlock the handcuffs.

“Really. Jesus Christ, that was incredible.” The officer set the handcuffs down on her bedside table as soon as she was released. “But don’t ever do that again. I almost kicked you in the face.”

Waverly giggled. “You wouldn’t have done that.”

“You deprived me of my orgasm three times. There’s no telling what I would’ve done,” Nicole joked. She looked over at the clock. “Shit, it’s past midnight. You have work tomorrow.”

“I do,” Waverly pouted. She hated having to work on Sundays. But she was very thankful that her girlfriend had the entire weekend off, which was rare for her. “I wish I could stay here with you,” she said as she curled up next to Nicole.

“Me too, but it’s probably a good thing. We’ve had so much sex in the past 28 hours, I think we both need a break.”
“Hey, are you saying I can’t be around you without initiating sex?”

Nicole looked at her knowingly.

“Okay, I’ll admit, I have been a bit eager…”

“A bit? Waverly, I’ve had more orgasms with you than I have in my entire life. I mean, I love it, but a girl needs some rest!”

“Okay, okay. Fine. Maybe I’ve been more than a bit eager. But it’s your fault! You introduced me to amazing sex and now I’m obsessed.”

“Well, tell you what, when you get off work you can come back here to my place and we can have some more amazing sex if you want,” she smiled at the brunette.

“I want!” Waverly exclaimed. “Work is going to be torture though. I don’t know how I’m going to make it through the day without you.”

“I’m sure you’ll think of something,” Nicole smirked before turning over to spoon Waverly, holding her as they fell asleep.
You Got Laid, Didn't You! (First Time 69ing)

Chapter Summary

Some Waverly and Darren interaction, some Waverly and Wynonna interaction, and of course, some more smut. Enjoy!

“Ma’am?” Said the customer who was standing in front of a spaced-out Waverly. She waited, but still no response. “Ma’am!”

“Huh?” Waverly jumped up as she was snapped out of her thoughts of one particular redheaded police officer.

“I said can I get a cappuccino.” She crossed her arms sternly.

“Oh, right. Sorry. That’ll be $3.18 please.” The woman handed her the plastic card to swipe. “Coming right up!” Waverly turned to pass the order to Darren.

Once the drink was made, the irritated woman made her way out the door.

“Why are you being so spacey today?” Darren asked. His black, curly hair and olive skin signaled his Italian race from a mile away.

“I’m not,” Waverly quickly denied.

“You are. You look all googly-eyed and you can’t stop smiling,” he replied as he studied her face. His eyes widened and he snapped his fingers. “You got laid, didn’t you!”

“What? No I didn’t!” She moved to the back room as Darren followed behind her.

“It’s so obvious Earp. Don’t even try to deny it!”

Just then, she was saved by the bell…literally. “There’s a customer. Go take their order.”

He rolled his eyes. “Fine. But whoever this guy is, he’s obviously doing something right.” He gave her a friendly smile before walking away.

Waverly was grinning from ear to ear thinking about her weekend as she picked up a box of brand new paper coffee cups to open.

“Why hello there, Officer Haught. What can I get you on this fine day?” Darren said in his smooth-talker voice that he always used whenever a pretty girl walked in.

Waverly perked up and rushed out of the room with the box before shoving it into Darren’s arms.

“Hey!” He complained.

“I’ll take her order. You go open that and check for any damaged cups.”

“But you just said-“
“Go!” She barked.

He sighed before trudging into the back room.

“Hey cutie,” Nicole said before placing a quick kiss on the brunette’s lips.

“Nicole! We’re going to get caught,” Waverly giggled.

“Oh whatever. Let him watch. At least then he’d finally stop hitting on me.” She rolled her eyes before softening them and looking into Waverly’s. “Plus, I miss you.”

“I miss you too,” Waverly moved her fingers to lightly entwine them with the officer’s. “I’m almost done with my shift though, and then we can continue where we left off last night,” Waverly winked as she ghosted her fingertips up the redhead’s arm, causing the woman to shiver.

“I’d like that,” Nicole smirked.

The two women stared into each other’s eyes, smiling uncontrollably before they heard footsteps. They quickly pulled apart and looked away from each other as they cleared their throats.

Darren rolled his eyes. “Earp, are you going to take her order or what?” He turned to Nicole. “Sorry about that, she’s been a little distracted today.” He gave Waverly a wink, earning a death glare from the small brunette. Little did he know that he was the one on the outside of the inside joke.

“Oh has she now,” Nicole said playfully as she looked at a blushing Waverly. “Well I’ll just be on my way to uh, leave you to your thoughts, Miss Earp.” The redhead smirked before walking out of the shop, purposely swaying her hips from side to side. Waverly gulped as she stared at her girlfriend walking out of her workplace wearing dark jeans and a button up shirt. Damn those jeans for fitting so perfectly.

“No way!” Darren all but yelled, causing Waverly to jump. “She’s the one who gave you happy time?!”

“W-what? Why would you s-say that?!” Waverly quickly said, fumbling over her words.

“You missed some drool,” he laughed as he watched her quickly wipe her mouth. “Plus, she walked in here and didn’t even order anything. It’s so obvious that she came in here just to see you.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about,” she replied as she began to wipe down the countertop that had just been cleaned five minutes prior.

“Relax, I’m happy for you. Plus, she’s super hot. You’re lucky Earp! Guess now I know why she never took to my flirting like all the other women usually do, which makes me feel a whole lot better about myself…”

“Can you just shut up already?! You’re so freaking annoying!” She shouted angrily as she snatched the paper cups from him and slammed them down in their correct spot on the counter.

“Why are you getting so defensive about it?” He asked as he crossed his arms over his chest. Anyone else would’ve been completely shocked by Waverly Earp shouting like that, but since Darren worked with her almost every day, he knew her on a level that nobody else did; not even Wynonna. So, he was more concerned than surprised.

“Because it’s my thing to tell!” She barked. “And it’s not fair that you’re forcing me to choose between coming out to you and lying to you, because I don’t want to do either!” She pushed past
him and into the back room and began rearranging some boxes. She always liked to organize things when she was feeling frustrated as it always calmed her down.

He paused for a moment before following her into the room. “Okay, you’re right. I’m sorry. I wasn’t thinking about it like that. But you shouldn’t be embarrassed. It’s cool with me.”

She whipped around. “I’m not embarrassed. And I’m not ashamed of it, I’m just not ready to blurt it out to the whole world. I just figured everything out. I’ve spent my whole life wondering why I couldn’t be happy with all of these guys, and now that I finally know why, everything is different. I just need some time to get used to it before having to explain myself. And I just want Nicole all to myself for a bit before having to deal with everyone in this close-minded town looking at us like we’re freaks! I mean, is that too much to ask?!” She exhaled loudly, as if she had released a huge weight from her chest.

Darren held his hands up in the air. “Okay, okay. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said anything. And I won’t say anything to anyone, I promise. And we don’t have to talk about it anymore.”

“Thank you,” she huffed. She relaxed her muscles, feeling herself calm down a bit before looking at him. “Well, I guess you know now either way.”

“Waverly, you’ve been crushing on that woman since that first day she walked in here and I took her order. It’s not like you’re good at hiding it.”

Her eyes widened in surprised. “You knew?”

“Well, not for sure. Honestly, I just thought you were really infatuated with her. Like you looked up to her or something. I mean, you and Champ were together forever. I never thought that you…” He waved his arm up and down, gesturing towards her. “You know. But now everything makes sense. I’m just glad you finally had the balls to make something happen.”

She smiled. “Me too.”

“And she really is hot,” he added with a smirk.

“Hey, back off buddy. She’s mine,” Waverly replied playfully.

“And you’re pretty amazing too you know.” He smiled as he playfully hit her arm.

“Are you going to hit on all the gay ones?” She asked teasingly.

“Ha ha, very funny. You know you’re like a little sister to me.”

“I know. I guess I’m just still stuck on that time when I was in grade 3 and you were in grade 5 and you kissed me on the playground,” she chuckled.

“I told you, Jack Davidson dared me to! And it was just a cheek kiss!”

“A kiss is still a kiss!” She replied as she walked out to the counter.

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After what felt like an incredibly long work day, Waverly finally ended her shift. She got into her red Jeep and immediately pulled out her phone to text Nicole.

Waverly: Hey, I just got off. I’m going to grab some stuff from my house before heading over. xo
Within seconds Nicole replied...

Nicole: I just got off too… ;)

Waverly: Hey, that’s not fair :( 

Nicole: Every woman for herself! Hurry up, I can’t wait to see you <3

Waverly smiled at the text before whipping out of the parking lot and making her way towards the homestead – which was what the Earp clan always called their house. When she got there, she rushed inside and shut the door behind her.

“Hey, there you are!” Wynonna called from the kitchen table.

Waverly walked into the room and saw her older sister sitting there with a few empty bottles of beer and one half-full one. “Hey. Are you okay?” She asked Wynonna as she walked towards the table.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Doc’s just being an asshole, again,” she replied as she took a swig of the only non-empty bottle in front of her.

“Oh no,” Waverly said as she sat down in the seat across from her. “What did he do this time?”

“Oh you know, typical Doc stuff. Having trouble getting in touch with his feelings and stuff, but it’s fine. We’ll work it out. Don’t worry about it.”

“Are you sure? You look like you’ve been crying,” she said sympathetically.

“Yeah,” she chuckled as she took a giant gulp of alcohol. “Well, I’ll get over it. I don’t really feel like getting into it anyways.”

Waverly nodded, knowing better than to pry.

“So, I haven’t seen or heard from you in a couple of days. I guess it’s safe to assume that you and Haught-stuff finally bumped nasties?” She smirked as she took another more modest sip of her drink.

Waverly smiled. “Yeah, we did.”

“And?!”

“And…” she gave a dramatic pause before answering. “It was amazing! God, Wynonna, why did it take me this long to start sleeping with women? It’s incredible! Like, life altering! I don’t see how anybody can like sex with men.”

Wynonna laughed. “I’ll take your word for it. I like meat too much to become a vagitarian.” She paused for a second before continuing. “Wait, did you do that?”

“Do what?” Waverly asked.

“Eat her out!”

Normally Waverly would be too embarrassed to answer, but she was too excited to share her new revelation with her sister to care at this point. “I did,” she smiled, replaying everything in her head.

“How was it?”

“It was incredible. She’s incredible. She gave me so many orgasms, and I gave her a lot too, and it
was just this amazing feeling. We just kept going for hours. She’s so soft and sexy. And she’s caring and so giving. She made it all about me and what I wanted, which was so sweet. Ugh, she’s the best. Sex is the best. Sex with her is the best.” Waverly grinned.

“Man, I’m getting a little jealous. I wish Doc would be like that.”

“He loves you, Wynonna.”

“Yeah, well sometimes it doesn’t feel like it.” She chugged the rest of the beer, avoiding her feelings like she usually did.

Waverly heard her phone ding and looked over at the screen. “Speaking of which, he just texted me.”

“What? What did he say?”

“I don’t know, I haven’t opened it yet…” She pointed out as she picked up her phone.

“Let me see.” Wynonna snatched the phone from her sister. “Hello Waverly,” she said in Doc’s accent. “Ugh, does he have to be so formal?” She rolled her eyes before continuing to read the text aloud. “Is your sister there by any chance? I would like to speak with her, and she seems to not be answering her telephone.” Damn right I’m not! Because I’m ignoring you, asshole!” She squeezed the phone in her hand as she yelled at it.

“Hey, don’t take it out on my phone!”

The older Earp softened her grip on the device. “Sorry,” she smiled apologetically as the phone dinged again.

“Another text from Doc?” Waverly asked.

Wynonna looked down at the phone. “Nope. This one’s from Nicole,” she teased as she looked at her sister before looking back down at the screen, which revealed the new message. Her eyebrows rose in shock at the unexpected image. “Ah!” She shouted in a low tone of voice as she dropped the phone down in front of Waverly as if it were on fire and quickly withdrew her hands.

“What?” Waverly asked, worried that something was wrong. When she saw the message, her face instantly turned beet red and she hastily flipped the phone screen-down on the table. “Oh my god,” she shrieked as she buried her face in her hands. It was a picture of Nicole’s entire body completely naked in front of the full-length mirror in her bathroom with a text that said, “Hurry up. I want to fuck you.”

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t avoid seeing it,” Wynonna said as she rubbed her eyes.

“Not your fault,” Waverly replied with her hands still covering her face.

“Well, at least now we know that Haught is a natural redhead, so we can cross that mystery off as solved,” she stated, trying to make light of the situation.

Waverly groaned.

“But seriously, her body is...” she clicked her teeth as she made a circle with her index finger and thumb. “Get it baby sister!”

“Um, thanks,” Waverly faltered with a weak smile, desperately wanting to never speak of this again.
“If it makes you feel any better, I can show you a picture of Doc naked?”

“No! Oh god, please don’t. I never ever want to see that,” she stated while gesticulating for emphasis.

“You sure? His gun is top notch, if you know what I mean,” Wynonna winked and clicked her tongue. Waverly responded by making a fake gagging sound. “Oh come on. You were straight like two seconds ago!”

“I was never straight,” Waverly corrected. “It just took me forever to figure out why I never enjoyed sex.”

“Was there ever a point where you liked Champ’s ding-a-ling?”

“I mean, I tried to. I never liked looking at it. Sometimes it felt good from a physical standpoint, you know, but looking at it always kind of freaked me out. Whenever we had sex I usually just kept my eyes closed and thought of...”

“Thought of what?”

“Um, well, recently Nicole…and less recently, Ellen Page.”

The older Earp laughed at the confession. “And you didn’t know that you liked women?!”

“I just thought it was like a kinky straight girl fantasy!”

“Huh. Well if I had known that, I could’ve told you that you were all ‘chicks before dicks.'” Waverly rolled her eyes in response before Wynonna continued. “So, do you think you’d like using a strap-on with Nicole?” The fact that Wynonna used the officer’s first named showed how genuinely curious she was.

“Honestly, it’s never crossed my mind. Huh.” She furrowed her brow in thought. “Probably?” She shrugged. “I mean, I don’t feel like I need it to enjoy sex with her. I mean, I definitely don’t. But I guess it would be kind of hot now that I’m thinking about it. And also, I wouldn’t have to worry about getting pregnant, which is the best part about this whole thing.” She chuckled.

“Yeah, how lucky for you,” Wynonna said sarcastically as she went to chug the rest of her beer, but realized that it was already empty.

Waverly looked at her with concern. “Are you sure you don’t want to talk about whatever is bothering you?”

“Nah, I’m fine, really. Go be with your girlfriend. Don’t wanna leave your lady waiting in the cold,” the older Earp winked.

Waverly smiled softly before getting up and heading up the stairs to gather some pajamas, personal hygiene items, and extra clothes for the next day. She headed back down the stairs with her packed bag. “Alright, well I’ll be back here tomorrow after work. Maybe we can hang out or something.”

“Sounds like a plan. Have fun,” Wynonna smirked.

Waverly shook her head, trying her best to hide her smile behind an annoyed façade before leaving the house.

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“Hey,” Nicole said as she opened the door to reveal her girlfriend standing on her porch. Her face showed disappointment as she noticed the officer was wearing a tank top and some sweatpants.

“Aw man. I was hoping you would still be naked,” the brunette pouted as she walked inside.

“That was just for the picture,” the redhead teased as she shut the door.

“Yeah, uh, speaking of which, Wynonna kind of saw that picture…”

Nicole quickly walked over to the living room where Waverly was standing. “Uh, define ‘kind of saw.’”

“Kind of saw’ as in, she definitely saw it. She was holding my phone when you sent it and it opened before she could do anything.”

Nicole pinched the bridge of her nose. “I knew I shouldn’t have sent it. We always give the talks to civilians about the dangers of sexting, and there I was thinking I would be the exception.”

“Hey,” Waverly cooed as she wrapped her arms around the redhead’s waist. “On the bright side, she said you were hot, which I completely agree with.” She smiled.

“Well duh. I have to keep this body in shape in order to effectively do my job and chase the bad guys,” she teased.

“Someone’s being cocky,” Waverly smirked as she brought her lips dangerously close to the redhead’s, but pulled back a bit as Nicole attempted to take the bait.

“And someone’s being a tease,” Nicole whispered.

“You like it?” Waverly asked seductively as her hot breath lingered over Nicole’s wanting lips, causing the woman’s heart rate to speed up.

“Yeah,” she replied as she moved in for another kiss, which Waverly once again pulled away from in amusement. “But it won’t work,” Nicole whispered in Waverly’s ear.

The brunette shuddered at the feeling of hot breath against her sensitive skin. “And why not,” she asked as her breathing began to pick up.

“Because,” Nicole quickly spun them around so that Waverly’s back was pressed up against the wall with the officer’s thigh ever-so-slightly between her legs. Waverly gasped at the sudden action. Nicole leaned down, her lips barely grazing Waverly’s as she whispered, “Because you want me too much.”

Waverly hastily grabbed the back of Nicole’s neck and pulled her into a searing kiss; their lips connected as their tongues wrestled in a battle for dominance. She began grinding her hips against her girlfriend, forcing her center to rub on the woman’s thigh. She moaned into Nicole’s mouth at the contact as she dropped her hands to the taller woman’s ass. Her skin felt like it was on fire, burning with desire for this gorgeous woman in front of her.

She pulled away from the kiss, both women panting as her forehead connected with Nicole’s. “Bed. Now.”

Nicole picked the woman up and carried her up the stairs, all the while Waverly’s legs were wrapped around her waist as she hungrily kissed the strong officer. When they got to the bedroom, Nicole harshly kicked the door shut behind her and threw Waverly onto the bed. The brunette let out a high-
pitched sigh as she bounced on the mattress. Nicole then quickly ripped off all of her clothes before yanking all of Waverly’s off of her.

“Someone’s not wasting any time,” Waverly chuckled.

“I’ve been waiting all day to get you back into my bed. I’m past being patient,” the redhead replied as she crawled on top of Waverly and sunk down, connecting their centers to each other’s thighs. Waverly inhaled sharply at the contact she had been craving for far too long.

“You feel so good,” the brunette panted as they rocked into each other. Waverly’s hands wrapped steadily around Nicole’s neck as the redhead placed passionate kisses on her pulse point.

“Do you know how hard it was waiting here for you?” Nicole whispered.

“Tell me,” Waverly shuddered.

“It was torture. I’ve been touching myself all day, trying to make it go away, but I couldn’t,” she said in a ragged voice before thrusting roughly against Waverly, causing both of them to moan. “Because the only thing that can get rid of this itch, is you, Waverly. You’ve got me hooked on you, like a drug.”

The brunette’s breath hitched. “God, I’ve been thinking about this moment all day. I’ve been so horny, and I couldn’t even touch myself. I had to wait.”

“That sounds like hell,” Nicole replied as she sucked on the smaller girl’s ear.

“Ungh,” Waverly moaned at the touch. “It was.”

“But now you don’t have to wait anymore, because I’m going to make you scream,” Nicole replied as she brought her fingers down to Waverly’s center and began thrusting them deep inside of her.

“Fuck!” She moaned as she felt her girlfriend’s fingers hit her in all the right places as her palm rubbed against her clit with the help of her hips thrusting against her. “My god that feels amazing.” She smiled in ecstasy as she bit her bottom lip and closed her eyes.

It wasn’t long before Waverly was coming at the redhead’s hand. She let out a loud cry as all of the tension she had been holding all day from the anticipation of this very moment left her body. She continued to rock her hips as she rode out the rest of her orgasm, giving one forceful thrust of her hips against Nicole as she felt the last contraction leave her body.

“Fuck, Nicole,” she hissed before hungrily connecting their lips. She pulled back and looked into her lover’s eyes. “I want to taste you.” She licked her lips.

“I want to taste you too,” Nicole replied with a smirk.

“So, what do we do about it?” Waverly asked, already knowing the answer. Everyone had always made jokes about the position, but she’d never actually done it. She never really wanted to before, but that was before Nicole. Before she understood how amazing a relationship could be. She wanted to do everything with this woman, and she was excited for it.

Nicole smirked as she carefully turned herself around to straddle Waverly’s face and positioned her own face above the latter’s center. Waverly bent her knees and spread her legs to give Nicole better access, who had dropped onto her forearms and hovered over the brunette’s sex. She inhaled sharply through her nose, taking in the smell of the smaller woman’s desires, before dipping her head down and gently separating wet folds with a pointed tongue.
“Oh fuck,” Waverly moaned as she felt Nicole’s warm tongue swirling around her hard clit.

She dropped her head back onto her pillow, enjoying the sensation, but then quickly remembered that her girlfriend was hovering right above her face, waiting to be touched. She greedily grabbed onto Nicole’s hips and pulled her down, connecting her tongue to the woman’s dripping center. Waverly licked soft strokes until she found the officer’s sensitive bud. When she did, she attached her lips and began sucking.

Nicole moaned against Waverly’s center at the contact, which spurred the smaller woman on. Both women were gliding and rocking hips, enjoying the sensation of fucking and being fucking at the same time as the sound of muffled moans filled the room. Nicole reached around Waverly’s thighs and grabbed onto her ass, pulling her in as she felt she couldn’t get close enough to her. Waverly instinctively did the same, pulling the officer in as close as possible as she felt warm arousal dribbling down her chin.

They stayed like this for a while, feeling the closeness of each other and never wanting it to end. But then Nicole brought her fingers to Waverly’s entrance, dipping in and out in a teasing manner as she took her clit between her lips and swiped her tongue across it. She felt the brunette’s tongue still its movements on her own center as she heard the girl’s breathing become harsh and ragged, feeling Waverly’s hot breath against her center. She felt strong thighs clamp around her head as a loud moan escaped Waverly’s lips. Nicole held onto the brunette’s thighs for support as Waverly came, her arousal spilling out onto the redhead’s face, before collapsing onto the pillow with a loud sigh and dropping her knees to the sides to release Nicole from her grip. She felt Waverly’s hot breath against her center. She felt strong thighs clamp around her head as a loud moan escaped Waverly’s lips. Nicole held onto the brunette’s thighs for support as Waverly came, her arousal spilling out onto the redhead’s face, before collapsing onto the pillow with a loud sigh and dropping her knees to the sides to release Nicole from her grip. Her hips occasionally jerked into the officer’s face, who was gently lapping up her arousal, being sure not to touch the sensitive bud and moaning at the sweet taste, when the brunette suddenly remembered her previous task that she had stopped. She pulled the officer down into her again and drove her tongue right into the redhead’s entrance, plunging it inside as deep as possible as she felt warm arousal dribbling down her chin.

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“Shit!” Nicole cried. With Waverly’s tongue thrusting inside her and her chin naturally rubbing against her clit, it didn’t take long for her to reach her climax.

“Unghhh Waves, fuck baby!” She cried as she her walls pulsed around the brunette’s tongue, selfishly grinding against the girl’s face as she rode out her orgasm.

When she came down from her high, she collapsed onto the woman beneath her and let out a breathy laugh. “That was good,” she sighed as she kissed Waverly’s inner thigh before resting her head down onto it, tracing circles with her index finger around the other one.

“Good? Babe, that was amazing. I love feeling you everywhere.” The brunette had her head relaxed against the pillow as she lightly dragged her nails up and down the outsides of Nicole’s thighs, massaging them from their hard work.

“Mmm,” Nicole hummed in response to the touch. “Can we fall asleep like this?”

The smaller woman chuckled. “I think if we fell asleep like this, we would end up waking up multiple times throughout the night to fuck each other.”

Nicole sighed. “You’re right. I’m too weak.” She repositioned her body so that she was lying next to Waverly. As soon as her head hit the pillow, she heard a loud grumble.

“Was that your stomach?” She asked in disbelief that such a sound came from a woman so small.

“Uh, yeah,” Waverly chuckled. “All I had to eat today was a donut.”
The redhead shot up. "Waves, why didn’t you say anything! I would’ve made you something to eat!"

“I got something to eat, remember,” Waverly smirked as she licked her lips, still tasting the officer’s arousal on her mouth.

Nicole rolled her eyes. “That doesn’t count and you know it. Come on, let’s go order some Chinese or something.” She stood up off the bed and walked over to her dresser to throw some clothes on.

“Wait,” Waverly said as she watched her girlfriend turn around.

“What?” Nicole asked in confusion.

The brunette dropped her head onto her arm and smiled. “You’re so beautiful,” she said as she stared at the officer’s body. Her feminine curves perfectly balanced out her muscular features.

Nicole blushed as she felt the woman’s eyes burning into her skin.

“I’m getting turned on again,” Waverly said as she involuntarily squeezed her thighs together.

The redhead laughed and shook her head. “I don’t think I’ve ever met anyone with this much stamina.”

“Well, I’m just making up for lost time!”

“There will be lots of time for orgasms my love,” Nicole said as she walked over to Waverly and kissed her forehead. “But for now, we’re getting you something to eat. Some food to eat.”

“Okay, fine,” Waverly said as she felt another small rumble in her stomach. As much as some more sex sounded good to her, she wouldn’t complain about some sustenance at this point. She hopped off the bed and followed her girlfriend down the stairs.
You're Not Alone

Chapter Summary

This is a very long, very important chapter story-wise. We're beginning to leave 'Nicole and Waverly secluded in their own little world of sex' territory, and into 'actual plots' territory. Lots of fluff, lots of big conversations, lots of firsts, and a bit of smut!

Waverly peeked an eye open as she looked at the time on the alarm clock. She groaned when she saw that she had 10 more minutes until she had to get out of bed to get ready for work. She turned over to wrap her arm around Nicole, but her hand abruptly hit the empty bed instead. She sat up and looked around the room, widening her eyes in an attempt to see better in the dark, but didn’t see Nicole anywhere. She slid out of bed and grabbed the fleece blanket from the edge to wrap around her bare body as she headed towards the stairs.

When she got to the bottom step, she noticed Nicole in the living room wearing a tight tank top and short cotton shorts doing push-ups. She watched with attentive eyes as she carefully studied all of the muscles in Nicole’s arms flexing with each push. Her breathing began to pick up as a surge of heat rushed to her center.

“…48, 49, 50.” Nicole murmured to herself before pushing all the way up to a standing position, which was when she noticed Waverly standing at the bottom of the stairs with her mouth agape.

Nicole froze, startled by the woman’s unexpected presence, but then quickly replaced her expression with a smirk. “Like what you see?” She asked as she walked over to Waverly.

“I love what I see,” the brunette replied as she felt strong arms wrap around her skin underneath the blanket, warming her up. The women were eye level, since Waverly was standing on the bottom step and Nicole was on the floor. Waverly leaned forward and gave Nicole a chaste kiss before quickly pulling away.

“That’s all I get?” Nicole pouted.

“I have morning breath,” Waverly explained as she shyly covered her mouth with her hand.

“Not the first time,” Nicole replied with a smile before giving the brunette a longer kiss.

Waverly melted into the kiss, but quickly pulled away when the redhead’s insult had registered. “Hey!” she whined as she hit Nicole’s arm.

Nicole jumped away, defending herself as she laughed before wrapping her arms back around the brunette.

“So, why are you up so early doing push-ups?”

“I do this every morning before work. I have this whole workout routine that I do. It gets me energized for the day, and I like feeling strong before going into my shift.”

“Hm,” Waverly hummed. “Remind me set my alarm a bit earlier when I sleep over on work nights.”
The redhead chuckled and shook her head before wiping Waverly’s abdomen. “Sorry, I’m getting you all sweaty.”

“Wouldn’t be the first time,” Waverly replied smoothly, causing the officer to grin. “But I’m about to take a shower anyways. Care to join?” She asked with a suggestive smirk on her face.

“Well normally I would go for a two-mile run after my strength training workout, but how could I resist such an offer?”

She leaned in to kiss the brunette, but just before their lips touched Waverly whispered, “Race you!” And threw the blanket over Nicole before sprinting up the stairs.

The officer struggled to get the blanket off of her head, but finally got it off just in time to see a flash of Waverly’s ass as it turned the corner at the top of the stairs.

“Oh, you…” Nicole said through gritted teeth as she ran up the stairs two at a time following behind Waverly. She went into her bedroom and heard the shower water running through the slightly cracked door.

“Waves?” She called out as she gently and slowly pushed open the bathroom door, giving the brunette enough time to oppose if she wasn’t allowed to enter.

Waverly poked her head from around the shower curtain, covering herself just above her breasts. “Are you going to get in like that?”

Nicole looked down at her sweaty clothes and pushed them off before walking towards the shower with a smirk. She stepped under the hot stream behind Waverly and wrapped her arms around the smaller woman as she moved her long, brown hair to the side and began kissing her neck. Waverly hummed in reaction to the touch and smiled.

“We’re not even going to bathe first?” Waverly asked.

“Nope,” Nicole murmured into Waverly’s neck before pushing her up against the wall. The contrast of the cool tiles against the front of her body with the hot water hitting the back of her body made her shudder. A small whimper from Waverly echoed throughout the bathroom as Nicole ran her hands up the backs of Waverly’s thin legs.

“Spread ‘em,” Nicole ordered in her police voice.

Waverly instantly obeyed, spreading her legs wide as she pressed her palms against the tiles on the wall. Nicole reached between the brunette’s legs from behind and teased her entrance, eliciting a moan from the smaller woman as she instinctively pushed her ass out to give the redhead better access. Nicole dipped her finger inside Waverly’s entrance just enough to reach her first knuckle before quickly pulling it back out, repeating this process a few times as she placed passionate kisses all over Waverly’s upper back.

“Nic, I need more,” Waverly whined.

Nicole smiled before pushing her finger all the way into Waverly as far as it would go as she slowly moved her fingertip around, flicking across Waverly’s G-spot. The brunette’s knees buckled at the feeling as she pressed her fingertips harder into the wall.

“Oh shit,” she said in a breathy tone as she continued panting. It was a spot that rarely got much attention. “Yes, keep doing that. Ungh!”
Nicole continued flicking her finger as she lightly rocked her hips into Waverly’s backside, feeling the slightest bit of pleasure herself as she brought her other hand around Waverly’s front and began massaging her clit. Waverly sighed at the contact as she lightly bit her lower lip and smiled. She was in pure heaven.

After a few minutes, Waverly began pushing back into Nicole’s finger, signaling that she wanted her to move in and out. Nicole added a second digit and began thrusting her fingers. She abruptly picked up the pace in both hands in an attempt to speed up the process, desperately wanting to feel Waverly clench around her fingers. It was a feeling she often craved – watching the woman she loved coming undone under her touch. Orgasms were great and sometimes necessary, but for Nicole, her favorite part of sex was bringing Waverly to her climax.

When Waverly felt Nicole speeding up her movements, she shook her head and chuckled before bringing her hand down onto Nicole’s over her clit and slowed down her motions, showing her exactly how she wanted it. The officer followed Waverly’s guidance and naturally slowed down her other hand that was pumping in and out of Waverly as well.

“Mmm,” Waverly hummed and shook her head as she reached in between her legs to Nicole’s pumping hand and pushed it in and out of her at the quick speed it was going before. “This is fast,” she explained before taking her hand off of Nicole’s. “But this one,” she lightly squeezed the redhead’s other hand that was still on her clit and moved it around, slowly circling her hardened nub. “Is slow. Got it?”

Nicole smirked as she nipped at Waverly’s earlobe. “Got it,” she whispered. The redhead loved a challenge. It was a little bit difficult at first for her to keep one hand moving in quick thrusting motions from behind while the other hand moved in slow circles from the front, but she eventually got into a steady rhythm.

They stayed like this for a couple of minutes, Waverly panting as high-pitched moans occasionally escaped the back of her throat, until she felt herself nearing her climax. In which case, she quickly brought her hand down to her clit, pushing Nicole’s hand out of the way as she took control. Nicole moved her hand from Waverly’s clit to grab onto her hip as she thrusted harder with her hips, pushing her fingers in deeper.

“Ungh, Nicole,” Waverly moaned as her fingers moved erratically across her own clit. “God that’s good.”

“Yeah? Are you gonna come baby?” Nicole asked in a low, raspy voice against Waverly’s ear.

“Yeah baby. I’m gonna come so hard,” Waverly whimpered as she felt her muscles tighten.

“Make yourself come for me baby. I want to feel you pulsing around my fingers.”

“Oh fuck!” Waverly cried as she was hit with an intense orgasm. She pushed her hips back into Nicole, her movements on her clit dissipating as she slowly came down from her high. She let out a satisfied sigh as she grinned and turned around to face the redhead, pulling her into a delicate kiss.

“Mmm, I like shower sex,” she mumbled against the officer’s lips.

“Me too,” Nicole replied, her lips lazily moving against Waverly’s

“It’s okay that I touched myself, right? I didn’t want you to feel like you weren’t doing a good job or anything. I just knew exactly what I wanted in that moment and figured it would be better just to do it myself.”
Nicole shook her head as she gave a caring smile. “Sweetheart, you can touch yourself any time your heart desires.”

Waverly beamed at her girlfriend as she wrapped her arms around the taller woman in a tight hug. It wasn’t anything sexual, but rather an action filled with strong emotions of unconditional love and the assurance that everything was going to be okay, no matter what happened in other parts of their lives. Waverly sniffled as tears fell down her cheeks.

“Hey,” Nicole cooed as she pulled back and wiped the tears from Waverly’s face. “What’s wrong?”

The brunette shook her head as she gave a reassuring smile. “No, no it’s nothing bad. I just really love you and I got a little overwhelmed for a minute.” She punctuated her statement with another sniffle.

The redhead smiled down at her girlfriend as she cupped her face, the brunette’s tears flowing down to her hands. “Waverly, my love, you are far too good for this world. I fall in love with you more and more with each passing second.” She leaned down and gave a slow, tender kiss before pulling back to gaze sweetly into soft eyes.

“Sorry, I’m standing here blubbering after you gave me this incredible orgasm and you haven’t even had yours yet.”

Nicole shook her head. “No, no that was incredible. Trust me, it was just as amazing for me too.” She brought Waverly’s hand up to her lips and kissed the pads of her fingers, taking in the smell of the girl’s arousal that lingered on them for a moment before dropping it back down between their wet bodies. “And I love when you give me orgasms, but if we don’t actually shower you won’t make it to work on time. I have a feeling we’ve already been in here too long.’

“Oh, right.” Waverly grabbed the shampoo bottle and quickly massaged it in her hair while Nicole rubbed a soapy loofah all over her body. When Waverly had finished shampooing and conditioning her hair, she took the loofah from Nicole and scrubbed the woman’s back. Then Nicole did the same to Waverly before washing her own hair as Waverly cleaned the rest of her body.

“Do you shave?” Nicole asked randomly as Waverly finished scrubbing herself.

“Huh?” Waverly replied, confused. “You mean like, my legs?”

“No, like between your legs. Do you shave there?” Nicole asked. She had noticed that Waverly didn’t have any hair down there and had been meaning to ask for a while, but never found the right time.

“Oh, uh no. I wax it,” the brunette replied shyly.

“How come?” Nicole asked curiously.

“I don’t know. I guess to keep it smooth?” She giggled, feeling slightly awkward.

“You don’t have to, you know. I figured before you were probably encouraged to keep it hair-free down there, but you don’t have to do that with me. Of course, if you want to keep waxing, that’s perfectly fine. I just want to make sure you’re doing it for you, and that you know that it’s not mandatory. I think you’re sexy either way.” Her left dimple appeared as she gave a half smile.

Waverly lightly began massaging Nicole’s lower back. “Honesty, I’ve been doing it since I started high school, so it’s just become a habit. You know, with cheerleading the girls always made a big deal about it with our short uniforms. But I’ll keep that in mind if I ever get tired of it.” She smiled as
she wrapped her arms completely around Nicole’s waist. “Thank you.”

“No problem,” Nicole replied. “Um, I keep mine trimmed a bit because I don’t like when they get too long, but is there anything specific you want me to do? Like, do you want it smooth at all or trimmed down even more?”

“No way!” Waverly quickly replied as she shook her head. “I like it,” she smiled as she brought her hand down to Nicole’s red curls and combed her fingers through them. “They’re beautiful the way they are. And completely you.”

“Just checking.” Nicole smiled, trying her best not to get too aroused by Waverly’s touch.

After a couple more minutes of enjoying the hot water, the couple stepped out of the shower and dried themselves off before getting ready for work. Waverly threw on a pair of short black waist-high denim shorts and a fitted long-sleeved shirt that she tucked in before heading back to the bathroom to put on some light makeup. When she walked back out into the bedroom, she saw Nicole standing there in her uniform, checking everything in her utility belt that was laying out on the bed. Waverly watched with careful eyes as butterflies filled her stomach.

“You okay?” Nicole asked, concerned by the brunette’s silence.

“Have I told you how sexy you look in that uniform?”

The officer chuckled. “Once or twice.” She turned her attention back to the belt.

“Well, it’s really sexy.” Waverly strutted over to Nicole, swaying her hips in the process before reaching down to unbutton the redhead’s slacks.

“What are you doing?” Nicole giggled, but only got a kiss in response.

“Shh, relax. I’ll be quick,” The brunette smirked as she lowered the woman’s slacks and black boyshorts just enough to reveal her slightly-wet center.

Waverly dropped to her knees and reached out a pointed tongue as she licked through damp folds.

“Oh!” Nicole moaned as she instinctively brought her right hand down to the back of Waverly’s head and threaded her fingers through her light brown locks. She dropped her head back in ecstasy, letting pleasure take over her body as she began thrusting her hips into her girlfriend. Her left hand stayed down by her side. She felt Waverly grab onto her ass, pulling her into the girl’s face. Nicole opened her eyes and looked down at Waverly before catching sight of her reflection in the mirror that rested against the wall. She was eventually going to hang that mirror up horizontally in the downstairs hallway, but thanked the heavens that she had procrastinated doing that job, because right now she was watching the back of Waverly’s head bob back and forth between her legs as the rest of her body was completely covered in her police uniform. The whole thing kind of looked like Waverly was giving her a blowjob. She spread her legs a little wider and bent her knees as she pushed her pelvis out before bringing her left hand next to her right on Waverly’s head. She jerked her hips faster and pushed on Waverly harder as she watched herself fucking the brunette’s mouth. It wasn’t long before she felt the heat taking over her body as she reached her climax, letting out a low grunt in response to the pleasure coursing through her.

Waverly smiled against the red curls as she felt Nicole’s muscles relax. She lapped up every drop of arousal, cleaning up the mess before wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. She pulled the officer’s pants back up, standing up in the process, and buttoned them back. She then tucked her shirt in and smoothed out the wrinkles.
“Officer,” Waverly winked.

Nicole stared at her with her mouth wide open. “God, what was that?”

“You tell me!” Waverly exclaimed. “I feel like you went somewhere you’ve never gone before.”

Nicole shrugged, knowing exactly where her mind had gone but not wanting to tell Waverly out of embarrassment. “I guess it was just a new position for me.”

“Nobody’s ever gone down on you like that?”

“Not standing up, and definitely not while in uniform.”

“Huh. Well we’ll have to do that more often then,” the brunette replied as a devilish grin spread across her face.

“Um, yes please.”

Waverly chuckled at her eagerness. “Well, I better get going to work. Don’t want to be late for any customers that might want to come in for some coffee.” She wrapped her arms around Nicole’s shoulders and gave her a quick kiss on the lips. “Are you coming in this morning?”

“Yep,” Nicole replied as she wrapped her own arms around Waverly’s small waist.

“Same time?”

“Always.”

“Okay. Well I’ll see you in an hour then, sexy.”

“See you in an hour, sexier.”

They kissed again, this time more passionately, before Waverly left for work and Nicole went back to triple checking her utility belt.

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“How was your weekend?” Dolls asked as he sat on Nicole’s desk.

“Oh, um it was good,” she smiled.

“Anything interesting happen?”

“Nope. Nothing important.” She straightened out some folders before looking back at Dolls, who was glaring at her. “What?”

“Haught, don’t play me like that. I want to hear all about it!”

Nicole furrowed her brow. “Um, hear all about what?” She was wondering if he could somehow tell. Like maybe she had some sort of post-orgasm glow or something…or, post-orgasms glow, because she had way more than one.

“About your dinner date with Waverly!” Dolls replied excitedly. “I mean, I know it wasn’t the first date, but you seemed pretty excited about it when she came into the station Friday.”

“Oh, right. The dinner. Yeah, it was good! She’s an amazing cook. It was a perfect date.” She
smiled.

“Well I’m happy to hear that,” he said supportively. He looked at the redhead and noticed her shoulders were practically raised up into her ears. “You can relax. I’m not going to ask you about the sex,” he laughed as he shook his head.

“Wha– what makes you think we had sex?” Nicole asked accusingly as she crossed her arms.

“You’re glowing,” Dolls smirked before hitting her on the shoulder with the papers he had in his hand and leaving towards his desk.

Nicole bit her lip, trying her best to hide her smile as she shook her head. She wasn’t embarrassed about it or anything, but she hated when people were able to read her like an open book. Even if that person was her partner, whom she trusted with her life. But even Dolls knowing that she had spent the weekend having incredible, earth-shattering sex didn’t bring her down. Because…well, because she had spent the weekend having incredible, earth-shattering sex.

As she ruffled through some papers, she heard her phone vibrate on her desk. When she looked down, she saw it was a message from Waverly. She grinned as she picked up her phone and opened the message. She was expecting a text that said something about missing her, or maybe some sort of sexual teasing at most, but she didn’t expect to see a picture of Waverly’s bare chest and short shorts in the small employee bathroom of the coffee shop. Nicole accidentally dropped her phone onto her desk as her eyes widened in shock.

“You alright over there?” Dolls called out.

“Oh, uh yeah, sorry. This thing is slippery,” Nicole fumbled as she quickly picked the phone back up and began typing.

Nicole: Waverly Earp!!!

Waverly: I showed you mine, now you show me yours ;)

Nicole looked around the room to make sure nobody was paying any attention to her. She noticed Dolls with his head buried in paperwork, Nedley in his office with the door and blinds shut – like always – and Lonnie asleep at the front desk…also like always. She slipped out of her chair and hastily made her way to the bathroom. She locked herself in a stall before taking off her top and bra, exposing herself to the camera and snapping a picture to send.

Nicole: This is all you get.

Waverly: That’s fine, because it’s all I need :) Those boobs are mine!

Nicole shook her head before typing out her response.

Nicole: Only on weekends ;)

She shoved her phone back into her pocket before putting her bra and shirt back on. She walked out of the stall and made her way back to her desk.

“You forgot to tuck your shirt back in,” Dolls stated without looking up from his paper as he walked past Nicole, making his way from the break room to his desk.

“What? I wasn’t sexting!” She quickly replied.
Dolls froze midstride and looked up as he slowly turned on his heels. “I just assumed you went to pee and forgot to tuck your shirt back in. But you just made my day,” he grinned.

Nicole buried her face in her hands as she cursed herself for being so jumpy. She was a cop for god’s sake. She wasn’t supposed to be this skittish person who spilled their secrets the second anyone suspected anything, but that was the kind of effect Waverly had on the woman.

“Can we please never speak of this,” she mumbled with her face still buried in her hands.

“Fine. But I’m keeping it as blackmail for when I need it,” he smirked before walking to his desk.

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“Hey cutie,” Nicole said giddily as she walked into the coffee shop.

“Hey,” Waverly smiled, noticing Nicole’s line of sight was a bit lower than her face. “Uh, my eyes are up here?” She chuckled as she gestured up to her face.

Nicole shook her head, not even realizing that she was straight up staring at Waverly’s chest.

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay. You can look at them all you want...when I’m not working,” the brunette winked. “So, to what do I owe this pleasure?”

“Have you eaten lunch yet?” Nicole asked, smiling as she bore her weight onto her arms over the counter.

“Not yet, but I was just about to. Darren just left for his lunch break and I was going to finish stacking these cups before heading out. Why do you ask?”

“I brought you your favorite sandwich from that mom and pop shop that you love so much,” Nicole grinned.

“You mean Mom and Pop’s?” Waverly asked with raised eyebrows, trying to stifle her laughter.

“Yeah, that one.”

“That’s so sweet! I literally have the most thoughtful girlfriend.”

“Well, you know,” Nicole blushed as she looked down at her shined shoes. “I figured we could eat in my car. That way you can be close by and have more time to eat.”

“I’m in! Let me just finish up here and I’ll come find you.”

“You sure? I can wait for you if you want.”

“No, you go ahead and get comfortable. Your police cruiser shouldn’t be too hard to find,” the brunette teased.

“Okay, fair enough. But don’t be too long!”

“I won’t, promise.” Waverly grinned as she watched Nicole walk out the door. She quickly finished her task before waltzing out of the shop, locking it up, and getting into the passenger’s seat of the squad car.

They ate their sandwiches and talked about their day and other random things for about 20 minutes...
before they fell into a comfortable silence, just genuinely enjoying each other’s company.

“So, do you want to go on a real date with me tonight?” Nicole asked.

“You mean, this isn’t a real date?” Waverly pouted.

“You know what I mean,” the redhead rolled her eyes.

“I do. But I can’t. I promised Wynona we’d have some sister time tonight since I’ve been a little MIA all weekend,” Waverly smirked.

“Ah, okay. No problem then,” Nicole replied, attempting to hide her disappointment. She had never been the type to get attached to people, but Waverly was quickly changing that.

“But tomorrow night, I’m free,” the brunette grinned.

“Okay, then it’s a date,” Nicole smiled, trying her best not to sound too eager.

They fell back into silence as Waverly worked up the courage to bring up the conversation she had been wanting to since last night.

“Hey, Nicole…can I ask you something?” Waverly finally said nervously.

“Baby, I think you’ve done worse things to me,” Nicole chuckled. “But sure, go ahead.”

“Right. Um, well I was wondering if you’ve ever used – well, if you’ve ever…with someone else…used a…a…” she gestured by waving her hands around her crotch. She wasn’t sure why she was so nervous to talk about it. She was able to talk about it with Wynonna the night before...but then again, she had also been in the thrall of passion thinking about Nicole all day. And also, Wynonna was the one who brought it up last time.

Nicole looked down at the stuttering woman’s hands, smiling at how cute she was. It was amazing how one minute Waverly could be so brazen and daring, and the next so shy and timid. She loved it.

“You mean a strap-on?” Nicole asked, not wanting her girlfriend to have to struggle any longer.

“Yes, exactly.” Waverly fidgeted with her hands.

“I haven’t.”

“Oh.” Waverly said softly as she built up the courage to ask her next question. “Um, would you like to try it?”

The officer sighed as she relaxed her head back against the headrest. “I mean, I don’t know. I’ve never really thought much about it. I guess it’s never really been a thing I felt like I needed, you know? Plus, it all just seems very heteronormative. Like I need something penis-shaped inside of me for it to be considered real sex.” She snorted as she thought back to all of those guys who made fun of her in high school for being a lesbian. She looked over at Waverly, who was nodding and looking down at the floor in obvious disappointment. Then she realized what Waverly was actually asking.

“Oh. Oh, Waves. I thought you were asking me personally, like just out of curiosity. I didn’t realize–”

“No, it’s okay,” Waverly replied with a weak smile. “I don’t want you to do something you don’t want to do, and clearly this is something you don’t want to do.”

“Do you want to?”
“It doesn’t matter,” she said with a weak smile.

“Of course it matters. We should be able to communicate with each other the things we want. And I want to know what you’re thinking.”

“Well, yesterday Wynonna brought it up, and it got me thinking about it. I think it is something I would like to try, but of course not if you’re not into it.”

The redhead nodded as a feeling of insecurity began to take over. “Um, is it because you miss it?”

“Miss what?” Waverly asked with a raised eyebrow.

“You know…sex with a man? I mean, I just want to make sure you’re getting everything you need, and if you’re saying that’s what you need to be happy, then I would totally do that for you.”

Waverly felt her gut wrench in guilt. “Nicole! Hey, you listen to me…you are perfect. Everything you’re doing is perfect. I don’t miss anything, especially not with Champ. You’re better than him, like a million trillion times better.”

Nicole couldn’t help but grin. Waverly always knew the right things to say to boost her ego.

“And you’re definitely enough for me. In fact, you’re more than enough. I love you so much…which is why I want to try everything with you. The truth is, I never really liked…you know, it, but I think it would be different with you. With it on your body.” She gently placed her right hand on the officer’s thigh and continued in a low, sultry voice, “And honestly, I think it would be really sexy to have you making love to me as you look into my eyes, your hands free to touch me anywhere you want, my hands digging into your back as you rock into me with your cock buried deep inside me.”

Nicole’s breath hitched. She felt her arousal begin to take over…and she really felt it when Waverly dragged her hand up to her center to cup her crotch, causing the redhead to inhale sharply.

“But, if you don’t want to, I understand,” Waverly said shortly as she retracted her hand.

Nicole sat there, unable to speak. It was true that she never really wanted to before, but that was before – before Waverly just painted her a picture that changed the entire game. She never really thought much about having someone fuck her with a strap-on, but thinking about fucking Waverly with one? Now that was a fantasy Nicole had just moved to the top of her list. Before she could will herself to speak, Waverly was already getting her stuff together.

“Well, thanks for the sandwich, Officer Haught. I’ve got to get back to work, but I’ll call you later.” She smiled as she gave Nicole a quick peck on the cheek before stepping out of the car and shutting the door.

Nicole sat there as she watched Waverly walk into the coffee shop, facial expression still mimicking that of a deer in headlights.

“Fucking hell,” she finally said before starting the car and driving away.

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Waverly walked through the front door of the homestead and sighed in happiness, finally glad to be home after standing on her feet all day. She loved being with Nicole, but there was nothing like coming home after a long day of work.

“Wynonna?” She called as she set her purse down on the couch.
“I’m in the bathroom,” Wynonna called out wearily. Waverly plopped down on the couch next to her purse.

“Okay, so remember when we were talking last night about using a strap-on? Well, I asked Nicole about it. She acted kind of weird, like she wasn’t really into the idea. I don’t know, I just don’t want her to think that she’s not good enough in bed, because she is. But ever since you brought it up I can’t stop thinking about it and how hot it would be.” She got up and walked over to the bathroom door and sighed. “I don’t know. I just don’t want her to feel uncomfortable. But I also want to at least try everything with her, you know? Especially a big thing like this. Do you think it’s too much of me to ask for that from her?”

She waited for her sister to respond, but nothing. Waverly knocked on the door. “Wynonna, are you okay in there?”

The older Earp swung the door open, revealing a pale face as she held a beer bottle in her hand.

“What’s wrong? And why are you drinking beer in the bathroom?” Waverly asked, her face showing a mix of concern and confusion.

“For support. Waverly, I can’t be a mom.”

“Oh, nobody said you had to silly,” Waverly chuckled. Then she noticed a couple of used pregnancy tests laying on the counter. Her eyes widened as she saw that they all said positive. “Wait, are you…” She looked down at Wynonna’s stomach.

“I’m so screwed,” Wynonna said shakily as she brought the beer up to her mouth, but before she could take a sip, Waverly grabbed it from her.

“Okay, no. No more alcohol until we figure this out.” She sat the bottle down on the counter.

“See, I can’t do that! I’m not mature enough to give up drinking for this… for a baby. Waverly, there’s a tiny human growing inside of me.” She grabbed the sides of her head with her hands as she paced around the bathroom.

“Does Doc know? Is that what your fight last night was about?”

“No, he doesn’t know. And our fight was about him not calling me pretty enough in bed. Apparently I was being hormonal,” she rolled her eyes at herself as she went to take another sip of beer.

“Hey, no,” Waverly said as she grabbed the drink away from her again and poured it down the sink.

“See! I already forgot! How am I going to do this Waverly? How am I going to be a mom?” The older Earp was on the verge of tears.

“Okay, it’s okay. Everything’s going to be fine, alright?” Waverly said soothingly as she rubbed her sister’s arms. “You have a few options here, and whatever happens, I’m here for you.”

“Waverly, I can’t do this,” Wynonna replied as tears began to roll down her face – something Waverly had only ever seen a handful of times in her entire life.

“Hey,” the younger Earp cooed. “Can’t do what exactly?”

“Any of it! I can’t have this baby, because I can’t be a mother who hasn’t even gotten her own shit together yet, and I can’t live my life knowing that I gave up my child because I was too selfish to take care of it. But I can’t not have this baby, because it’s my baby. I don’t think I could ever…” She
shook her head. “There are no good options here. The only good option is to not be pregnant at all, and that’s not possible.” She sunk down onto the floor in front of the sink and dropped her head back into the cabinet as Waverly followed her down and sat next to her, weaving her arm through her older sister’s in support.

“How did this happen?”

“It happened because the universe hates me.”

“Okay, but I mean, how did it happen? Did you forget to take your pill?”

“No, Waverly. I always take it on time. I make sure of it so that things like this don’t happen. But they happen to me anyways, because I’m fucking Wynonna Earp. Everything bad always happens to me, and I never have a choice. It doesn’t matter if I’ve been taking birth control since I was thirteen, or if on my graduation day Daddy and Willa get killed by some idiot who can’t drive for shit, or if on my 27th birthday Uncle Curtis has a heart attack. None of it matters, because the universe is in control of my life.”

Waverly looked at her sympathetically as she gently stroked her hair. She knew that there was nothing she could say that would make it better. “Have you made a doctor’s appointment yet?”

“No. As soon as I realized I was late I bought a couple of take-home tests. Spoiler alert – they both agreed that I was screwed.”

Waverly nodded. “I can make the appointment for you. And we can get a blood test done to make sure you’re really pregnant.”

“I am really pregnant, Waverly. You think I don’t know my own body?” Wynonna snapped as she began to cry even harder.

“Oh, trust me, I’m sure you’re pregnant too,” she snipped in response to her older sister’s sensitivity, which was completely out of character for the badass woman. She looked at Wynonna, who was glaring back at her. “Sorry, that was insensitive of me.”

“Yeah, dick move making the pregnant woman feel bad,” Wynonna sniffled.

“What I mean is, we should get you checked out and make sure everything is okay. And then we can go from there, okay? Wynonna, no matter what happens, I’m here for you. Okay? I promise. You’re not alone.” She said as she wiped the tears from her older sister’s cheeks with a curved index finger.

“You could say that again,” Wynonna replied as she looked down at her stomach and rubbed it gently with her hand.
Chapter Summary

Waverly and Nicole go on another date and go "shopping".

“Hey,” the officer said, her dimples gracing her features.

“Hey,” Waverly smiled as she pulled her girlfriend into a slow and passionate kiss. When they parted, they were both speechless. How was it possible to fall even more in love with someone with each kiss?

“So, are you ready to go?” Nicole asked from her spot on the porch.

“Don’t you want to come inside first?” Waverly asked as she pointed behind her with her thumb.

“And have to make small talk with Wynonna? Yeah, no thanks.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “She’s not that bad. Besides, I really want you two to get along.”

“We get along just fine.”

“You know what I mean. I want you to be friends. Two people who can go out to eat food and talk about…” Waverly paused as she struggled to come up with one topic they had in common. The usual ones – work, relationships, hobbies – were not things they had in common at all. “Well, you can talk about your food.”

Nicole chuckled. “Okay, if it’s that important to you, I’ll try.”

“Thank you.” Waverly grinned as she led Nicole into the house and to the living room, where Wynonna was sitting. “Hey, look who’s here!”

“Hey.” Nicole waved as she gave an awkward side smile.

Wynonna looked up from her laptop. Oh, hey there…fire-crotch.” The older Earp winked before looking back down to the screen.

Waverly’s eyes widened as she looked over at Nicole, who was clenching her jaw and slightly shaking her head. The officer gave Waverly an annoyed look, but Waverly just nodded back at her, encouraging her to try.

Nicole sighed and turned back to Wynonna. “Ha, good one. So completely original and doesn’t at all remind me of being bullied as a child,” she replied with the worst fake laugh she’d ever given before clearing her throat. “So, um, I was wondering…erm, would you like to go out for drinks some time?” She bit her tongue.

Wynonna looked up at her with a raised eyebrow. “Uh, are you hitting on me in front of my baby sister, who also happens to be the woman you’re shtupping?”

“Ew, no,” Nicole said with a look of disgust on her face. “I just mean to get to know each other. You
know, like...well, like...friends.” She nearly choked out that last word.

Wynonna slowly nodded in fear before looking over at Waverly. “Did you put her up to this?” She asked in a loud whisper, as if Nicole couldn’t hear her. The redhead rolled her eyes.

Waverly looked between her sister and her girlfriend and saw that this wasn’t going to happen without her help. “Okay, look, you’re both more similar than you think. You’re pretty close in age, you’re both super bossy—”

“Hey!” Wynonna and Nicole said in unison, both offended by the last statement.

“And you both care about me. I would say you’re both a little over-protective, but I don’t want to offend you again, so I’ll refrain from saying it. But the point is, you’re my sister, and you’re my girlfriend. Can’t you guys just try to be friends? For me? I mean, I’m friends with Doc.”

Wynonna rolled her eyes. Partially because that was her natural reaction whenever hearing Doc’s name ever since she found out he got her pregnant, but also because she knew that Waverly was right. After all of the things she’d put her younger sister through, and all of the things her younger sister had done for her despite all of it, the least she could do was get to know the only person Waverly had ever truly loved.

“Okay, you’re right. Haught, you free tomorrow night?”

“I am.”

“My shift ends at eight so why don’t you come over to Shorty’s when I get off and I’ll buy you a beer and we can play a round of pool.”

“Sounds good to me.”

“Or would you rather have a club soda?” Wynonna asked seriously.

“Beer sounds good. I’ll probably need it tomorrow to get through the night,” Nicole teased.

Wynonna picked up on the tone and gave a light chuckle as she shook hands with Nicole. But before she could pull her hand away, Nicole squeezed it and yanked Wynonna closer to her face.

“And Earp, don’t ever call me fire-crotch again,” Nicole stated calmly as she glared into Wynonna’s eyes.

Any normal person would take that as a threat, but Wynonna took it as the woman showing off her boldness and subtly asserting that she wasn’t the type of person to take any shit from anyone, which Wynonna appreciated – especially as a person who was dating Waverly. It gave the older sister a sense of security that her baby sister was being taken care of.

Wynonna nodded as she gave the slightest smile to Nicole before releasing each other’s hands. Waverly looked back and forth, unsure of what had just happened, but was thankful that the two most important people in her life were trying to get along for her.

“You ready to go baby?” Nicole asked as she wrapped her arm around Waverly’s waist and gave her a quick kiss on the lips.

Wynonna fake gagged. “Ugh, please leave. Your PDA is making me sick.”

“Oh, just wait until later when we’re PDA-ing all over the back seat of the car,” Nicole said with a
smirk, purposely trying to get a rise out of the older Earp.

Wynonna’s eyes widened and she quickly covered her mouth with her hand as her cheeks puffed up. “Oh god. I really am going to be sick.” She threw her laptop aside and ran to the nearest toilet.

Nicole watched her with concern as the woman locked herself in the bathroom. “Is she okay? I was only joking.”

“Yeah, she’s fine. She just ate a bad burrito earlier. She’s been feeling a little icky all day,” Waverly said, trying her best to make it sound believable, since she knew Wynonna wouldn’t want anyone to know that she’s pregnant.

“Do you want to stay here and take care of her? We can reschedule. I don’t mind, really.” Nicole asked, genuinely worrying about the older Earp.

“No, no she’ll be fine. I think she’d rather have the house to herself anyways,” Waverly smiled. “But that’s very sweet of you. You never cease to amaze me.” She embraced the taller woman in a warm hug.

“Well, we better get going. It’s starting to get late and we have places to be,” Nicole said sweetly as she held out her hand for Waverly to hold.

“Where are we going?” Waverly asked excitedly as she entwined her fingers with soft ones.

“It’s a surprise,” Nicole replied. “But, um, do you mind if we take your car though? I’d rather not show up in the police cruiser.”

“Yeah, sure.” Waverly released their hands and grabbed her car keys from the hook as they walked out the door.

“Do you want to drive?” Nicole asked.

“Well, since it’s your surprise, I think you should be the one to drive.” Waverly handed her the keys.

“Okay,” Nicole smiled as she took Waverly’s hand again and led her to the car.

After about 20 minutes of driving, Nicole pulled up to a building with flashing colored lights inside and families walking in and out.

“An arcade?” Waverly asked as she looked around, surveying her surroundings.

“Not just an arcade. They also have laser tag and neon bowling,” Nicole grinned.

“Oh my god, seriously?! This is actually where you’re taking me for our date?” Waverly asked excitedly.

Nicole nodded brightly.

“So this is why you told me to wear my stretchy jeans, you sneaky fox,” Waverly stated giddily as she traced her fingers up the buttons of Nicole’s blue shirt.

“I wanted to make sure you were comfortable. Plus, you look sexy as hell in those jeans.”

“Well, you look even sexier in yours,” Waverly said as she leaned over to kiss Nicole, gently brushing her hand along the woman’s thigh.
Nicole lightly jerked her hips at the touch. “Waves, you know you can’t touch me like that,” she whined.

“Why not? I thought you were mine to touch,” the brunette said seductively as she slowly brought her hand up higher, but Nicole stopped it before it could get too much further.

“I am. But it’s already 8:30 and this place will be closing soon. But we’ll definitely have some time later tonight to touch each other,” Nicole smiled.

“Okay, fine,” Waverly pouted.

“Come on, I want to beat you at air hockey,” the redhead stated before quickly getting out of the car and rushing towards the door.

“Hey, no fair! Wait for me!” Waverly yelled as she ran to catch up with her girlfriend, who was already walking through the entrance of the arcade.

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“Looks like I’m winning 26 to 10,” Waverly gloated with a big grin on her face and a giant bucket of tickets in her hand.

“Yeah, well I’m just having an off night,” Nicole replied.

Waverly shook her head. She loved how cute competitive Nicole was. “I can’t believe we’ve already been here for over an hour.”

“Really?” Nicole looked at her watch. “Huh. I didn’t even notice.”

“I’m having so much fun. Thank you so much for bringing me here. I actually haven’t been to an arcade since—” Her face dropped. “Well, Daddy used to take us when we were kids. I guess I kind of just stopped wanting to go.”

“Oh. Waverly, I’m sorry. I had no idea. I should’ve asked you before just bringing you here.” She silently cursed herself for bringing up bad memories for her girlfriend.

Waverly shook her head and smiled. “No, I love it. I love you. Thank you.” She gently entwined her fingers with Nicole’s, who was blushing as she looked lovingly into Waverly’s eyes.

“Excuse me,” an older man with salt and pepper hair said, interrupting the moment. “Can you not do that here? This is a family place, and my wife and I are trying to have a good time with our kids.”

Waverly was taken aback, and Nicole quickly released her hand. “Do what?” Waverly asked, genuinely curious as to what they had done to offend the man.

“You know,” the man gestured by waving his hands around at them. “All that gay stuff.”

“Sir, we were just holding hands. Something your wife is doing with your daughters right now,” Nicole pointed out. The man looked behind him at his wife, who was in fact holding both of his daughters’ hands as they watched the scene play out.

“Yeah, well that’s different. Look, you can be gay if you want, just don’t do it here with all of these kids around. Okay?”

Nicole rolled her eyes and Waverly smiled at the man. “We’re very sorry about that, we didn’t realize we were disrupting your family outing. We’ll be sure to stay at a respectable distance from
“Thank you,” the man sighed in relief.

Just as he turned around to go back to his family, Waverly dropped her bucket of tickets on the ground and grabbed Nicole by the collar of her shirt before planting her mouth forcefully against the redhead’s. Their lips glided together messily as small moans escaped from her mouth into Nicole’s. Nicole stood there and gave into the unexpected kiss. Her head was spinning as she fell under the spell of the brunette.

The man scoffed as he stormed away, grabbing his family in the process and heading straight for the counter.

About three seconds later, Nicole realized what was happening and where she was. She brought her hands up to Waverly’s biceps and pushed her off, their lips releasing with a loud pop.

“Waves,” she said breathily, recovering from that incredible kiss. “What are you doing?”

“Kissing my girlfriend,” she replied angrily. “That guy was being an asshole.”

“You can’t do that. Not in public,” Nicole hissed.

“Why not?” She placed her hands on her hips, waiting for a good answer.

“Because, it’s inappropriate. Holding hands is fine, but we can’t just go around making out with each other, especially not in a place like this. A sleazy bar, maybe, but not here.”

“You sound just like that guy,” Waverly accused. “What, we’re not allowed to show affection because we’re gay?”

“No.” Nicole pinched the bridge of her nose as she sighed. “We can’t show inappropriate affection because I’m a police officer. And even though I’m off duty, I’m still an officer, and I have to set a good example. It would be the same way if I were a guy.”

“If you were a guy we would be holding hands right now and nobody would be giving us shit for it. It’s not fair! I used to be able to hold hands and kiss in public like everyone else and nobody ever said anything to me, but now that I’m with you I’m suddenly not allowed?! This is bullshit!”

Nicole raised her eyebrows and took a step back as she looked around the room, noticing that everyone was staring at them. She grabbed Waverly’s hand and pulled her to the hallway where the bathrooms were so that they were no longer visible before dropping her hand.

“Well, I’m sorry to be an inconvenience to you,” she quavered, the hurt apparent in her voice.

Waverly shook her head as a pang of guilt washed over her. “No, Nicole,” she reached out and tenderly grabbed the woman’s hands. “That’s not what I meant. I just meant that every time I had a boyfriend they would kiss me, no matter where we were. Nobody ever stopped us. But now that I’m finally with someone I actually like and want to kiss, people are making a big deal about it. I mean, we were just holding hands for god’s sake. And only for two seconds! And it was enough to piss that guy off.”

“I know. It’s not fair, you’re right. But we can’t just start making out in the middle of the room out of spite. We have to fight our battles carefully, because sometimes, even though we’re in the right, people take their side. It’s just how it is.”
“Well it’s stupid.”

“I agree. But we have to be smart about it. And no more shoving your tongue down my throat in public, okay?” Nicole said with a knowing look.

“What about at Shorty’s?” Waverly teased.

“Okay, fine. But only Shorty’s. And not when I’m in uniform,” Nicole warned sternly.

“Yes officer,” Waverly smiled as she gave her girlfriend a quick peck on the cheek.

Nicole relished the moment, but then quickly pulled back and looked at Waverly with a furrowed brow. “Wait, how many boyfriends have you had?”

“There they are!” The man from earlier pointed with a firm finger, cutting off their conversation. “See, they’re still at it!”

The manager looked at Nicole and Waverly with an apologetic face. Nicole could tell that the angry man was probably pestering him about getting them to leave, and he was probably nearing the end of his shift and just wanted to get through it without any problems. She could also tell that he wasn’t a very assertive person either.

Nicole gave him a polite smile and nodded in understanding. “It’s okay, we were just leaving anyways,” she said kindly as she took Waverly’s hand, causing the brunette to grin at the older man, who just rolled his eyes.

The manager gave them a weak smile. As Nicole walked past him, he handed her a $15 gift card. “I’m sorry for your trouble. Please come back again soon,” he smiled.

“Thank you. We will.” Nicole smiled at the kind gesture.

“Are you serious? You’re apologizing to them? They should be apologizing to us for ruining our family night!”

“Sir, if you want to leave, you are more than welcome to do so,” the manager said before walking back to the front.

The man grumbled as he walked back over to his family, and Waverly and Nicole waved at him sarcastically before walking in the opposite direction towards the exit.

“Okay, despite that guy being a complete jerk, I had a really fun time,” Waverly said as she got in the passenger’s seat next to Nicole.

“I did too, love.” The redhead leaned over and gave Waverly a quick peck on the lips, but Waverly could feel that she was trembling a little bit.

“What’s it?” Waverly asked, intrigued.

“Are you okay? You seem nervous about something. Are you embarrassed about what happened back there?” Waverly asked as she placed her hand on the back of Nicole’s head and ran her fingers through her red waves.

Nicole shook her head. “No, it’s not that. I uh…I have another surprise for you,” she said as she exhaled deeply.

“What is it?” Waverly asked, intrigued.

“You remember our conversation from yesterday? About the strap-on?”
“Mhm,” Waverly nodded hesitantly. She was still unsure of how Nicole felt about the whole thing.

“Well, we’re going to buy one.”

The brunette widened her eyes. “Right now?”

“Well. There’s an adult store about an hour from here in the city.” She smiled at Waverly, who looked hesitant. “But only if you want to!”

“No, no I do. I’ve just never been to a place like that before.”

“Me neither. But we’ll have each other,” Nicole reassured as she took Waverly’s hand and kissed her knuckles.

“Well then, how could I possibly say no?” The brunette grinned.

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Nicole pulled up to the store and parked the Jeep around the back, not wanting the employees to know that they were there in case they ended up backing out.

“So, here we are,” Nicole said as she turned off the car.

“Yes. Here we are,” Waverly replied, breathing shakily.

“Hey,” Nicole reached over to Waverly’s lap and grabbed her hand. “We really don’t have to do this if you’re not ready.”

“I am. I really want this, trust me.”

“Well, we can always order it online if we don’t want to go in the store.”

“You already drove us all the way out here. Plus, it’s better if we see them in person so that we know what we want, since neither of us have much knowledge about what to get.”

Nicole nodded in agreement.

“I’ll be fine. I just need a minute.”

The couple waited in the car for a few more minutes in silence until they decided that they were ready to walk in. They nervously stepped out of the car and walked towards the entrance. Normally Nicole would hold the door open for Waverly, but she knew the brunette would want her to lead, so she went in first. They were pleased to find that the only other person in there was the cashier.

“Hello! Welcome, how may I help you?” The cashier greeted as she walked up to Nicole and Waverly. She had long, dark brown hair and caramel skin.

Nicole looked over at Waverly and saw her open her mouth to speak, but quickly closed it. The brunette then looked down at the floor and rubbed her arm nervously. Nicole reached out and grabbed Waverly’s hand, giving it a light squeeze. The brunette looked up at the officer’s warm smile and visibly relaxed all of her muscles.

“Um, we’re here to buy a strap-on,” Nicole said as she looked up at the woman. “And it’s our first time purchasing something like this, so we’re a little nervous.”

“No need to be nervous here! We specialize in items that will fulfill your sexual needs and desires.
I’m here to help you both find exactly what you’re looking for.” She smiled brightly.

“Perfect,” Nicole smiled back, showing off her dimples.

“So, you said you’re looking for a strap-on?”

Nicole nodded, a forced smile still spread across her face.

“Anything specific?”

Nicole looked at Waverly, who just looked back at her with questioning eyes. “I don’t think so. Just whatever is good for beginners.”

“Got it.” The woman smiled. “You can follow me.” She led the pair over to a shelf full of boxes of dildos. “These are our most popular selections. They come in a variety of different skin tones, and they have balls for a more practical feel.” She pulled one of the boxes off of the shelf and opened it to take the dildo out. “Would you like to touch it?” She asked as she held the item out to Waverly.

“Huh? Oh, um, sure,” she replied, hesitantly reaching her fingers out. She carefully rubbed down the shaft along the veins. “Wow, that’s um, pretty spot on,” Waverly quavered as she pulled her hand back, eyeing the dildo cautiously as if it were a demon.

Nicole took note of Waverly’s reaction to the item. “I think we’re looking for something a little less, um, realistic.”

Waverly smiled up at Nicole, thankful that she was there to say all of the things she was thinking for her. Nicole smiled back and gave a subtle wink – but not too subtle to where it went unnoticed by Waverly. She knew Waverly was grateful.

“Okay, no problem.” The cashier placed the dildo back into the box and onto the shelf where it was before. “Over here we have some different colored ones.” She led them over to the shelves against the wall on the opposite side with a more colorful selection. “We have pink, purple, blue, red, green, rainbow…” she looked through the boxes. “Smooth ones, ribbed ones, some with veins.” She waved her hand across the boxes for the couple to look through.

“Oh my gosh, that one is sparkly!” Waverly blurted out excitedly.

The cashier grabbed the box and pulled out a purple, glittery dildo. “This one is more of a jelly texture, as opposed to silicone like the other one I showed you.”

Waverly reached out and felt the dildo more confidently than the previous one. “It’s so smooth,” she pointed out as she continued to rub her hand up and down the shaft.

Nicole watched Waverly’s delicate fingers moving along the item, licking her lips as the thought of her girlfriend doing that while she was wearing it flooded her mind. Waverly looked over at Nicole to gage her reaction to the product and noticed her flushed cheeks and dark eyes. She quickly withdrew her hand, knowing exactly what she was doing to her girlfriend. When the redhead noticed Waverly had stopped and was now looking at her, she blushed, realizing that she had been caught. Waverly gave her a reassuring smile, letting her know that it was okay, and Nicole exhaled lightly as she relaxed. The cashier was completely oblivious to the whole interaction.

“This one doesn’t have any sort of textural extras on it, but you’ll notice that the head is pretty bulbous, which it nice. It’s also six inches, which is the average size customers tend to buy when they’re just starting out using sex toys. It’s also bendable if you ever want to use it as a packer.” She bent the dildo down and back up, showing off its features before continuing. “This also comes in
handy if want to bend it up for just the amount of curve to hit the right spots. This particular one has a lot of great reviews, seeing as how versatile it is.” She handed it to Waverly for her to hold.

“Oh babe, this would look so cute against your ginger hairs,” Waverly said nonchalantly as she examined the item.

Nicole blushed crimson and Waverly’s eyes widened as she quickly realized that she had said that in front of company. The cashier noticed the uncomfortable vibe of the women.

“Why don’t I let you two discuss your preference.” She gave another friendly smile. “I’ll be over at the counter if you have any questions. When you’re ready, come see me and I’ll help you find the right harness.” She casually walked over to the counter at the other side of the store.

“Sorry,” Waverly whispered, guilt spreading across her face.

Nicole shook her head. “It’s okay, don’t feel bad. You’re right, I would look cute in this.” She gave a warm smile as she gently took the dildo from Waverly’s hands to feel it for herself. “So, is this the one we want then?”

“I think so,” Waverly said as she read the back of the box. “It looks pretty sturdy.”

“That’s important, seeing as how much of an animal you are,” Nicole teased.

“Hey!” Waverly smacked her arm.

“I’ll go bring this to her and tell her we’re ready to pick out the harness.” She took the box from Waverly.

“Um, is it okay if I look around a bit while you do that? I’ve never really seen this stuff before and I’m just a little curious as to what all is here.”

“Of course, love.” Nicole took her hand for a moment and gave her a reassuring smile before parting ways.

“We ended up deciding on this one,” Nicole said as she set it down on the counter.

“Great! Good choice.” The woman placed the dildo back in the box and fixed it to the way it was before as she closed it up. “Let’s go get you a harness.” Nicole followed the woman over to another row of shelves, which had a few selections. “Now I must warn you, these lower priced ones break pretty easily if you’re penetrating roughly or trying out some advanced positions. But it’s perfect for if you’re on a budget and you use it gently or just want to wear it out. But that’s something to keep in mind.”

Nicole swallowed hard and tried her best to keep her poker face and hide all of the embarrassment that had washed over her. “Yeah, I think I’d like to go with something sturdier.”

“Perfect,” the woman replied as she walked over to the higher-end selections. “Now this one is our most popular harness.” She took the box from the shelf. “The straps are sturdy and tighten around the hips, fitting pretty much any body shape and size. It’s also guaranteed to keep the dildo in place against the pubic bone. That way you can be sure to feel some pleasure yourself and not have to worry about it flopping all over the place.” She handed the box to Nicole.

“Can I take it out?”

“Of course!”
Nicole opened the box and pulled it out halfway, feeling the straps and tugging on them. “Oh wow, that is pretty sturdy.”

“These almost never break. And if it does, you can just bring it back here and we’ll give you a refund.”

“Oh, nice.” Nicole shoved the contraption back inside the box, knowing she would have to do her research and figure out how to put it on later.

“You also have some harnesses that you can wear like underwear. We only carry brief and boxer style, though. Some of these have a pocket in the crotch to place a bullet vibe for extra pleasure, like this one.” The woman reached out for a black brief style harness. “These are a little more expensive than the harnesses with straps, but they’re much easier to slip on, and they’re more ideal to use for packing.”

“I’m sorry,” Nicole shook her head. “I’m new to all of this and I’m not really sure what you mean when you say ‘packing’. Could you explain that to me?”

“Oh! Packing is when you wear a phallic object or some type of padding to give off the appearance of a bulge. With the dildo you chose, you can easily use it for packing since it’s bendable. It’s more difficult to pack with a dildo that isn’t bendable…I mean, unless your goal is to walk around with an obvious erection.”

“Huh, interesting.” Nicole absorbed the information, but didn’t think much of it. “You learn something new every day.”

“Glad I could teach you something.” The woman gave a friendly chuckle.

“Hmm. Both of these look good. Let me go ask my girlfriend and see what she suggests,” Nicole replied as she looked between the boxes.

“Sure! You know where you can find me.”

Nicole walked over to Waverly, who was looking at a penis-shaped cake pan.

“I’m definitely coming back here to buy this for Wynonna’s 28th birthday,” Waverly laughed.

“Please make that cake for her. I would love to see her reaction.” Nicole said amusedly.

“Oh, I think we already know what her reaction would be. I’m more interested in seeing Doc’s reaction.” Waverly set the pan back down.

“Hey, so help me pick a harness,” Nicole said as she held up the two boxes.

“Oh my god, that one looks so sexy.” Waverly grabbed the box containing the strapped harness.

“You think so?”

“Definitely. Your ass in this thing? I’m getting turned on just thinking about it.” Waverly bit her bottom lip, then noticed the other box. “But that one looks way more comfortable,” she said as she switched out the first box for the second one to assess the picture.

“The lady said this one has a pocket for a vibrator. It can also be used for wearing the dildo out and stuff.”

“You mean like in public?”
Nicole nodded.

A smirk spread across Waverly’s face. “Now that would also be sexy.”

“Really? You think?”

“Oh, heck yes. Can you imagine going out somewhere, you wearing our strap-on and taking me into the bathroom and fucking me senseless?”

Nicole smiled. “I don’t know what I like more – the kinkiness of that or the fact that you said ‘our’ strap-on.”

“Well, it is ours,” Waverly said tenderly as she entwined her fingers with Nicole’s. “I mean, you know, once we actually buy it.”

“Screw it.” Nicole shook her head. “I’m getting both of these.”

“Are you sure? They’re both kind of pricey,” Waverly said with concern.

“You can’t put a price on love…or on sexual fantasies,” she winked before taking the boxes over to the counter.

“You all set?” The cashier asked.

“Yeah. I’m just going to get both of these.

The woman rung up the three items. “Oh, lucky for you we’re doing a promotion where if you spend one hundred dollars or more, you get a free bullet vibe. Which is perfect for the brief harness you’ve selected.”

“Oh, okay. I love free stuff,” the redhead joked.

“Our selection is on that table right behind you.”

Nicole walked over and picked a standard multi-speed bullet vibrator and set it down on the counter to be rung up.

“Oh, and uh, you might want to pick up some lube too. If you don’t already have some at home, that is.”

“Oh. Right.” Nicole’s face flushed at how obvious it was that she had no idea what she was doing. She turned around to scope out where the lube was, feeling more and more awkward and stupid by the second.

“I can grab some for you if you like,” the cashier offered.

“Yes, please. Thank you.” Nicole smiled faintly.

“Just regular, right? Nothing flavored or warming?” The woman asked as she stepped from behind the counter.

“Yeah, that’s fine.”

The woman walked over to one of the tables in the middle of the store and grabbed a bottle of lube before walking back.
“This one is best for the dildo you selected. It’s water-based, which is safe to use on all sex toy materials, just for future reference when you run out.”

“Right. Got it.” Nicole looked at the item being scanned and placed into the bag, seeing as it was the best place for her eyes to be as she was trying to avoid eye contact.

“$154.35 is your total.”

Nicole handed over her debit card to be swiped and typed in her pin.

“Alright, and here you are!” The woman lilted as she handed the bag of items to Nicole. Waverly walked up sheepishly and stood next to the redhead.

“Thank you for helping us,” Nicole smiled. “What was your name again?”

“It’s Rosita,” the woman gave a polite smile.

“Well, thank you Rosita for all of your help. We’ll definitely be coming back here for all of our… erm, shopping.” Nicole gave a tense smile.

“Of course. Glad I could help. You both have a great night!”

Nicole and Waverly walked out of the store and headed towards the Jeep. Nicole handed the bag to Waverly before parting ways to get into their respective seats.

“So, what do you think?” Nicole asked as Waverly rummaged around in the bag, looking at all of the items.

“I can’t believe you just spent over $150 on sex toys.”

Nicole rolled her eyes. “Okay, besides that.”

Waverly smirked up at her. “I think we’re going to have a lot of fun.”

The left corner of Nicole's mouth tugged up in a half smile, showing the slightest hint of a dimple. “Me too.”
Nicole's Coming Out Story

Chapter Summary

Nicole and Wynonna hang out for the first time! Also, we get to hear Nicole's coming out story.

Chapter Notes

There's not really any WayHaught moments in this chapter since it's mostly about Nicole and Wynonna, BUT if you want your daily WayHaught smut/fluff fix, you can read this one-shot I just posted revolving around the most recent episode 3x06 (the Christmas episode). It's basically what I think happened during the opening scene when Nicole tries on the elf costume, and Wynonna hears them moaning ;) Here's the link to that...

https://archiveofourown.org/works/15830400

Nicole pulled up to the homestead and parked the Jeep before looking over at Waverly.

“So, you wanna try our new toy?” the brunette asked seductively as she held up the bag.

“Erm, with Wynonna in the house?”

“Oh, right. Well, we could always go back to your place. I’m sure Calamity Jane won’t mind. She’s already heard it all anyways,” Waverly chuckled.

Nicole leaned in and gave Waverly a soft kiss before taking her hand and looking at her gingerly. “I was kind of hoping that I could take it home with me and get used to it first. You know, like… practice? I just want to make sure I know what I’m doing before using it on you.”

“Oh. Yeah, of course. We can wait.” Waverly gave her a reassuring smile as she lightly rubbed the back of Nicole’s hand with her thumb.

“Plus, you should stay here and take care of your sister. Help her feel better. We’re going out tomorrow night, and it’ll be much harder to insult her if she’s puking her guts out everywhere.”

Waverly bit her lip and shook her head. “You two are too much sometimes.”

“But you love us,” Nicole stated as she pouted and batted her eyelashes.

“I do.” The brunette leaned in and pressed her forehead against Nicole’s, brushing their noses together as she moved her head from side to side. “Alright, well I’ll let you get home then.”

“At least let me walk you to the front door first,” Nicole stated as she hopped out of the Jeep.

They walked up the porch stairs hand-in-hand before Waverly turned around to face Nicole. She
traded her the shopping bag for the keys. “Thank you for another perfect date.”

“Thank you for being a perfect date.” Nicole took a step forward and gently cupped a hand around Waverly’s cheek as she leaned in to capture her lips in a delicate kiss. “I’ll see you tomorrow baby.”

“See you tomorrow,” Waverly giggled before giving Nicole another kiss. She watched the redhead walk down the stairs. “Text me when you get home so that I know you made it okay!” She yelled as Nicole got into the squad car.

“I will, love. Good night.” The officer turned on the ignition and slowly made her way down the dirt driveway and past the makeshift ‘Earp’ entrance sign.

Waverly watched the taillights disappear into the distance and sighed before turning around to unlock the door.

“Wynonna? Are you down here?” She called as she softly shut the door behind her.

“I’m in here,” the older Earp replied weakly.

Waverly walked into the living room and found Wynonna curled up on the couch and wrapped tightly in a blanket. “Aww, how are you feeling?” She asked as she sat down next to her sister’s feet and gently rubbed her legs.

“Pregnant.”

“Still knocked up, huh?” Waverly joked.

“Yep.” Wynonna sighed. “So, how was your date with Haughttie Haughtness.”

“Wow, you’re off your game tonight. You must really be feeling like poop.”

The older Earp groaned in response; partially because she really was feeling terrible, but mostly because Waverly was too much of a goody-two-shoes to actually say the word ‘shit’.

“But to answer your question, it was amazing, as always,” Waverly replied enthusiastically. “She took me to an arcade. One like Daddy used to take us to when we were little.” She decided to skip the part about the sex shop, since she knew Wynonna would never let her hear the end of it.

“Yeah? Was it the same one?”

“No, I don’t think so. It was about 20 minutes away.”

“Ah, yeah the one we went to was a little closer.”

Waverly nodded. “Oh, and some douchebag made a big deal about us holding hands.”

The older Earp creased her eyebrows in anger. “Did you deck him?”

“No. But I grabbed Nicole and made out with her in response.”

“Nice!”

“Nicole didn’t think so. She said it was inappropriate.”

“Boo.” Wynonna furrowed her brow in disappointment.
“Well, she kind of had a point.”

“Still. I would’ve kicked him right in the nads.”

“Oh, believe me. I wanted to.” She sighed. “Why do people make such a big deal about it?”

“I guess because it’s different. It’s just not something people are used to seeing.”

“It’s 2017 though. I mean, surely it’s not that bizarre seeing two women together.”

“I guess to some people it’ll always be weird,” Wynonna stated sympathetically.

Waverly nodded down at her lap before looking up at her sister. “Do you think it’s weird?”

Wynonna sat up and smiled as she took her sister’s hand. “Baby Girl, I think you’ve stumbled upon a love that most people never get to experience in their lifetime. That’s not weird, that’s lucky.” Waverly grinned at the words. “And you don’t have to worry about getting knocked up. That’s lucky too.”

“Oh, that reminds me, I made an appointment for your first prenatal visit for this Saturday.”

Wynonna gave a weak smile. “Thanks Wave. I don’t know how I’d be able to go through any of this without you.”

“Of course. You’re my sister and I love you.” She smiled as she stroked her hand through Wynonna’s wavy brown locks. “Are you going to bed any time soon?”

“Nah, I’m still feeling pukey. I was actually just about to start a movie. But you go ahead. I know you’re probably tired and you have to be up early to open the coffee shop.”

Waverly grabbed a pillow and blanket from the chair next to her and made herself comfortable on the couch. “I’d rather hang out here with you,” she smiled.

“You’re the best sister, you know that?” Wynonna replied, the sentiment causing her eyes to well up with tears. She laid her head down in Waverly’s lap as she scrolled through Netflix, smiling at the feeling of Waverly massaging her scalp.

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The next night

Nicole parked the police cruiser in front of the bar and turned off the ignition as she stared at the door. She exhaled sharply, preparing herself for whatever was about to happen.

“Well, here goes nothing.” She stepped out of the car and shut the door behind her before cautiously walking up to the entrance of Shorty’s. When she walked inside, she noticed Wynonna yelling at some drunk guy with phrases of “cutting you off” and “call a cab.” He retorted by calling her a bitch, which earned the classic Wynonna middle finger as he staggered towards the exit.

“Rough night?” Nicole asked as she pulled out a stool and sat down.

“You’d think weeknights would be easier than weekends, but nope. Same drunken assholes, every damn night.”

Nicole gave her a sympathetic look as she nodded.
“But, either way my shift is officially over, so I no longer have to give a shit.” She threw the rag on the counter and slid it over to the other worker who had just shown up for his shift. Here you go Jeremy. Have fun working the night shift. Don’t fuck up.”

“Right. Thanks,” he sighed as he took the rag before mumbling under his breath, “Five years studying biology and computer science, graduating top of my class and I end up in Purgatory as a bartender.” He shook his head as he sulked away towards the back.

“Who’s that guy? I haven’t seen him around here,” Nicole asked as she watched Wynonna pour her a beer.

“Oh him? Gus hired him last week. Name’s Jeremy something. He does what he’s told and keeps his hands to himself, which is enough for me.”

Nicole nodded before taking the tall glass of beer from Wynonna. She raised an eyebrow when she noticed the brunette was holding a glass of water for herself. “No alcohol tonight?”

“Nope, not tonight.”

The redhead’s eyebrows shot up, revealing the wrinkles in her forehead. “Whoa, that’s new. Wynonna Earp passing up on a chance to get drunk?” She snorted as she shook her head. “What, are you pregnant or something?” She asked jokingly as she raised the full glass of beer to take a sip. She stopped just before the glass touched her lips, when she noticed a look of horror spread across Wynonna’s face. Her eyes widened as she looked down at the older Earp’s stomach. “Oh. Okay, wow. Congratulations?”

Wynonna snatched Nicole’s beer out of her hand and sat both of their drinks down on the counter before yanking Nicole over to the back of the bar – which was dark and far away from anyone who wasn’t in the bathroom. “You can’t say anything,” Wynonna snapped.

“Okay, but does Waverly know? Because I don’t know how I’m going to be able to keep this from her…”


“So, the baby is Doc’s?”

Wynonna lowered her eyes at the redhead. “Yes, Nicole. Who the fuck else’s would it be?”

“I don’t know! I didn’t want to assume.”

“So instead you assume I’m a hussy. Cool. Got it.” She rolled her eyes and folded her arms before glaring at the woman.

“Okay, come on. It’s not like that.”

“Whatever. Look, the point is, I need you to promise you won’t tell anyone until I decide what I’m going to do, okay?”

“Okay,” Nicole said forcefully, getting offended that Wynonna was talking to her like she was stupid. She stared at the woman’s belly, still baffled that there was a human growing inside there. “So, that bad burrito last night—”

“Was actually a high level of pregnancy hormones flooding my body and causing me to vomit all four of the hot dogs I had just eaten prior, yeah. So be careful what you say around me, because I’ve
been breaking down into tears at the drop of a dime. And it’s making me very pissy."

“Got it.” Nicole nodded. “Are you sure you want to be here though? I mean, we can go somewhere quieter if you want.”

“Believe it or not, this is exactly where I want to be. Even though I can’t consume any alcohol, just being around it makes me feel better.”

“You sound like an alcoholic,” Nicole chuckled. She looked over at Wynonna and noticed her glossy eyes as tears began to form. “Shit. Uh, I didn’t mean that seriously. I’m sorry, please don’t cry!” She pleaded, knowing that she would be in trouble if Waverly found out that she made her pregnant sister burst into tears.

“What? No, Haught, relax. It’s this awful smell, it’s making my eyes water. We’re standing next to the bathrooms and it smells like shit…literally.”

Nicole wrinkled her nose as the smell hit her hard.

“Come on, let’s go back over to the bar. I could really use a…water.” Wynonna sighed as she led them back over to where their drinks were sitting.

“So, um, how do you feel?” Nicole asked awkwardly before chugging half her beer.

“I feel like Doc’s sperm invaded the privacy of my eggs,” Wynonna answered bluntly. Nicole winced at the thought. “And I feel like everything is out of my control. None of this was planned.” She took a swig of her water and looked at it with disappointment.

“Well, accidents happen.”

“Right, but this wasn’t one of those situations where we weren’t being careful. I got pregnant while on birth control.”

Nicole stared at her, a look of surprise spread across her face. “Oh.”

“Yeah. Guess it’s true when they say it’s 99% effective.” She took another sip. “You’re lucky you guys never have to worry about this.”

“Although that is a benefit, it’s not always rainbows and unicorns. It was hard for me to accept that I was—”

“Gay for the va-jay-jay?” Wynonna interjected as she wriggled her eyebrows suggestively. Nicole gave her a pointed look in response. “Okay, okay. Sorry. Continue.”

“Yeah, it was hard for me to accept that I was gay. I didn’t want to be different, but I had no choice. It was just how I was, and it was terrifying.”

“So, how did you figure it out? I mean, did you know for a while before you started telling people?”

Nicole looked at the older Earp with questioning eyes. “Are you really asking to hear my coming out story?”

Wynonna shrugged her shoulders. “Is that not okay?”

“No, it’s okay. Just…unexpected, is all.”

“Well, we’re here to get to know each other better, right?”
“Yeah, I guess so.” Nicole squinted her eyes at the brunette.

“Plus, if you’re going to be banging my baby sister, I want all the intel on you I can get,” she stated as she crossed her arms.

Nicole rolled her eyes. “Okay, fine. But You have to tell me a story of yours afterwards.”

“Deal.”

The redhead took a large gulp of her drink before beginning her story. “Okay, so I started dating my first boyfriend when I was sixteen. It was my junior year of high school...”

“You didn’t have a boyfriend until you were sixteen?! Jesus, I had my first boyfriend when I was seven...”

“Okay, well it’s different when you don’t actually like boys. I was always asked out, but none of the guys ever seemed right. But seeing as all of my friends had boyfriends, I finally just gave in and said yes to this guy I had known for a few years.”

“Huh. I guess that makes sense.”

“Yeah, so anyways, we were together for about six months. It wasn’t bad, but it wasn’t amazing. It was just like being friends, but with holding hands and kissing. And the kissing was kind of the same – not bad, but not amazing. I had never kissed anyone before, so I didn’t know what to expect. But it was exactly how I imagined it would be...two people rubbing their lips against each other’s; nothing more, nothing less.”

“Wow. That’s so unromantic.”

“Well that’s what it felt like to me. Unromantic. He was definitely way more into it than I was. But then one night I went over to his house to watch a movie, and quickly found out that nobody else was home. One thing led to another, and we were in his room making out on his bed. He started taking his shirt off, and then he pulled out a condom.”

Wynonna snorted as she shook her head and rolled her eyes. “Classic.”

“He asked me if I wanted to, and I said, ‘Sure.’ I figured six months was enough time together. And truthfully, all of my friends were losing their virginity, so I didn’t want to be the only one who hadn’t.”

“Gotta love peer pressure,” Wynonna stated sarcastically as she raised her glass in a toast before taking a sip.

“Well, we slept together, and afterwards I just felt...empty. I don’t really know how to describe it. Sex was supposed to be this amazing thing, and the whole time I just felt really awkward and it didn’t feel quite right. He finished after about five minutes, and I faked my own orgasm as he was having his so that it would end quicker, and then I told him I had to be home for dinner and ran out of there. Didn’t talk to him for two days, and when I finally did, I told him it wasn’t going to work out and I broke up with him.”

“Because you were gay?”

“I didn’t know I was gay though. I just thought that maybe I wasn’t meant to like anyone. Or that maybe there was only one guy out there for me and I just had to find him. But then the next year, there was this back to school party that all of the upperclassmen had gone to. And there was a girl
there, Kathy. She had a reputation around the school for being the only out bisexual. I remember thinking that she looked so beautiful that night. She had gorgeous long, brown hair and she was wearing a dress that fit her just right. She saw me sulking in a corner, downing drinks, and pulled me out into the middle of the room to dance with her. She was the first person who had the ability to pull me out of my comfort zone and actually make me feel good about it. And the entire time we danced, as I looked into her crystal blue eyes, all I could think about was how much I wanted to kiss her.”

Wynonna listened attentively, now getting really invested in the story.

“Long story short, we ended up having sex. We were both completely wasted, and I remember waking up the next morning, unsure of where I was or what I had done. All I remembered from the night before were soft lips, delicate fingers, and silky-smooth skin all over my body. I felt this ache between my legs – the kind that you only get after a night of incredible, mind-blowing sex.”

“Yep, I’ve had a few of those. There was one time where a guy fucked me so good, I couldn’t ride a bike for two weeks.” Wynonna gave a sly smile as she thought back to the memory, but quickly noticed the irritated look that Nicole was giving her. “But, we’re talking about you here. So that story is unimportant. Please continue.”

Nicole took a sip of her beer and rolled her eyes before carefully setting the mug back down onto the counter. “I turned to look at who I had slept with, and noticed that it was Kathy. Which, of course, terrified me. I didn’t know who I was expecting to see, but I definitely wasn’t expecting someone with boobs. So I quickly got my drunk ass out of bed and scrambled to get my clothes back on before literally running out of her house and down the street. Over the next few days I had slowly gotten all of my memories back from that night – the memories of dancing with her at the party as I grinded against her and rubbed my hands all over her body, kissing her neck and playing with her exposed thigh as she drove us back to her house, pushing her up against her bedroom door as I kissed her harder than I had ever kissed anyone in my entire life. And it wasn’t ‘not bad’, it was magical. It was the way it was supposed to be. The whole night was. She gave me so many orgasms, and I gave her a lot too, and I never wanted the night to end. The last memory I finally got back was kissing all the way up her body after going down on her, leaning into her ear and whispering, ‘I’m so fucking gay.’”

Wynonna let out a hearty laugh. “Haught, you are fucking gay.”

Nicole chuckled in response and nodded. “I know. I knew it that night.”

“So what happened with you and the girl? Did she become your girlfriend?”

“No. Actually, we never talked to each other again. We saw each other around at school, but never bothered to say anything. I knew that I didn’t have any real feelings for her. That night was just about me figuring out who I was, and she knew it. It took me a few months to come out to my friends, but they were really supportive, and most of them had already known and were waiting for me to figure it out. At the end of the year, before graduation, I decided to tell my parents. That didn’t go over so well.”

“Asshole parents, huh?”

“Pretty much. Honestly, we kind of fell out after that day. They didn’t come to my graduation out of protest, and I left without saying goodbye. Haven’t spoken to them since, except for when I needed things like my birth certificate or random stuff from the house.”

“Parents are overrated anyways.” Wynonna gave a weak smile as she thought about her own family situation. Nicole looked at her sympathetically, which made Wynonna begin to feel a bit awkward.
“Do you think Waverly feels that way?”

“What way?”

“Like, hard to accept herself.”

“Only she can truly answer that, but from what I’ve seen, yes. Or at least at some point she did. But it’s hard for most of us, especially growing up in a world that tells you that you have to be one thing and if you’re anything else then you’re a freak. I would always see the story of the prince and the princess, but I never saw the one about the princess and the princess.”

Wynonna nodded. She felt her stomach drop as a pang of sadness washed over her as she thought of how cruel the world was to her younger sister. She felt bad that she could never truly understand what she was going through.

“But she’s lucky to have you, though,” Nicole continued. “I would’ve killed to have a supportive big sister like you when I was figuring myself out. And the fact that she told you about it so soon after figuring it out herself, just shows how much she loves you and how important you are to her.” She smiled at the older Earp and she gently rubbed her arm.

A smile slowly spread across Wynonna’s face. She had always felt so guilty for leaving Waverly behind, and was happy that Waverly was able to trust her again. She raised the glass to take a sip of her water, but quickly set it back down as her body began to feel heavy. She looked around the room and noticed it start to spin.

“Are you okay?” Nicole asked in a slightly worried tone.

“I don’t feel so good,” Wynonna replied, repeatedly blinking as she shook her head. She began to wobble in her stool.

“Pregnancy hormones?”

Wynonna shook her head and furrowed her brow. “No. This isn’t the pregnancy.”

Nicole looked at her confused before she began to feel dizzy too.

“Shit,” Wynonna hissed as she grabbed her glass and inspected it. “Someone spiked my water. Who the hell spikes a goddamn water!” She dropped the glass on the counter as she passed out. She began to fall backwards off the stool, but Nicole quickly caught her and gently leaned her forward so she was securely on her seat, the counter supporting her.

“Fuck,” Nicole said groggily as she leaned herself over the bar, everything fading to black as the world around her slipped away.
Chapter Summary

It wouldn't be a Wynonna Earp fanfic without a bit of action ;) Hope you guys enjoy!

Nicole slowly opened her eyes, feeling the stiffness in her neck as she sat up. She tried to move, but realized that she was tied to a chair. “What the–” She said groggily as she tried to free herself from the ropes around her wrists.

“Oh, good. You’re awake…finally,” Wynonna said with a roll of her eyes. Nicole looked over and saw that she too was tied to a chair.

“Where are we? What happened to us?” The redhead tried to make sense of everything, but she was still feeling a bit dizzy and couldn’t remember much.

“Not sure yet. Last thing I remember was passing out. I just woke up about 10 minutes ago.”

Nicole quickly began to get her memories back, including the part about Wynonna being pregnant. “Are you okay? You know, with the…” She looked down at Wynonna’s stomach, not wanting to say anything in case someone was listening.

“I’m okay. But I don’t know what this idiot drugged us with, so there’s no telling how it’ll affect me or the…” she looked down before looking back up. “You know.”

“Do you know who drugged us?”

“Red, if I did, they would be knocked unconscious on the floor right now.”

Nicole sighed in frustration. “Okay, so we’re tied up…’” she tried to wriggle her hands free. “…pretty tight, in the middle of what seems to be an abandoned building, by someone who could possibly be a serial killer, all while feeling like we’ve been hit by one of Purgatory’s sketchy busses. Yeah, we’re doing great.”

“Actually, I feel fine.”

Nicole looked at Wynonna with a cocked eyebrow. “The drugs aren’t giving you massive hangover feels?”

Wynonna shook her head. “I am a little hungry though. I would kill for a sprinkle doughnut…and by that, I mean a box of sprinkle doughnuts…” she faltered as she looked down at her belly.

“Well why are you feeling so great while I’m here feeling like shit?”

“Probably because my drugs weren’t mixed with alcohol. Guess that water really was my best friend tonight.” She chuckled before pausing. “Or, last night? God, there’s no telling how long we’ve been here.”

“Okay, so what do we do?” Nicole asked in her ‘ready to punch stuff’ voice.
“Well,” Wynonna sighed. “Seeing as these ropes are too tight for us to be able to get out of, I guess now we just have to wait here for the possible serial killer ASSHOLE TO SHOW HIS FUCKING FACE!” She yelled the last part at the top of her lungs in frustration. Nicole had never seen the woman so angry before. But then again, she hadn’t even seen Wynonna that often before.

A man rounded the dark corner at the opposite end of the large room wearing a wicked grin on his face. Wynonna squinted to try to see who it was. When he came into the light, her face scrunched up in surprise.

“Earl?”

“Wynonna Earp,” the man said in a low, husky voice.

“Ah, now it all makes sense.” She nodded with a huge grin on her face. “Let me guess, this is one of your kinky fantasies? Trying to get into my pants again? Because we both know how much you failed the last time.”

He gave a hearty laugh as he walked closer to Wynonna. Just as he reached her, he took the knife that was previously hidden by his side and plunged it into the wood of the armrest, less than an inch away from Wynonna’s arm, causing both women to jump. Wynonna clenched her jaw in an attempt to hide her fear.

He leaned down so close to her face that she could smell the cheap aftershave on his skin. “Careful Wynonna. You might not want to piss me off. This time, I’ve got a big knife,” he warned crossly before yanking the blade out of the chair and taking a few steps back.

“Really? ‘Cause from what I’ve heard, it’s not that big,” Wynonna scoffed.

Earl snickered, his head shaking as his body bounced up and down. “Oh, Wynonna. You always were ruthless. Your big mouth is going to get you and your friend here killed.”

Wynonna’s eyes flitted to Nicole, suddenly remembering that she was there. She looked at the redhead with questioning eyes, silently asking if she was okay. Nicole replied by pursing her lips and slowly nodding with a crinkled brow. She looked pissed more than anything. The left corner of the older Earp’s mouth tugged up slightly in a half smile. She already knew Nicole was a badass who didn’t scare easily, but in this very moment she was thankful for it.

“What the hell did you put in our drinks, Earl?” Wynonna raged.

“Oh, don’t you worry about that,” he smiled. “Just know that it’s not anything harmful. Just a special drug that’ll knock you unconscious for a bit. I know a guy who’s able to get his hands on the stuff, and he was more than happy to hand it over when I told him it was for one Wynonna Earp. You’re a very popular girl around here.”

The brunette rolled her eyes. “Yeah, so I’ve been told.” She then wrinkled her forehead in confusion. “Wait, how did you get us out of the bar without anyone noticing?”

“Well, that was the best part. As soon as I watched you two pass out, I pulled the fire alarm. You should’ve seen all of the drunks stumbling out of the place. With the amount of people in there swarming the exits, it was enough to make it look like I was being a hero, escorting a couple of wasted ladies from a fire.”

“And Jeremy didn’t say anything about us being passed out over the counter?”

“Who, that bartender? Well he was in the back when it all happened. Didn’t even notice you two
were zonked.”

Wynonna gritted her teeth and shook her head. “Goddammit Jeremy.”

“Okay, now that you’ve explained how you’ve managed to kidnap us, do you want to tell us why you’ve stupidly decided to kidnap us and tie us up? Because I’m starting to get very impatient here and not being able to use my hands is pissing me off,” Nicole barked.

“Oh, you’re feisty. I like it,” he grinned as he walked over towards Nicole. “The redheads always are.” He brushed a lock of hair out of her face as she hastily yanked her head away from him, her eyes burning a hole in his skull as she glared.

He laughed at the reaction. “Well you see, Wynonna here owes me some money that I lent her…oh, nine years ago.”

Wynonna’s eyes widened. She had completely forgotten all about their deal.

“So, all of this for some chump change?” Nicole asked in disbelief. “Pretty theatrical of you. You should think about auditioning for Cirque Du Soleil.”

“Oh no, not chump change. Not at all.”

“So what, like five hundred? A thousand?” Nicole was already thinking about taking the money from her savings to get them out of Wynonna’s mess.

Earl shook his head, chuckling at how naïve the woman was. “More like ten grand.”

“Ten thousand dollars?!” Nicole nearly choked. “Jesus, Earp! What, were you trying to acquire a Birkin bag?!”

“I needed a way to get to Greece…and settle down there,” Wynonna explained. Nicole put the pieces together and finally realized how much shit they were actually in.

He began pacing around the room. “So I lent you ten thousand dollars. Money that I had saved up my whole life – birthdays, Christmases, hours of work on your Uncle’s farm – to leave this godforsaken place when I finally graduated.”

“Some birthdays…” Nicole mumbled in shock at how a kid could save up that much money.

“But you came to me with these sad puppy dog eyes, talking about how your daddy and sister had just died and that you needed the money, and that you promised to pay me back. But you never did!” He slammed his fist against the wall. “And I’ve been stuck here in this shithole ever since, working construction, because I was the idiot who believed you! You manipulative bitch!”

“Look, Earl–” Wynonna began, but was quickly cut off.

“It’s my fault, really. I shouldn’t have been going around bragging about having all that money. Because I was too young to know that some lying whore would come and take it from me!”

“Actually, it’s your fault for believing me when I pinky promised that I would pay you back,” Wynonna chuckled. She looked up at his scowl and sighed. “Look, I’m sorry,” she said, genuinely apologetic.

He gave a hearty laugh. “I don’t give a shit about how sorry you are Wynonna. I just want my goddamn money back! So here’s the deal. You have 24 hours to get me fifteen thousand dollars, or
else I’ll kill you and your friend.” He held the knife up and pointed it at them. “And I’ll be sure to kill Ginger Spice here first so that you can watch,” he stated as he grinned over at Nicole.

“Bite me, asshole,” Nicole spat.

Earl snickered at the insult. He would’ve felt more insulted, if he didn’t have the upper hand.

“You’ll kill us? Really Earl? That’s a little overdramatic, don’t you think?” Wynonna shook her head before cocking an eyebrow. “Wait, fifteen thousand? I only borrowed ten!”

“Yeah, well I added interest for each year you didn’t pay me back when you were supposed to.”

Wynonna groaned. “Okay, fine! I’ll get it to you, but you have to let us go.”

“And let you run away back to Greece? No, not happening. You’re staying right here in this chair until I get my money…or until you die. Whichever comes first.” He grinned.

“And how am I supposed to get the money to you if I’m stuck here without my phone to call anyone to bring it, numbnuts?”

He thought about it for a moment before rolling his eyes. “Fine. I’ll give you one phone call. But I’m going to be monitoring. And you better not tell anyone that I’m holding you hostage! You just tell them to put the money in my mailbox and leave. Got it?”

“Yeah, I got it,” Wynonna said through gritted teeth.

He hummed as he leaned down over Wynonna and stroked her cheek. “And Wynonna, I forgot to mention this before, but you look just as good as the day you left.” He licked his lips.

“Yeah, wish I could say the same, but you somehow seem even less attractive,” she sniffed the air around her, “And wreak a bit more of desperation.”

He chuckled and shook his head as he leaned back. “I’m going to get your phone. I’ll be right back. Try not to miss me too much.” He winked at the women, earning a couple of disgusted looks as he walked out of the abandoned building.

“Let me guess, an ex of yours?” Nicole asked as she got comfortable in her chair.

“Not mine. Waverly’s.”

Nicole pursed her lips and slowly nodded. “Huh. Well that was a plot twist I did not see coming.”

“Yep. Baby sis always has the best taste in men,” she stated sarcastically before looking over at Nicole. “Or, had…”

The redhead clenched her jaw and shook her head, not even listening to Wynonna anymore. She was too angry about the whole situation. “I can’t believe that idiot spiked my drink. I mean, yours I get, but mine?”

“Hey!” Wynonna complained, clearly offended.

She clicked her tongue. “You know what I mean. I’m a police officer for god’s sake.”

“Yeah, but he probably doesn’t know that since you’re wearing standard civilian clothes…” Wynonna stated as she gestured her head towards the redhead’s outfit.
Nicole looked down at her black and white striped tee and blue jeans. “Oh. Right. Dammit. I knew I shouldn’t have gone home to change before going out.” She sighed as she shook her head in disappointment. “You think if I tell him I’m a cop it’ll scare him into letting us go?”

“That moron? If anything, it’ll probably scare him into doing something even stupider. Probably best not to say anything yet.”

Nicole nodded. “Okay, so what are the chances of Jack the Ripper here actually killing us with his big knife?” She asked mockingly.

“Slim to none. It’s all for show. He couldn’t even watch Uncle Curtis kill a rat without crying. Clearly he just wants the money.”

“Any chance you have fifteen thousand dollars lying around?”

“Yeah, let me just pull it out of my back pocket.” Wynonna rolled her eyes.

“Well how am I supposed to know how much money you have!”

“Nicole, do you think if I had that much cash lying around that I’d be working at Shorty’s?”

The redhead squinted her eyes. “You work as a bartender at a bar that your family owns, which means free alcohol, easy money, and a boss that won’t fire you. Yes, I do.”

Wynonna nodded her head. “Touché. But no, I don’t have that kind of money.”

“Okay, so then how are we going to get out of this mess?” Nicole asked, beginning to get slightly worried.

“Relax, don’t get your panties in a wad. I’ve got a plan.”

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“Doc!” Waverly shouted as she banged on the door of a sleazy motel room. Doc had moved here a few months ago and made friends with the owner, who let him stay in a room for free. He was good at getting things like that from people. “Doc!” She shouted a bit louder and slammed her fist against the door even harder.

The door swung open, revealing a slightly drunk Doc Holliday. “Good heavens Waverly, I was sleeping off a bad hangover!”

“Nicole and Wynonna are missing!” she quavered with tears in her eyes.

“What do you mean missin’?” He asked, his demeanor suddenly becoming serious and ready to fight.

“They left hours ago to go to Shorty’s, and haven’t come back yet. So I went over there to check, and they weren’t there. Both of their phones are going straight to voicemail and I can’t track either of them.” She was full-blown crying by this point.

“Well they probably just went to another bar to continue their ventures, drinkin’ and laughin’ the way friends do. I’m sure it’s nothin’ to worry about.” He gave her a reassuring smile.

“Doc, something’s wrong,” She said seriously. “They’re in trouble. I feel it. Don’t you?”

“He looked at her as his face slowly dropped. He rushed over to the bed to slip on his shoes and put
on his jacket. He grabbed his Stetson from the chair next to the door and placed it on his head with his right hand. “Let’s go save our girls.”

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Earl walked back into the room with Wynonna’s phone in one hand, and the knife in the other. “What’s the passcode?”

“I don’t remember, I always just use my fingerprint,” Wynonna huffed. “Here, just give it to me and I’ll call someone.”

“No!” He shouted. “The phone stays in my hand at all times. I don’t want any chances of you calling the police.”

She looked over at Nicole knowingly, who just rolled her eyes at how dense he was, before looking back at him. “Okay, fine. Try 9895.”

“Waverly’s birthday,” he and Nicole both said in unison. He looked over at the redhead with a quirked eyebrow. “You a friend of hers too?”

“Something like that,” she smirked.

“You know, we used to date before she got with that jackass Hardy James. Of course, we only lasted a couple of months before I broke up with that little bitch. She would never let me in, if you know what I mean,” he said as he grabbed his crotch and adjusted himself.

“Probably because you weren’t her type,” Nicole replied smugly.

“Yeah, and what’s that?”

Nicole bit her tongue, knowing it wasn’t her place to out Waverly, especially to an ex. When he saw her change in expression, a smug grin formed on his face, realizing how territorial she was being.

“Oh, I get it. Waverly’s playing for the girls’ team now,” he chuckled. Nicole clenched her jaw and glared at him with fire in her eyes. “I guess it all makes sense, seeing as she was never any good at getting me off. I spent most of the time having to get the job done myself.”

“Funny, Waverly says the same thing, seeing as I’m the first person to ever give her the big finish. Not that it was difficult. But maybe you’re playing for the wrong team too.” She tilted her head and gave her famous half smile.

He squeezed the knife angrily and growled as he took a step towards Nicole.

“Okay, can we stop talking about doing my baby sister while I’m tied up and unable to put my fingers in my ears!” Wynonna shouted. “Earl, do you want your money or not?”

He sighed as he dropped the knife back down by his side. “Fine.” He unlocked the phone and walked over to Wynonna. “Who should I call?” He asked as he looked down at the phone and opened up the contacts app.

As soon as he got close enough to Wynonna, she answered, “A doctor,” and swung her leg high in the air, kicking him in the side of the head with as much force as possible. He dropped to the floor, the knife and phone sliding across the room as he was knocked out cold.

“Shit,” Nicole breathed out in astonishment. “Where did you learn to do that?”
“I took Taekwondo lessons from a guy in Greece. When you’re a young woman traveling to a foreign country solo, you have to learn how to defend yourself. Funny part is, I used part of the ten grand to pay for the lessons.”

Nicole shook her head as she laughed, staring down at a passed-out Earl. “Stupid Earl.”

“Okay, I knocked the bad guy out. Your turn. What’ve you got?” Wynonna asked excitedly as she ran her tongue across her top teeth.

“Well...” Nicole started as she wiggled her hands around some more – she had been discretely trying to free herself this whole time. After one last tug of the rope, she slid her hands out of the knot. “I just made this boy scout knot my bitch!”

“Yes! Nice!” Wynonna exclaimed enthusiastically as Nicole ran over to free her.

“I’ve been tied up a few times, so I’m pretty good at getting myself out situations like this,” Nicole explained as she fumbled with the ropes around Wynonna’s wrists.

“Yeah, as much as I’d love to hear all about your kinky sex adventures, I’m going to need you to speed things up a bit.” Wynonna said hastily as she noticed Earl groggily waking up.

Nicole rolled her eyes and stilled her movements before looking down at Wynonna. “I was talking about my unfortunate situations out in the field,” she replied, completely oblivious to the knife Earl was aiming at her head from his spot on the floor.

“Nicole!” Wynonna yelled.

The redhead looked down and noticed Earl throw the knife just in time to duck. She stood up and looked behind her, noticing the knife sticking straight out from the wall. She turned back to Wynonna. “I thought you said he wasn’t going to kill us!”

“And I thought you were supposed to be a badass ginger!” The still tied up woman quipped back.

“Well sorry my level of awareness isn’t all that great at the moment, seeing as not too long ago I was passed out in a chair!” She turned back around to her four o’clock to find Earl right in front of her, angrily swinging his fist at her. She dodged it and kicked him in the back of the knee, causing him to fall to the ground. He flipped over and kicked himself up from his back onto his feet and snatched the knife out of the wall, growling in frustration.

“Oh, you’ve got moves,” Nicole stated as she held her fists up to her face in a fighting stance. “Well so do I.” Just as he plunged the knife at her, she grabbed his arm with both hands and slammed the back of his hand against the cement wall as hard as she could, causing him to drop the knife as he winced in pain. She quickly kicked the knife and watched it slide across the room.

“You broke my hand you bitch!” Earl yelled angrily, holding his limp wrist weakly.

“You’re a fucking cunt!” He hissed at her.
Nicole rolled her eyes as she grabbed Wynonna’s phone from the floor and dialed the only number she knew by heart. “Sheriff Nedley? It’s Officer Haught. We’ve got a man here by the name of Earl…” She looked over at Wynonna.


“Earl Wilson, who needs to be charged with kidnapping and attempted murder.” She nodded as she listened to her boss. “Mhm. Yes, Wynonna and me, sir.” She waited again before pulling up the GPS and searching their location. “It’s 112 Sycamore Street.” She nodded. “Got it. Thank you, sir.” She hung up the phone and smirked at him.

“You’re a cop?” He asked, surprised.

“Yeah, and you’re going away for a long-ass time. Hope you like being in Purgatory,” she said sarcastically.

“You’re all bitches. You and Waverly deserve each other.” He spat at her.

“Oh, speaking of which.” She leaned down and punched him in the face, causing blood to stream from his nose.

“Ow! Son of a bitch!” He yelled in pain.

She leaned down closer to his face. “That’s for insulting Waverly before.” She then stood up and kicked him in the crotch as hard as she could, causing him to cry out in pain as he writhed around, struggling to catch his breath. “And that’s for being a dick to her when you two were together.”

“I would applaud you, Haught, but I still seem to be tied up in this chair,” Wynonna reminded her, only slightly annoyed.

“Oh, sorry.” Nicole quickly rushed over to Wynonna and undid the rest of the knot.

Just as she was released, Doc and Waverly barged into the building – Waverly holding up her phone in front of her face as she followed the trail to Wynonna’s phone, and Doc holding up an old pistol.

“Alright, where is he!” Doc yelled.

Waverly gasped as soon as she saw Wynonna and Nicole safely in one piece and ran to hug them both, one in each of her arms as she hugged them tightly.

“Aha!” Doc exclaimed when he saw Earl laying on the ground, blood all over his face. He pointed the gun at him. “You must be the perpetrator who snatched these lovely ladies,” he said furiously.

“Doc, it’s okay. He’s been detained.” Wynonna explained, rolling her eyes at how quick he always was to draw his gun.

Doc looked down and noticed that the man was tied up, unable to move. He quickly retracted his gun back into its holster. “Right, I see. Better tie up his legs too. Wouldn’t want him to escape.”

Wynonna picked up the rope that was previously around her wrists and threw it at Doc. “Have at it.”

He enthusiastically tied the rope around Earl’s legs, eager to feel useful.

“I’m so glad you’re okay,” Waverly beamed as she hugged them again, a happy tear escaping her eye. She quickly wiped it away with her index finger before pulling back. “I was worried sick about you two!” She looked at Wynonna. “How’s the…” she looked at her pointedly with a quirked
“It’s okay. I know,” Nicole smiled.

“You do?”

“We went to a bar and I drank a water. Wasn’t that hard to figure out,” Wynonna explained in a whisper so Doc wouldn’t hear. She looked over at him to make sure he wasn’t listening and was pleased to find him focused on tying a fourth knot.

“Right,” Waverly nodded. “Well, I’m glad you know.”

“Come on, kiss already!” Earl said as he made kissing noises in a mocking manner.

“Earl?” Waverly asked in confusion.

“No. Not at all.” She folded her arms across her chest.

“Probably because I have a dick, since I hear you’re into the ladies now,” he laughed. She scrunched up her face and shook her head at the nerve of him. “No, Earl. It’s because you are a dick. A dick who’s going to jail for a really long time. And a dick who apparently got beaten up by my super sexy cop girlfriend.” She wrapped her arm around Nicole as she glared at him.

He rolled his eyes. “Whatever. She got lucky.”

“I sure did,” Nicole smiled as she looked down at a blushing Waverly, eliciting a groan from both Earl and Wynonna.

It was only a matter of time before Nedley and Dolls showed up in their uniforms. Nedley cuffed Earl and dragged him to his squad car, mumbling something about telling his father what he’s done.

“Are you okay?” Dolls asked Wynonna with a worried look, eyeing her up and down to check for any bruises or scratches.

“Uh, yeah. I’m fine,” Wynonna stated awkwardly.

“Um, yeah, I’m alright too,” Nicole waved in an attempt to remind her partner that she was there.

“Glad you’re okay too, Haught.” He smiled at her, but she gave him a weird look as she subtly nodded her head over towards Doc. Dolls turned around and saw the man standing there with his hand protectively over his gun.

“Um, hello. Nice gun you got there,” Dolls commented as he watched Doc’s hand attentively, slowly reaching for his own gun.

“It was my great-great-grandfather’s. Still works like a charm,” Doc replied, a hint of threat in his voice.

Dolls looked over at Nicole, who quietly mouthed “Doc” to him before repeatedly jamming her right index finger into the hole of her left fist and nodding towards Wynonna with wriggling eyebrows. His eyelids drooped a bit in response to her childish gestures as he dropped his hand from his holster before offering it out to Doc. “I’m Officer Dolls, Officer Haught’s partner.”
Doc retracted his hand from his own gun and took Dolls’s hand. “Doc Holliday. Friend of Wynonna’s.” They vigorously shook hands as Dolls eyed him with a raised brow.

“Doc Holliday, as in the fastest gunslinger?”

“It is a family nickname,” Doc smirked.

Dolls nodded as he finally dropped Doc’s hand, realizing he had been shaking it for a little too long. “Um, are you ready to give me your statement?” He asked Nicole and Wynonna as he pulled out a notepad and pen.

“Actually, can we do it tomorrow? It’s been a long night and I’m sure Wynonna would like some rest. As would I,” Nicole asked as Dolls eyed her suspiciously. “I promise we won’t forget any details. Please, Dolls?”

He nodded his head and closed his notebook before putting it back in his utility belt. “Fine. But first thing in the morning, okay?”

“Thank you.” Nicole gave him a quick smile.

“Well, I’ll let you all get home. Get lots of rest you two.”

Wynonna saluted him before walking over to Doc, who led her out the door. He smiled at Nicole and Waverly as they walked hand-in-hand behind Doc and Wynonna.

The four of them made their way back to the homestead, Nicole and Doc following the Earp women inside to make sure they were okay.

“Why don’t you both just crash here?” Wynonna suggested.

“Really? You sure?” Nicole asked, looking at Waverly, who was nodding with a grin.

“I wouldn’t want to impose,” Doc replied as he took off his Stetson and held it over his chest.

“It’s already 4 a.m. anyways, so it’d be silly to just have you drive home,” Wynonna replied. “Really guys, it’s fine. I think we all deserve at least some rest. And I think Nicole and I deserve some fun after the night we’ve had,” she said as she patted the redhead’s back, who in return tensed her muscles feeling slightly awkward. “And also, I’m extremely horny,” she added without batting an eyelash.

“Well, okay then,” Doc replied as he hung up his hat on the coat rack. “Who am I to oppose such an offer.” He smirked as he followed Wynonna to the stairs. A few steps in, he turned and bowed his head. “Ladies,” he said before following Wynonna up the rest of stairs.

Waverly giggled at the two of them. “They really are cute together.”

“I suppose,” Nicole smiled.

“But not as cute as us.”

“No, definitely not.” The redhead smiled as she gave Waverly a quick kiss. “You know, what Wynonna said…we don’t have to. I mean, I’m fine if you just want to sleep.”

“Do you?” Waverly asked as she ran her nails up and down Nicole’s back.

A sigh escaped Nicole’s smiling lips. “Well, you make it kind of hard to not want sex when you
“Well maybe that’s the point,” Waverly replied seductively.

“I mean, she’s your sister, and if it’s too weird doing it with her in the house, I’m okay with that.”

Waverly brought her hands up to wrap them around the back of Nicole’s neck and looked lovingly into her eyes as she played with the ends of her hair. “There was a moment tonight where I thought I had lost you. You almost died. I think that’s something worth celebrating, whether Wynonna is in the house or not.”

Nicole’s dimples formed on her face as the corners of her mouth tugged up gently. “Okay then. Take me to your room.”

Waverly eagerly took Nicole’s hand and led them upstairs. They quickly shut the door behind them, Waverly pressing Nicole up against the door as she hungrily placed her lips onto the taller woman’s. Their tongues massaged one another’s as slight moans escaped tingling lips. After taking off clothes, layer by layer, they eventually made it over to the bed. Waverly pushed Nicole down and laid on top of her, straddling her hips. She gave her a passionate kiss before kissing down her torso. When she reached her naval, she positioned herself between Nicole’s legs, wrapping her arms under the redhead’s thighs before lowering her warm tongue onto Nicole’s center and exploring her wet folds. Nicole smiled as she dropped her head back with her eyes closed and her hands holding steadily onto the pillow underneath her head. She sighed at the pleasure that coursed through her body.

About a minute into Waverly’s ministration, the pair heard a very loud moan coming from next door. Nicole’s eyes shot open, but Waverly continued to swirl her tongue around Nicole’s clit. The redhead closed her eyes and tried to ignore it, but then she heard Doc grunting. She shook her head and sighed as she patted Waverly on the head.

“What’s wrong?” Waverly asked as she sat up to look at Nicole. She wiped her girlfriend’s arousal off of her mouth with her thumb and index finger.

“Sorry, I just…” the redhead placed her palms on her forehead and sighed as she shook her head. “It’s hard to get in the mood when they’re making all that noise.”

Waverly moved up to lay next to Nicole. “Yeah, sorry. With Wynonna being pregnant and all, her hormones are probably making her extra…well, you know.”

“No, I get it. I’m not blaming them or anything. I’m just saying…do you mind if we just lay here and cuddle?”

“Of course not.” Waverly placed a quick kiss on Nicole’s nose before snuggling up next to her and entwining their fingers, playing with them.

“So, are you mad that I outed you to your ex?” Nicole finally asked.

Waverly smiled. “Depends. Are you mad that my ex tried to kill you?”

“A little.” The pair laughed before Nicole continued, “But seriously, how did you ever date that guy?”

“Well, he started working for my Uncle Curtis when he was 13. I was 11 at the time. That’s how Wynonna and I got to know him. We didn’t start dating until high school though, when I was in grade 10 and he was in grade 12. And it only lasted two months. He kept trying to have sex with me, but I never wanted to. I wasn’t ready yet. But I did other stuff with him just so that he would stop
asking for it. But one night he tried again, and I told him I didn’t want to, and he broke up with me, saying that I was a tease.”

Nicole rolled her eyes. “The men in this town are all the same.”

“Yeah, I guess I wasn’t really the best at picking them. I was kind of just taking whatever I could get, you know? Because of the accident and Wynonna leaving and me having to live with my aunt and uncle, everyone just saw me as this charity case that was too fragile to be with anyone.”

“I get it, believe me. When I first came out I had my fair share of taking whatever I could get.” She chuckled at the memories of failed relationships and flings.

Waverly nodded and chuckled before resting her head on Nicole’s chest. The redhead gently rubbed her fingers up and down Waverly’s bicep as she swallowed hard. “So, any other exes I should be aware of?”

The brunette smiled at Nicole wanting to know her history. “Um, just a couple. I had a boyfriend in middle school, but we broke up two weeks later, so I wouldn’t really count that. And then in grade 9 there was Kyle. He also ended up being a complete dick. Caught him making out with my best friend a month later. Needless to say, I broke up with him…and with my friend.”

“Wow. I’m really glad I never had to worry about stealing boyfriends,” Nicole laughed lightheartedly.

“In hindsight, she actually saved me, because I probably wouldn’t have had the courage to break up with him without some sort of excuse like that.” Waverly smiled. “But yeah, just those two. After that it was Earl and then Champ.” She wrapped her arm around the redhead’s torso and squeezed her. “And then you.” A bright smile crept across her face.

“Well, technically I’m not an ex,” Nicole chuckled as she played with Waverly’s brown locks.

“Only if you play your cards right.” The brunette gave a playful wink, which earned her a pillow to the face. “Hey!”

“That’s what you get!”

“You’re lucky you’re so cute, or else I would break up with you right now for that,” Waverly teased.

“Yeah right. You love me too much.”

The brunette hummed as she rested her face in the crook of Nicole’s neck. “I do.”

“So, only four, huh? Honestly, I was expecting more than that,” Nicole laughed, a hint of relief in her voice as she brushed her thumb along Waverly’s hipbone.

Waverly bit her lip. There was one person she hadn’t ever told anyone about, not even Wynonna, and she debated whether or not she should tell Nicole. She went back and forth, fighting with herself in her mind.

Does she really need to know? It’s not like she would benefit from knowing. But then again, she’s your girlfriend, and you should be able to tell her everything – even something like this. But what if she hates you? What if she can’t trust you anymore? Waverly exhaled nervously. Her breathing became shaky as her hands around Nicole’s torso began to tremble. There’s only one way to find out.

“Well, actually…there is one other person…”
“Well, actually…there is one other person…” Waverly quavered.

“Oh?” Nicole asked, looking intrigued.

“Um, yeah. But not a boyfriend. More like a, uh…a one night stand.” She looked down at her hand on Nicole’s ribs as she avoided eye contact, feeling a little bit shameful.

Nicole pressed her palms into the mattress and pushed herself up, looking over at Waverly as she waited for her to continue. Waverly followed suit and sat up, leaning against the headboard as she sighed. She collected her thoughts, trying to figure out the best way to start the story.

“For my 20th birthday, my Aunt Gus surprised me with an all-expenses-paid weekend trip to this convention for ancient languages in Regina. It was the first time I went anywhere by myself, and it was an incredible experience. I got to learn some amazing things, and meet some extraordinary people. One person in particular…his name was Andrew.”

She glanced up at Nicole to gage her reaction, but noticed that the woman was patiently waiting to hear the rest of the story, so she continued.

“We hit it off right away. We talked only to each other during the receptions, and sat next to each other during all of the conferences. He was kind, generous, and hung on my every word. Basically, he was everything Champ wasn’t. I mean, he was even British for Pete’s sake.”

Nicole lightly chuckled. Not so much at what Waverly had sad, but more so at the way she had said it – with her high-pitched voice followed by that cute snort she often did whenever she found something amusing. It wasn’t until a few seconds later that Nicole realized the words that had come out of the brunette’s mouth, and she quickly felt a pang of jealousy.

“So, I went back to his hotel room, and uh…well, we had sex.”

Nicole swallowed – hard. She tried her best not to show any of the anger she felt on her face. It was one thing for her to know that Champ had been inside her sweet Waverly, but hearing about a second guy was almost too much for her.

Waverly sighed as she thought back to that night. “It wasn’t good with Champ, and I just thought that maybe it was because of him. I had this perfect guy right in front of me…literally, he was perfect. His hair naturally flowed in a way that takes guys hours to style, his teeth were perfectly straight and white, his skin was basically flawless…he even had a perfect six-pack. And I just remember thinking, *sex could be really good with this guy.* She blew out a puff of air and shook her head before letting out a breathy laugh. “But, it wasn’t. Not that he wasn’t good, because he was very considerate of my needs. But I still felt like something was missing. I think it messed me up a little bit, because I remember thinking to myself that I was never going to have this amazing love, because I wasn’t meant to. Like, I wasn’t the type of person who would ever enjoy being with
someone else. When I woke up the next morning I just felt really empty and sad, and so I quickly
snuck out of his room while he was still asleep and left to go back to Purgatory – to go back to
Champ. I figured, if I would never be happy with anybody, I might as well just stick with him to pass
the time.”

“You were still with Champ while all of this happened?” Nicole finally spoke.

“Well, yeah.”

“So, you cheated on him.” She stated. Waverly could see her brain at work, putting the puzzle pieces
together.

“Yeah, I did,” Waverly replied sheepishly.

Nicole shook her head, still processing everything. “I can’t believe you cheated on him.”

Waverly gave a light chuckle. “Nicole, it’s Champ. You hate the guy.”

“It doesn’t matter what I think of him. The fact is, you still cheated.” She quickly replied, slightly
pulling away from Waverly.

“I’m not denying that I cheated. I’m just saying that he doesn’t deserve any sympathy with all of the
times he cheated on me. It’s not like he was the most faithful boyfriend.”

“And that makes it okay?” Nicole snapped.

Waverly pulled back, noticing Nicole getting angrier by the second. “Why are you getting so upset
about this?”

“Because, it’s wrong! I mean, how do I know that you won’t do the same to me?”

Waverly stared at her, stunned. “Because you’re not an asshole? And because I love you.” She
reached out to grab Nicole’s hand, but the redhead quickly pulled it away.

“And how many times did you say that to Champ?” She asked angrily as she stood up from the bed.

Waverly’s face dropped and she slowly shook her head before speaking in a soft voice. “That’s not
fair.”

“No, what’s not fair is that you’re just now telling me about this.” Nicole began putting her clothes
back on. Waverly sat up all the way, holding the covers up over her chest.

“I was looking for answers, and they’ve finally been answered. You answered them, Nicole. I’m not
looking anymore. Trust me, you have nothing to worry about.”

The redhead threw her shirt on, shaking her head in anger. “And what happens when you have
another question that needs answering? Then what, huh?” She asked sternly as she slowly began to
raise her voice more.

“Nicole, I would never cheat on you. I promise, I love you so much,” Waverly confessed, her eyes
filling with tears.

Nicole shook her head as she stared down at the floor, her bottom lip pulled between her teeth. She
wanted so badly to just move on from it and go back to where they were five minutes ago, but she
couldn’t. She couldn’t wrap her head around it all. This picture of her sweet and innocent girlfriend
had been tainted with infidelity and unfaithfulness. “I’m sorry, I can’t do this right now. I love you, I
do. But I need to process this. I’m sorry, I have to go.”

Waverly watched her girlfriend storm out of the room and shut the door behind her as the tears streamed down her face. “Nicole,” she whispered before falling back onto the pillow and curling up in the covers as she cried herself to sleep.

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Waverly woke up to the sound of her alarm going off and slowly peeked one eye open. She groaned as she haphazardly searched for the button that would stop the loud buzzing, eventually finding it. With a sigh, she slid out of bed and put her silk robe on before heading down the stairs to make some coffee. As she approached the bottom of the stairs, she was hit with the aroma of freshly made coffee.

“Well good morning baby sis!” Wynonna said in a cheery voice – clearly that of someone who had spent all night getting laid.

“Hey,” Waverly croaked, a little irritated by her sister’s perkiness as she walked into the kitchen.

“Want some coffee? I just made a fresh pot.”

Waverly nodded before plopping down into the kitchen chair and resting her jaw in her hands, letting out a long yawn as she did so. The older Earp set the mug of lightly colored coffee down in front of the disheveled girl and returned to her seat. She noticed Waverly’s puffy eyes and lack of her usual annoying Waverly pep.

“Have you been crying?” She asked before looking around the room. “…And where’s Officer Haughtstuff?”

“We had a fight,” Waverly replied shortly before taking a sip from her mug.

Wynonna nodded in realization. “Ah, I thought I heard you two yelling…and not the sexual kind.” Waverly rolled her eyes in response. “So, what were you two fighting about?”

A sheepish look spread across her face. “I told her about someone I slept with and she didn’t take it very well.”

Wynonna’s scrunched her brow in confusion. “Someone other than Champ?”

Waverly gave a slight nod.

The older Earp’s face quickly changed to shock. “Oh my god! You slept with someone other than Champ?! I don’t believe it! When did you…how did you…no, okay, I’ll let you tell the story. And don’t leave out any details.” She made a platform with the backs of her hands and rested her chin.

The smaller girl sighed at having to tell the story again. She really didn’t want to, but knew that if she wanted any advice from her sister, she would have to know everything. She explained everything from beginning to end, just like she did with Nicole, all while Wynonna listened attentively. When she finished, she looked at Wynonna and awaited her response.

“Wow. I’m actually a little jealous. I’ve always wanted to do a British guy.”

Waverly stared at her in disbelief. “Really? That’s what you got out of this story?”

“What? I’ve heard they’re good in the sack.” She shrugged as she took a sip of her black coffee.
“Well, he wasn’t bad. He just wasn’t…” Waverly trailed off, trying to figure out how to explain it.

“He wasn’t a chick. Yeah, I get it,” Wynonna nodded. “Okay, so you cheated on Champ. Big deal. He’s cheated on you like at least ten times.” She rolled her eyes, not feeling any sympathy for the guy. If anything, she felt a little bit proud of her sister for going after what she wanted without letting Champ hold her back, like she usually did with everything in her life.

“Nicole thinks it’s a big deal. I don’t think she trusts me anymore.” Waverly’s voice trembled with emotion.

“Well what did she say?”

“She said she needed to process everything and then left. I think she’s afraid I’m going to cheat on her.”

“Sounds like she’s got some trust issues. Maybe she’s been cheated on in the past.” Wynonna stood up to pour herself her third cup of coffee.

“You think?”

“Why else would she be so worried about it? You’ve never given her a reason not to trust you, and it’s not like she really cares about Champ. I’d bet all my money on trust issues.” Wynonna slipped back into her chair.

“So, what should I do?”

“Talk to her about it. Reassure her that you would never do anything to hurt her.”

“I tried that last night and she responded by storming off in the middle of the night.”

“She’ll probably need some time before she’s ready to listen. Wait a little bit, then talk to her.”

Waverly nodded, slightly skeptical but at the same time trying to remain hopeful.

“I wouldn’t worry about it too much. That woman loves you, Waverly. I bet that by the end of the day she’ll be crawling back into your bed, trying to get into your pants,” she wriggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Waverly winced. “Okay, can we talk about something else please?”

The older Earp crossed her arms and chuckled. “Okay, like what?”

“Anything other than my sex life,” Waverly sighed.

“So does that mean we can talk about my sex life?” Wynonna asked with a grin.

“Sure, why not.” The younger Earp took another sip of her coffee.

“Okay, so the sex last night was amazing!” Wynonna beamed as she threw her hands down onto the table for emphasis.

Waverly raised her eyebrows. “So I heard.”

“Sorry, were we that loud? I hope we didn’t ruin your night…” she said sounding genuinely apologetic.
The younger Earp shook her head and gave a reassuring smile. “It’s fine. You’re pregnant, so you get dibs.”

“Speaking of which, sex while pregnant is incredible! I mean, everything is extra sensitive in all the right places. Honestly, the best sex I’ve ever had in my entire life.”

Waverly smiled, happy to see her sister finally reacting positively towards her pregnancy.

“Is this what you felt like when you and Haughty banged for the first time? All rejuvenated and shit?”

“Something like that,” Waverly chuckled. “So, do you know when you’re going to tell Doc?”

Wynonna puffed up her cheeks and blew out an audible stream of air. “Definitely not until after my first visit to the gyno.”

“You don’t want him to go with you?”

The older Earp vigorously shook her head. “You’re going with me, right?”

“Of course,” Waverly replied as she took her sister’s hand. “I’ll go to all of them if you want me to. And your childbirth classes.”

Wynonna’s eyes widened. “Oh my god.”

“What?” Waverly asked, concerned about the petrified look on her sister’s face.

“I’m going to have to give birth.” All of the blood drained from Wynonna’s face as she thought back to those videos in health class showing a woman giving birth.

Waverly chuckled. “Uh, yeah silly. Pushing the baby out is kind a big part of being pregnant. It only stays in there for nine months you know…” She said mockingly.

“No, I know. I just haven’t thought about it. I’ve been so busy thinking about actually being pregnant that I haven’t thought about the part where I have to push the child out of my vag.” She felt nauseous at the thought.

“So, you’re definitely going to keep it then? I mean, at least until labor?”

“Yeah, that much I know. But after…” Wynonna slowly shrugged her shoulders.

“Well, you have time to decide. And you don’t have to decide on your own, you and Doc can talk about it together and come up with a decision. But whatever you choose to do, I’ll support you no matter what.” She reached her hand out for her sister to take as she gave a warm smile.

Wynonna smiled back at her and took her sister’s hand, giving it a gentle squeeze of appreciation as she swiped away a tear that fell down her cheek. “Hey, shouldn’t you be getting ready for work?”

“Crap. You’re right.” Waverly sighed as she downed the rest of her warm coffee and ran upstairs.

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It had been five hours since Waverly got to work, and she still hadn’t heard from Nicole. No calls, no texts. Nothing but radio silence. She didn’t even come in for her coffee, which was what hurt Waverly the most. There had been several times where she had pulled out her phone and typed a text to send, but each time she deleted it, unsure if reaching out to Nicole first would help things or make
them worse. She just really wanted her girlfriend back – If she was even still her girlfriend at this point.


“Got it!” He yelled from the back.

Grabbing her coat, she made her way to her Jeep. Within five minutes tops she was at the station, rushing through the front door and nearly knocking over an elderly woman who was exiting the building. “I’m so sorry Mrs. Gable!” She apologized as she helped steady the thin woman, who had lost her balance.

“Good heavens Waverly! Slow down a little. You kids are always in a hurry!”

Waverly looked at the woman sheepishly. “Yes ma’am.” She took the woman’s advice and slowed down her stride to a normal pace as she continued into the precinct – mainly because she didn’t want to seem too eager.

As she rounded the corner, she saw Nicole pouring over a file, a light frown creasing her brow as she massaged her temple with the fingers of her right hand, which was also holding her pen. Waverly smiled at how gorgeous the woman looked, even when she seemed a little perturbed. She took a deep breath, gaining some confidence and strutted over towards the redhead’s desk.

“Hey sexy,” Waverly lilted as she sat down in the chair across from Nicole, crossing her legs as she sat.

Nicole looked up, surprised by the woman’s unexpected appearance. “Uh, hey.” She spoke in a way that sounded more like a question than a greeting. “What are you doing here?”

“I was on break and decided I would swing by to surprise my gorgeous girlfriend at work.” She smiled as she reached out for Nicole’s hand, but the officer pulled it back slightly before their skin could make contact. She reached up for her neck and played it off like she was itchy, giving it a subtle scratch. Waverly’s smile immediately dropped at the rejection, knowing exactly why Nicole had pulled away from her.

“You’re still mad at me,” Waverly stated softly, the disappointment in her voice causing Nicole to wince in pain.

A small sigh escaped the redhead’s lips. “Look, I just need some more time. And maybe…” she pursed her lips, trying to figure out a better way to convey what she needed. She knew the only words she could think of would hurt Waverly, but they were the only words that would accurately describe her feelings. She continued in a much softer tone, “And maybe a bit of space.”

The words hit Waverly like a punch in the gut. Not wanting to show her disappointment, she forced a weak smile and nodded. Her eyes began to water, but she blinked a few times, urging herself to stay strong and not cry as she abruptly stood up from the chair. “Just let me know when you’re ready then,” she said softly, trying her best not to sound hurt. But it was no use, her quavering voice was a dead giveaway.

Nicole watched with guilty eyes as the brunette tramped out of the station. As soon as Waverly was gone, she threw her pen on her desk and ran her hands through her hair, stopping them at the base of her neck as she shook her head and exhaled sharply. She hated this. She didn’t want to be upset, but she couldn’t help it. She couldn’t control the way she felt about this particular subject, and truth be told, she was hurt that Waverly hadn’t mentioned it sooner. She quickly returned to her file in an
attempt to distract herself from the pain she felt from hurting the woman that she loved more than anything in the entire world.

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It had been two days since Nicole had given Waverly the cold shoulder – well, one day, 15 hours and 22 minutes by Waverly’s count. The brunette had barely slept since their fight, and even when she was able to sleep she ended up having nightmares of Nicole breaking up with her, which never left her feeling well-rested. Wynonna noticed this change in her baby sister, and she knew the reason why. Which was why when Nicole showed up to the bar that night for a drink, Wynonna wasn’t afraid to rip her a new one.

“Why are you being such a dick to Waverly?” Wynonna asked as she glared at Nicole, completely ignoring her request for a beer.

“Excuse me?” Nicole replied incredulously.

“You heard me.” Wynonna folded her arms across her chest, quirking an eyebrow and tapping her foot as she awaited the woman’s answer. She tried her best not to roll her eyes at how maternal she looked in her mama bear stance.

Nicole gritted her teeth. “This is between me and Waverly, and it’s none of your business.”

“When you treat my sister like shit, it’s every bit my business,” Wynonna yelled.

Nicole looked around to make sure nobody was paying attention to them before leaning in. “I haven’t done anything to Waverly,” she said with a lowered voice. “If anything, Waverly’s the one who lied to me.”

“Oh, that’s right, you’re just torturing her by giving her the silent treatment because you found out that she slept with some random guy. Poor you. Grow up, Officer Dipshit! If you have a problem with your girlfriend, then go work it out. But this whole “being a fucking coward” thing has gone on long enough. I won’t let you be an asshole to Waverly like the rest of them, so I suggest you get your head out of your ass and go talk to her before I break your face for breaking her heart.” She huffed, feeling good about getting all of that off of her chest.

Nicole calmly straightened up, showcasing that she was a bit taller than the brunette. “Do I need to remind you that you’re talking to a police officer? You really don’t want to threaten me right now, Wynonna, or I’ll have you arrested.” She folded her arms.

“Oh, get over yourself Nicole. This whole power trip thing you’ve got going on is extremely unattractive, and a little too testosterone-y for my taste. I’m not afraid of you, and my threat still stands.” She stood on her tiptoes and hovered over the redhead, causing the officer to back down a bit.

Nicole sighed. “Look, I don’t want to fight with you. I just came here for a beer, and then I’m leaving.”

“Well, luckily for me I’m allowed to refuse service to anyone I please. So, Officer Haught, you’re cut off from this bar until you work your shit out.” She glared at the woman for a moment before walking away to take the order of a man who had been drunkenly waving at her for the past minute.

Nicole shook her head and snatched her Stetson off the counter as she stomped out of the bar, slamming the door behind her.
Waverly pulled up to the homestead and sighed as she finally walked into her house after an almost unbearable day of work. She trudged up the stairs, wanting nothing more than to lay in bed while distracting herself with some reading on the history of Wyatt Earp. Whenever she was too exhausted to clean, she found that learning about her family history made her feel better. Or at least, that was the plan, until she found herself sauntering towards the sound of knocking at the front door before she could even make it all the way up the stairs.

“I swear, if it’s that guy trying to get us to buy cable again, I’m ripping out his tongue and feeding it to the buzzards, because I am *not* in the mood,” she muttered to herself in annoyance before swinging the door open to reveal a very distressed Nicole. Waverly’s face displayed a glimpse of sympathy as she noticed the dark circles under the redhead’s eyes, but quickly shook the feeling. She was too angry at this woman for putting her through all of this emotional turmoil to feel sorry for her.

“Hey,” Nicole nearly whispered as she slightly raised her hand in a wave before bringing it back down next to the other one holding her Stetson in front of her by the brim.

Waverly made no effort to respond, other than crossing her arms and deepening the scowl on her face, hoping the officer would get the hint.

Nicole awkwardly rubbed the back of her neck. “Um, can we talk?”
Chapter Summary

Nicole explains her fears, and a lot of other stuff happens that I don't want to give away so you'll have to read it for yourself... :)

Chapter Notes

I loved reading your comments on your thoughts about Waverly's side vs. Nicole's side! It was very interesting to see the differing opinions.

“Um, can we talk?”

Waverly clenched her jaw as she slowly shook her head and rolled her eyes before walking into the house, leaving the door wide open for Nicole to enter. The redhead hesitantly followed the brunette and softly shut the door behind her, not wanting to make a lot of noise. She hung her hat up before wandering to the bottom of the stairs, where Waverly was impatiently waiting for her to catch up.

“Okay, so—”

“Not here,” Waverly interrupted. “I don’t want there to be any chance of Wynonna coming home and interrupting your long overdue apology,” she stated, not even trying to hide the sass in her voice. Nicole nodded as she followed Waverly up the stairs, but the brunette quickly turned around. “And Nicole, this better be good.” She gave the redhead a look of warning before continuing to stomp up the stairs and leading them into her bedroom.

Waverly stood in the middle of the room with her arms folded across her chest, her left hip jutted out as she bore most of her weight on her right leg and glared at Nicole, waiting for her to begin.

“Um, do you want to sit?” Nicole asked hesitantly.

“No, I don’t.” She held her stare.

“Okay.” Nicole gave a short sigh. “Okay, so I’m really sorry for reacting the way I did. I think I may have overreacted a bit…”

“A bit?” Waverly asked incredulously. “Nicole, you’ve been ignoring me for nearly three days. Do you know how shitty that was of you?”

“I do,” she replied as she dropped her head in shame. If she had a tail, it would be between her legs right about now.

“No, I don’t think you do.” Waverly took a step forward. “I’ve been an emotional wreck. I couldn’t sleep, I’ve barely eaten, and there wasn’t a damn thing I could do about it, because you wouldn’t talk to me! I had no idea if we were even still together anymore. I mean, god, you’re my first girlfriend, Nicole. After so many years I’ve finally figured out a key part of who I am, and you’re the woman
who helped me do that. You opened this door that I didn’t even know was there and completely flipped my world right-side up. Do you know what that means?"

Nicole pursed her lips, refraining from answering. She knew exactly what it meant, but she also knew that the question was rhetorical, and only an idiot would dare answer.

“It means that this,” Waverly gesticulated wildly between them, “Is a big fucking deal for me! And you just up and ghosting me like is just so…it’s so…” she balled her fists in frustration as she paused to give her brain a chance to catch up with her mouth. “Immature and selfish! And quite honestly, it’s something Champ would’ve done. Which really sucks, because you’re supposed to be better than him.”

“I know, I screwed up.” Nicole finally interjected, the pain of Waverly’s words hitting her hard. “I was just so hurt that you didn’t tell me about that guy before and I couldn’t deal.”

“Is it because I didn’t tell you, or because I cheated?” Waverly’s eyebrows knitted together and a scowl darkened her face as she stood with her arms crossed against her chest, which was still heaving in anger.

“Both.”

Waverly dropped her arms and shook her head. “Look, I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner, but you have to believe me when I say that I would never do that to you. I know that what I did was wrong and immoral, and I would never do it again.”

“How am I supposed to believe that?” Nicole asked with trepidation.

“It’s called trust,” Waverly replied defensively. “You do trust me, right?”

“Well, yeah. But this– ”

“Then why is it so hard for you to understand that I actually care about you and would never want to hurt you?”

“Because the last time I believed someone who said that I got hurt!” Nicole replied a little too loudly, startling Waverly a bit. The immediate shock quickly wore off Waverly’s face as it softened a bit.

“One point for Wynonna,” Waverly mumbled to herself before stepping closer to Nicole and reaching out for her forearms. “What happened?”

Nicole stepped out of the brunette’s reach and sighed as she turned around, not wanting Waverly to see her as she collected her thoughts. She rested her hands on her hips and shook her head as she bit her bottom lip, tensing her facial muscles which almost made it look like she was smiling. After a few seconds, she turned back around. Her eyes were a little red, but she kept herself from letting any tears escape. “It happened over a year ago, with my last girlfriend. We had been together for a year, and we had just moved into a new apartment after living an hour away from each other. She was actively looking for a new job closer to mine, and I was actively looking for an engagement ring.”

Waverly’s eyebrows shot up into her hairline at the realization that Nicole had almost married someone else. She swallowed as she held back all of the questions that were running through her mind, wanting to let her girlfriend continue her explanation.

A despondent expression appeared on Nicole’s face as the painful memories that she had tried so hard to bury drifted up to the surface. “Then one night, two days after moving in with her, I told her that I had to work a double shift. I was going to surprise her with a romantic dinner to celebrate the
new apartment. She was supposed to be at her mom’s house, so it was the perfect plan. But when I
got home with the groceries, I heard a noise in the bedroom. I quietly went in to catch whoever was
in our home, and that’s when I found her…completely naked, on top of some guy.”

Waverly winced at the look of pain that crossed Nicole’s face. She knew that Nicole seeing her
girlfriend with someone else was bad, but that seeing her with a man was even more gut-wrenching.

“And I just froze in the doorway, watching them together. It was like watching a horror film, where
you so desperately want to close your eyes, but at the same time you just can’t look away. After what
felt like an eternity they finally saw me there, and she quickly jumped off of him. She gave me the
whole ‘I can explain’ bullshit, but I already knew it would just be a lie. So I left the apartment and
stayed at a hotel.”

“Nicole. I’m so sorry,” Waverly quavered sympathetically.

“That’s not even the worst part. A couple weeks later, after breaking up with her and moving back
into my old apartment, I found out that I wasn’t actually the one she wanted to move closer to.”
Nicole paused before looking up at Waverly. “She had been having an affair with that guy for six
months. *Six fucking months.* I mean, what kind of a police officer has no idea that their girlfriend has
been screwing someone else for six months?! I was humiliated. The news quickly spread, and I was
the laughing stock of the station. The guys already couldn’t believe that I had landed a girlfriend ‘that
stacked’...their words, not mine,” she rolled her eyes at the immaturity. “And when they found out
that she was getting dick on the side, they rubbed it in my face. A lot of ‘I told you so’ and ‘no
woman that pretty would choose to be a lesbian’ and ‘you should just go back to men’ were said to
me over the next few weeks. It was hard enough being the only woman at my job, but then to also be
labeled as the stupid dyke who got played by a woman who was already out of my league? That was
toughest thing I ever had to go through.” She grimaced as she remembered the countless amount of
derogatory terms that were thrown at her from her co-workers. “And it was suddenly no longer my
physical capability of doing my job that was questioned, but also my intelligence. Nobody ever gave
me any cases that didn’t involve helping old ladies cross the street. They wouldn’t even trust me to
change a flat tire properly, despite all of the jokes that were made about my sexual orientation
dictating my ability to do so.” She sighed and gave a slight shake of her head. “I basically got
demoted to coffee runs and keeping the station clean, and I couldn’t do a damn thing about it because
it was me against everyone else in that shithole.”

Waverly was fuming at this point. She wished that she could go back in time and punch all of those
guys – and Nicole’s ex – in the face. “Officer Nicole Haught, you listen to me.” Waverly lifted
Nicole’s chin with her index finger and forced them to make eye contact. “You are the most amazing
police officer I’ve ever met. You’re kind, and compassionate, and you care about everyone in this
small town. You have so much good in you, and this world needs someone like you to keep it safe
from the bad guys. And despite what those sexist pigs believe, there’s not a single person in this
world that is out of your league. In fact, you were clearly out of her league. I mean, you had to be in
order for her to be dumb enough to choose some guy over you.”

Nicole smiled, appreciative of her girlfriend’s kind words. “It broke me, you know? After that, I
promised myself that I would always be skeptical of others and put myself first in order to keep my
heart safe, no matter what it took. And when you told me that story of cheating on Champ, it
triggered something in me. All of those feelings came up, and I went into defense mode.”

“I get it. I mean, how can you not after going through something like that?” Waverly replied as she
waved her hand around. “But you have to talk to me when something’s bothering you, okay? No
matter how hard it is. You can’t just shut me out like that. We have to communicate with each other,
because that’s the only way this relationship is going to work. We’re a team now, you and me.” She
smiled as she wrapped her arms around the redhead’s waist and looked up into light brown eyes.

Nicole nodded, aware of her mistakes. “Look, I trust you Waverly. Really, I do. You’re the only person I’ve been able to trust since then, actually. And in my heart, I know you would never cheat on me. It just took me a little bit of time to reach that conclusion…and a bit of Wynonna kicking my ass.” She chuckled as she shook her head at how grating the older Earp was, and not at all like Waverly. “I’m really sorry. Can you forgive me?”

The brunette exhaled deeply as a warm smile graced her cheeks. “Are you kidding me? Of course I forgive you. But next time you go into this deep dark spiraling mindset of doubt, you have to promise that you’ll talk to me about it instead of disappearing and pushing me away, okay? I want us to be able to get through our challenges together.”

“I know, I know. I will, I promise.” Nicole smiled as she leaned in and delicately pressed her lips against Waverly’s.

As soon as she pulled away Waverly grabbed her by the collar of her uniform and pulled her back in, not wanting the kiss to end so soon. After all, it had been three days since she kissed Nicole, and she forgot how sweet she tasted. Pretty soon the kiss became heated, and Waverly was becoming more and more impatient by the second. She pushed Nicole up against the wall, peppering kisses all over the redhead’s neck, causing a hoarse sigh to escape the back of the taller woman’s throat as she involuntarily bucked her hips in response. Trailing her hands down the front of Nicole’s body, Waverly took in every dip and curve of the woman’s structure, smiling at the figure beneath her skin. She stopped at the black leather belt and began to frantically undo the buckle, her one-track mind already planning all of the things she was going to do to this woman.

Nicole sighed in frustration as she brought her hands down to Waverly’s wrists and stilled her movements.

“Why do I always get stopped at the belt?” Waverly whined before noticing the uncertainty in Nicole’s eyes. “What’s wrong?”

“I uh, started my period this morning,” Nicole replied as she rubbed the back of her neck. She didn’t know why she felt so awkward telling Waverly since it was a natural thing that happened to half of the population, and especially since just the other week she had convinced Waverly not to feel bad about her own period. It was something she went through every four weeks for the past fifteen years, but she still couldn’t help but feel like she was admitting to something shameful. She silently cursed society for instilling this mindset into her before straightening her posture to give off some of the confidence she was clearly lacking.

Waverly quickly withdrew her hands from the belt and slid them tenderly around Nicole’s shoulders. She felt the tension that resided there, and when she looked up at her face she could see that the redhead was clearly uncomfortable and nervous about the situation. Waverly pondered for a way to make her girlfriend feel more at ease before finally deciding to take the humorous route.

“So, we’re not pregnant then?”

A breathy chuckle escaped Nicole’s lips as she pulled Waverly into a hug and kissed the top of her head. She stayed there for a moment with her lips resting against Waverly’s hair, relishing the scent of her lavender shampoo before pulling away. “Not this time, love,” she replied playfully.

Waverly smiled at her girlfriend’s reaction to her joke, pleased to see that the taller woman had relaxed. “But in all seriousness, if you still want to have sex, I’m okay with it. I mean, if you’re wearing a tampon it won’t even cause a mess. But even if you aren’t, I don’t mind...” Waverly trailed
off, hoping that Nicole didn’t think she was weird or gross for offering.

A reassuring smile spread across Nicole’s face as she cupped her girlfriend’s slightly flushed cheeks and gave her a sweet kiss. “Thank you baby. That’s really kind and caring of you to offer that. I am wearing a tampon, but I’m not sure if it’s something I really want right now. Especially with it being the first day and all, I just feel kind of bloated and achy and not really in the mood to be touched down there.” She lovingly brushed Waverly’s cheeks with both thumbs in an attempt to show her how appreciative she was, even though she didn’t accept her offer. “Maybe another time though, I’ll be more confident to try it?” Waverly nodded in response before Nicole quickly added with a smirk, “But that doesn’t mean I can’t pleasure you. I’d be more than happy to do so.”

“I think I’d rather wait.” Waverly gave a soft smile. “Everyone knows that make up sex is the best sex, and I want to do it when we’re both able to...no matter how horny I am right now.” She backed away from Nicole and plopped onto the edge of the bed with the redhead traipsing towards her. “So,” Nicole started as she stood between Waverly’s legs and began massaging the girl’s shoulders. “Do you want to do something? Since it’s only...” she looked at her watch. “Seven thirty.”

The brunette sighed in response to Nicole rubbing out the knots in her shoulders caused by the tension she had been holding in the last few days. “Do you want to go to Shorty’s? Have a drink, play some pool?”

The dimples on Nicole’s cheeks appeared as she brought her hands up to the back of Waverly’s neck and leaned down. “I would love that.” She gave a slow, gentle kiss before adding with a whisper, “Beating you at pool is my favorite sport.”

“Hey!” Waverly slapped her arm. “I’m good at pool!”

“I never said you weren’t good. You’re just not as good as me.” The redhead sported a smug grin. “God, you’re so cocky,” Waverly rolled her eyes as she strode out of the room. “And you love it!”

“Yeah yeah, whatever.” Waverly waved her hand in dismissal as she led the pair downstairs. Nicole grabbed her hat from the hook and suddenly remembered she was in uniform.

“Can we swing by my place first though? I want to change into something more casual...and maybe take some Midol.” She clenched her jaw at the dull ache in her lower abdomen. “God I hate being a woman sometimes.”

She felt Waverly’s hand snake around her arm and her warm lips press against her cheek. “Whatever you want, honey.”

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Nicole reached out for the handle of the front door to Shorty’s and pulled it back, holding the door open and gesturing for Waverly to walk in. “After you.”

“So chivalrous,” Waverly replied with a smile big enough to force her eyes to nearly disappear. She walked into the bar, Nicole following behind.

“Hey sis!” Waverly lilted cheerily as she walked up to the counter in front of Wynonna and leaned onto her elbows.
“Hey, Baby Girl. Everything alright?” Wynonna questioned as her eyes flitted over to Nicole, skeptically glaring at her.

“Yep, everything is great!” She gingerly took Nicole’s hand for a brief moment as she looked lovingly into her eyes.

“Okay, ew. Cool it with the googly eyes. This is a bar, not an Olive Garden.” Wynonna playfully winked at her younger sister, who was shaking her head and squinting her eyes at Wynonna while trying to hide her smile.

“Waves, why don’t you get us a pool table and I’ll bring our drinks.” Nicole smiled at her.

“Okay, cutie.” She lightly squeezed Nicole’s hand before making her way over to the only empty pool table left, which was only about ten feet away from the side of the counter that was behind Wynonna.

“Her nicknames for you are much nicer than mine,” Wynonna stated as she watched her sister walk far enough away out of earshot.

“Yeah, about that. Look, you were right earlier. I was being a dick to Waverly. But, I talked to her, and we worked it out. So, thank you for dragging me out of my head.” Nicole pursed her lips and struggled to raise the corners of her mouth in one of the most awkward smiles Wynonna had ever seen.

“Jesus, you look like you’re about to take a massive shit.”

Nicole quickly dropped her smile and tilted her head, looking at Wynonna incredulously. “I’m trying here, okay? Can you just accept my apology so we can go back to being friend...ly people who are important to Waverly?”

“I don’t remember you actually saying you were sorry.” The older Earp stroked her chin with her thumb and index finger, eliciting an eye roll and a sigh from the redhead.

“Okay fine. I’m sorry. We good now?”

Wynonna pondered for a moment before saying, “Yeah, we’re good.” She smiled and shook hands with Nicole. “But I’m still watching you,” she warned with a wag of her index finger.

“I wouldn’t expect anything less from an Earp.” Nicole grinned.

“Two beers then?” Wynonna asked. Nicole nodded in response and Wynonna grabbed a couple of clean glasses from behind the counter and set them down.

“Oh, just a heads up, everyone’s talking about you.”

Nicole quirked an eyebrow. “What about me?”

“It seems the cat’s out of the bag.” Wynonna replied before pouring the beer into the mugs, filling them almost to the brim. Nicole stared at her, unsure of what the woman was talking about. Wynonna rolled her eyes. “That you’re a member of the ladies lovin’ ladies club.” Her eyebrows pulled together as she looked Nicole up and down. “Or, president, with that get-up.”

Nicole looked down at her red flannel buttoned up to the top with the sleeves rolled up to her elbows, dark blue jeans, and black suede Puma sneakers before looking back up. “What’s wrong with this?”
“Nothing, you just look really gay. I mean, you’re more obvious than Lance Bass in the ‘90s. I’m honestly really surprised people are just now figuring this out.”

The redhead huffed in annoyance. “Okay, so back to the important topic. People know I’m gay?” She lowered her voice as she leaned over the counter.

“Seems like it. Everyone’s been talking about it all day. You hear a lot when you’re a bartender with the eavesdropping skills of a middle-aged woman in church...and also, some of these drunks are loud as shit when they’re gossiping.”

“Do they know about Waverly?”

“I don’t think so. One of the firemen here is friends with a guy from your previous job and told him you were gay...well, actually he said it in a less nicer way, but I figured you’d want me to paraphrase. But he was talking about it with one of his buddies, and it just kind of blew up from there and now pretty much the whole town knows.”

“So that’s why Nedley was acting so weird around me earlier.”

“Probably. But yeah, there was no mention of Waverly. Also, I overheard a few of the ladies mention something about being over the men in this town and wanting to try a new flavor. And based on my excellent deducting skills, I’m pretty sure you’re the new flavor they were talking about.” The brunette tried not to gag.

“Good,” Nicole nodded with a sigh of relief before Wynonna looked at her with gritted teeth and a mean mug that wasn’t afraid to show how ready she was to deck the redhead. “I mean, good that they don’t know about Waverly, not about the flavor thing. And I don’t give a shit if people in this town know about me, I’ve been out for a while so people talking about me is nothing new. I just want Waverly to have the chance to come out on her own terms when she’s ready.”

Wynonna unclenched her fist as a slight smile formed on her lips. “Speaking of Waverly, you better get this alcohol in her system pronto if you want to beat her at pool.”

Nicole chuckled. “Trust me, I have better ways of raising my chances.” She reached into her back pocket for her wallet. “How much do I owe you?”

“This one’s on the house,” Wynonna winked as her lips curved up into a subtle smile.

Nicole responded by smiling back and giving a slight nod as she picked up the drinks and walked over towards Waverly, who was concentrating on hitting one of the balls into a corner pocket.

“Getting some practice in I see?” Nicole teased as she reached the table.

“Oh, you know, just making sure I’ve still got it.” As soon as she finished her sentence, Waverly took the shot, knocking the ball that she was aiming for into the corner pocket before the cue ball ricocheted off the wall and hit another into a side pocket. She looked up at Nicole triumphantly as she walked over to take her beer from the redhead’s hand and took a sip, all while staring at Nicole’s shocked expression. “So, you ready to lose?”

“Now who’s being cocky?”

“Hey, I’m just glad I’m finally dating someone who’s mature enough to handle losing. I always had to fake it with Champ...along with other things,” she winked.

“More mature than a boy-man? Indeed. But you’ll never know how good of a loser I am, because
I’m always winning.” She knocked the beer back and took a large swig before slamming the glass down onto the counter behind her. “Rack em’ up.”

Waverly rolled her eyes and emptied the ball pockets before placing the pool balls in the rack. After setting the rack aside, she lined up her cue stick for the break and knocked in two solid balls with a grin that Nicole found more cute than annoying.

“Beginner’s luck,” the redhead huffed with a stern look, her eyes betraying any real anger.

“More like expert’s skill!” Waverly walked around the table for the next shot and sunk another ball in.

Nicole watched the brunette take her shots from the stool by the bar while nursing her drink. Just when Waverly was lining herself up to pocket her fourth ball, Nicole sighed and began to fan herself off. “Does it feel hot in here to you?”

Without breaking her form, Waverly shifted her eyes up at Nicole with an eyebrow quirked in suspicion. “No? I mean, I feel fine, but maybe it’s because of that thick flannel you’ve got on,” she suggested before focusing back on the ball.

“You’re right, it’s probably the flannel.” The redhead began to unbutton the top two buttons as she rubbed the condensation from her glass all over her skin.

Just as Waverly was about to take her shot, Nicole loudly sighed again, but this time it was a sigh of relief. Annoyed, Waverly groaned and stood up to say something about keeping it down, but when she noticed what Nicole was doing, she gulped. She stared wide-eyed as the woman sat on the stool with her legs crossed at the knees and back against the bar, slowly rubbing all over her chest with her right hand as she leaned against the counter on her left arm. The way her eyes were closed and her mouth was slightly agape almost made it look like she was getting some sort of pleasure out of it in some way.

When Nicole heard Waverly’s breath hitch, her eyes slowly opened. She tried her best not to smirk at how well her plan was working.

“Aren’t you going to take your shot?” Nicole asked, pulling Waverly out of her fantasies.

“Huh?” The brunette tried to swallow, but her mouth was too dry.

“It’s still your turn, right?”

“Oh, right.” Waverly shook all of her thoughts of a naked Nicole out of her head and tried to regain her focus on the ball. She leaned down, hands slightly trembling as she took her shot, but the ball ended up missing and hitting one of Nicole’s in.

Nicole tutted as she stood up from the stool and in the most seductive manner rubbed chalk on the tip of her pool cue, being sure to do it in Waverly’s line of sight.

“So close,” Nicole said disappointedly. After a few seconds of chalking, she blew on the stick in the most sensual way possible before strutting over to the edge of the table directly across from Waverly. She leisurely leaned down as far as humanly possible, exposing her bra-clad breasts to Waverly.

Waverly’s jaw nearly hit the floor. She quickly looked around the room to see if anyone else was seeing this, but noticed that nobody was paying any attention to them, and that she was the only person who could see Nicole’s chest from that angle. She turned back around to her girlfriend and watched attentively as Nicole took her first shot, and then another, and another, and another, all
while giving Waverly a show – biting her lip and sliding her hand up and down the cue stick. With only two striped balls left, she missed, walking away from the table to let Waverly take her turn.

The brunette slowly walked over to the table, eyes flitting between it and Nicole, before leaning down to take her shot. Before she could even take any practice strokes, she noticed Nicole slowly drag her hand up her own thigh and landing on her crotch, causing her to gasp as she slammed the cue stick into the ball, sending it flying through the air towards the redhead.

Nicole’s eyes went wide with worry. She quickly reached out to catch the ball before settling back into character. “Someone’s getting rusty,” she chuckled before placing the ball back on the table and taking her turn.

“I, uh…” Waverly was going to say something, she was sure of it. But as soon as the redhead bent over all of her thoughts went out the window, and the only thing she could focus on was how sexy her girlfriend looked leaning over the table with her unbuttoned shirt, brow creased in concentration as she took her shot. And a perfect shot, at that.

Nicole walked around to the corner and knocked in her last striped ball before leaning back up with a smirk and setting herself up for the eight ball. “Corner pocket,” she said before shooting the ball straight in. She slowly leaned up and walked over to Waverly, who was too mesmerized by the taller woman to even realize that the game was over.

Nicole leaned down to Waverly’s ear, smiling at the slight gasp that left the brunette’s mouth in anticipation before whispering, “I win.”

Waverly jumped back as soon as the words registered in her brain. “Wait, what?” She looked over at the table and noticed that all of the striped balls, and the eight ball, were missing. “No! You cheated!”

“How did I cheat?”

“Because! Because you—...you were being all sexy and distracted me!” She accused as she waved her index finger around.

“Maybe if you didn’t ogle me so much, you wouldn’t have been so distracted,” Nicole replied with a smirk.

“Oh, I’m so getting you back for that! We’re playing again, and this time I’m not looking at anything other than this pool table,” Waverly stated before tossing her cue stick in the air and snatching it by the middle as she gave Nicole a stern look.

Nicole chuckled and shook her head at the adorable woman angrily placing the pool balls inside the triangle before walking over to her beer on the counter and taking a swig.

“Hi,” said a blonde woman around Waverly’s age who had walked up to Nicole.

“Oh, hello,” Nicole replied slowly with raised eyebrows, immediately noticing the woman’s short crop top and even shorter skirt. She blinked a few times as she quickly flitted her eyes up to the woman’s face, realizing that she had been inappropriately staring too far below it. “Um, did we steal your table?”

“No, no.” The woman chuckled. “I came here to talk to you, actually.”

“Me?” Nicole questioned with a quirked eyebrow.
“Well, you are Officer Haught, right?” The woman smirked as she stepped a little closer toward Nicole.

“Oh, yeah, I am. Is there something you need my help with? I’m off duty at the moment, but I can give you my card.”

“I would very much like that,” the blonde replied as she bit her lip and eyed Nicole up and down.

“I’m not going to look, I’m not going to look, I’m not going to look,” Waverly whispered to herself as she took her fourth shot, knocking a ball into one of the side pockets. She smiled to herself before quickly flitting her eyes up towards Nicole for a moment, briefly giving into the temptation before immediately looking back down at the table. As soon as her brain registered that Nicole was talking to a woman, she jerked her head back up. Her mouth dropped when she noticed the woman gently touching Nicole’s arm, but then her jaw clenched when she realized who the woman was.

“You’ve got to be freaking kidding me.” She muttered through gritted teeth as she slammed her pool cue down on the table – not caring one bit about the fact that half of the pool balls had shifted – and marched over to the woman.

“Beverly Shaw.” Waverly said smugly as she folded her arms tightly across her chest.

The blonde whipped around to face the fuming brunette. A sly smile slowly spread across her face as she placed her hands on her hips. “Waverly Earp. Can’t say I’m surprised that you’re still here in Purgatory. You never did seem like the kind to branch out,” she said with a snarky tone.

Waverly knew that was a dig at her level of success. “You do realize that I was valedictorian, right?”

“It’s not like there was much competition,” Beverly scoffed.

“Oh, like you? Were you even in the top 10%?”

The blonde rolled her eyes. “I never applied myself back in high school. I was too busy working on my image to get good grades, unlike you.”

Waverly quirked an eyebrow in genuine confusion. “Was that an insult towards me or you?”

“I’m a successful business woman now,” she boasted, completely ignoring Waverly’s question.

“Where? Hooters?” Waverly replied as she eyed the woman’s outfit.

Beverly’s eyebrows knitted together as a scowl formed on her face. “No, I have a jewelry business in Vancouver that sells high-end merchandise. But I hear you’re a barista at The Grind now? Must be riveting.”

Waverly balled her fists as she pursed her lips. She wanted nothing more than to slap the smug look off of the blonde’s perfectly make-upped face. “I have a four-year degree in Ancient Cultures and Languages, I’ll have you know.”

“Oh really? What college did you go to?”

The confidence fell from Waverly’s face. “Well, it was by correspondence.”

Beverly snorted. “Not surprised. Only an Earp would get a boring and useless degree online.”

“What are you even doing here?” Waverly growled.
“Here in Purgatory? I’m here for a couple of weeks to help my dad move out of our old house and into a smaller apartment. Here in this horribly tasteless bar? Well, I came here for a drink, and luckily stumbled across one of the most talked about officers in this town. But that was sheer luck.” She smirked at Nicole, causing Waverly to nearly blow a gasket.

Nicole looked between the women and noticed Waverly’s fists shaking. She jumped forward, forming a barrier between the two. “Okay, ladies. Looks like this has been a fun little reunion,” she chuckled nervously. “Bethany, I’m sure you have places to be.” She looked over at Waverly and glared at her. “Waverly,” she warned with pointed eyes, knowing exactly what the brunette was planning.

“Actually, it’s Beverly. As in, Beverly Hills.” The blonde corrected.

“You know Beverly is also the name of one of the worst tasting beverages in the world, right?” Waverly pushed Nicole out of the way and took a step closer towards the blonde.

“Oh, I can guarantee that I taste really sweet,” Beverly replied as she ghosted her fingertips up Nicole’s exposed forearms.

“What the hell are you doing?!” Waverly swatted Beverly’s hand away and pulled Nicole closer to her, causing the redhead to stumble back a bit. “You’re not even gay! Or did you forget that time you slept with my boyfriend?” She folded her arms across her chest.

“You don’t know what I want, Waverly! Maybe I’m over jackass men.” She wrapped her hand around Nicole’s bicep and squeezed, feeling the tense muscles of the redhead. “Maybe I’m ready to be with someone who knows how to treat a woman with respect.”

Waverly growled as she yanked Beverly’s hand off of Nicole once again. “Well it sure as hell isn’t going to be with my girlfriend!” She shoved the blonde, causing her to have to catch her balance on the counter.

Nicole looked around the room and noticed that everyone was staring at them – including Wynonna. She then looked at Waverly and saw that her eyes were glued to Beverly, either oblivious to the seemingly shocked patrons or uncaring. She prayed that Waverly was ready to come out, because it would be pretty difficult to backtrack and explain the whole girlfriend thing.

Beverly scoffed as she looked between Waverly and Nicole. “You two are together?” Nicole hesitantly nodded, unsure if it was the best move for having any chance of un-outing them as Waverly pursed her lips and gave Beverly a look that said, ‘yes bitch, now leave us the fuck alone’.

The blonde chuckled in disbelief. “Didn’t you just bring up your boyfriend like two seconds ago? Never pegged you, goody two-shoes Waverly Earp, as the type to play the other side for attention.”

“I broke up with him, and now I’m with Nicole. And I’m not doing anything for attention. I’m gay.” Waverly replied through gritted teeth, offended by the blonde’s accusations.

Well, there goes any chance of backtracking, Nicole thought to herself.

Beverly rolled her eyes. “Yeah, sure. Whatever. If you’re gay then I’m a drunk, because you can’t get any straighter than head cheerleader and prom queen,” she snorted.

“Hey!” Nicole turned to the blonde. She’d had enough. “You don’t get to say who someone is. If Waverly says she’s gay, then she’s gay. And trust me, she’s very gay.” The corners of Waverly’s mouth tugged up in an endearing smile. “And you suggesting that someone can’t be head
cheerleader and prom queen and queer is a bit narrow-minded, don’t you think? I mean, weren’t you just hitting on me?”

“I just wanted some girl-on-girl action. I never said I was a lez.” She folded her arms across her chest defensively.

“Well you can consider your offer declined, because I’m happily taken by an amazing woman, and nobody even comes close to her.” She wrapped her arm around Waverly protectively as she rested her other hand on her hip as a way of asserting her dominance.

Beverly rolled her eyes and shook her head. “Whatever. You’re not that hot anyways, Carrot Top,” she barked as she sidled ungracefully between the two women, pushing them aside as she went.

“That, was amazing.” Waverly praised as she turned to Nicole.

“Yeah? So, you’re okay then?” The redhead asked a little worried.

“Of course I’m okay! I’m better than okay! Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Because, you kind of just came out to everyone in this bar, which means that by tomorrow everyone will know about us…and, you.” She said hesitantly, unsure if Waverly was aware of her public admission.

Waverly looked around and noticed that everyone was looking at them as the sounds of whispering filled the room. “Oh.” She gulped a little nervously. “Well, that’s okay. Honestly, I’m glad it’s out there. I feel relieved.” She grinned as she took Nicole’s hand.

“Yeah?” Nicole asked excitedly.

“Yeah,” she smiled. “I have such an adrenaline rush right now. I feel invincible, like nothing can bring me down!”

“I heard all of that!” An angry voice came from behind them.

“Fucking hell.” Waverly muttered to herself.

“So, this is why you broke with me? To be with her?!” Champ staggered across the bar, only slightly running into the corner of a pool table. “I knew something was off about you the moment I met you in that bar!” He scowled at Nicole.

“You mean, this bar?” Nicole questioned.

“That’s what I said, Ellen!” He shouted in her face. Nicole clenched her jaw and glared at him, not moving a muscle.

“Champ, you’re drunk. And apparently a raging homophobe,” Waverly berated as she folded her arms.

“It’s just gross! Two women kissing and stuff.” He scrunched up his face in disgust. Waverly rolled her eyes at the double standard, knowing full well that Champ often watched lesbian porn. “The last thing this town needs is a big butchy lesbo walking around the streets and gaying things up.” He jabbed his finger accusingly at Nicole.

“Oh, you mean like me?” Waverly gestured towards herself.

“You’re not gay, Waverly! We had sex.” His speech was gradually becoming more slurred as he
grabbed onto the pool table to hold himself up.

“And it was the worst sex of my entire life. Trust me, Champ, I’m completely happy with Nicole. If you refuse to believe that I’m gay, then fine. I couldn’t care less what you think. But you better leave us alone.”

He scowled. “I’ll have you know there are tons of girls out there who say I’m the best they’ve ever had!”

“Oh, I believe it,” Waverly muttered, referring to the sheer amount of women Champ had slept with, even when they were together.

“Whatever, you can have your lesbo cop. I don’t care anymore. You weren’t that good in bed anyways, since I could never get you to shut up for five minutes! Always talking about dumb history things that nobody gives a shit about,” he scoffed as his eyes began to droop.

Waverly pursed her lips and slowly took a step towards him. She was beyond furious at this point. All of the negative feelings she had harbored towards the guy over the past four years had been pushed way down, and suddenly they were all flooding to the surface.

“You can’t talk to me like that, Champ. Not anymore.” She said through gritted teeth.

“Yeah? Why not?” He taunted with a dopey look on his face.

“Because, I’m not afraid to tell you to go fuck yourself anymore.” She took another step forward. “And because I’m no longer afraid to admit that I like girls.” Another step. “And most importantly, because I’m Waverly fucking Earp.” She barked before driving her foot as hard as she could into his crotch, causing him to yelp and drop to his knees.

Nicole jumped back at the sudden act. The police officer part of her was telling her that she should do something, but the girlfriend part of her was proud of Waverly, and a little turned on. “And I’m fucking Waverly Earp,” she murmured to herself as she eyed the brunette up and down in astonishment.

Wynonna – who was just a few feet away behind the counter, polishing glasses as she watched the entertainment unfold in front of her – looked over at Nicole as her face twisted in disgust. “Okay, ew.”

The redhead rolled her eyes. “Earp, it’s not like you don’t know we’re sleeping together. Just the other night you were pimping me out!”

“That wasn’t me! It was the pregnancy hormones and the adrenaline rush from kicking Earl’s ass!” She whispered so only Nicole would hear her.

Nicole sighed and shifted her eyes as she turned back to Waverly, who was standing over Champ.

“This is the last time I’m going to say this. Don’t ever talk to me again! Or next time, I’m just going to chop it off, got it?” Waverly scolded.

“Waverly Earp!” A woman yelled from the back of the bar.

The whole place went silent. Waverly gulped before turning around, her eyes landing on a very angry older woman who was sporting a terrifying scowl as she stood with her arms folded over her chest.
Waverly chuckled lightly as she took a step away from the writhing boy-man on the floor. “Hey, Gus.”
Chapter Summary

Okay, I had a whole plan for this chapter. Only a small part of it was going to be the dinner, and the other half was going to be WayHaught smut, but the dinner part ended up being much longer than planned. So, the smut will happen next chapter. Hope you guys enjoy it anyways!

Chapter Notes

Also, sorry this took a lot longer than usual! It's been a busy week/weekend.

“Hey, Gus.”

The older woman stood with her arms crossed before holding up her pointer finger and gesturing for Waverly to come here. Waverly sighed as she dragged her feet over to her aunt.

Gus looked around the room at the customers intently watching them. “Don’t you people have better things to do? Quit staring and get back to your drinks!” She yelled before leading Waverly into the back room of the bar as the building once again filled with the sounds of hollering and glasses slamming into wooden tables.

“Okay, before you yell at me, I just want to say that he had it coming,” Waverly explained before Gus could even shut the door.

“Champ is a jackass,” Gus stated as she walked over to Waverly. “But I can’t have you causin’ a scene like that in my bar. I’m expected to chuck people out for fightin’, and I really don’t want to have to do that to you.”

Waverly nodded. “I know, I’m sorry. It won’t happen again.”

“I know it won’t,” the older woman said with a stern look before giving Waverly a more curious one. “Is it true what you said?”

A look of confusion spread across Waverly face, unsure of what her aunt was talking about, but then she remembered that before she had booted Champ in the groin, she practically confessed quite loudly that she and Nicole were gay lovers. “Oh, uh. Erm,” she felt a ball of fear lodge itself in her throat as her mouth went dry. She cleared her throat before sharply exhaling. “Um, I…” She paused, too afraid to admit it, even though the hard part was over and all she had to say was ‘yes’. The adrenaline rush was completely gone now, and all that was left was a scared girl who was now faced with the terrifying task of coming out to the woman who had raised her.

“I was going to tell you…” She said in a voice so soft that it was almost a whisper.

“Darlin’, it wasn’t that much of a secret,” Gus chuckled. “I’m just glad to see you finally goin’ after
what you really want.”

“Wh–what?” All of the blood had drained from Waverly’s face.

“I spent most of your life watching you become this smart, incredible woman. I’ve seen your triumphs, but I’ve also seen your struggles, and I could tell there was something there. That there was a part of you that you weren’t ready to let out into the world, and that’s okay. Although I’ll admit, it was difficult seein’ ya with all of those boys and not bein’ able to tell you that they weren’t right for you. But I’m glad to finally see you happy.”

Waverly beamed as happy tears filled her eyes.

“And that woman is a fine officer. She’s in my good graces.” Gus winked. She stumbled back a bit as Waverly lunged forward and wrapped her arms tightly around her shoulders.

“Thank you,” Waverly whispered, wiping her cheeks to keep them from spilling onto the woman’s shirt.

Gus pulled back and kissed Waverly’s cheek. “So, you’ll bring her over for dinner at my house tomorrow night. It’s been a while since we’ve all had a family meal and I want to properly meet…” She trailed off and Waverly realized that she’s waiting for her to give her name.

“Nicole,” Waverly filled in. “Nicole Haught.”

Gus nodded. “Tomorrow night, you and Nicole will come for dinner, 7 p.m. Does that time work for you both?” Waverly nodded with a smile. “Good. And tell Wynonna to bring that boyfriend of hers.” She winked at Waverly and smiled as she rubbed her niece’s shoulder before heading back out of the bar and to the upstairs apartment – which was mostly used to hold inventory.

Waverly smiled to herself for a moment, her heart still racing a hundred miles a minute before she decided to go back out to where Nicole was – which was at the bar, talking with Wynonna. As she caught Wynonna’s eye, the older Earp patted Nicole’s arm, signaling that she was back.

“So, what happened? Did you get in trouble?” Wynonna asked before turning to Nicole. “Waverly’s never gotten in trouble with Aunt Gus before, so you may be witnessing an important event in history.”

“I wasn’t in trouble,” Waverly replied as she squinted her eyes at her older sister, who looked utterly disappointed. “But she basically told me I couldn’t beat people up anymore.”

“Darn.” Wynonna snapped her fingers. “I was just beginning to enjoy this new violent Waverly.”

Waverly shook her head, still unconvinced that they were really related. She then looked over at Nicole and gave an unreadable look. “And also, she asked me about you.”

Nicole’s eyebrows shot up as she nervously sat up in her stool. “Oh? Uh, and what did you say?”

“I told her the truth, that we’re together.”

The redhead nodded. “And uh, what did she say to that?”

Waverly sighed as she looked away for a moment, really wanting to mess with Nicole before looking back at her with a grin. “She wants you over for dinner tomorrow night.”

All of the tension in Nicole’s muscles washed away in a long sigh of relief before she bit her lip and
shook her head. “You’re so cruel.”

“Good luck Haught!” Wynonna said sarcastically as she patted the redhead’s shoulder. “Gus’s dinners always end up being a snoozefest. I’m glad I don’t have to go.” Wynonna chuckled.

“Oh that reminds me, Gus wants you there too,” Waverly added nonchalantly.

“Son of a bitch,” Wynonna hissed as she slammed her fist into the countertop.

“And she wants you to bring Doc as well.”

“Son of a mother fucking bitch!” She grabbed Nicole’s beer to take a gulp, but Nicole stopped her and took the drink out of her hand just before it reached her lips.

“Hey, the baby, remember?” Nicole chided.

“Oh, right.” Wynonna sighed as she massaged her left shoulder with her right hand. “They really need to make some kind of non-alcoholic alcohol for alcohol-dependent expecting mothers like me.”

“Are you going to tell her about the baby?” Waverly asked.

“I haven’t even told Doc about the baby,” Wynonna retorted.

“I’m no expert in dealing with an unplanned pregnancy, but shouldn’t the baby daddy know he’s the baby daddy?” Nicole asked as she took a sip of her beer, causing Wynonna to snarl in jealousy.

“No if the baby daddy is an emotionally unavailable selfish asshole about 80% of the time.”

“Yes, it’s so obvious how you managed to get yourself into this situation with someone so charming.” Nicole replied, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Hey,” Wynonna pointed a finger at her. “He may be an asshole, but he’s a sexy asshole. And he’s not always bad. But sometimes a woman just needs a really good fuck, you know?”

Nicole looked at Waverly before flitting her eyes back over to Wynonna. “Uh, do you want me to answer that?”

“Please don’t.” Wynonna said with a hand raised.

“Okay, so you’re bringing him to dinner tomorrow night, right?” Waverly asked, desperately hoping the answer was yes.

“Meh, I probably won’t even go myself. I’ll just tell her I’m sick or something, which these days wouldn’t really be a lie.”

“No, you have to go!” Waverly exclaimed a little too loudly as she grabbed her sister’s arm with both hands. “If you don’t, it’ll just be me, Nicole, and Gus…and I don’t think I could handle that without having a nervous breakdown. Please Wynonna?” Waverly pleaded with clasped hands.

“Okay, okay. Fine, I’ll go.”

“Thank you,” Waverly sighed.

“But I don’t know about Doc. Depends on if he pisses me off between now and tomorrow night.”

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The next night

Knock knock knock

Nicole wispèd over to her front door and flung it open.

“Hey–” Waverly began, but she was quickly cut off by Nicole yanking her into the house and slamming the door shut.

“Oh! Help!” Nicole begged with a frazzled look on her face.

Waverly gave the redhead a once over and took in the sight of her unbuttoned white shirt with an untied black tie hanging unevenly around her neck. She then noticed that her jeans had only one pants leg cuffed at the bottom, clearly still debating which style looked better. She stifled her laughter behind her hand at the sight of the disheveled woman.

“Oh, honey...” Waverly consoled.

“I know, I know, I’m a mess. I’ve tried on thirteen different outfits. Thirteen! Waverly, I didn’t even try on that many outfits for our first date. I didn’t even know I owned that much clothing!”

Waverly reached out and rubbed her hands up and down the redhead’s arms that were held stiffly by her side. “Okay, breathe.” She waited for Nicole to audibly take a deep breath before she continued. “It’s just dinner. And it’s not a formal occasion, so you can save the tie for another night. And I mean that, because I think you would look extremely hot in a tie.”

Nicole half-smiled in response, making a mental note for herself to wear a tie on their next fancy date.

“How about you just wear your black jeans and that deep blue sweater of yours? You know, the one that makes your hair pop.”

“Are you sure that’s not too casual? I mean, I’m meeting your aunt, the person who basically raised you, for the first time as your girlfriend. I want to make a good impression.”

“Gus will probably wear her usual jeans and plaid shirt, I’m wearing this Shorty’s shirt and jeans... because I forgot to do laundry, don’t judge.” Nicole tilted her head once in understanding. “And Wynonna will probably wear sweatpants.”

“And Doc? If he goes...”

“Well, you know him. He’ll probably wear his usual cowboy get-up.”

Nicole snorted. “Yeah, what’s with that anyways? Does he know it’s the twenty-first century?”

“He’s just a fan of the old west. I think he grew up a sheltered child in Georgia.”

The redhead nodded as the corners of her mouth drooped down. “That makes a lot of sense.”

“But really baby, just relax.” Waverly stepped towards Nicole and wrapped her hands around her waist. “Gus is going to love you, I know she will. You’re an incredible woman, and she’s an excellent judge of character. You have nothing to worry about.” She smiled up at Nicole, urging her to relax as she brushed her thumb along the small of the woman’s back, causing Nicole to melt at the feeling. She then brought her hands around to the front of Nicole’s torso and slid them up the woman’s opened shirt before tangling them in auburn locks, pulling Nicole into a searing kiss.
Their mouths slid together as Waverly tilted her head to the side, deepening the kiss as she darted her tongue in and out. Nicole moaned at the contact, involuntarily bucking her hips. Her eyebrows knitted together as she delicately pulled out of the kiss.

“Waves,” she whispered in a whine, gasping for air.

“I know, I know. You’re out of commission for the next few days. I just wanted a kiss,” Waverly replied innocently as she dragged her finger down the middle of Nicole’s torso from her neck, between her breasts, and stopping at the waistband of her pants where she started tracing the line of it.

Nicole sighed as she shook her head, staring down at Waverly’s hand just below her naval. “You’re being so unfair.”

A smile touched Waverly’s face as she slid her left hand down Nicole’s right arm and entwined their fingers. “Come on, let’s go get you ready for dinner.”

After about twenty minutes of Nicole ironing her clothes, getting dressed, primping in the mirror, and finding the right shoes to wear, they finally headed out to Waverly’s Jeep to begin the ten-minute drive to Gus’s. It only took two minutes for the radio to steal Waverly’s attention away from Nicole.

“Oh my god!” Waverly shrieked as ‘No Scrubs’ by TLC came on the radio. “I love this song!” She turned up the volume and rocked from side to side while waving around her right hand as she sang along...

“No, I don’t want no scrubs, a scrub is a guy that can’t no love from me, hangin’ out the passenger of his best friend’s ride, trying to holla at me!”

Nicole quirked an eyebrow at her girlfriend. “Wouldn’t all guys be scrubs for you? You know, since I’ve turned you gay and all.”

“Hey, I was already gay. You just dragged it out of me.” Nicole hummed in response. “And only the ones trying to holla at me,” Waverly teased back with a wink.

“So then yes, all guys.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “I don’t get hit on that often.”

Nicole stared at Waverly incredulously. “Are you kidding me? Guys are constantly drooling over you. I have to admit, it’s been a little difficult not being able to show them that you’re mine. I would’ve waited as long as you needed me to for you to come out, but I’m glad it’s out there so everyone can know that you’re taken.”

“Oh, a little bit jealous, are we?” Waverly asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Not as jealous as you yesterday,” Nicole smirked.

A scowl spread across Waverly’s face as she gripped the steering wheel as tight as the tiny muscles in her fingers would let her. “There was no way Beverly Shaw was going to steal you from me.” Nicole could’ve sworn she heard an animalistic growl come from the girl.

“Baby, even if I wasn’t with you I would’ve said no. She’s not my type.”

“No? You don’t like sexy blondes with the body of a model?”
“Nah, I much prefer quirky brunettes with the body of a dancer,” Nicole grinned.

Waverly shook her head as she tried to hide her dopey smile. “Smooth-talkers.”

She turned left down a long gravel driveway and parked right in front of a farmhouse that looked like it had been redone within the past few years. The outside of the long one-story home was yellow with a simple wooden porch that wrapped all the way around the house.

“You ready?” Waverly asked as she put the car in park and turned off the ignition. Nicole nodded with a trepid smile before stepping out of the car and following Waverly up the front porch.

Nicole took a deep breath as she watched Waverly open the front door before hesitantly walking behind her, gripping tightly with both hands onto the bottle of wine she had bought on her way home from work as if it would somehow protect her from any embarrassing or awkward situations.

“What’s up?” Waverly called out.

“In the kitchen.”

Waverly smiled and looked at Nicole, peeling one of her hands from the bottle and taking it into her own. She kissed her cheek in a gentle manner in hopes of easing some of the woman’s nerves before pulling her down the hall and into the kitchen.

“Hey, darlin’,” Gus greeted as she gave Waverly a hug and a kiss on the cheek. As soon as she pulled away she looked at Nicole, the corners of her mouth pulling back into a slightly stiff smile – as Gus didn’t smile that often. “And you must be the girlfriend.”

“Uh, Nicole, ma’am.” The redhead reached out to shake the woman’s hand. As soon as their hands touched Nicole was suddenly aware of how sweaty her palms were. She raised her eyebrows in embarrassment as her face went crimson, quickly but gently pulling her hand away from the woman.

“I’m sorry. I’m a little nervous.” She awkwardly chuckled before wiping her palms on her jeans.

“No need to be nervous here,” Gus said with the warmest smile she could produce. “I’ve seen firsthand the way you protect this town, and I know Waverly’s in good hands. I’m not here to see if you’re worthy of datin’ my niece. She’s a grown adult who can make her own decisions and will date whoever the hell she wants to, no matter what I say anyways.” She shifted her eyes over to Waverly and gave a disapproving look, clearly referring to her previous relationships. Waverly shrugged in response, and Gus looked back at Nicole. “I’m here to get to know ya better, because all I know right now is that you’re a police officer who likes my beer and my Waverly.” She looked down at the bottle in Nicole’s hand. “And who also brought wine.”

“Oh, um, yes ma’am.” Nicole handed her the bottle.

“And enough of that ma’am crap. Call me Gus.” She winked at Nicole.

“Gus,” Nicole corrected. Waverly could tell that she was visibly more relaxed since walking into the house.

Just when Gus was about to say something about sitting down and making themselves comfortable, she was interrupted by the front door bursting open, followed by the sounds of walls being knocked into.

“Shit!” Wynonna hissed. “What the hell?!”

“Good grief Wynonna, can’t you go anywhere without raisin’ a ruckus? Or without bein’ drunk.”
Gus berated as she peered around the corner to see Wynonna disheveled and a bit frantic.

“I’m not drunk!” Wynonna snipped. “And why the hell did you put this ratty old rug here right in front of the door for people to trip over?!” The older Earp frustratingly slammed the door behind her before stomping into the kitchen.

“Where’s Doc?” Waverly asked, quickly changing the subject in order to keep the usual WWE SmackDown between her aunt and sister from happening so early in the night.

“He couldn’t make it. Had things to do.” She gave Waverly a pointed look, and the younger Earp quickly understood that Doc had indeed pissed Wynonna off at some point since yesterday, earning himself a revoke in invitation.

“Darn. I was hoping he would be able to make it,” Waverly replied, slightly disappointed.

“Cheer up, kiddo.” She wrapped an arm around her sister’s shoulder. “It’ll be nice having a ‘no boys allowed’ night. I figured you would appreciate that, since that’s your thing now.” She dropped her arm and punctuated her sentence with a playful wink at Waverly, who was sucking her tooth and shaking her head as she glared at Wynonna.

“Now be nice to your sister, Wynonna.” Gus scolded.

“Hey, I am nice! I’m happy about Wave and Officer Haughtcakes.” Nicole rolled her eyes in response to the latest pun. “But what’s the point of having a gay sister if I can’t make fun of her? … Or her stick-up-the-ass girlfriend?”

“I’m standing right here.” Nicole complained as she waved her hands around.

“I know. I can see the stick from here,” Wynonna replied.

“Or maybe that’s my gun.” She gave the older Earp a look of warning.

“Whoa, Haught, keep it in your pants.”

“Okay, that’s enough.” Gus interjected. “Wynonna, can’t you go five minutes without insultin’ somebody?”

Wynonna rolled her eyes as she groaned. “Relax Gus. It’s just some harmless witty banter to spice up this otherwise boring dinner. Besides, they know I’m just messing with them.” She smiled confidently as she looked between Waverly standing with her arms crossed giving a death glare, and Nicole who had her hands on her hips looking slightly offended. “Sheesh. Tough crowd tonight.”

“Look, I just wanna have a peaceful dinner. Is that too much to ask from my girls?”

“Fine. I’ll be nice.” Wynonna answered in a low, raspy voice as she rolled her eyes.

Knock knock knock

Wynonna’s face scrunched up in confusion as to who could be at the door, before it was immediately replaced with a smile as realization had dawned on her. “Let me guess, you burnt the lasagna so you ordered Chinese food?” She asked Gus – who gave her a stern look in response as she stood with her hands on her hips – before walking over to the door. When she opened it, she saw a short man with brown skin, who was standing there empty handed.

“Dude, you forgot the food.” Her eyebrows knitted together as soon as she recognized him. “Wait a
second…Jeremy?"

“Hi!” He waved with an awkward smile.

“You work as a Chinese delivery guy?”

“Um, no? Gus invited me to dinner tonight.”

“You invited him?” Wynonna yelled from the front door as she pointed at him with her thumb.

“Don’t be rude, Wynonna,” Gus scolded as she walked down the hallway and towards the door. “Jeremy is new to town and doesn’t know many folks around here. So I insisted he join us for dinner and get to know at least us, since he’s working at our bar.” She turned to Jeremy and reached out for his shoulder to guide him inside. “Come on in darlin’. You’re welcome in this house.” She gave him a reassuring smile as he stepped through the front door before giving Wynonna a scowl and leading him into the kitchen, Wynonna sulking closely behind.

“I better not catch you staring at my ass,” Wynonna warned when they reached the kitchen. As soon as Jeremy turned around to face her, she pointed a finger at him. “Or any of my other body parts.”

“I don’t think that’ll be a problem. You’re not my type.” He stated with a breathy chuckle, clearly feeling a little uncomfortable.

“Honey, I’m everybody’s type.” Wynonna winked before walking over to the fridge to get herself a bottle of water.

“No beer tonight?” Gus questioned with a raised eyebrow.

“Uh, yeah. Trying to cut back.” Wynonna quickly explained. Gus looked at her suspiciously, but eventually shrugged her shoulders and turned her attention to the oven.

knock knock knock

“Okay, now that has to be the delivery guy.” Wynonna trotted over to the door and opened it, revealing Doc Holliday leaning against the door frame with his hands in his jean pockets as the long suit coat that covered his maroon button up flapped in the evening summer breeze.

“Good evening ma’am.” He tipped his hat before smirking at Wynonna. “Did you come here alone?”

“What are you doing here?” She asked, completely ignoring his flirtatious manner as she placed a firm hand on his chest and pushed him back before stepping out the front door so nobody would hear them. She continued in a harsh whisper, “I thought you weren’t coming tonight?”

“No, you said I wasn’t coming tonight. I never agreed,” he smiled.

She rolled her eyes, trying her best to refrain from punching him in the face.

“Besides, I brought whiskey,” he held up the unopened bottle as the corners of his mustache rose even higher. “And I know it’s your favorite.”

Wynonna glared at him, trying even harder to refrain from punching him in the face. “I told you, I’m trying to cut back on alcohol.”

Doc dropped his smile as he simultaneously dropped his hand with the bottle down by his side. He noticed the bottle of water in the Earp’s hand and his upper lip twitched in surprise. “Oh. I thought
that was a joke."

“Do I look like I’m joking?” She glared at him as she clenched her jaw, causing Doc to retreat back in fear.

“Uh, no. No ma’am.” The cowboy cleared his throat before shifting his eyes down to the whiskey in his hand and raising it up. “Uh, why don’t I take this to the kitchen.” He smiled awkwardly, quickly making his way over to the group of people where he knew he would be safe from Wynonna’s wrath. Wynonna rolled her eyes before shutting the door.

“Hey there. Wynonna said you weren’t joining us tonight.” Gus said before giving Wynonna a confused look.

“Guess he finished his things early,” Wynonna replied with a forced smile.

“Oh, okay. Well, why don’t you come help me set the dining room table? The lasagna’s almost ready.” Gus said as she handed Wynonna a stack of plates with a pile of silverware on top.

“Wait, you mean you actually didn’t burn it this time?” The older Earp asked in surprise.

Gus glared at the woman. “You’re never going to let me live that down are ya.”

“Nope.” She followed Gus out of the kitchen and into the dining room.

“We’re glad you could make it,” Waverly smiled as she rubbed Doc’s arm.

“Yeah, yeah…as am I,” Doc replied, half paying attention as he watched Wynonna fiddle with the silverware.

Waverly noticed Doc’s close observation of her sister. “Are you okay?”

He turned back to Waverly, taking a moment for her question to register. “Actually, may I talk to you in private for a moment?” Waverly nodded before following Doc into the living room.

As Jeremy leaned against the kitchen table, he watched Waverly and Doc walk into the adjacent room…or, more accurately, he watched Doc.

Nicole noticed that Jeremy was staring a little too long for his gaze to be anything less than romantic. She furrowed her brow as she followed his line of sight. At first she had assumed that he was looking at Waverly, but when she looked at the two standing in the living room, she realized he was looking at Doc. She lightly chuckled to herself at the realization.

“So,” Nicole started as she poured a few glasses of wine for anyone who wanted one. “Jeremy, was it?”

The boy quickly jumped and turned around as he was snapped out of his thoughts. “Oh, yes. Jeremy Chetri, Officer.” He held out a hand.

Nicole quirked an eyebrow at him. “You know I’m off duty right now, right?” She chuckled. “You can call me Nicole.” She took his hand and gave it a firm shake. She could see the anxiety in his eyes, and wanted to make him feel more relaxed and welcomed. “I’m also Waverly’s girlfriend.” She released his hand and gave him a pointed look to make sure he understood the subtext of the statement - that he wasn’t the only queer person there.

Since Jeremy didn’t know anybody in town yet and didn’t really pay much attention gossip, he was a
little out of the loop about the whole situation. Which was pretty surprising, since Jeremy was the
type of guy who knew pretty much everything even before it became news – he had above average
critical thinking skills. So when Nicole randomly stated her relationship status, he quirked an
eyebrow. He had no idea why she was looking at him like that.

Noticing that Jeremy was oblivious, Nicole raised her eyebrows and jerked her head towards the
living room, signaling that she knew he was into Doc, but the boy was still oblivious. A moment
later, a light bulb went off, and he realized what Nicole was probably thinking.

“Oh! Um, I wasn’t like, checking out your girlfriend or anything. Scout’s honor!” He held up three
fingers. “But, um, you two make a great couple.”

Nicole chuckled as she shook her head and patted him on the back. She didn’t want to say anything
since she didn’t know him that well, so she opted to change the subject. “Don’t let Wynonna scare
you. Her bark is worse than her bite.”

Jeremy nodded with a smile before his eyes were naturally drawn back to Doc, watching him talk as
he gestured with his right hand; his left hand was on his hip, pushing back that side of his coat to
reveal his thin but muscular waist.

“Hey! I heard my name.” Wynonna said enthusiastically as she walked over to the two. Jeremy
quickly turned around to face her, and she looked at him with a raised eyebrow. “Were you just
staring at my sister’s ass, horndog?”

“N-no! I wasn’t! I would never!”

“Why not? Think you’re too good for her?” Wynonna asked, taking a step closer to him.

“What? No! She’s very pretty…for a girl.” He fumbled over his words as he slowly backed away
from her.

“What’s that supposed to mean? Are you saying she’s immature? That she’s not a woman?” She
glared at him as she continued to slither forward, keeping the interval between them consistent.

“No! I, um…” He hit his back against the kitchen wall, realizing there was nowhere left for him to
escape to as Wynonna got closer to him. “I…” He quavered.

“Dude, chill.” Nicole intervened as she pushed Wynonna back away from Jeremy. “He’s harmless.
And he’s not interested in you or Waverly, so give him a break.”

Wynonna looked at Jeremy suspiciously. When she heard him gulp in fear, she realized that he
looked like he was about to pee his pants. No predacious guy could be that scared of a woman. She
sighed as she took a few steps back. “Sorry. I’ve just been in a weird mood lately.” She pinched the
bridge of her nose.

Nicole placed a hand on the pregnant woman’s shoulder in sympathy. “You know what’ll help
that?”

“Beer.” Wynonna stated bluntly.

“No,” Nicole rolled her eyes. “Yoga. And maybe some meditation.”

“Ew. I’m not doing that shit, no matter how out of wack my hormones are.”

Jeremy stepped forward away from the wall, feeling slightly less fearful when he figured out what
they were talking about.

“Oh, congratulations! How far along are you?”

Nicole shushed him as Wynonna hissed, “Shut up!” and covered his mouth with her hand. “Gus and baby daddy here doesn’t know, so the information is currently top secret. Got it?” She threatened.

Jeremy nodded with wide eyes before taking a gasp of air as she released her hand. “So, who’s the baby daddy?” He asked in a whisper.

Wynonna stared at him. “Well, let’s see, is it you?” He shook his head with a confused look on his face. “So then who do you think it is, doofus! The only other penis owner here…”

“Oh! So, it’s Doc?” He asked.

Wynonna sighed in annoyance. She was currently lacking the patience she needed to be able to deal with him.

“He’s her boyfriend,” Nicole stated. She saw a look of disappointment glimmer on his face for a moment before it turned to understanding as he nodded. She had recognized the look as one she had worn herself so many times. It was the look of that initial let down when you find out your crush is straight, but then quickly getting over it because for the most part it was expected.

“I promise I won’t say anything to anyone about the…well, the you-know-what.” Jeremy said in a quiet tone.

“Thank you.” Wynonna replied with a slight sigh of relief.

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“What’s up?” Waverly asked as soon as she and Doc were out of earshot of everyone.

“Have you noticed your sister actin’ a bit weird lately?”

Waverly frowned and shook her head, trying to play it off like she didn’t know what he was talking about, even though she clearly did. “Weird how?”

“Well, she just seems like she’s been in a bit of a mood lately.”

“She’s probably still a little bit shaken up about the whole being kidnapped and almost killed by Earl thing,” she offered, hoping he would believe that story.

“Maybe.” Doc nodded as he continued to furrow his brow in thought. “But it started happenin’ before that. One minute she’ll be mad at me for somethin’, and the next she’ll be cryin’ about somethin’ else. And then five minutes later she’s happy again, like it never happened.” He scratched his head.

“She’s probably just stressed out about work or something. Just give her some time and she’ll be back to her old self.” Waverly smiled as she patted his shoulder.

“I guess,” Doc shrugged. “You don’t think it’s because of me though, right?”

Waverly pursed her lips at the irony of the question, because Wynonna being pregnant was most certainly because of him. “Just keep doing what you’re doing. And don’t be afraid to ask her what’s bothering her. Maybe opening up the dialogue is what she needs to feel comfortable talking to you?”
“Perhaps you’re right. Maybe I will talk to her over a few drinks. Whiskey always helps get out the pesky hesitation.”

“Yeah, maybe alcohol isn’t the best thing right now. You know, since she’s trying to cut back and all. Looks like you might have to do this with a sober Wynonna,” Waverly chuckled as she lightly jabbed him in the side with her elbow.

“Sober Wynonna is what scares me,” Doc stated with raised eyebrows. “But rest assured, I will talk to her and figure out what’s goin’ on.”

Waverly smiled in response as she encouragingly rubbed his shoulder.

The sound of the kitchen timer filled the house and Gus quickly grabbed her oven mitts to pull the lasagna out of the oven. “Dinner is ready everyone. Come pick a seat so we can all finally eat some food.”

The group sat around the table with Gus on one end and Doc on the other. On one side was Wynonna and Jeremy and on the other side was Waverly and Nicole – with Wynonna and Nicole being next to Doc at one end and Jeremy and Waverly being next to Gus at the other.

“This dinner is lovely Gus,” Nicole praised. “I rarely have time to cook a meal like this for myself, so this is a wonderful upgrade from soup and microwaveable pizza.” Nicole smiled.

“Kiss ass,” Wynonna muttered. “Ow!” She yelped as Waverly kicked her from under the table and gave her a look of warning.

“Thank you, Nicole.” Gus replied. “So, how long ya been workin’ as a police officer?”

“A little over six years. Graduated top of my class actually,” Nicole stated proudly. She was usually very humble, but that was always an accomplishment she loved to brag about.

“Kind of like how Waverly graduated as valedictorian,” Gus pointed out.

“Aw, how cute. It’s a match made in heaven,” Wynonna playfully mocked before taking a bite of her lasagna. Her face twisted in confusion when she tasted it. “What kind of lasagna is this?”

“It’s spinach. My doctor says I’ve been eating too much red meat so I’ve been trying to cut back.”

“Lasagna with no meat?” Wynonna frowned.

“It’ll be good for you Wynonna,” Waverly gave her a knowing look as Wynonna groaned.

Ever since Waverly had found out about the pregnancy, she had been monitoring Wynonna’s food intake and making sure she was on a healthy diet, much to Wynonna’s chagrin.

“I’ve actually been reading up on veganism and have been thinking about switching over to a vegan diet.” Waverly stated, causing Wynonna to roll her eyes and fake gag.

“Guess that means I’ll have to learn some vegan recipes then,” Nicole said with a smile as she took Waverly's hand on top of the table, showing her support. Waverly grinned, once again thanking the stars for being blessed with such an amazing girlfriend.

“Ew, okay, no eye humping at the dinner table please,” Wynonna scorned.

Waverly slightly shook her head, noticing the subtle smile on Wynonna’s face. She knew Wynonna was happy for them both, and only messed with them for fun.
“I was Valedictorian at my high school too,” Jeremy randomly admitted, adding on to the previous conversation. “And I would have been valedictorian at my university as well, if they had picked a valedictorian. I graduated a year early at the top of my class,” he smiled as he nodded triumphantly.

“Wow. Growing up I had to live with Waverly being a nerd, but I never knew that later in life I would be surrounded by them,” Wynonna teased.

“Well not all of us are blessed with the ability to go through life doing the bare minimum.” There was no bite in Waverly’s words. She had actually always been a little jealous of Wynonna’s care-free spirit. Wynonna raised her glass to Waverly before bringing it to her lips and taking a sip.

“Do not fret, as there are some of us here who are not nerds,” Doc chimed in. “I was never good at school work,” he scrunched up his nose and slightly shook his head. “But I was always good at shooting a pistol.”

“That you are, partner,” Wynonna winked. Doc quirked an eyebrow at her sudden shift from her previous vexation.

“So, Doc, that’s a pretty sweet ‘stache you’ve got there,” Jeremy stated coolly before shoving some lasagna into his mouth.

“Uh, thank you, Jeremy. It’s just something I’ve had for quite some time now. I barely even notice it’s there anymore.”

“Except when you spend an annoying amount of time grooming it,” Wynonna replied dryly.

“It really compliments your strong jawline,” Jeremy added with an excited smile and nod.

Nicole tried not to laugh at Jeremy’s poor flirting skills. Waverly was oblivious to the whole thing, and Wynonna just quirked an eyebrow before replenishing her empty plate with more lasagna.

“Uh, thank you…again” Doc replied, only slightly creeped out. “Someone’s hungry tonight,” he stated amusedly as he noticed Wynonna scarfing down her food.

Wynonna stopped mid bite and dropped her fork as she glared at him. “Are you calling me fat?” She asked in a scarily calm tone.

“Wha- no! I would never! I just meant that you have quite an appetite tonight.”

“Sure sounds like you’re calling me fat.” She stated as she abruptly scooted her chair back and slammed her palms down on either side of her plate. Everyone in the room was taken aback, especially Doc.

Waverly quickly stood up and walked around to Wynonna. “Uh, why don’t we go outside for a minute to get some fresh air.” She said as she wrapped her arm around Wynonna’s and led her outside, aware of the not-so-subtle growl the woman was giving Doc on her way out.

“You okay?” Waverly asked as soon as they were out on the front porch.

Wynonna began to pace as she pressed her palms into her forehead, trying to stop herself from crying, but it was no use. “Ugh, this is so fucking frustrating. Everything pisses me off, and then all of a sudden I’m crying, and also I really want a powdered donut like all the time. I feel like I have no control over my emotions.”

Waverly rubbed her sister’s back sympathetically. “You know you can’t keep this a secret forever,
right? Pretty soon you’re going to start showing. You already have a small baby bump, and it’s only a matter of time before Doc puts the pieces together.”

“I know, I know.” She sighed as she roughly dropped her hands down by her side before bringing one back up to wipe her tears with the sleeve of her sweatshirt that covered her palm. “I just need a few more days, and then I’ll tell him.”

Waverly nodded as she stroked her sister’s thick, wavy hair. “It’s going to be okay, Wynonna. He loves you. He’ll be there for you.”

“I know. He’s a good man…mostly. There’s just a part of me that’s terrified he’ll reject me and the baby.” She sighed. “Is this what it feels like to come out?”

Waverly laughed as she nodded. “Yeah, kind of.”

“Well, you’re pretty fucking brave for coming out to basically the whole world last night, you know that?”

“Yeah, I do.” Waverly smiled at her sister.

“You know I’m just messing with you when I make all of those jokes, right? It’s just my job as your older sister to give you shit.”

“No, I know. I know how supportive you are…and I know how much of an asshole you are as well.”

“Hey!” Wynonna playfully slapped Waverly on her backside, causing the girl to giggle. “You know this baby’s probably going to turn out to be an asshole like me, right?”

“I’m expecting this baby to come out with a handlebar mustache and a goatee.”

The sisters both busted out laughing, the sounds echoing throughout the night sky.

“Hey, what do you think about Jeremy?” Wynonna asked when their laughter had died down.

“Kind of weird sometimes, but overall he seems like a nice guy.” Waverly replied.

“Do you get a gay vibe from him?”

“What?” Waverly snorted. “No way.”

“You sure? I’m pretty sure he was flirting with Doc.”

“I don’t think so. He was probably just trying to make conversation.”

The two women turned around when they heard the door slowly creak open and red hair popping through the crack. “Hey, you guys alright out here?”

“Haught! Come out here for a second. We need your expertise.” Wynonna said as she waved the woman outside.

“Okay, what’s up?” Nicole asked before gently shutting the door behind her. She looked over at Waverly questionably, but only received an eye roll in response.

“Jeremy…into dudes?”
“Well, it’s against my gay code of honor to out someone.”

“Aha! I knew it!” Wynonna exclaimed as she jabbed her index finger in the air.

“Wait, seriously?” Waverly asked, surprised by the statement.

Nicole shrugged. “But don’t say anything to him unless he says something to you first. Of course, only he can say for sure.” Waverly nodded as she replayed every conversation she’d had with the boy, but now with this newfound knowledge. She was intrigued that there was another gay person in Purgatory. Even though she knew she wasn’t alone, since Nicole was obviously a fellow lesbian, she felt a little better knowing that there was someone else who knew what she was going through. The wheels in her head began turning as she began to plan out ways to find him a boyfriend.

“I’m just glad to know that I really don’t have to worry about him staring at my ass.”

Nicole shook her head, only slightly surprised by Wynonna’s response. “We should get back inside. Right now it’s just Gus, Jeremy, and Doc.”

Just then the door creaked opened and Doc walked out.

“Okay, make that just Gus and Jeremy,” Nicole corrected.

“Hello, sorry to interrupt you ladies. I’m just going to head out.” Doc said as he put his hat on his head.

“Are you sure? I’m sorry I snapped at you before. Must just be that time of the month,” Wynonna chuckled awkwardly. Waverly and Nicole gave each other a look, knowing very well that was most certainly not the reason for her mood swings.

“No need to explain,” he held up his hand in protest. He, too, knew that Wynonna’s explanation was bullshit, since her mood swings had been happening for several weeks now. But unlike Waverly and Nicole – and now Jeremy – he didn’t know what the real reason was. But he figured now was not the time to ask. “It’s getting late anyways.” He leaned down and gingerly gave Wynonna a kiss on the cheek. “Good night, ladies.” He tipped his hat before roaming off to his car, only slightly tipsy from the whiskey.

Wynonna watched Doc’s red Chevy Camaro disappear into the dark night before turning back to Waverly and Nicole, who were both staring at her. “Oh, don’t give me that look. I’m going to tell him this week.” She pushed past them before opening the door and looking behind her. “You two coming inside or are you going to stay out here?” She asked genuinely.

“We’re coming back inside.” Waverly stated as she followed Wynonna into the house, Nicole walking behind them both and making sure the door was locked.

As soon as Wynonna walked into the kitchen, her eyes landed immediately on Gus, who was looking at her pointedly with her arms folded relaxingly across her chest. “So, you’re pregnant?”
“So, you’re pregnant?” Gus asked with her arms folded across her chest. The way she said it almost made it sound more like a statement than a question.

“You told her?!” Wynonna questioned accusingly as she looked at Jeremy in disbelief.

“I didn’t say anything!” He replied defensively with a mouthful of food.

Gus stood up from her chair. “Oh please, he didn’t have to tell me nothin’. Your mother had the exact same mood swings when she was pregnant with you. That, paired with how much lasagna you ate tonight made it obvious. Oh, and that whole ‘cuttin’ back on alcohol’ excuse? I ain’t stupid, Wynonna. You’ve got your Daddy’s taste for the stuff, and there’s no way you’d give it up unless you were with child.”

Wynonna smiled with her teeth clenched and chuckled awkwardly, like a child that had been caught with their hand in the cookie jar.

“Was I the last to know?” Gus asked, the hurt was apparent in her voice.

“Doc doesn’t know yet,” Nicole answered as she pointed up with her index finger.

Wynonna flitted her eyes over to the redhead and gritted her teeth. “Not helping, Nicole.”

“Right, sorry.” Nicole dropped her hand along with her head and Waverly gently rubbed her back to console her.

Wynonna sighed. “I told Waverly when I found out myself. Nicole and Jeremy figured it out on their own. I was going to tell you eventually, but I just didn’t know how.”

“All you had to say was ‘Gus, I’m pregnant’ and I would’ve been happy for ya.”

“Would you have, though?”

The older woman slowly walked closer to Wynonna, a smile on her face as she placed her hands gently on the sides of her arms. “I have been waitin’ to get my hands on another baby for years. Truthfully, I thought I would’ve had to wait for Waverly, but now that I know you’re expectin’, I couldn’t be happier.” Her bottom lip quivered as her eyes began to water a bit.

“I thought you would say I wasn’t mature enough to take care of another life. And I thought you would scold me for being so careless and wreckless.” Wynonna dropped her head in shame.

“Now you listen to me, Wynonna Earp.” She lifted her older niece’s chin. “I know we have our
squabbles, but I could never be disappointed in you for creatin’ a new life. And even though you make bad decisions sometimes, you’re a 27-year-old woman, not some teenager. I truly believe that you’d make a great mother.”

“I don’t know if I can do this,” Wynonna replied as she began to cry for what felt to her like the fiftieth time that day.

“You can, sweetheart.” Gus wiped the tears from her cheeks with her thumbs as she cupped Wynonna’s cheeks. “Of course, you’re the mother, and it’s yours and Doc’s decision whether or not you want to keep this baby. But if you do, I’ll be here to help you take care of him or her.”

“And you have me too,” Waverly chimed in.

“Yeah, and me,” Nicole added as she wrapped her arm around Waverly’s shoulders.

“I’d say me too, but I don’t really know you, so…” Jeremy said awkwardly.

Wynonna was overwhelmed with gratitude. She smiled as more tears fell down her cheeks before hugging Gus and burying her face in the crook of her neck.

Waverly hugged Nicole’s waist with both hands from the side and leaned her head onto her chest, getting teary-eyed as she watched the scene unfold.

Nicole kissed the top of Waverly’s head as she rubbed her shoulder, smiling at the love of this family that she had hoped to one day become a part of.

And Jeremy sat uncomfortably in his chair, unsure of whether or not it would be rude to keep eating.

“Um, I’m thinking maybe I should go,” he said as he slowly stood up from the chair.

“Sorry, we didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable,” Wynonna apologized as she pulled back from the hug and wiped the corners of her eyes with her fingers. “I bet we’ve made quite an impression on you tonight.”

“Actually, you guys seem pretty cool. And you’re the only people in this town to invite me anywhere, so tonight would’ve been an upgrade for me no matter what. Usually I’d be spending a Sunday night at home watching Star Trek in my Star Wars PJs, ironically.” He laughed, but quickly realized that nobody was laughing with him…although, Waverly was giving him a warm smile, but even he knew it was out of pity.

“Yeah, maybe don’t tell that to people, and you’ll make more friends around here.” Wynonna clicked her tongue and pointed with a finger.

“Right, got it.” He nodded. “Well, I’m going to go. Uh, thank you for the dinner, Gus.” She gave him a simple smile in response. “Wynonna, I’ll see you tomorrow.” The older Earp gave him a serious salute. “Good to see you Waverly, and nice to meet you Nicole.”

“Hey, we should hang out sometime.” Waverly suggested excitedly, wanting to get to know him a little bit better now that she knew he was probably guy – as superficial as that sounded. Nicole smiled and nodded in agreement.

“Uh, yeah. Totally. For sure, let’s do that.” He snapped his fingers in their direction and bobbed his head before awkwardly waving. “Okay, bye.” And with that he quickly made his way to the front door.
“I think I’m going to get out of here as well.” Wynonna said as soon as Jeremy was gone. “I’m going to lie on the couch and binge watch HGTV. Thanks for the dinner, Gus.” She said as she smiled gratefully, thankful for everything. Gus nodded and rubbed her upper arm before she turned to Waverly. “Are you coming home tonight or staying with Haughtstuff?”

“Um,” Waverly looked over at Nicole, who shrugged in response.

“It’s up to you, love.” Nicole smiled and tucked a stray lock of brown hair behind the girl’s ear. Waverly looked back at Wynonna with uncertainty. She wanted to stay with Nicole, but she also didn’t want to leave Wynonna by herself.

Wynonna could see the inner dialogue Waverly was having with herself. “Go stay with your girlfriend,” she waved her hand. “I’ll be fine at home, I promise. Besides, I’m super horny, so I’ll probably spend all night masturbating while watching TV anyways.”

Gus shook her head and sighed while Waverly rolled her eyes at her sister’s bluntness. “Okay, I’ll stay at Nicole’s tonight. But tomorrow I’ll be at the homestead,” she said with a stern wag of her index finger.

“Deal. Good night, fam,” Wynonna waved both hands before walking out to her truck.

“Well, I suppose you girls want to leave too,” Gus stated with a disappointed smile.

“We can stay a little longer, if you want,” Waverly offered.

The older woman waved her hand in dismissal. “Nonsense. You kids go enjoy the rest of your night together. I’ll be fine here by myself.” She smiled reassuringly.

“Are you sure?” Waverly questioned, feeling guilty for leaving her aunt so soon.

“Darlin’,” Gus started as she wrapped her arm around Waverly’s shoulders in a side hug, “Go home with your girlfriend.” She winked at Nicole as she kissed Waverly’s cheek.

“Okay,” Waverly ducked her head shyly and placed a quick kiss on her aunt’s cheek.

“It was really nice to meet you. Thank you for the delicious meal.” Nicole said politely as she held out her hand.

“Oh, come here,” Gus smiled and pulled Nicole into a hug. The redhead tensed up at first, but then melted into the soft arms. It had been awhile since she had hugged someone like that. It almost felt motherly. “Don’t be a stranger around here or the bar. You’re welcome any time, with or without Waverly.” She gave Nicole a quick kiss on the cheek before letting her go.

“Okay,” Nicole replied as her lips curved up.

Waverly entwined her fingers with Nicole’s and led her out the door after waving to Gus one last time.

“So, she seems really nice,” Nicole said as she buckled her seatbelt and watched Waverly turn the key in the ignition.

“Sometimes she can come off as a bit stiff, but she has a kind heart.”

“Must be where you get it from,” Nicole smiled as she brought Waverly’s hand up to her lips and kissed her knuckles, looking deeply into her eyes.
“You saying I’m stiff?” Waverly teased.

“I meant the part about the kind heart,” Nicole rolled her eyes as she dropped their hands onto her lap.

Waverly giggled and caressed her thumb on Nicole’s thigh. “She likes you.”

“I’m really glad she does. I was worried that she wouldn’t.”

“Babe, that would never happen. You’re like, the most likeable person I’ve ever met.”

“You’re only saying that because you’re my girlfriend,” Nicole accused as she squinted her eyes at Waverly.

“True.” The brunette leaned in a placed a soft kiss on her girlfriend’s lips. “Now let’s go cuddle. I’ve missed you.”

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*Friday night*

Nicole rapped on Waverly’s front door, grocery bags in hand and an overnight bag on her shoulder as she bounced up and down, anxiously waiting for her girlfriend to answer the door.

“Uh, hey,” Waverly greeted with a confused look on her face when she saw that Nicole was at the door. “I thought we were doing dinner at yours?”

“Yeah, remember that time I was supposed to get my house exterminated but didn’t?” Nicole grinned at her girlfriend.

“Let me guess, you’ve been booted out of your own home by insects?” Waverly giggled.

“Although Calamity Jane seems to be having a blast playing roach glide hockey with herself, I’m not so fond of finding them in my bed. Someone’s coming first thing in the morning to exterminate, but we’re going to have to move the dinner here tonight. Is that okay?”

“Of course it’s okay!” Waverly replied excitedly. “Also, you need to stay the night, right?” She raised her eyebrows at the duffle bag on Nicole’s shoulder.

The redhead lowered her head in embarrassment and nodded.

“Baby, you can stay as long as you need to.” Waverly cupped the Nicole’s cheeks and gave her a slow kiss before pulling away and taking the large brown paper bags from her arms. “Here, I’ve got these.”

“Thanks,” Nicole smiled as she followed Waverly inside and shut the door, setting her duffle bag down on the couch. “Wynonna’s gone, right?”

“Yes. She just left to go give Doc ‘the talk’, so she’ll be out all night long.” Waverly smirked as she set the bags down on the kitchen table before turning around to wrap her arms around Nicole’s waist. “Which means tonight, you’re all mine,” she said softly with a smile as she leaned up and pulled Nicole into a passionate kiss.

Their lips glided across one another’s messily as Waverly pulled the woman’s face in as close to hers as possible. They stayed like this, mouths dancing in ecstasy, for a few minutes before pulling away and gasping for air.
“Wow. I feel like we haven’t kissed like that in forever,” Nicole stated breathily as she gawked at her girlfriend.

Waverly stared up at her Nicole’s red, swollen lips. “You know what else we haven’t done in forever?” She dragged her nails down the back of Nicole’s white sweater.

“Mmm let me guess, does it revolve around sex?” Nicole quirked an eyebrow.

“My smart baby.” Waverly pushed Nicole up against the fridge and smashed their lips together in a searing kiss. She darted her tongue out and instantly began massaging it against Nicole’s as she clawed at the woman’s sweater. After a few seconds, she slid her hands underneath the article of clothing and moved up soft skin to cup the redhead’s bra-clad breasts.

Nicole chuckled against Waverly’s lips as she pulled the girl’s hands out from underneath her shirt and placed them around her waist over the sweater. “How about dinner first, and then dessert?”

“What’s the point of being an adult if you can’t have dessert first,” Waverly pouted.

“Patience, my love.” Nicole massaged Waverly’s tense shoulders before continuing in a sultry voice, “We’ll need sustenance if we want to last all night.” She gave one last kiss before pulling away – much to Waverly’s reluctance – and moved towards the table to pull out the groceries.

“You’re no fun,” Waverly poked her bottom lip out.

Nicole turned around and smiled at her girlfriend. “You say that now, but wait until later.” She winked before turning back around to attend to the groceries.

“Nicole! You’re being a tease!” Waverly whined.

The redhead chuckled as she shook her head at her adorable girlfriend. “Why don’t you go find some music to put on while I work on dinner?”

“Fine,” Waverly gave in. She gave Nicole a quick peck on the cheek before making her way into the living room. After taking Nicole’s duffel bag up to her room, she trotted back downstairs to find a good playlist to set the mood.

After about half an hour of chopping and sautéing vegetables to add to the soup Nicole was making, Waverly found herself impatiently watching from her spot on the countertop as her legs dangled over the edge, swinging back and forth like a child’s.

“I thought we decided on soup tonight because it was a quick meal to prep?” Waverly grumbled.

Nicole shook her head and smiled at the impossible girl as she tilted the skillet of cooked vegetables, using a wooden spatula to dump them into the pot of vegetable broth. She sat the skillet back down on its previous spot before turning the burner off and walked over to the brunette.

“Actually, I picked soup because it was the only vegan thing I knew how to make, since you’ve officially changed your diet.” She stood between Waverly’s legs and placed her palms down onto her counter on either side of Waverly.

“Is that so?” Waverly asked as she wrapped her arms around the back of Nicole’s neck and pulled the woman in closer. “You know, considerate women are a huge turn on for me,” she rasped as she leaned down, brushing her forehead against Nicole’s.

“Women? Or woman?” Nicole asked with a quirked eyebrow.
“Well as of right now I only have one woman on my mind.”

Nicole bit the left side of her bottom lip as she stared down at Waverly’s sly smirk. After a moment of increasing heart rates and not-so-subtle breathing at the desire that burned within them, she felt Waverly’s hands pulling her into her lips so hard that their teeth crashed together – neither women caring a lick.

Waverly tangled her fingers in Nicole’s short waves as Nicole moved her hands to Waverly’s thighs, clawing at the soft skin with short nails as she slipped her tongue out and across Waverly’s bottom lip, requesting entrance, which Waverly happily accepted.

Even though Waverly had been the impatient one all night long, Nicole would be lying if she said she didn’t want it just as badly. She was usually extra horny right after her period, and boy was she feeling like an 18-year-old boy right about now. Her clit had been throbbing all day as dirty thoughts of Waverly flooded her mind – and her center – causing her to have to change her underwear twice since she left for work that morning. She knew she had to step away from the girl if there was any chance of them getting to this dinner, but she couldn’t help it. A strong force was pulling her towards the brunette, and she was getting lost in the sensations of lust and love as her senses sparked with all things Waverly Earp.

Nicole wrapped her hands around Waverly’s small waist and pulled her in as close as possible, deepening the kiss. Waverly responded by wrapping her legs around Nicole’s hips and pulling her into her center, gasping at the pressure between her thighs. The brunette released Nicole’s lips with an audible pop and both women stared into each other’s eyes, panting as they felt as if they would never catch their breath. Waverly’s hands remained clasped around the back of Nicole’s neck, and Nicole’s arms stayed wrapped around Waverly’s waist.

“Turn that off.” Waverly demanded as she nodded her head towards the pot of soup.

“But, the dinner…” Nicole protested – albeit against her better judgement.

“Nicole, please. I need you. I want to have sex with you so badly. Dinner can wait.” She moved her right hand to Nicole’s face and ran her fingers through the side of her hair before touching their foreheads together. “Please?” She whispered as she looked into brown eyes.

The redhead nodded slowly at first, then fervently before reaching behind her and turning off the burner. She brought her hands to Waverly’s backside and lifted her up off the counter, carrying her towards the stairs. As soon as they made it into the living room, Waverly dropped her legs from around Nicole’s waist to the floor and pushed the redhead backwards onto the couch before bringing her hands down to the hem of her own floral tank top and lifting it above her head.

“You don’t want to go to the bedroom?” Nicole asked in confusion.

Waverly shook her head as she pushed her jean shorts down her legs, leaving her in just her red lace bra and matching panties. “I can’t wait. I want you now,” she growled before pushing Nicole’s legs together and straddled her lap with her knees resting on the couch.

The brunette instantly began grinding down on Nicole as hard as she could, relieving the ache from her completely swollen clit, and Nicole grabbed onto Waverly’s firm ass that was displayed perfectly by her cheeky thong as soon as her brain caught up with what was happening.

“Fuck, that feels so good,” Waverly sighed with a smile as she threw her head back, not caring one bit that she had completely soaked though her panties and she was now painting her arousal all over Nicole’s jeans – mostly on her left thigh as she was a little off-center in order to gain more
stimulation.

It had been awhile since they made love, and everything was starting to feel like home. The way their lips moved against one another’s, the way their bodies reacted to each other’s touch, the way everything just fit together like perfect puzzle pieces…everything was just so perfect.

Nicole opened her eyes and noticed Waverly’s covered breasts slightly bouncing up and down right in front of her face. She licked her lips and reached around the girl’s back to unhook her bra and flung it across the room. The officer then took a soft, fleshy mound into her mouth and began lightly sucking while she swirled her tongue around the taut nipple.

“Oh,” Waverly moaned at the touch. “Jesus, Nic. You’re going to make me come just from that alone.” She rested one hand on the back of the couch while she brought her other hand to the back of Nicole’s head, tangling her fingers in the officer’s hair and pulling her closer into her chest, feeling the redhead’s teeth deliciously press against her skin.

After a few minutes, Nicole remembered that Waverly had two breasts. She quickly released the brown nipple before moving over to the other one, giving it the same amount of attention.

Waverly couldn’t take it anymore. She was painfully aroused and needed release. As Nicole continued her ministrations on Waverly’s breast, the brunette snaked her hand from Nicole’s hair and slid it down the front of her own panties, immediately feeling the pool of wetness that resided there. She let out a satisfied sigh as she began stroking her clit.

Nicole noticed Waverly’s breath getting more and more rigid. At first she thought it was because of her, but then realized that the girl’s breathing was picking up too rapidly to be a reaction to her consistent movements on her breast. She pulled back from the mound and quirked an eyebrow as she looked up at Waverly’s face, and saw the girl with her eyebrows knitted together as her teeth sunk down into her bottom lip. Tiny whimpers of pleasure were escaping the back of her throat. The redhead looked down and saw the bulge of Waverly’s hand moving around underneath the soaked fabric. Usually Nicole would be completely turned on by Waverly touching herself, but that wasn’t the case this time. This time, she felt a pang of jealousy. She reached down and firmly yanked Waverly’s hand from her center and brought it up to her mouth as she sucked on the wet fingers, getting the first little taste of Waverly’s arousal in days. Waverly gasped at the unexpected action and her eyes snapped open, immediately caught by Nicole’s persistent stare.

“Your first orgasm will be mine,” Nicole stated. There was no harshness in her voice, but instead a comforting calmness. She said it as if she were simply stating a fact.

Waverly shuddered at the words and fervently nodded. Nicole could have whatever she wanted, because at this point Waverly was completely gone. The redhead could see it in her brown eyes too, which had darkened with lust and glazed over with sexual fantasies of being fucked beyond comprehension.

Nicole grabbed the thin line of fabric that rested on Waverly’s left hip with both hands and quickly yanked them apart, a loud rip filling the room. She then did the same to the other side. When she looked up, she saw the brunette’s eyes widen partly in arousal, and partly in concern.

“I’ll buy you a new one,” Nicole reassured before gently sliding the fabric out from between Waverly’s legs.

The brunette inhaled sharply and steadied herself on the back of the couch as she felt the wet cotton slide along her engorged clit, which was completely visible and dark pink at this point.
“Fuck Nicole. I can’t,” Waverly whimpered.

“Can’t what baby,” Nicole questioned as she rubbed the tops of Waverly’s thighs.

“I can’t wait anymore. I need it now. I need to come,” she panted as she grinded her center on Nicole’s dark colored jeans.

Nicole looked down at the brunette’s glistening folds and saw the arousal that was all over the top of her own pants leg from Waverly. She had never seen the girl more desperate, and she had definitely never seen her that wet. She lifted her white sweater above her head and unhooked her own bra, throwing it relatively close to Waverly’s and pulled the brunette in, feeling their breasts press against each other’s. She then adjusted herself so that her hand was between Waverly’s legs, sliding through the soaked folds.

“Oh fuck,” Waverly sighed in relief as she smiled in ecstasy.

“What do you want?” Nicole asked, still sliding her fingers up and down between Waverly’s entrance and her clit.

“Inside,” Waverly begged.

“How many?”

“One to start.” It had been awhile since Waverly had been penetrated. Even when she masturbated she only used clitoral stimulation, so she was unsure of how much she could take.

Nicole brought her lips down to the nape of Waverly’s neck and kissed the soft skin as she moved her fingers a few more times to coat them in Waverly’s juices before slowly dipping her middle finger inside her entrance. Waverly gasped at the contact as she wrapped her arms tightly around Nicole’s shoulders.

“Two,” Waverly quickly corrected when she realized she wasn’t getting enough stimulation. The redhead gently added her index finger. She could feel that Waverly was just a bit too tight to take both fingers, so she worked her way inside, slowly stretching the girl’s walls in a delicate manner so that she wouldn’t feel any pain. When she felt the girl loosen around her, she pushed in deeper all the way to her knuckles, and she heard Waverly’s breath hitch.

“You okay?” Nicole asked, slightly concerned.

Waverly nodded before opening her eyes and cupping Nicole’s cheeks. “Feels good. So, so good. I’ve missed feeling you inside me.”

A warm smile spread across the redhead’s cheeks as she leaned up and gave Waverly a slow, gentle kiss. As the kiss became heated and filled with passion, Waverly began rocking her hips, signaling for Nicole to move her fingers. The officer happily obliged and pumped inside Waverly, feeling her walls slightly contract with every thrust.

It wasn’t long before Waverly was erratically bouncing up and down on Nicole’s fingers. By this point she was gripping the back of the couch on either side of Nicole’s head as her girlfriend fucked her with one hand while holding her steady with the other on the small of her back. Nicole pressed her palm against Waverly’s sensitive bud in just the right spot, sliding the hood along the head to give the brunette the perfect amount of stimulation.

A string of moans and obscenities fell from the brunette’s mouth as she felt herself getting closer. She
opened her eyes and looked down between their bodies, eyebrows pulling together as she watched Nicole’s hand with an opened mouth. Nicole was doing this to her. Officer Nicole Haught’s hand was between her legs, inside her vagina right now, bringing her closer to orgasm. There were still days where she couldn’t believe that this incredible woman was her girlfriend; That she was being perfectly fucked in this very moment. She moved her eyes up to red hair, which was all the could see of Nicole’s head as the woman sucked on her right shoulder. Waverly reached her hand up to Nicole’s hair and gently pulled her back, meeting with soft eyes.

“What is it baby? What do you need?” Nicole asked, not changing any of the movements in her hand.

Waverly smiled and bit her lip as she took a deep breath. “I just want to see you. I want to look into your eyes as I fall apart.”

Nicole’s mouth curved in a loving smile as she nodded. Without breaking eye contact, she pulled her fingers back and flicked them across Waverly’s G-spot while circling her thumb around the girl’s clit. Waverly’s jaw dropped a little as she felt like all of the air had been sucked out of her. She forced herself to keep her eyes open and focused on Nicole’s piercing brown orbs. After a few seconds, she inhaled sharply, finally getting oxygen to her brain as she rocked her hips harder against the redhead.

Both women felt Waverly’s walls clench around Nicole’s fingers, and they knew she was almost there. They continued their ministrations, staring into each other’s eyes – into each other’s souls – as the familiar feeling of heat rushed throughout Waverly’s entire body. Nicole watched the woman’s cheeks change to a bright pink color out of the corner of her eyes. As much as she wanted to look, she didn’t want to break eye contact with Waverly, and truthfully, she wasn’t sure she could even if she tried at this point. The brunette’s gaze was much too powerful. Waverly moved her hands from the back of Nicole’s neck to the sides just under her ears as she stroked her thumbs along the woman’s jawline. Nicole noticed Waverly’s breathing begin to pick up and looked at her with questioning eyes, silently asking if the moment had come. Waverly gave a slight nod in response as she panted faster, still looking into Nicole’s eyes. Her eyebrows knitted together as she felt all of her muscles tense up tighter, and tighter, until…

_Slam_

“God, Doc is such an assho– _Jesus fucking Christ_!” Wynonna slapped her hand over her eyes as soon as she saw her naked baby sister riding a half-naked Nicole. “What the hell guys?!”

Nicole and Waverly jolted at the initial shock of Wynonna abruptly entering the house, causing Waverly to slightly lose a bit of her momentum, but not completely. Their eyes widened as they continued looking at each other and Waverly felt Nicole begin to slide out of her, but before she could even move Waverly ground her hips further down onto Nicole and shook her head, begging her to keep going with pleading eyes. But the redhead knew that even if she had continued, even if they kept going until Waverly had her orgasm, it wouldn’t be the same. The moment was already ruined, because her focus was now ripped away from the brunette, and whatever intense moment they were about to share together was gone. She looked at Waverly with as much love as she could give, her eyebrows pulling together apologetically before sliding out of her and quickly reaching for her shirt.

Before Waverly could even protest, Nicole was gone, and she was once again empty. Her climax faded away and the electricity began to die down.

“God dammit Wynonna! I was just about to have the best orgasm of my entire life!” Waverly barked as she looked over her shoulder at her sister, who was standing there with her eyes still covered. She quickly blushed with embarrassment as she realized that she had just shared something very private
with her sister, which she wasn’t even thinking about when she said it.

“Okay, I really didn’t need to know that,” Wynonna replied as her face slightly twisted in disgust. Yeah, she was not all about good orgasms, and she was all about her baby sister having good orgasms, but she was not all about her baby sister talking about said orgasms while in the middle of actually doing it. “Can you guys just please put your clothes back on so we can un-awkwardly converse? Instead of me standing here while covering my eyes and you guys sitting there while…well, you know…” she trailed off as she waved her free hand around.

Waverly groaned as she swung her left leg off of Nicole, trying her best not to have any vocal reaction to the string of arousal that connected her center to Nicole’s jeans before breaking and falling against her inner thigh with the rest of the puddle that resided there.

“Uh, do you mind tossing me my bra by your foot?” Nicole asked awkwardly as she rubbed the back of her neck. “Normally I would skip it, but my sweater is white…” Her mind went through a roller coaster of emotions ranging from embarrassed to aroused to frustrated and then to apologetic.

Wynonna groaned as she reached down to snatch the bra up and chucked it in the general direction of the two – since her eyes were still covered.

Waverly and Nicole quickly scrambled to put their clothes on before standing in the middle of the room, trying to stay close to each other but at the same time leaving some distance.

“Okay, you can look now.” Waverly said in a snarky tone as she stood with her arms folded across her chest.

Wynonna dropped her hand to give the pair a stern look, but Nicole’s pants quickly caught her eye. She pursed her lips and nodded her head as she looked directly at the softball-sized stain of Waverly’s arousal on Nicole’s left leg. She closed her eyes and switched from nodding to slowly shaking her head. “I really wish I could wash my eyes out with soap right about now to get rid of both of the visuals I’ve received tonight.”

Nicole and Waverly quickly looked down to where Wynonna was looking and saw the stain. It wouldn’t have been as obvious if Nicole wasn’t wearing black jeans…but she was. The redhead quickly drew her sleeve above her palm and tried to wipe away as much of the fluid as she could.

“What are you even doing here? You were supposed to be with Doc all night!” Waverly snapped.

“What are you doing here doing it when you have a perfectly good bedroom right upstairs!” Wynonna gesticulated her hands wildly in the air, gesturing from Nicole and Waverly, then at the stairs behind her, then at the ceiling above their heads, and then back to them.

Waverly rolled her eyes and huffed. She really didn’t want to explain to her sister that they hadn’t had sex in over a week and that she was too horny to even make it up the stairs. She looked at Wynonna, about to make some remark about how she had clearly texted her to let her know that they were going to be at the homestead instead of Nicole’s house tonight in case something like this happened, but quickly realized that her sister’s eyes were red and puffy.

“What’s wrong?” Waverly’s voice quickly changed from anger to concern.

Wynonna shook her head as her eyebrows pulled together, suddenly remembering what had happened earlier that night as fresh tears spilled from her eyes. “Doc’s a fucking coward, that’s what’s wrong.”

Waverly walked over to her sister and embraced her in a tight hug as the woman began to cry even
harder, covering her face as she was full on sobbing.

“I’m going to wait upstairs,” Nicole whispered and Waverly nodded in response.

After a few moments, Waverly pulled back from the hug and said in a soothing voice, “Come here, let’s sit.” She gently took Wynonna’s hand and led them over to the couch. When they sat, Wynonna rested her elbows on her knees and buried her face in her hands as Waverly rubbed comforting circles on her upper back.

“What happened?” Waverly finally asked once Wynonna had calmed down a bit.

“We were having dinner in his hotel room, and he asked me what was really going on. He was tired of my bullshit answers and wanted the truth, so I told him. At first he laughed, thinking that I was joking, but when he saw that I was serious he stopped. He just looked at me with this blank stare in his eyes. Like I had ruined his life or something. Then he stood up and walked out of the room without saying a word. Got in his car and drove away. And so I came here.” She wiped the new tears that threatened to escape her eyes.

“Oh, sweetie, I’m sure he was just shocked.” Waverly reassured as she continued rubbing the woman’s back.

“I’ve never seen him like that before. I’ve seen him pissed, but this was something else. He looked…empty.”

“Well, it may take him a bit of time to get used to the idea. But he really does love you, and I’m sure he’ll come around to the idea of having a baby. He’s a jackass, but not that much of a jackass.”

Wynonna chuckled as she wiped her eyes and looked up at Waverly, who seemed very tense and a bit distracted. “Did I really ruin that good of an orgasm?”

Waverly chuckled and placed her hand on the back of her sister’s in her lap before looking into her eyes. “We were connecting on a whole new level. I’d never been there before with her.”

Wynonna’s eyes widened. “Shit. I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault. You’re right, we should’ve been more careful with…well, with where we were doing it.” Waverly placed a hand over one of her flushed cheeks in embarrassment before moving it to her lips.

“Oh god,” Waverly groaned as she dropped her face in both her hands and poorly stifled her nervous giggle. “I’m sorry. We’ve haven’t had sex since that morning I found out you were pregnant, and we just got carried away.”

“Well shit!” Wynonna jumped off the couch and looked at a startled Waverly. “Why didn’t you say anything! I didn’t know it’s been that long. I thought since you’ve been sleeping over at her house every other day this past week…” Wynonna waved her hand around, completing her sentence with a game of charades.

“She’s been on her period and we wanted to wait until after to have our make-up sex.”

“This was make-up sex night from that huge fight you guys had?!” Wynonna asked incredulously. “Okay, no. You’re going upstairs right now to bang out all of that sexual tension with your fine ass
“girlfriend.” She reached down and grabbed Waverly’s hand, yanking her off the couch.

“But…what about you?” Waverly protested. “I can’t just leave you by yourself.”

“Forget about me. I’ll go to Gus’s or something.”

“I wouldn’t feel right.” Waverly shook her head.

Wynonna looked at her sister pointedly and grabbed onto her shoulders, as if she were about to give her a pep talk. “Waverly. After too many years, you’ve finally stumbled upon the land of earth-shattering, mind-blowing, out-of-this-world sex, right?”

Waverly nodded hesitantly, unsure of exactly where this conversation was going.

“And you’ve gone almost two weeks without it, building up this ball of sexual frustration within you that’s ready to come out…AND it’s make-up sex, which is the best sex there is. You’re literally about to have the best night of your entire life, and I’m not about to ruin that even further than I already have.”

“But…” Waverly began, still feeling a little bit guilty.

“Waverly, please. Go get your out-of-body-experience orgasm that you were about to have. Please, do it for me, your older sister whose love life is chaos right now. And you can share the details with me later so that I can live vicariously through you.” She noticed Waverly’s eyes shift between her and the stairs, debating whether or not to give in. “Either way I’m going to Gus’s, so you might as well do it.”

Waverly inhaled through her nose before giving a long sigh. “Okay, fine. But tomorrow we’re talking some more about you and Doc, and we’re going to figure everything out.”

“Deal. Right after you give me all the juicy details of your night with Officer Haughtshot.” Her eyes widened. “Oh! You guys should definitely roleplay with the uniform tonight. That would be so sexy!”

Waverly quirked an eyebrow. “Are you attracted to my girlfriend?”

“Ew, no. I meant for you, dumb dumb. I’m still very straight, and even if I did want to dip my fingers in some girl-on-girl experience, it definitely would not be with Haught.”

Waverly closed her eyes and shook her head as she shifted uncomfortably. “Okay, I really didn’t need that visual.”

“Call it payback for the ones you gave me earlier,” she gave Waverly a strong pat on her arm, causing the shorter girl to stumble a little. “Okay, I’m out of here. You have fun, and be safe.” She gave a stern finger.

“Yes mom,” Waverly teased as she shook her head and smiled before watching Wynonna grab her overnight bag from the front door and leave the house.

Waverly smiled at her ridiculous sister before turning back around to face the stairs. She felt the dragons in the pit of her stomach as she thought about Nicole upstairs in her bedroom waiting for her, and she thought about the breathtaking night they were about to have together. She excitedly blew out a large puff of air before jogging up the stairs to her girlfriend.
Wynonna Earp (noun) - The queen of WayHaught cockblocking.
Waverly trotted up the stairs and saw Nicole sitting on her bed – her right leg tucked underneath her as her left leg dangled over the side – with papers strewn out in front of her. She held her pen between her thumb and index finger with the back of it settled between her teeth as she scowled down at the paper in her hand.

“What’s that?” Waverly asked as she approached the woman.

Nicole looked up, suddenly aware of her girlfriend’s presence. “Oh, just some paperwork I brought in case I had some time.”

Waverly gasped as she pressed her palm to her chest, feigning shock. “Bringing work into the bedroom? You naughty girl.”

Nicole chuckled and shook her head as she gathered the papers up and tucked them back in their folder before putting it away in her bag. “I know, I’m sorry. I promise I won’t do any more work the rest of the time I’m here.”

“Well…” Waverly brought her index finger up to her chin and tapped lightly, pretending to ponder. “Okay, I forgive you then.”

“I was so worried,” the redhead stated sarcastically.

Waverly giggled as she sat down on the side of the bed in front of her girlfriend. “I’m so sorry about Wynonna,” she said apologetically, shifting the mood.

“No, it’s okay. She’s obviously going through a lot right now and needs your support.” Nicole reassured. “Is everything okay with Doc? She seemed pretty upset.”

“It will be. I know it.” Waverly smiled before shifting her demeanor to a more seductive one, not wanting to spend any more time talking about her sister when there were better things they could be doing. “So, want to pick up where we left off?” A smirk grew on her face as she walked her fingers up Nicole’s jeans and over the mark she had made – which was now dried up.

Nicole knitted her eyebrows together apologetically and pursed her lips.

“What’s wrong?” Waverly asked as she retracted her hands.

“Please don’t hate me.”

Waverly gave a breathy laugh. “Why would I hate you?”

“Because…I’m really hungry,” Nicole admitted as she gave a look of remorse.

Waverly stood up off the bed and held out a hand for the redhead to take. “Well lucky for you,
there’s some delicious soup downstairs that was made by the finest redhead in Purgatory."

Nicole shook her head and laughed as she took Waverly’s hand and stood up. “I bet you say that to all the gingers.”

“Nah. Just the ones who give me orgasms,” Waverly winked as she pulled Nicole out of the room and down the stairs.

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“Oh my god, I’m so full,” Nicole whined as she rubbed her belly over her sweater, slumping down in her chair across from Waverly. “I don’t think I’ll be able to do any sort of physical activity for the rest of the night. But boy was it worth it.” She sighed contently as she smiled at Waverly, who was glaring at her as if she were Champ. Nicole chortled at the adorable woman in front of her. “Baby I’m kidding!”

“That wasn’t funny.” Waverly replied with remnants of vexation still on her face.

“It was kinda funny,” Nicole smirked playfully.

“Oh yeah?” Waverly lowered her eyelids as she slowly ran her bare foot up Nicole’s leg. She watched Nicole’s confident smile drop as the tiny muscles in her face began to twitch. She could easily tell that the redhead was getting turned on. “Is this funny?” She asked in a sultry voice.

“No, that’s just cruel.” Nicole gulped.

“No, this is cruel.” Waverly pressed her foot into Nicole’s center between her legs, causing the older woman to nearly fly out of her chair. “Oh, but you’re too full.” The brunette quickly withdrew her leg back to where it was before – crossed over her knee.

“No, no! I’m not too full! In fact, I’m the opposite of full. I’m…” Her eyebrows scrunched up as she trailed off.

“Empty?” Waverly quirked an eyebrow.

“Yeah. I realized that didn’t sound right.” Nicole let out a breathy laugh as she shook her head at her failed banter.

“Nicole?” Waverly looked at her girlfriend with pleading eyes.

“Yeah baby?”

“Can we go upstairs now?” Her bottom lip slightly poked out in a barely noticeable pout.

The corners of the redhead’s mouth tugged up into a sweet smile. “Of course, my love.” Nicole stood up from her seat and quickly wrapped her left arm under Waverly’s around her back and her right arm under her legs, swooping her up out of her chair and carrying her to the stairs as the petite girl wrapped her arms around Nicole’s neck.

“You’re so strong,” Waverly praised. “Have I ever told you that?”

“Once or twice,” Nicole replied as she trudged up the stairs.

“It’s a huge turn on for me.” Waverly reached down and squeezed Nicole’s biceps, feeling the muscles working from holding the girl’s entire body weight – which wasn’t that much, but was still impressive to the brunette. “God, these arms are so sexy. And your abs.” She trailed her fingers
down to Nicole’s stomach to feel the muscles there. The redhead naturally flexed into Waverly’s hand. “My sexy girlfriend. How did I get so lucky?”

Nicole blushed as she set Waverly down onto the bed. “I’m the lucky one.” She slowly crawled on top of Waverly and kissed her cheek. “Those beautiful eyes.” She reached down between their bodies and rubbed her palm along Waverly’s abdomen. “Your abs, which are way more defined than mine.” Waverly shook her head at the statement and was about to voice her disagreement, when she felt Nicole grab under her left knee to bring her leg up and around Nicole’s waist. “Your strong legs.” She ran her short nails down the underside of the brunette’s lifted leg and slipped her hand under her shorts, squeezing the firm yet fleshy cheek as she waggled her eyebrows playfully at Waverly. “Do I even have to say it?”

Waverly giggled as she ran her hands up the back of Nicole’s neck and twirled the ends of her fiery red hair around her fingers. “No, but I’d really like it if you did.”

“And your super sexy, super hot, completely perfect, jaw-dropping ass.” Nicole smirked before quickly and unexpectedly rolling Waverly onto her side and smacking her backside. Both of the women giggled as Waverly rolled onto her back where she was previously and slapped Nicole’s arm. “You’re too much sometimes,” she said teasingly as she shook her head.

Nicole laughed for a moment before hovering over Waverly, bracing herself with her left hand on the mattress as she brought her right hand up to gently cup the brunette’s cheek and brushed her thumb along the soft skin that resided there. “But do you know what the biggest turn on is for me?”

“What?” Waverly asked as she wrapped her arms around the redhead’s strong shoulders, her lips curving up as she studied the features of her girlfriend’s face.

Nicole looked into Waverly’s eyes with complete admiration, thumb still stroking her cheek. “How intelligent you are. It’s the sexiest thing in the world.”

Waverly quickly moved her hands to the mattress and pushed herself up, causing Nicole to slide back off of her. “Really?” Waverly bemused.

“Oh, definitely.” Nicole shifted her legs to the side as she rested her weight on her left palm in front of Waverly, who was now sitting cross-legged. “Whenever you talk about history or ancient languages, I can’t help but get lost in you. Your passion is just so inspiring, and truthfully I get torn between the desire to hang onto your every word, and spacing out thinking about having sex with you.” Nicole laughed. “It’s such a huge turn on. You have no idea.”

Waverly couldn’t help the giant grin that touched her cheeks. “I– I’ve never…” she shook her head in disbelief. “Nobody’s ever said that to me before. My sisters were always annoyed by it, my boyfriends always tried to shut me up, and even Daddy always rolled his eyes whenever I talked about…well, whenever I talked about anything really. I’ve just always felt like I had to hide it in order to stay out of the way.”

Nicole shook her head in bewilderment and placed her hand on Waverly’s knee. “Baby, you should never have to hide how smart you are. I love it when you share your knowledge with me, and I want you to do it forever.” The redhead blushed when she realized the amount of commitment she had just placed on Waverly’s shoulders. She didn’t quite mean it like that when she said ‘forever’, although she’d be lying if she said she hadn’t thought about growing old with Waverly.

Waverly, however, didn’t think anything of it. She had already been in the mindset of her and Nicole being a forever kind of thing – since Nicole was her first girlfriend, and well, you know – so the word didn’t even catch her attention. She grabbed a fistful of Nicole’s sweater above her breasts and
pulled her in close, hovering her face so close to Nicole’s that the redhead could feel the girl’s hot breath on her lips. “I love you, so much. So, so much.” She said staring down at her girlfriend’s patient lips before closing the gap and crashing their lips together.

A not-so-subtle moan escaped from Waverly’s mouth and into Nicole’s as she kissed her as hard as she could, feeling like she just couldn’t get close enough to the woman. She grabbed onto the sides of Nicole’s head and slid down the bed until her own head was resting on the pillow, pulling Nicole down on top of her. It wasn’t long before she was searching for a warm tongue with her own. She felt Nicole’s organ greedily push against hers as they battled for dominance. A surge of energy rushed straight to Waverly’s core, causing her to involuntarily buck her hips into Nicole. Wanting to feel more contact, she wrapped her legs around Nicole’s waist and pulled her into her center. The redhead grinded her hips into Waverly and the pressure against the brunette’s clit caused her eyes to roll back as she pulled her lips away from Nicole.

“Fucking hell,” she breathed as she rocked into Nicole. “God, I’m so sensitive that if you keep doing that, I’m going to come in a matter of seconds.”

“Do you want to?” Nicole panted as she studied the brunette’s face.

“I do,” Waverly whined before dropping her legs and pushing Nicole off of her. “But I don’t. I don’t want the first one to be that way.”

The redhead sat up and nodded. “Okay. So how do you want the first one to be?”

“I want it to be like before. Whatever connection we had, before Wynonna completely cockblocked us…” She rolled her eyes at how good her sister was at having such bad timing. Freaking Wynonna. She shook the memory from her head before continuing. “I want that back.”

Nicole nodded with a smile as she leaned down to give the brunette a slow but short kiss. She stood up off the bed and slowly stripped down to her underwear, really making a show of removing her clothes for Waverly. She then stepped forward to grab the smaller girl’s hand and brought it up to cup her sex. Waverly’s eyes widened when she felt how aroused Nicole was. She closed her slightly agape mouth and smirked.

“Why, Officer Haught. Is that for me?”

“All for you baby,” Nicole replied seductively.

Waverly shifted to the edge of the bed and yanked the panties down to Nicole’s thighs. The smell of Nicole’s arousal hit her hard and she sharply inhaled through her nose. She grabbed onto Nicole’s ass and pulled the woman forward, instantly dipping her face into the redhead’s center and proceeding to eat her out.

“Jesus…fuck baby!” Nicole gasped as she dropped her head back and laced her fingers through Waverly’s hair, pushing it back out of her face as she looked down to piercing brown eyes. She could see the smirk Waverly was wearing as she lapped up her arousal, all the way from her entrance to her swollen clit. “Now I’m the one who’s going to come,” she choked out as she tried to step away from Waverly, but had a hard time doing so.

The brunette gave one last lick, dragging her tongue all the way up Nicole’s slit as slowly as possible, savoring the taste before standing up to discard her own clothes. Nicole dropped her own bra and panties to the floor as she watched Waverly crawl backwards onto the bed. She took a moment to really look at the woman’s gorgeous body. She never took her girlfriend for granted, but she didn’t always stop to appreciate the woman’s features as much as she probably should.
Feeling slightly self-conscious, Waverly brought her index finger up and curved it towards her, signaling for Nicole to come here. The redhead slowly crawled on her hands and knees up the brunette’s body and lowered herself so that their centers connected to thighs as she simultaneously connected her lips to Waverly’s. Both the women gasped as they began rocking their hips into each other’s.

Waverly opened her eyes, remembering their plan, and looked up at Nicole. It wasn’t long before she was seeing more than just brown eyes, but rather Nicole. All of her hopes, her fears, her desires…she could see every part of the woman, and suddenly she was feeling exactly what she had felt before; their inner beings connecting on a level far beyond any earthly matters. This connection they shared was definitely other-worldly, and unlike anything she had ever experienced before. Simultaneously, as if they were reading each other’s minds, Nicole and Waverly both brought their hands down to each other’s slick folds. Normally they would engage in some sort of foreplay beforehand – usually involving nipple stimulation – but they knew they didn’t need that this time. They just wanted to feel each other. Nicole slowly entered the brunette with two fingers, and Waverly did the same. Nicole’s jaw dropped slightly and sucked in the air around her as Waverly bit her lip and furrowed her brow. The brunette brought her other hand up from its resting spot on Nicole’s shoulder to the base of her neck and held on tightly. Nicole quickly snaked her left arm around Waverly’s shoulders, holding onto her as she thrusted the fingers of her right hand deep inside the girl.

Everything else around them faded as they pumped their fingers inside each other. The furniture around the room, the sound of the air conditioning running, the distant howls of coyotes through the dark night sky…all of it had disappeared. And suddenly, it was like they were in a place of infinite time and space, just the two of them, making love as their minds and bodies melded into one.

After a few more thrusts, Waverly’s grip on Nicole’s neck became tighter and the pace of her breathing significantly increased. Nicole noticed the girl’s pupils begin to dilate, and knew she was close, which ultimately brought her closer to her own release.

Waverly felt her muscles tighten as the heat flowed throughout her body, warming her up to the point of forming tiny beads of sweat all over her body.

“Together?” The brunette whispered as she continued to stare into mesmerizing brown eyes, rocking her hips against Nicole.

“Together.” Nicole whispered back as she thrusted her own hips into Waverly’s hand.

They pushed their bodies closer together as they continued pumping their hands as steadily as they could with walls tightening around their fingers before both women felt the buildup take over their body. And simultaneously, not a fraction of a second apart, they crashed over the edge, arousal spilling out of them as they rode out their release. There were no words that came out of their mouths, but rather unsteady breathing and occasional moans escaping from the back of their throats as they contracted around each other’s fingers while staring into each other’s eyes.

Waverly’s heart was racing so fast that she felt like she was about to pass out. It was an experience she’d never felt before, and couldn’t explain even if she had tried. Sure, she’d had an orgasm before, but not like this. Not while Nicole was looking right into her soul, into a place even Waverly had never seen herself. And not with this much intensity. They continued to gaze into each other’s eyes as they rode out their orgasms, until their breathing became steady again.

It had been over a minute since their orgasms had died down, and they hadn’t moved. Nicole’s fingers were still inside Waverly, and vice versa. Waverly’s other hand was still holding onto the back of Nicole’s neck and Nicole’s arm was still underneath Waverly, wrapped around her shoulders as their bodies lay still, eyes fixed on one another’s. Neither of them wanted the moment to end.
They had experienced something so powerful that it was damn near impossible to pull away at this point. They continued on like this for a few more minutes until they were released from the trance.

Waverly was the first one to pull out. Nicole clenched her jaw as she felt delicate fingers slide along her walls and out of her sex. She did the same to Waverly, noticing the woman’s breath hitch for a brief moment. All of this was done while still making eye contact. They wanted that part to last as long as possible. Waverly brought her hands up to cup Nicole’s face, and smiled warmly as her eyes began to well up with tears from her emotions running wild.

“I love you, Nicole.” Waverly said in a voice so soft it would have been inaudible from anywhere else in the room.

Nicole wasn’t one to cry that often. She generally tried to be the rock in every situation, not letting her emotions get the best of her. But in this moment, she let herself be vulnerable and gave into everything she was feeling. A couple of tears spilled out of the corners of her eyes, and without a second thought Waverly wiped them away.

“I love you too, Waverly.” Nicole whispered before bringing her lips down to the brunette’s and kissed her with as much love and affection as she could possibly give.

After a few moments, Nicole dropped down onto Waverly and buried her face into the girl’s neck with a sigh of contentment.

“God, that was so good. How do we always have such good sex?” Nicole asked in amazement.

Waverly chuckled as she wrapped her left arm around Nicole’s shoulders and brought her right hand up to cup the back of her head. “Maybe because we’re just meant to be,” Waverly replied. She didn’t mean for her response to sound so cliché, but it was truly how she felt.

“Well, I’m glad the universe picked the most incredible woman in the world to be my meant-to-be person.”

“Says the woman who literally came into the coffee shop on Wednesday with the largest bouquet of flowers known to woman because I sent a text complaining about how I spilled hot coffee and burned my hand…again.”

Nicole sat up, slightly worried as she suddenly remembered the incident. “How’s it doing? Is your hand okay now?”

“Okay enough to fuck you,” Waverly waggled her eyebrows suggestively and Nicole chuckled.

“I guess that’s true.”

“Speaking of which, are you ready for round two?”

Nicole guffawed at the unexpected, yet unsurprising question. It wasn’t uncommon for Waverly to be ready to go again so quickly after an orgasm. “Why do I get the feeling I’m going to be giving a lot of orgasms tonight...”

“It’s been eleven days, Nicole. Eleven days.”

“Technically it’s been five minutes,” Nicole teased, earning a slap on the shoulder. “Okay, okay. Sorry, you’re right. You have every right to want several orgasms.”

“Thank you.”
"Starting now." Nicole thrustred her thigh into Waverly’s still-wet center, perfectly rubbing against her clit.

"Shit! Oh my god," Waverly yelled at the unexpected contact. She quickly rocked her hips into Nicole as she held onto the woman above her as tightly as possible, taking in the vanilla scent. "Baby, you’re going to make me come again,” she panted as she felt herself already getting closer.

"Come for me baby. I want to feel you come on me,” Nicole replied, her voice unsteady from the sheer amount of thrusting her hips were doing.

"Fuck, yes baby!” Waverly screamed as she felt a fresh wave of arousal coating Nicole’s leg and spreading all over her own center.

"God, that was so fucking sexy Waves,” Nicole panted as she continued rocking her hips.

"Are you going to come too baby?" Waverly’s orgasm had pretty much subsided at this point, but she didn’t stop her movements, being sure to thrust her own thigh into Nicole’s center.

"I– shit.” The redhead felt her abdomen tense up. “Yeah baby. I’m going to come so much all over you.”

Waverly slid her hands down Nicole’s back and squeezed her ass, pulling the woman’s center even closer into her thigh. “Come on me baby. Show me how much I turn you on. Fuck me so good with your big fucking cock.”

Waverly had no idea where that last part came from, and neither did Nicole. But either way, it sent Nicole shooting straight over the edge with a very long, very loud moan. She continued gliding her sex along Waverly’s thigh until she was too sensitive and had to stop. She lifted her torso up and hovered over Waverly.

“What was that?” She sounded more amused than anything.

A blush spread across Waverly’s face and she turned away, too embarrassed to look into Nicole’s eyes.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know why I said that. I wasn’t thinking and it just sort of came out.”

Nicole placed her index finger on the side of Waverly’s chin and turned her head back to meet her gazing eyes. “That was so hot, baby. Don’t be ashamed. I loved it.”

“Really?” Waverly replied, nonplussed. She wasn’t expecting that kind of reaction.

“Yes!” Nicole looked away for a moment as she debated whether or not to tell Waverly what she was thinking. Ultimately, she decided to trust the girl. “Can I be honest about something?”

“Of course, baby.” Waverly sat up upon hearing the nervousness in Nicole’s voice, wanting them to be on eye level.

“I um, sort of think about having sex with you like a man sometimes.”

Waverly quirked an eyebrow, waiting for her to elaborate.

“Like, I pretend that I have a dick, and that I’m fucking you. I don’t know why, but something about it turns me on.” Her cheeks tinged a subtle shade of pink. “Is that weird?”

“No baby, that’s not weird. It’s sexy,” Waverly replied with a reassuring smile. “Have you thought
about using our strap-on? I mean, have you been practicing?"

Nicole shifted uncomfortably to where she was sitting on the bed. “I’ve practiced a bit with it, yeah.”

“Have you masturbated with it? Like, while wearing it?” Waverly didn’t mean for this question to sound like a mom asking her child if they had brushed their teeth, but she was genuinely curious.

The redhead chuckled nervously and looked down at the bedspread as she rubbed the back of her neck. “Um, heh…”

Waverly quickly realized that she had just asked Nicole something extremely personal, even for girlfriends. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have asked that. I’ve just been reading up on it and saw something about getting used to it and masturbating with it as if it were a part of your body to build a mental connection to it.”

Nicole couldn’t help but smile at the girl. *Of course* Waverly had done research. Nicole had done her research as well, and had read the same thing. “Yeah, I’ve masturbated with it.” She tried to sound a little more confident and a little less like she had been caught in class with her hand down her pants.

“Do you feel like you’re ready to use it yet?”

Her eyes shifted around the room before landing back on Waverly. “Oh, um, I didn’t bring it. I mean, I didn’t think…”

“No, no! I didn’t mean tonight.” Waverly quickly explained and noticed the redhead relax a little at the words. “I just meant in general.”

“Oh.” Nicole blushed at the misunderstanding. “Yeah, I think I am. I mean, I want to do it. Soon. I’m ready. Whenever you are.” Her dimples graced her features as she entwined her fingers with Waverly’s.

“I’m ready. God, I’m so ready,” Waverly replied, excited that they were finally going to get to use their toy. They had bought it over a week ago, and she had been thinking about it ever since. She touched herself to the thought of Nicole fucking her with it, and even now just thinking about it made her wet.

Nicole watched the girl’s face change as she zoned out, getting lost in her thoughts. She knew exactly what Waverly was thinking about – the strap-on. She chuckled softly and shook her head at how easily the girl got distracted when it came to all things sex related. She looked down when she noticed Waverly’s arousal begin to coat her center. It always amazed her how quickly Waverly’s sex lubricated itself whenever she became aroused.

“I guess you really are ready,” Nicole pointed out with a smirk, bringing Waverly back to the present as Nicole looked down at the girl’s glistening, swollen folds.

“Huh?” Waverly followed Nicole’s eyes down between her legs and noticed that she was slightly dripping onto the comforter. “Oh, sorry.” She replied with a sheepish grin.

“Baby, don’t you ever apologize for being wet.” Nicole said, half seductively and half seriously. “Are you ready to go again?” Nicole asked as she rubbed circles around Waverly’s inner thigh. It was obvious that Waverly was ready to go again, but Nicole was the kind of person who always asked for consent, and Waverly found it completely charming.

The brunette gulped at the touch of Nicole’s soft fingers on her skin before nodding.
“Can I try something?”

Waverly quirked an eyebrow, curious as to what she was going to do. “Okay.”

Nicole shifted her body so that one of her legs was over Waverly’s thigh, and pushed forward until her own slick sex was touching Waverly’s bare center.

“Oh, fuck,” Waverly moaned as she threw her head back, bracing herself with both hands behind her back as she thrust her hips into Nicole’s. “God, I forgot how good this felt. I can feel you baby. I can feel everything.” She quickly looked down at their centers rubbing against one another’s, mixing their arousal together. Her jaw dropped as she was in awe.

“Jesus, Waves. You feel so fucking good,” Nicole panted as she grabbed onto the brunette’s knee with one hand while resting her weight back onto the other on the mattress.

“I can feel your clit. You’re so hard.”

“You make me hard. Fuck, you’re so hot. I’m not gonna last long.”

“Are you gonna come inside me baby?” Waverly panted, bringing back the role playing from earlier, but with more confidence. Especially after Nicole’s confession.

“Yeah. I’m gonna come so hard,” Nicole choked out as she rocked her hips harder, the sounds of their wet centers filling the room as the pool of arousal built up even more.

“I want you to fill up my pussy with your come. God you’re so sexy baby. And you’re all mine. All fucking mine.” With one arm still behind her on the bed supporting her weight, Waverly wrapped the other arm around the back of Nicole’s neck and pulled her into a sloppy kiss.

“Fuck!” Nicole hissed as she felt her abdomen tense up. “I’m gonna come. Oh god, I’m gonna come so much. Fuck fuck fuck. Yes baby!” She closed her eyes and her face began to contort as an enormous amount of pressure built up inside her.

Waverly felt her own release begin to quickly approach her. She snapped her eyes shut and pulled her eyebrows together as she rubbed her center as fast as possible against Nicole’s. With getting caught up in the moment of the role playing and with her orgasm beginning to cloud her head – and her better judgement – Waverly unexpectedly blurted out, “God Nicole, I want to have your babies! Give it to me!”

Nicole’s eyes snapped open at the heavy statement, but they immediately shut again when her climax had caught up with her. “Shit!” She groaned as she reached out in front of her for the part of Waverly that was closest to her – which was her arm – and held on for dear life as intense contractions took over her center, spilling her arousal all over her girlfriend’s sex.

“Fuck, oh fuck. Jesus fucking Christ ohhhhhh ahh-h-h-h!” Nicole was borderline screaming as she felt like she was seeing stars.

The sensation of Nicole coming on Waverly combined with the feeling of Nicole’s clit twitching against her own was enough to send the brunette flying over the edge. “Ohhhhh!” Waverly moaned as she threw her head back and dropped her jaw, letting the pleasure take over her entire body. “YES!” after a few more seconds Waverly dropped her back onto the bed, grinning as she covered her forehead with her hands. “God, so good. So fucking good,” she panted with a light chuckle of disbelief. Then she quickly remembered what she had shouted at Nicole in the heat of the moment, and covered her face as her cheeks turned crimson.
Nicole let go of her grip on Waverly’s arm and pulled back a little, her breathing completely restored at this point. “Waves…did you just say…” Nicole trailed off. Her eyes were wide with uneasiness.

“Yeah, sorry.” Waverly’s voice was muffled behind her hands. She removed them from her face to reveal her embarrassment. “I just kind of got caught up in the moment.”

“You just said you wanted babies with me…” Nicole couldn’t tell how she was feeling at that moment. Part of her was flattered and a little excited that Waverly thought that highly of her to want to have children with her, but at the same time she felt a little overwhelmed. She wasn’t ready to have kids yet, and she definitely wasn’t ready to have them with Waverly. She loved the girl very much, but they had only been dating for three weeks. It was way too soon to even be thinking about marriage, let alone having kids.

“I didn’t mean it like that. I was just thinking about you having a dick and coming inside me and I just sort of blurted it out on the spot and I don’t know what I was thinking please don’t be upset.” Waverly rambled all in one breath, beginning to freak out that Nicole would think she was a freak and run away, no matter how silly she knew that was.

“Baby, breathe. I’m not upset.” The older woman gave a reassuring smile as she rubbed Waverly’s leg. “I’m just…surprised, is all.”

“I mean, I don’t actually want kids. I mean, not right now anyways. It just sort of came out in the spur of the moment.” She bit the inside of her cheek, wishing she could have just kept her mouth shut for once.

Nicole visibly relaxed when she realized the words were unintentional. “I get it. Totally understand. It happens, and I won’t hold it against you…other than for blackmailing purposes.” Nicole teased as she gave the brunette a shit-eating grin. Waverly shook her head as she released all of the muscles she had been flexing. “But, we should probably talk about it.” Nicole added.

Waverly nodded as she scooted over more towards the side of the bed, allowing Nicole to sit next to her. They sat with their backs against the headboard as they pulled the comforter over their chests, feeling the draft finally catch up to them as the heat from their orgasms had completely abandoned their bodies.

“Um, so, you want kids someday?” Nicole asked after a few moments of awkward silence.

“I uh, I do. I really want to be a mom. Obviously not now, because I’m only 21. But it is a dream of mine, to be a mom.”

Nicole nodded as a faint smile formed on her face.

“And uh, do you?” Waverly asked nervously. She would be okay if Nicole said she didn’t want kids, but she would be heartbroken. If it came down to it she would pick Nicole over being a mom, but it would take her some time to let go of that dream.

“I do.” Nicole replied, and Waverly audibly released a breath she didn’t realize she had been holding in. “I’m guessing that’s the answer you wanted to hear,” the redhead chuckled.

“Yeah, sorry,” Waverly giggled as the nerves left her body. “I didn’t mean to sigh like that. But yeah, I’m really glad you want kids.”

“I’m glad you want kids too, because it’s been something I’ve been thinking about for a while.”

“Really?” Waverly perked up, her curiosity getting the best of her.
“Yeah, I mean I never really felt like I had much of a family, so making one of my own has always been important to me. And of course we could be a family just you and me—...or, I mean, whoever I end up marrying...” she shifted her eyes uncomfortably, not wanting to put any pressure on their relationship. Waverly nodded in understanding as Nicole continued, “But I really want kids. I want to do things like teach them how to ride a bike and how to shoot a basketball. I want to help them with their homework, and hold them after they’ve had a bad dream, and watch bad movies while eating carbs because their first crush already has a date to the dance…or celebrate with sugar because they are their crush’s date to the dance.” She chuckled lightly at the though. “I want to do all of the things I never got to do with my parents. But most of all, I want to raise them to be good people. The world needs more good people in it.”

“Oh my god babe, you’re going to make me cry,” Waverly chuckled as she pressed her index fingers against the corners of her eyes to keep the light tears from spilling. “I love you so much, you know that? You’d make an amazing mom.”

“Yeah? So would you,” she blushed as she bumped Waverly’s shoulder with her own. “Honestly, I’ve kind of been having baby fever the past couple of years.”

“Yeah?” Waverly asked as she smiled in amusement.

Nicole chuckled. “Oh yeah, big time. It hit when I was around 24. Something inside me just awoke and suddenly I was seeing babies everywhere, gawking at them and grinning. Every time I would go into the shoe store I would go to the baby section and look at all the tiny pairs, imagining buying them for my own child. I even almost bought a pair just because they looked so damn adorable. I had to stop myself.”

“Seriously?!” Waverly’s torso shook with laughter, imagining Nicole walking out of the store with a pair of tiny size 1 Vans. She clutched her chest over her heart at the thought. “Baby, that’s so stinkin’ cute!”

“Happy to amuse,” Nicole laughed.

“Do you want to actually have the baby? Or adopt?”

“I’ve never really cared too much for actually being pregnant, but I would do it if it were the only way. Honestly, the way I get the baby isn’t that important to me. I just want to actually hold the baby in my arms and rock them to sleep.” Waverly gave a simple nod, trying not to give too much thought about Nicole rocking a baby in her arms, or she too would get baby fever. “And you?”

“I really want to be pregnant. It blows my mind that my body is capable of creating and growing a human being, and I really want to experience that.”

“You would look so sexy being pregnant.” Nicole blurted out, imagining the girl carrying her child, even though she knew it was way too early to even be thinking about that. But still, the thought excited her.

“You think I would look sexy being all fat and round?” Waverly laughed, completely unconvinced.

“Definitely. I would rub your feet and buy you all the food cravings.”

“Well, then you would be the perfect pregnancy partner.”

“I’m an overachiever, so we would get the best grades in all of the childbirth classes,” Nicole boasted.
The brunette covered her mouth as she muffled the snort that escaped from laughing so hard. “Baby, I don’t think they give grades in childbirth classes.”

“Oh,” Nicole said simply before shrugging. “Well, if they did, we’d get all A pluses.”

“I don’t doubt that baby.” Waverly rubbed the woman’s arm, swallowing her laughter at her adorable girlfriend.

“But in all seriousness, I know I’m not ready to have kids yet, even though my biological clock seems to think I am. I don’t want them until I’m at least 30.”

“Well, at least you’ll have access to a baby before then to get some practice.”

Nicole quirked an eyebrow.

“Wynonna’s baby?”

“Oh, right! I’m so excited. That baby is going to be so cute.”

“I know, right!” Waverly gushed as she grabbed onto her girlfriend’s arm in excitement. “I bet Wynonna and Doc make beautiful babies.”

The redhead’s face twisted at the thought. “Okay, Wynonna and Doc making babies is not really something I wanted to be thinking about while sitting naked in bed with you, especially after that vocal performance they gave us last week.”

Waverly giggled. “Okay, ew. That’s not what I meant.” She shook the thought out of her head as Nicole gave a hearty laugh. “We would make the most beautiful babies though. You know, if it were possible.”

Nicole wrapped her arm around Waverly and pulled her into her chest to kiss the top of her head. “The cutest babies ever.”

“Is it weird that we’re talking about babies only three weeks into our relationship?”

“Actually, I think we’re a little behind. Babies are usually brought up on the second date of a lesbian relationship. Everybody knows this.”

Waverly chuckled. “Oh, well by the standards of that timeline we should be married with at least two kids right about now.”

“I think you’re right. Want to make a baby?” Nicole waggled her eyebrows suggestively.

“I’m not sure if it’ll be that easy, Officer Haught,” Waverly replied with a playful smile.

“Well then, I guess we’ll just have to keep trying until we do.”

Waverly giggled as Nicole rolled on top of her and pulled the covers over their heads, burying them inside the makeshift cave and excluding them from the rest of the world.
First Time Strap-On - Part 1

Chapter Summary

The title explains it all ;)

Chapter Notes

Some timeline information: In this story, Waverly and Nicole began dating around the end of June of 2017, and it is currently July (of 2017). Nicole is 26, and Waverly will be 22 in September. Now that we’ve gotten that out of the way, enjoy these next two chapters!

Side note: I’m American, so you’ll see bits of the imperial system floating about throughout this story. My apologies to anyone from another country who uses the metric system, which is pretty much EVERYONE else.

A few days later

Waverly leaned over the counter, reading – or at least pretending to – a magazine as she constantly looked up at the clock. She had about half an hour until her shift ended, and she was having difficulty being patient. Part of her considered just closing up early, since customers rarely came in during the last hour, but figured it would be selfish to do so in case someone did come in for a coffee. Besides, Nicole still had an hour and a half until she was done with work anyways, so it’s not like she would get to see the woman any sooner.

She frantically flipped through the last few pages of the magazine and sighed unsatisfactorily when she reached the back cover. Tapping her nails on the granite countertop, she looked over at her phone that rested just a few inches away from her dancing fingers, debating whether or not to bother her girlfriend at work. She knew Nicole did mostly paperwork at the end of the day, making it the busiest part of her schedule.

It wasn’t long before she snatched her phone up and was tapping away on the screen with her thumbs.

Waverly: Hey sweetie pie! How’s work going?

She quickly dropped her phone onto the counter and withdrew her hands to her face like it was a hot potato, praying that she hadn’t just distracted Nicole from something important. It was only a few seconds later when she received a response. She exhaled with a smile as she read it.

Nicole: Hey cutie ;) It’s boring. Just finishing up some paperwork

Waverly: Have I ever told you how hot it is that you’re a police officer?

Nicole: Haha only while I’m wearing the uniform
Waverly: Speaking of which, will you be wearing the uniform tonight for our date? ;)

Nicole: I wasn’t planning on it…but I can if you want me to?

Waverly: Nah, we’ll save the role playing for another night ;) Speaking of which, I’ve got a surprise for you Officer

Nicole: What is it?

Waverly: Well if I told you, it wouldn’t be a surprise…

Nicole: Exactly.

Waverly rolled her eyes at her impatient girlfriend. Nicole loved surprises, but only when she didn’t know they were coming. She hated when someone told her they were going to surprise her, because it meant that she had to wait to find out what it was. And she was far too impatient for that. To be fair, Waverly probably shouldn’t have mentioned it, but she had gotten a little excited. But as bad as she felt, she wasn’t going to give in.

Waverly: Nuh uh, I’m not telling this time. You just have to wait and see.

Nicole: Fineee

Immediately after Waverly received the text, another one popped up on her screen.

Nicole: So, for tonight…which harness should I use?

Waverly felt her stomach drop as a tingling sensation took over her body parts between her legs. She and Nicole had planned to use their strap-on for the first time tonight. The brunette tried her best not to think about it too much throughout the workday since it would probably cause an uncomfortable ache between her legs, but now Nicole had her thinking about it.

She quickly realized that she had gotten distracted and hadn’t sent a response yet. Not wanting Nicole to feel embarrassed, she quickly typed out her reply.

Waverly: Bring both just in case :) I can’t wait to be with you. Tonight is going to be incredible <3

Nicole: YOU’RE incredible <3 But I better get back to this paperwork if I want to finish in time. I’ll let you know when I’m on my way over :*

Waverly: Okay love :*

They had both decided to do this at the homestead since the last thing they wanted was Calamity Jane interrupting them or causing a ruckus, and also Waverly really wanted this first to be in her own bed. Wynonna had agreed to give them the house for the night after a very awkward conversation…

One day earlier

“Hey sis!” Waverly trotted nervously up to the kitchen table where Wynonna was eating two sandwiches.

“Um, hey?” Wynonna eyed her sister cautiously.

“Can I ask for a favor?” The smaller girl wrapped her hands over the back of a kitchen chair as she rocked back and forth on her toes.
“As long as it’s not to have one of my sandwiches, shoot.” Wynonna took a large bite of the gigantic, everything-in-the-fridge sandwich.

Waverly’s face twisted in disgust as she noticed the grape jelly and mayonnaise dripping from the bottom piece of bread. “Um, no, they’re all yours. I was wondering if I could have the house tomorrow night?”

The older Earp wiped the yellow mustard blob from her chin with the back of her hand and said with a mouthful of food, “What’s tomorrow night?”

“Um, date night with Nicole…” Waverly trailed off as she looked down at the floor, biting back her dopey grin.

Wynonna rolled her eyes as she swallowed the chewed-up food. “Can’t you two bang at her house? I mean, why do you have to do it here all the time?”

“We don’t do it here all the time! You just assume that every time we’re here that we’re doing it.” Waverly placed her hands on her hips in offense.

“Uh, because you are. Wave, this house isn’t noise-cancelling. These rooms are basically separated by papier-mâché…”

Waverly’s cheeks flushed at the realization that no matter how quiet they thought they had been the past few days, Wynonna probably heard every single moan, groan, whimper, and obscenity that came from both of the women’s mouths. It’s not that they couldn’t have sex at Nicole’s house, but Waverly had been coming home after work to check on Wynonna, which meant that Nicole had been coming over after her work to check on Waverly, and they would eventually end up going to Waverly’s room to hang out, eventually leading to a steamy make-out session of some sort, which inevitably led to Nicole’s head being in between Waverly’s legs.

“Okay, now that I’m aware of that, we’ll start changing our location to her house.”

“Thank god.” Wynonna shoved the rest of her first sandwich into her mouth.

“Except for tomorrow night,” Waverly punctuated with a raised finger. “We really want the house.”

“Oh, what’s so important about this house?”

The brunette rolled her eyes and huffed. “We just don’t want her cat interrupting us and quite frankly I want the memory of our first time to be in my bed!” Waverly blurted out without a second thought, getting too annoyed by her older sister’s interrogation to realize the mistake she had made.

Wynonna quirked an eyebrow, clearly intrigued now. “First time for what? What’s happening tomorrow night?”

As soon as she saw the mischievous look on Wynonna’s face, she knew she had fucked up. Whenever Wynonna Earp was curious about something, she always got the answers. But that didn’t mean that Waverly wasn’t going to try her damndest to keep the information from her.

“Nothing. Just a new sex position, that’s all.” Waverly had hoped that her boldness in words would throw the older woman off.

Wynonna grinned as she shook her head. “Wave, you’re shit at lying.”

“Whatever. It’s none of your business.” She crossed her arms sternly.
“Fine,” Wynonna sat back in her chair and picked up her second sandwich to take a bite before adding, “Then I guess I’ll just stay home tomorrow night, since you haven’t given me a good enough reason to leave.”

The younger Earp clenched her fists and pursed her lips as she gave her sister the meanest look she could give – which wasn’t all that scary on somebody with the face of an angel. “I hate you.” She sighed in defeat, figuring it would be easier to just tell Wynonna the truth rather than to try to get the house any other way. “Fine. I’ll tell you.”

Wynonna put her sandwich down and crossed her arms, smiling as she waited for Waverly to talk.

“We bought a stap-on a couple of weeks ago and we’re finally going to use it. There.”

The older Earp slapped her hands palm-down onto the table as her eyes widened. “Shut up!”

“Okay, now that I’ve told you, can we have the house tomorrow night?”

“Fine. But only if you tell me how it goes afterwards.” She picked her sandwich back up and continued to take ravenous bites.

Waverly rolled her eyes as she stormed off, hiding her giddy grin as she thought about what was to come.

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Waverly was jerked from her memory by the sound of a customer walking through the door.

“Hey Waverly!” An over-enthusiastic Jeremy said as he powerwalked towards the counter.

“Oh, hey Jeremy. Did you just get off work?” She gestured towards the men’s cut Shorty’s shirt that almost looked like a jersey on his small frame.

“Yeah. Interesting night. There were two fights tonight, and I got to see Gus break up both of them. It was awesome!” He moved his hands down in a chopping motion for emphasis.

Waverly giggled at how excited he was. “I’m sorry I missed it.”

Just then, Darren walked out of the back room, juggling his keys between his hands as he took turns putting each arm into the holes of his black leather jacket. “Hey Waverly, is it okay if I head out five minutes early? My grandma needs a ride home from bridge club.” He gave her an apologetic look.

“It’s no problem, Darren. I’ll lock up here, you go.” She smiled at him sweetly.

“Thanks! You rock!” He tugged at the collar of his jacket, straightening it out before reaching a hand out to Jeremy. “Hey man. I’m Darren.”

The smaller man chuckled nervously as he took the offered limb. “Uh, hi. Jeremy Chetri, BA in biochemistry and molecular biology and MS in computer science,” he stated as he shook Darren’s hand vigorously.

“Uh, cool,” Darren replied slowly as he tried to slide his hand out from Jeremy’s tight grasp. He eyed the nervous man curiously.

“Sorry, I’ve been to a lot of mixers and that greeting has just sort of become second nature.”

“No worries,” Darren gave him a reassuring smile. “But since you’re good with computers, do you
mind checking mine out sometime? Every time I try to play video games on it, it gets these weird glitches and sometimes freezes up.”

“Oh, that probably just means that your GPU is going out,” Jeremy nodded before coolly adding, “I uh, I can get you one for free and install it if you want.”

“Dude, that would be awesome! You rock too!” He gave him a strong pat on the shoulder, causing Jeremy to stumble a bit.

“I better get going. See ya guys,” he waved before jogging out the door, Jeremy’s eyes following behind.

“He’s straight,” Waverly said with her mouth curved up in a smile that touched her eyes.

“Huh? Oh, I wasn’t…” Jeremy shook his head and laughed as he pointed behind him with his thumb. “I mean, I didn’t…”

“It’s okay. He is cute, so I don’t blame you.”

Jeremy’s eyes widened in surprise. “Oh, um, do you like guys too?”

“No, no. I’m gay. But like, newly discovered gay. I only realized it a few weeks ago.”

“Oh wow. That’s pretty recent.”

“Yeah. It was all thanks to Nicole,” a blush crept across her cheeks as she thought back to the first time the smooth police officer kissed her in her bedroom. Sure, it was only a few weeks ago, but she knew it was a moment she would never forget. She shook her head out of her thoughts. “And you?”

“Gay, and have been out for a few years,” he stated proudly.

“That’s wonderful!” Waverly replied a little too enthusiastically. “I’ve actually been wanting to hang out with you since dinner at Gus’s. I don’t have any other gay friends here in Purgatory…or anywhere, really. I mean, I have Nicole, but she’s only a friend to a certain extent.” She gave a subtle wink, more for herself than Jeremy.

“I don’t have any friends at all, so I would love to hang out.” He grinned.

“Great! I mean, the hanging out part…not the no friends part.” She gave a sympathetic look, feeling a little guilty for responding to such a sad statement with so much excitement. “Here, give me your phone.”

He fished through his pocket for the device before handing it over, to which Waverly added her contact before handing it back to him.

“Here, now you have my number. Text me yours and we’ll set up a date.”

“Perfect. I’m excited!”

“Me too!” She nearly squealed. “Well, it’s nearly closing time, so I won’t keep you here any longer.”

“Oh, uh, does that mean I can’t place my order anymore?”

Waverly’s eyes widened at the realization that he had walked in here 10 minutes ago, surely for coffee, and still hadn’t had a chance to order. “Of course! I’m so sorry. What do you want? It’s on the house.”
Nicole stared at the two harnesses neatly laying out on her bed. She went back and forth between the two, trying to decide which one she wanted to use more. Obviously she could use both and just switch them out, but she wasn’t sure which one to use first; the one that Waverly was going to see for the first time. The boxer style had a vibe pocket, which Nicole found that she loved very much, but the one with the straps just looked sexier. After a few more seconds of debating, she decided to go with the latter. She picked up the harness and pushed the dildo securely into place under the O-ring before stepping her bare legs through the leg holes. She slid it all the way up her thighs and tightened the straps around her hips before looking in the mirror. She felt her clit twitch at the thought of finally getting to fuck Waverly their toy. A smile crept across her face at the memory of the night they had bought it.

After making her way towards the dresser, she pulled out a clean pair of black boyshorts, pulling them up over her legs and bending the cock down into place to create a subtle, but nice bulge. She then put on her loosest pair of black jeans and buttoned them up before checking in the mirror to make sure it wasn’t too obvious. Waverly noticing the toy as soon as she opened the door wasn’t part of her plan. She wanted to surprise her girlfriend and catch her off guard.

Once she was satisfied after a few repositions of the cock, she threw on a gray henley baseball tee with maroon sleeves over her black sports bra – the one that made her chest look just a little bit flatter – before unbuttoning the three buttons at the top.

After packing the other harness, lube, bullet vibrator, standard toiletries, and extra clothes, she walked over to her nightstand and pulled the drawer open, removing the box of condoms that resided there. She had bought them a few days ago after reading that condoms could be used for easier cleaning, and for overall safer sex with a strap-on. Although, the purchase had been an interesting one, to say the least…

Three days earlier

Nicole grabbed a black shopping basket with the mindset that it could conceal the item a bit better than a cart. Besides, she was only there for one thing, so there was no point in lugging a cart around anyways. She walked over to the family planning aisle, sighing in relief when she realized it was empty – this was why she decided to go at 11 p.m., and out in the city away from Purgatory nonetheless. When she looked at the sheer number of boxes to choose from, her jaw dropped. She had never bought condoms before, and she had never paid much attention to them any time she walked through the family planning aisle, which was also never. She groaned when she realized that this was going to be more than a simple ‘snatch-n-go’ situation.

She whispered to herself as she ran her fingers across the small boxes, “Okay, let’s see…ribbed, no. Lubricated, no. Glow in the dark, one hundred percent no.” She rolled her eyes at a box that had a design of two large female and male gender symbols linked together on it, before landing her finger on a small selection of the simple non-lubricated ones she was looking for. “Bingo. Now for size…”

As she looked through the boxes for the right size, she noticed a shorter Asian American woman who looked just a few years younger than her walk into the aisle, side-eyeing her. She ignored her at first, but when she realized that after a full two minutes she was still watching her, she decided to say something.

“Can I help you?” Nicole snapped as she whipped her head around.

The girl was taken aback. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to stare. I was just working up the courage to ask you for some help,” she chuckled nervously.
Nicole relaxed, immediately feeling guilty for nearly biting the girl’s head off. “Oh, no, that’s okay. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have spoken to you like that. What do you need help with?” Her tone was now much warmer and she gave the most apologetic smile her face could manage.

The girl trotted closer to her. “Okay, so my boyfriend wants me to pick up some condoms on the way home and I have no idea what to get as far as size. I only know the brand, and my phone died, so I can’t ask him or use Google, and I’ve never seen the box since he’s the one who usually buys them. I figured since you were buying them that you would know what size to get.” She looked at Nicole hopefully.

“Oh, um,” Nicole scratched the back of her head awkwardly. “I’m actually not…I’ve never bought condoms before.”

“So your boyfriend is making you pick them up too, huh?” The girl laughed.

The corners of Nicole’s mouth tensed up in an uncomfortable smile. “Actually, they’re for me and my girlfriend.” When she noticed the girl quirk an eyebrow in confusion, she decided to elaborate. “I’m buying them for our uh, our toy…”

The girl’s eyebrows shot up. “Oh my god, I’m so sorry! I shouldn’t have assumed that you had a boyfriend. That’s so rude and close-minded of me.” She looked at Nicole with apologetic eyes, making sure the redhead could see the sincerity in her words on her face.

Nicole was quite pleased with the reaction, considering how badly that could have gone. She waved a hand around in dismissal as she laughed. “No, it’s alright. How could you have known?”

“Still, I shouldn’t have assumed. I’ll leave you alone to your shopping!” The girl quickly turned around, clearly embarrassed, before Nicole stopped her.

“Well, wait a minute, I might still be able to help you.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, well our toy is six inches long and about five inches in girth, and I looked up that small condoms are the right size for that. I don’t know if that helps as a guide at all. If not, I can look it up for you on my phone if you know his, um…his size…” Nicole cringed the slightest bit at the thought of a random girl informing her of the size of her boyfriend’s junk. But, as a police officer, her natural instinct was to help people.

“No need. You helped a lot, actually. Thank you!” The girl looked over the small selection of the specific brand she was looking for before picking up a box of small condoms.

Nicole continued to look over the selections in front of her, not wanting to grab a box until the girl left, even though at this point it wouldn’t have been that weird. She lifted her head as soon as she heard the girl speak again.

“Thank you,” the girl waved.

“No problem. Happy to be of service. Be safe!” Nicole cringed as the girl awkwardly smiled and nodded before quickly walking away. “Stupid idiot,” Nicole muttered to herself as she palmed her forehead. Sometimes she hated the police officer phrases that naturally flowed out of her mouth at the wrong times. And it was even more awkward considering the fact that she wasn’t in uniform, so she just sounded like a standard civilian telling a random girl to be safe after picking up a box of condoms. She shook her head as she grabbed a box of condoms and threw them in the basket before making a beeline for the only open register.
When she got close enough to see who the cashier was, she spun around and walked as far away as possible, as quickly as possible.

What the hell is Chrissy Nedley doing here working as a cashier all the way out in the city?! Nicole thought to herself. She had only talked to the girl a small handful of times due to her dad being Nicole’s boss and all. And she could have sworn that a couple of those times had been flirtatious on Chrissy’s end, but then again, Chrissy had been a little tipsy those two times since they were at Shorty’s, and she was probably just a flirtatious drunk.

Nicole quickly made her way down a few aisles as she thought about what to do. There was no other way around it. The self-checkout was closed at this hour, and Chrissy’s register was the only one open. She bit her lip in thought before mindlessly grabbing a few items from the shelves she passed by and tossing them in her basket. Maybe the extra purchases would mask the condoms somehow. She figured it was worth a shot. She huffed before marching over to the checkout and dumping her basket of items all over the belt.

"Hey Chrissy." Nicole gave a weak smile in an attempt to hide her trepidation.

“Nicole!” Chrissy’s face quickly went from excited to confused. “What are you doing all the way out here at this hour?”

“Oh, you know, just buying a few things,” Nicole grinned as she waved her hand across the items and noticed the box of condoms sticking out like a sore thumb. She quickly grabbed a magazine from the stand in front of her and threw it down on top of the pile, concealing the box. “I didn’t know you worked here?”

“Yeah, well, I wanted to work somewhere far away from Purgatory. When you’re the sheriff’s daughter, everyone keeps tabs on you, and it’s nice being somewhere where nobody recognizes me.” Chrissy began scanning the items.

“I guess except for random Purgatorians who shop here for the sake of wanting to get out of town for a little bit,” Nicole laughed, alluding to the fact that she was talking about herself.

Chrissy chuckled as she scanned a pack of pens. “Yeah, definitely wasn’t expecting to see any familiar faces at this hour.” She grabbed the next item and quirked an eyebrow as she held it up. “I didn’t know you had a dog.”

Nicole’s eyes widened when she realized that she had somehow managed to throw a small rawhide dog bone into her basket. “Oh, uh it’s for a friend of mine. They have a dog. Calamity Jane is still my one and only,” she chuckled nervously, hoping the girl had bought the story.

Chrissy nodded as she threw the bone into the bag. “That makes sense.” She picked up the magazine and scanned it. “I never would’ve taken you as the type to read People magazine either,” she smiled. “I guess you learn a lot about people when you’re scanning their items.”

Nicole let out a tense laugh as she eyed the box of condoms, which were the only thing left on the belt. She studied Chrissy’s face as she picked up the box and gave a confused look.

“Are these yours?” She asked.

Nicole nodded, trying to keep her best poker face.

Unbeknownst to the redhead, Chrissy’s eyes lit up in realization, as if she knew the most obvious reason why a lesbian would be buying condoms. She then gave a short nod before scanning the box and putting it in a separate bag.
Nicole was completely sure she was going to ask about them, since Chrissy had to have known by now that she was gay. But not even a flash of confusion had shown on her face at the redhead’s confession. It was almost as if she knew what they were for.

“So, uh, you and Waverly…I heard you two are completely smitten,” she smirked at Nicole.

“Oh, uh yeah. Guess it’s all everyone’s talking about now.” She fumbled with her wallet as she pulled out her card and handed it over.

“I think you two make an adorable couple,” she looked at Nicole to flash her a genuine smile before putting her attention back on the register. “And truthfully, I never liked Champ. He was never good enough for her. None of them ever were. Not like you.” She handed the card back to Nicole.

The redhead couldn’t help but smile at the comment. The fact that someone who had known Waverly for a long time thought that Nicole was good enough for her made her heart swell. “Thank you, Chrissy. I appreciate that.” She grabbed the bag of items before giving her best smile and wave. “Well, have a good night.” Before she reached the door, she heard Chrissy calling out to her.

“Wait, Nicole! You forgot these!” Chrissy held up the bag of condoms and watched as Nicole quickly shuffled over to her, hurriedly taking the bag. “Have a good night, Officer.” She grinned and winked at the redhead, chuckling amusedly at the blush and the eyeroll she received in return before shaking her head at Nicole swiftly exiting the store.

---

Meow

Nicole blinked a few times as she was abruptly brought back to the present. She looked over at the culprit, Calamity Jane, who was laying on the bed, nuzzled up against her pillow. She looked at her watch and saw that she was running a few minutes behind.

“Shit.” She quickly snatched up her bag and turned off the bathroom light before walking back over to the bed and leaning down to rub behind Calamity’s ears. “Now be a good girl while I’m gone.” She leaned down even more and with her mouth lightly against the cat’s fur she whispered, “Mommy’s going to get laid tonight,” before giving the purring cat a kiss on top of her head right between her ears.

She grabbed her duffel bag and checked the thermostat to make sure it was set to the right temperature before making her way out the door.
Chapter Summary

Nicole and Waverly FINALLY use their strap-on!

Chapter Notes

I honestly think this is the sexiest chapter I've ever written. Try your best not to read this in public...you've been warned!

Waverly bolted to the front door as soon as she heard a knock. She swung it open and gasped at the woman standing in front of her.

“Oh my god,” she eyed Nicole’s henley baseball tee and black jeans up and down, her mouth slightly agape. “How do you manage to make simple clothes look so damn sexy?”

“I was about to say the same to you.” Nicole smirked as she took in the sight of Waverly’s high-waisted blue jeans and simple sleeveless olive top that she had been wearing all day.

She stepped forward and gave the brunette a tender kiss on the lips before pulling away, much to Waverly’s reluctance. The smaller woman groaned at the sudden lack of contact.

“That’s all I get?” Waverly whined as she ran her hands up and down Nicole’s chest, subtly licking her lips at the firmness of her chest from her tight sports bra.

“For now,” Nicole smirked before stepping inside the house.

“Um, do you want anything to eat?” Waverly asked awkwardly as she fidgeted with her hands.

Nicole flashed the girl a reassuring smile. “No, I’m okay. I had a quick dinner before I left.”

“I just don’t want you to feel like I’m using you for sex. I mean, we don’t even have to do this tonight. We can just hang out and watch a movie or something if you want.” That was the last thing she wanted, since getting Nicole into her bed was all she’d been thinking about since they had planned it, but she didn’t want Nicole to feel uncomfortable and was afraid that she was being too pushy.

“Do you want to do that?” The redhead felt a pang of disappointment at the suggestion.

“No! But I mean, if you want to, I don’t mind…”

“Waverly,” Nicole grasped the girl’s upper arms and massaged them gently. “I’ve been really horny all day, and I want to have strap-on sex with my beautiful girlfriend. Is that okay?”

The smaller woman gulped as she stared with wide eyes, nodding fervently before taking Nicole’s face into her hands and pulling her into a searing kiss. She was torn between wanting to stay there
and kiss Nicole forever, and wanting to go upstairs to begin her plans for the night. After some self-
convincing, she decided to go with the latter.

“Come on, let’s go upstairs.” Waverly sported the most seductive face the redhead had ever seen as
she tugged on Nicole’s hand and ascended the stairs. As soon as they got to the bedroom, Waverly
took Nicole’s duffel bag off of her shoulder and set it down on the floor at the foot of the bed. She
then pushed down on Nicole’s shoulders, guiding her to sit on the side edge of the mattress.

“You wait right here. I’ll go get your surprise.” She winked at the grinning redhead as she slowly
walked backwards towards the bedroom door. “Don’t go anywhere.” She gave one last look at
Nicole before quickly making her way into the hall bathroom.

Nicole took this time to take out the items she knew they would need tonight. She reached down to
unzip her duffel bag and pulled out the lube, vibrator, condoms, and other harness before setting
them down on the nightstand. Once she decided the items were neatly displayed, she scooted back
over to where she was sitting before, not wanting Waverly to find her anywhere other than right
where she had left her.

It had been a little over five minutes, and Nicole was starting to get antsy waiting for her girlfriend to
return. All of the worst-case scenarios began to run through her mind; Waverly fainting in the
bathroom and laying on the floor unconscious, Waverly tripping down the last two bottom steps and
waiting for Nicole to help her stand up with a broken ankle, Waverly just up and leaving the house
because she decided that she didn’t want to be with Nicole anymore…she knew that last one would
never happen, but the thought still crossed her mind.

“Waves?” Nicole called out as she began to push herself off of the bed, but as soon as the name left
her mouth, Waverly sauntered through the door, and Nicole thought she was going to pass out right
then and there. She plopped her rear end back down onto the mattress, taking in the breathtaking
sight.

The petite brunette woman was wearing her old blue and white Blue Devils high school
cheerleading uniform, and it was better than Nicole had ever imagined. She knew that Waverly was
head cheerleader in high school, and she had seen the uniform in the girl’s closet, but she had never
actually seen it on Waverly. She had no idea that the skirt was that short, or that the top would
display her toned midriff that well. And she certainly never imagined a woman could look that sexy
with calf-high socks, but of course if anybody could, it would be Waverly. She had never drooled
over a woman before, but she currently found herself having to wipe her mouth off with the back of
her hand.

“You like it?” Waverly asked nervously as she held the pom-poms together in front of her.

Nicole willed herself to speak, but she couldn’t get a single sound to leave her mouth. She just sat
there, frozen and speechless, staring at her girlfriend in awe.

“Oh god. You hate it, don’t you.” Waverly groaned as she sat the pom-poms down onto the dresser
behind her.

“No!” Nicole finally choked out, suddenly giving her the ability to speak again. “No, baby, I
absolutely love it. Holy shit. You look…wow.” She continued to stare wide-eyed, only feeling half
guilty for objectifying her girlfriend.

“Really?” Waverly said in relief as she awkwardly tugged at the bottom of her skirt. “I didn’t know if
it was your thing…”
“Uh, baby that’s…” Nicole waved her hand around as she quickly moved her eyes down the girl’s toned frame and then back up. “That’s everybody’s thing.”

“Yeah?” Waverly grinned, relieved that her girlfriend didn’t find her to be a total dork for wearing the thing.

“Yeah. I’m just, uh…” the redhead shook her head, forgetting entirely everything she was about to say, eventually deciding to go with a new sentence. “You look extremely sexy in that uniform.”

Waverly smirked as she walked closer to Nicole, standing between her legs and wrapping her arms around the back of the woman’s neck. “That’s my line,” she stated teasingly before leaning down for a kiss.

As soon as their lips connected, Nicole felt a surge of heat rush down to between her legs, and suddenly she remembered that she was wearing the strap-on. She had gotten used to it after a while and wasn’t really aware of it anymore, but in that moment she was fully aware of her jeans causing the base to press slightly against her center. She had to stop herself from throwing Waverly down onto the bed and taking her right then and there. Thankfully, the girl pulled back out of the kiss and stepped away.

“You ready for your lap dance?” Waverly winked and before Nicole had even realized what was happening, the brunette walked over to the bookshelf and hit ‘play’ on the old stereo that Nicole hadn’t even realized was there.

As soon as the song began, Nicole smiled. Of course Waverly would give her a lap dance to Pony. With her hands above her head, Waverly swayed her hips back and forth, staring at Nicole. It was only about five seconds before she burst into a fit of nervous giggles and covered her face with her hands, running over to the stereo to turn it off.

“I’m sorry, I’m a little nervous.” She said hesitantly as she felt the heat creep up to her cheeks. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, willing herself to get back into the mindset of ‘sexy cheerleader who was about to give a gorgeous redhead a kick-ass lap dance’ instead of the current mindset of ‘nervous as hell Waverly Earp who was about to make a fool of herself in front of Nicole Haught.’

"God, I'm such a dork," she shook her head and snorted.

Nicole could see her girlfriend start to tremble as she hid her face behind her hands. “Hey,” she cooed as she reached out and tugged on one of Waverly’s arms, urging her to step closer to her. “Baby, you are so beautiful and so sexy. And you are so amazing and so brave for doing this for me.” She pulled the brunette in for a reassuring kiss, wanting to make her feel as comfortable as possible. “I’m loving this so much already, and you haven’t even danced yet!” She smiled, trying her best to show how sincere she was being. “If you don’t want to do this, you don’t have to, baby. But if you do, I guarantee you’ll have me soaking wet by the end of the song.” She punctuated her sentence with a sultry smirk, and Waverly nearly melted into a puddle.

It was all of the reassurance she needed to find the courage to continue the dance. She smiled down at Nicole as she played with the ends of her fiery hair. “Thank you. I needed that.” She leaned down and gave a quick kiss before walking back over to the stereo.

“Waves?”

Waverly turned around with her finger resting on the button.
“I love you.” Nicole flashed those dimples that made the brunette go weak in the knees. Waverly's smile touched her eyes and she looked over her girlfriend, taking in the sight of the woman and questioning what she did to deserve someone so kind-hearted before pressing the play button, starting the song back up from the beginning.

The redhead leaned back onto her palms, sporting the biggest grin as she watched her girlfriend once again sway her hips to the intro of the song, her hands starting out above her head before running through her tousled waves as she smirked at Nicole. When the verse began, she strutted towards Nicole like a runway model, her white shoes landing on the wood floor perfectly with the beat. She was about half a foot away from her girlfriend when the song said “I'm looking for a partner…” to which she ran her flat palms down from her own breasts to her thighs.

“Someone who knows how to ride, without even falling off…” She squatted down, her knees spread wide open as she continued rubbing her hands down to her knees and back up her thighs before bringing her legs back together and slowly standing back up.

As soon as she had spread her legs, that was when Nicole’s eyes had nearly popped out of her head. She quickly realized that Waverly wasn’t wearing any underwear when she had gotten an eyeful of the girl’s pink lips. It was only for a couple of short seconds before Waverly had closed her legs, but it was enough for Nicole to have the mental image in her mind forever. She knew she would refer back to it next time she was alone and desperate to get herself off. But for now, she tried her best to focus on what was happening right in front of her – Waverly rubbing her hands all over her tight uniform as she moved her body around in ways that caused new fantasies to pop into Nicole’s mind.

“I promise that you won’t want to get off…” At that line Waverly grabbed onto Nicole’s shoulder’s and swung a leg over before sinking down onto her lap, just in time to grind with the chorus. “If you’re horny, let’s do it. Ride it, my pony…” As soon as she began grinding her hips, Waverly looked down between them with a quirked eyebrow. Suddenly realizing what the unexpected bulge was, her jaw dropped as the corners of her mouth simultaneously pulled up into a smile. Without changing her face, she looked up into Nicole’s eyes and wrapped her arms around the woman’s neck.

“Are you wearing it?” She bemused.

Nicole nodded with a smirk. “I wanted to surprise you.”

“Fuck, Nicole, that’s…” She gasped as she grinded down, feeling the bulge of Nicole’s black jeans rub against her bare center. “That’s so fucking sexy. God, how am I supposed to finish my dance now?!?” She continued grinding against the redhead’s lap, completely abandoning her routine as the chorus continued on.

“Uh uh uh,” Nicole wagged her finger before gently guiding the girl off of her. “You finish first, then you can have it. I’d hate to see all of that practice and choreography go to waste.”

Waverly pouted for a split second before nodding in agreement and continuing the routine where the song was at. After all, the whole point of this was to tease Nicole, not herself.

“Sitting here flossing, peeping your steelo…” During those lyrics, she stood with her legs hip-width apart, legs straight and knees locked with a hip jutting out as she bent over at her hips, tossing her hair over her head in a graceful hair flip before slowly bending back up and running her hands up her inner thighs, cupping her bare sex for a split second.

“Just once if I have the chance, the things I will do to you…” She danced over to Nicole, swaying her hips as she went before standing over the redhead, left foot planted firmly on the ground next to
the outside of Nicole’s leg as she brought her other foot up and placed it on the bed next to Nicole to prepare for her movements of the next line.

“You and your body, every single portion…” She rolled her hips, grinding her bare slick sex against the redhead’s flexed abdominals over her baseball tee.

“Send chills up and down your spine…” She slid down into Nicole’s lap, painting a streak of her arousal down the woman’s gray shirt before continuing to paint her jeans. “Juices flowing down your thigh…” At the end of that line she quickly swung her leg up and turned around so that her rear was facing Nicole as she stood in front of her.

Nicole looked down and saw Waverly’s arousal all over her shirt and jeans, and her jaw dropped at the sight. And she thought this lap dance was turning her on. She had no idea Waverly was getting so much pleasure out of it. It spurred her on even more.

When the chorus played through the second time, Waverly bent down between Nicole’s legs and supported herself with her palms on the floor as she twerked her half-covered ass – from where the skirt had ridden up – against Nicole’s crotch. The action caused the base of the strap-on to move against the redhead’s erect clit, and she gasped before letting out a moan. “Jesus, Waves…” She slapped the girl’s ass before pushing her crotch up against Waverly and thrusting. “Oh fuck, that’s so good. God, you’re so sexy.” She spanked her one more time, the sound of the skin of her hand hitting perfectly against the skin of her hand hitting perfectly against the skin of Waverly’s rear cheek echoing throughout the room. Waverly let out a high-pitched gasp at the contact before straightening herself back up and grinding her ass against Nicole’s crotch as she hovered in a sitting position between the redhead’s legs. Waverly rested her hands on Nicole’s knees and Nicole could see the cheerleader’s quad muscles bulging out as they held her up in a chair squat position, and it caused a fresh wave of arousal to coat the harness.

Waverly had the whole routine planned out for the rest of the song, but with this newfound knowledge of what Nicole was sporting between her legs, she decided to change it up a bit and go a different route. As soon as the interlude started, she whipped around and pushed Nicole back down onto the bed so that she laid with her legs dangling over the edge. Waverly immediately unzipped her pants and reached inside, pulling the dildo out and bending it so that it was sticking straight out of the zipper hole. She climbed onto Nicole, straddling her lap and rubbing up and down the shaft just in time for the bridge to begin.

“If we’re gonna get nasty baby, first we’ll show and tell ‘til I reach your pony tail…” She dropped her head and licked all the way up from the base of the shaft to the tip.

Nicole watched her girlfriend handle her cock with attentive eyes. As her heart rate picked up, so did her breathing, and she began to feel a bit light headed and like the room was spinning from the rapid panting.

As Waverly slowly pumped her hand up and down the purple cock – being sure to push it against Nicole’s center every time she went down – she gazed into the redhead’s wide eyes with a smirk as she mouthed the next few lyrics. “Lurk all over and through you baby, until we reach the stream, you’ll be on my jockey team…”

She released her grip on the cock and pushed Nicole’s shirt up, licking her lips at the spasmodic muscles that resided there before climbing up to straddle Nicole and grinding her wet sex against the skin over Nicole’s toned abs. A guttural moan escaped the cheerleader’s lips and she threw her head back, shutting her eyes as soon as her swollen clit made contact with the warm skin beneath her. She brought her hands down to the redhead’s collarbone and steadied herself as she rode her girlfriend’s torso for the rest of the song.
Nicole knew that this wasn't a part of the original plan and that the action was less about turning her on and more about Waverly getting herself off. She didn’t mind though, and if anything she found it extremely sexy that Waverly had aroused herself so much during her dance that she couldn’t wait for it to end and had to release the built up tension right then and there. She grabbed onto Waverly’s thighs, which were completely exposed due to the fact that the cheerleading skirt was so tight that it was forced to bunch up around the girl’s hips with the position she was in, and watched her girlfriend with attentive eyes, not wanting to miss the exact moment when she reached her climax.

The song had ended about a minute ago, and the room was now filled with only the lewd sounds of Waverly’s dripping folds fervently gliding back and forth against Nicole’s skin, along with a string of moans, groans, whimpers, and obscenities.

“Oh my god baby, I’m so close.” Waverly panted, her eyes squeezed tight and her nails digging into the tops of Nicole’s shoulders as her palms were still pressed against her collarbone. “Oh baby, I’m gonna come. Ohhhh oh uhhhhhhhh Nicole!” She shuddered.

Nicole flexed her abs against Waverly, grinning as she watched the girl’s face contort in pleasure before looking down just in time to catch the sight of her girlfriend’s arousal gushing out of her center and onto her abdomen. She gasped as she felt Waverly’s center spasming against her stomach. She was suddenly all too aware of her own arousal, but didn’t dare do anything about it unless Waverly made the first move. She would give the girl a thousand orgasms before having one herself, if that’s what the brunette wanted.

As soon as her heart rate returned relatively close to a standard pace, Waverly smiled before exhaling a deep breath. She opened her eyes to stare down into soft brown ones and was amused to see Nicole so giddy.

“That wasn’t supposed to be a part of the dance, but you looked so sexy I couldn't help myself,” Waverly slightly blushed at the admission.

“Baby, that was the best lap dance ever. I mean, I never expected you to give me a happy ending,” she smirked as she dragged her short nails up and down the tops of the girl’s thighs.

“Uh, I think it’s only considered a happy ending if I’m the one giving you the orgasm.” She chuckled.

Nicole quickly shook her head as she brought her hands around to Waverly’s ass under the skirt and squeezed. “Nope, trust me, that was definitely a happy ending for me.”

Waverly let a breathy laugh out her nose and shook her head as she leaned down, gliding her lips perfectly against Nicole’s. She pushed her tongue out, swiping it against the redhead’s for a quick second before pushing herself off of Nicole, sighing as she felt the string of arousal that connected her center to Nicole’s abdomen break and fall against her inner thigh.

“Where are you going?” Nicole pouted as she sat up.

“It’s your turn to get off, Officer Haught.” Waverly smirked, kneeling down between Nicole’s legs and grabbing the base of the cock. Without ever breaking eye contact, she dramatically wrapped her lips around the bulbous head and slowly pushed half way down the shaft before pulling her lips all the way back up to the tip. She repeated this process a few times, making note of the way Nicole’s hips very subtly bucked as she went down, before going all the way down to the base, taking the full length into her mouth. When she felt the tip hit the back of her throat, she exhaled steadily out of her nose, not wanting to ruin the moment with any sort of gagging or coughing.
“Waves…” Nicole moaned as her eyebrows knitted together, eyes glued to her girlfriend sucking her off. “Fuck, that’s so hot.” With her left hand braced behind her back on the bed, she brought her right hand down to Waverly’s head and tangled it in the soft, brown waves. Waverly hummed in response before pulling all the way back up and forcefully pushing back down, pressing the base against Nicole’s clit at just the right spot, which caused the redhead to jerk her hips forward. The action resulted in the dildo plunging hard against the back of Waverly’s throat, and she couldn’t help but yank her mouth off as she began coughing, craning her head behind her back so that her mouth would be facing away from Nicole.

“Oh shit, baby I’m so sorry!” Nicole quickly sat up and placed a hand on Waverly’s shoulder, poking her neck out so she could see the girl’s face and make sure that she was okay.

Waverly smiled as she turned her head back around and waved her hand in dismissal, swallowing a few times as the tickling feeling in her throat subsided. “No, it’s okay. You just caught me off guard.”

“I shouldn’t have pushed into you like that. I wasn’t thinking about the fact that your mouth wasn’t an infinite, never-ending hole.”

The brunette couldn’t help but laugh at not only the statement, but how seriously Nicole had said it. “Really, it’s fine.”

“Are you sure you’re okay though?” Nicole asked with a worried expression. Before Waverly could even answer, she continued, “You don’t have to keep doing that. We can just–” She was halted by Waverly’s hand covering her mouth.

“Baby?” Waverly lilted, and she felt a muffled “yes?” against the palm of her hand. “Can you please let me continue my blowjob?”

Nicole nodded hesitantly with wide eyes. “Now, I’m going to remove my hand, and the only things I want to hear coming out of that sexy little mouth of yours are moans, groans, and curse words, until I feel you coming in my mouth. Understand?” She looked sternly into Nicole’s eyes, and the redhead gulped before nodding, a little more hastily this time. “Good.”

She released her hand from Nicole’s mouth before quickly bringing it down to the base of the shaft and continuing where she had left off – gliding her lips up and down the entire length of Nicole’s hard cock.

After a few minutes of Nicole being in absolute heaven, she watched Waverly pop her lips off, still rubbing the shaft as if not wanting Nicole to lose her erection, as she pulled the woman’s jeans down her legs. She left them bunched around her ankles, deciding that was good enough, before doing the same to her boyshorts, smiling at the small patch of arousal on the inside of them. She then bobbed her head a few times up and down the cock, being sure to coat it with as much saliva as possible, before replacing her mouth with her hand and pushing the harness aside, dipping her tongue into Nicole’s dripping wet folds.

The redhead sharply inhaled and clenched the bedspread in both of her hands as she threw her head back.

“Oh fuck! Jesus, Waverly!”

Nicole opened her eyes back up as she dropped her chin back down to look at Waverly, who was slightly bobbing her head as she sucked on Nicole’s hard bud while simultaneously pumping her hand up and down the shaft. Nicole took in the sight of her girlfriend pleasuring her, while taking in
the slick sounds of her hand gliding along the cock, and also taking in the feeling of the girl’s talented tongue rapidly swirling around the bundle of nerves, causing occasional jolts of her hips.

“Unhhh,” Nicole grunted as she brought a hand down to Waverly’s hair, urging her on. It wasn’t long before she felt the strong buildup inside her as her body readied itself to release her arousal all over Waverly.

“Baby, I’m gonna come!” All it took was one powerful thrust of her hips and she had exploded, the dam breaking and her juices pouring out into Waverly’s mouth.

“Uhhhhh shiiiit!” She moaned as she stared down between her legs, rocking her hips as hard and as fast as she could into not only Waverly’s face, but her hand too. She didn’t know which one was hotter, Waverly eating her out or Waverly giving her cock a hand job, so she just took in the sight of both. She continued to ride out the rest of her climax until her body went slack and she fell back onto the bed, completely spent from the work her body had done to achieve that incredible orgasm.

“Jesus,” Nicole chuckled as she brought her hands up to her forehead.

“Good?” Waverly asked with a grin, already knowing the answer as she slowly crawled up Nicole’s body so her face was hovering over the redhead’s.

“Good doesn’t even begin to describe it.” Nicole pulled Waverly down by the back of her neck and planted a firm kiss on her lips.

After a couple of minutes, Waverly pulled back, their lips red and swollen and their breathing rapid. “So, do you think you’re ready to go again? Or do you need a bit of a break?” Waverly asked, hopeful that Nicole didn’t need a break, because her center was aching at the thought of being filled up with the redhead’s cock.

“I’m ready,” Nicole smiled. “If you are.”

“Oh, I’m so ready,” Waverly stated enthusiastically as she stood up and discarded every part of the cheerleading uniform until there was nothing left, watching Nicole do the same with her own outfit. She pushed a completely naked Nicole fully back onto the bed and straddled her hips once again before she reached over and grabbed the bottle of lube from the nightstand, but then quickly noticed the box of condoms next to it. “What are these for?” She asked as she inspected the box.

“Easier clean up and safer sex,” Nicole stated nonchalantly as she proudly clasped her hands behind her head.

“My smart baby,” Waverly smirked as she sat back down and straddled Nicole’s thighs, ripping open the box before taking out one of the packets. She sexily ripped it open with her teeth before pulling out the rubber circle and rolling it onto the cock. She then picked up the bottle of lube and poured it all over her hands, rubbing them up and down the cock and spreading a generous amount of the slick liquid.

“It turns me on so much when you rub me like that babe,” Nicole stated breathily as she reached out to squeeze one of Waverly’s biceps.

“I can tell. You’re nice and hard for me,” Waverly winked as she continued her ministrations.

“Do you want to be on top?”

The brunette shook her head. “No, I want you on top of me.” She released her hands from Nicole's length and looked at her expectantly.
“Now?”

Waverly nodded her head before climbing off of Nicole and switching their positions so that she was now underneath her girlfriend. She gasped when she felt the cool, wet member brush against her lower abdomen.

Once Nicole was settled in between Waverly’s legs, she spread them wide, licking her lips as she took in the sight of Waverly’s glistening sex.

“Do you want me to go down on you first?” She had hoped that her girlfriend would say yes, because she was craving her taste right about now.

“No, I’m ready now. I want you inside me.” Waverly was nearly pleading at this point.

“Fingers first? You know, to stretch you a bit beforehand so it doesn’t hurt…” Nicole asked, wanting to make sure she did everything right tonight.

Waverly loved how considerate her girlfriend was, but she was getting impatient. She reached up and tenderly grabbed the sides of Nicole’s face, looking into her eyes and saying with as much conviction as possible, “Baby, I need your cock inside me. Now.”

The redhead grinned as she brought a hand up to ghost over Waverly’s, bringing one of the girl’s palms to her lips and placing a gentle kiss against it. “Okay, love.”

She grabbed onto the cock and ran the tip up and down Waverly’s slit, collecting her juices to add onto the lube. The smaller girl gasped in anticipation as she grabbed onto the pillow under her head. After a few more strokes, Nicole stilled the tip at the girl’s entrance.

“Let me know if you want me to stop, okay?”

Waverly bit her bottom lip and nodded, clenching the pillow to brace herself. Nicole slowly pushed her hips forward, guiding the tip inside with her right hand. Waverly inhaled sharply at the feeling.

“Are you okay? Did I hurt you?” Nicole spluttered worriedly as she abruptly stilled her movements.

Waverly shook her head and reassuringly rubbed Nicole’s arms. “No, it’s just been a while and the tip is a bit bigger than I’m used to. I just have to get used to it for a second.”

Nicole nodded, waiting for her girlfriend to give the go ahead. When she did, the redhead slowly pushed forward as Waverly took her length, inch by inch until their hips were flush against one another’s.

“It’s all the way in,” Nicole stated in awe as she hovered over Waverly, watching her facial muscles twitch in pleasure.

“Nicole,” Waverly gasped as her jaw dropped at the feeling.

“What baby? I’m right here.” She brushed the brown hair back as her other hand continued to steady herself on the mattress.

“I feel so…full. I’ve never felt like this before.”

It was true. Champ wasn’t as big as Nicole, and he never stopped to let Waverly really feel it. He would just mindlessly pump in and out at a quick pace without even working the girl up first, which didn’t really give her much of a chance to enjoy it. But now, her walls were clenching around the
cock, and the fact that it was attached to Nicole, her gorgeous girlfriend, only made it that much better.

“Let me know when you want me to start moving baby,” Nicole stated. Her dirty mind wanted so badly to pound the girl senseless and fuck her brains out, but she knew better. She was patient, and loving, and cared more about Waverly’s wants than her own. Waverly called all the shots, which was exactly the way she wanted it to be.

After a few more seconds of taking in the new sensation, Waverly wrapped her arms around the back of Nicole’s neck and nodded with pursed lips. “Okay. I’m ready.”

Nicole slowly moved all the way out to the tip, studying Waverly’s face for any discomfort, before pushing all the way back in. She marveled at the tiny gasp she received in response. She knew the girl well enough to know that it was a gasp of pleasure and not a gasp of pain, which encouraged her to keep going.

“Baby, can you go faster?” Waverly panted in the sweetest voice Nicole had ever heard. How could she say no to that?

The redhead picked up her pace and thrust her hips, clenching her jaw every time the base brushed against her clit. She had only gotten a few quick thrusts in before Waverly began giggling and shaking her head.

Nicole quickly stilled her movements. “What?” She asked self-consciously, concerned that she had done something wrong.

“No, it’s just…it fell out.”

Nicole looked down between them and saw the cock pointed down and pressed against one of the cheeks of Waverly’s bum. “Oh. Shit.” She sat back on her heels and used the forced interruption to add more lube, her cheeks mildly flushing with embarrassment. “I’m sorry. I can’t really feel what I’m doing.”

“Don’t be embarrassed baby, it happens. I’ll let you know if it falls out again, okay?” She smiled as she gently brushed her thumbs against Nicole’s cheeks, and the redhead nodded, thankful to have a girlfriend with such a sweet heart.

“Okay, I’m putting it back in,” she said before guiding the cock back into Waverly’s entrance a bit quicker than before, and rapidly working back up to her previous pace.

It was only a few short seconds later when she heard Waverly say, “It slipped out again.”

Nicole sat up and groaned in frustration. “It’s the angle. It’s hard to keep it inside. Maybe if I try not pulling back as much…”

“No!” Waverly hastily protested. “No, keep doing exactly what you’re doing. Here, this will help…” She grabbed the other pillow and arched her back off the bed before sliding it underneath her hips. “There, that should make the angle a bit better. Try it now.”

Without warning this time, Nicole slowly pushed back inside, pumping her hips back and forth like before.

“Fuck!” Waverly hissed. “So much better. Dear god, that’s better.” She threaded her fingers through her own hair and pushed against her forehead in disbelief, elbows bent out to the sides. “Baby, don’t stop.”
Nicole smirked. As if she would ever even consider stopping at this point. She looked down and watched Waverly’s face, studying the changes – her eyebrows pulling together and releasing, her bottom lip barely rolling between her teeth before being hit with a gasp of pleasure forcing her mouth open, her eyelids squeezing as tight as possible and relaxing before repeating. She absolutely loved being able to watch Waverly’s face from up here. Even though she could technically do the same while fingering her or grinding her thigh, it just wasn’t the same. She couldn’t lay flat against her stomach like she was right now when fingering her, and when grinding their thighs Waverly wasn’t getting any penetration if she wanted it. There was just something about seeing both of her strong arms holding herself up as she thrust her hips deep inside Waverly’s sex while hovering right above the girl’s face that made her feel powerful. Not powerful in the way of dominating Waverly, but powerful in the way of being able to attend to the girl’s every want and need with ease and the use of both of her hands if need be.

The brunette suddenly wrapped her legs around Nicole’s lower back, forcing her in deeper as she clung for dear life around the woman’s neck like a koala bear. “Baby, I’m so close. Faster!”

Nicole moved as quickly as possible, even though it was getting difficult with the way Waverly’s walls were holding tightly around her length. But struggles aside, the redhead powered through and gave her girlfriend exactly what she demanded, keeping up the quick pace until her girlfriend reached her orgasm. As she felt her own climax quickly approaching, she bit her lip and tried to hold it off, not wanting to finish before Waverly.

“Uhh fuck, Nicole! I’m gonna come!” A euphoric expression spread across her face as Nicole’s name fell from her lips on repeat, a strangled cry occasionally punctuating the name as her walls pulsed around Nicole’s thick cock in an incredible, earth-shattering orgasm. She desperately clawed at Nicole’s back and dropped her knees, spreading them as wide as possible as she felt the intense sensations taking over her body.

Just hearing Waverly cry out her name caused an electric wave of arousal to course through Nicole’s veins and ultimately sent her flying over the edge.

“Waverly! Unghhhhh!” She thrust her hips harder, forcing the base of the cock to rub against her even more as she rode out her orgasm, really feeling like she was coming inside her love.

Both of the women were messes; hair completely disheveled from greedy hands running through them - mostly Waverly’s, beads of sweat dripping down their bodies, faces flushed from the heat of passion, heavy breathing in an attempt to restore their burning lungs from all of their strangled cries and sharp inhales…and yet, neither of them dared to move. Nicole stayed hovering above Waverly with her palms on the mattress, and Waverly stayed with her arms squeezing tightly around Nicole’s neck. Once she felt relatively back to normal, Nicole slowly opened her eyes and looked down at the gorgeous face beneath her, studying the post-orgasm glow that was painted all over her features. She flashed her dimples – albeit to nobody since Waverly’s eyes were still closed – before lowering her face and gently rubbing her nose back and forth against Waverly’s.

As soon as she felt the contact on her nose, Waverly’s eyes slowly opened, like a newborn seeing the world for the first time. She smiled up at the redhead, squeezing even tighter around her neck.

“Hey you,” Nicole whispered.

“Hey,” Waverly replied delicately.

“You’re amazing. You know that?” Nicole smiled warmly down at Waverly.

Waverly ran her hands up the back of her girlfriend’s head and gingerly laced her fingers in the girl’s
vibrant hair before slowly pulling her closer into a slow and delicate kiss filled with all of the endearment and warmth both women had to give. The brunette pulled back and gazed lovingly into Nicole’s eyes.

“I love you.” She said it with the softest whisper, and yet it was loud enough to reverberate throughout Nicole’s entire body, completely melting her heart and sending chills across every inch of her skin.

“I love you too,” Nicole replied, pressing her soft lips against the girl’s forehead for a few seconds before releasing with a gentle kiss.

Nicole slowly began to slide out of Waverly, but Waverly dropped her hands down to her ass and pushed her back in. “No,” she whined. “I want you to stay inside.”

“Do you want to keep going?” Nicole quirked an eyebrow, unsure of the brunette’s intentions.

“Mmm yes,” Waverly grinned at the thought of getting to feel Nicole fuck her to her climax for a second time. “But this time, I want to be on top.” She skillfully flipped them over, not removing a single inch of Nicole’s cock from her center.

The redhead stared up at her girlfriend with wide eyes, watching attentively as the girl steadied herself on Nicole’s abdomen with both hands, rising and falling onto the glittery purple cock like a professional as if she had done this a million times, her breasts perfectly bouncing up and down, and Nicole knew that this was going to be one of the best nights of her entire life.
First Time Strap-On - Part 3

Chapter Summary

Hope you're ready for some more sexy WayHaught!

Chapter Notes

I LOVE reading all of your comments! It really encourages me to keep going with this story. Thank you to all of you who give me feedback <3 You're the best readers!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Waverly cracked an eye open as the sudden howl of a distant coyote gently pulled her out of her dream – something about Wynonna having to save Purgatory from revenants with a magic gun. She breathily chuckled to herself.

Well that was a crazy dream.

She looked down and saw Nicole’s strong arm wrapped protectively around her stomach and smiled as she placed her hand on top of Nicole’s and laced their fingers.

“Mmm you okay?” Nicole croaked, mostly asleep.

“Yes. Everything is perfect.” Waverly replied as she gently squeezed Nicole’s hand for reassurance.

“Good.” Nicole punctuated the word with a light kiss on the back of Waverly’s neck, which sent chills down the girl’s spine. It only took about five seconds for the soft sounds of the redhead’s gentle snoring to fill the room again.

Waverly smiled and pushed herself further into the front of Nicole’s body, wanting to feel as close to her as possible. She looked over at the strap-on sitting on her nightstand in front of her face, and her tender smile was replaced by a colossal shit-eating grin. She’d never admit this, but she was a little worried that she wouldn’t enjoy strap-on sex based on her past experiences with men, but boy did she enjoy it. The current ache between her legs was a testament to just how good their night was. A heavy sigh slipped out of her mouth and her eyes fluttered shut as she replayed the vivid memory of what had happened just a few short hours ago…

“Fuck!” Nicole hissed as she stared up with wide eyes at Waverly bouncing up and down on her cock.

“Do you like when I ride you like this baby?” Waverly asked sweetly. She pressed her palms further into Nicole’s stomach, causing the girl to flex her abs more – which was exactly what Waverly wanted.

Nicole nodded fervently before letting out a breathy “yes” and wrapping her hands around the brunette’s dancing hips. She stayed there for a moment, urging the girl on before bringing her hands
up to cup Waverly’s breasts. She lightly squeezed the fleshy mounds, eliciting a moan from the smaller girl.

“You have the most perfect breasts, do you know that?” Nicole stated, eyes staring in awe.

Waverly grinned as she brought her hands up over Nicole’s hands on her chest, now relying solely on her knees to hold her weight, and encouraged her to continue squeezing.

“They’re all yours baby. Every part of me is yours; my boobs, my ass, my lips, my other lips…” she smirked as she grinded down harder into Nicole’s hips, making sure her girlfriend knew exactly which body part she was referring to. “They’re all yours to touch.”

Nicole never liked the thought of owning someone. Most people in relationships became possessive of their significant other, but Nicole always liked the idea that nobody belongs to anyone and that we are free to live our lives the way we want to without somebody else telling us what to do. But even so, Nicole shuddered at the words, and she was extremely grateful to have earned Waverly’s trust.

With her legs getting tired, the brunette dropped her hands back down to Nicole’s abdomen to support herself as she continued sliding her walls up and down the cock, completely soaking it in her arousal. The redhead gently rolled Waverly’s taut nipples between her fingers as she studied the girl’s face, using it as a guide for her actions. Waverly’s mouth slightly opened, allowing a moan to tumble out as she began bouncing faster up and down Nicole’s length.

Nicole could see on Waverly’s face that she was getting close, so with her left hand playing with an erect nipple, she brought her right hand down to rest on Waverly’s pubic bone and began thumbing her clit.

Waverly inhaled sharply at the unexpected touch. “Yes baby, don’t stop. I’m almost there!” She pressed down harder into Nicole’s strong abdomen to give herself more leverage to pump faster as she felt the tension building up in her body. “Fuck, Nicole, baby, I’m gonna come. Ohhhh!” She sunk down into Nicole’s hips and sat straight up so that they were completely perpendicular to each other as she moved her hips back and forth, riding out her orgasm. As soon as she slammed her eyes shut and threw her head back, she felt protective hands on her waist, holding her up so that the only thing she had to focus on was her release, and she was thankful for it.

After she had come down from her high, she dropped her hands down onto the mattress on either side of Nicole and stared down at the woman, shaking her head with a satisfied smile.

“That…was…so good…” she said between pants. Her body was shaking from all of the hard labor her muscles had done.

“Come here baby,” Nicole said lovingly as she guided the flustered girl to lay down on top of her. When she felt Waverly plop down, the girl’s chest heaving against her own as the brunette’s head rested in the crook of her neck, she lightly scratched the nails of her right hand along the girl’s back as her left hand came up to cup the back of her head and began massaging her scalp. “You just lay here and relax for a minute.” She punctuated the statement with a tender kiss to the girl’s temple.

Waverly let out a deep breath as she relaxed into her girlfriend’s soothing touches releasing all of the tight muscles in her body.

After a couple of minutes, she felt herself begin to quickly drift off into sleep, but pulled herself out at the last second, jumping up and hovering over Nicole.

“I’m up!” She nearly yelled, starring wide-eyed at a slightly startled Nicole.
“Baby, it’s okay. We can go to sleep. I’m sure you’re exhausted by now.” Nicole cooed as she tucked Waverly’s long hair behind her ears.

“No way! I’m ready to go again!”

“Are you sure? Maybe we should get some rest first.”

“No!” Waverly protested. “I want more sex.” Her bottom lip poked out in the cutest pout Nicole had ever seen. “Pleeesease?” She pulled the inside edges of her eyebrows up more as she quivered her lip.

The redhead melted at the sight. “Oh my god, you’re so cute.”

“So, it that a yes?”

“Yeah baby. Whatever you want.” Nicole replied, completely entranced.

Waverly grinned at her victory. She sat up and slowly lifted herself off of Nicole’s cock, her eyes fluttering in the process.

“What should we do now?” Waverly asked as she settled beside Nicole’s long body, sitting back on her heels.

“What do you mean?” Nicole pushed herself up, sitting against the headboard with her legs stretched out in front of her.

“I mean, what position should we try?”

“Oh, um…” Nicole thought about it for a moment. The truth was, she knew exactly what she wanted to do now…she wanted to fuck Waverly from behind. But she didn’t want the girl to feel pressured, so she decided to let her make the decision. “What do you want to do?”

“Nuh uh, I just got to pick. It’s your turn now.” She waited patiently for Nicole to say what she wanted. She could see the gears turning in Nicole’s mind, and that she was too hesitant to voice her desires.

“I don’t know,” Nicole shrugged.

“Oh, um…” With a devilish smirk, Waverly brought her hand down to the purple dick, slowly stroking it up and down, spreading her arousal from her previous orgasm all over it in hopes that it would drive the redhead crazy enough to say what she wanted. “I’ll just do this until you come up with something.”

Nicole gasped as she felt the base of the cock push against her clit. “Baby, that’s not fair.”

“Tell me, Nicole. What do you want?” She continued her painfully slow movements.

“I…” Nicole began, but paused.

“Uh huh?”

“I want to…” She stopped herself again.

“Go on.”

“Um…” She paused.
Getting impatient, Waverly huffed and pushed the dildo down as hard as she could against the officer’s clit.

“Fuck!” Nicole yelped as she jerked her hips forward. “I want to fuck you doggy style!”

Waverly released the member and grinned. She had hoped that’s what Nicole was thinking. Almost immediately, her grin was replaced with a smirk. “See? Now was that so hard?”

The redhead bit her lip and shook her head. “I hate you sometimes.” Her mouth curved into a playful smile to signal the lack of seriousness in her words.

“Mmm no you don’t,” Waverly replied as she reached over to grab the lube.

“I don’t.” Nicole grinned before standing up off the bed to stretch and adjust the straps of the harness a little.

Waverly’s jaw dropped at the sight of Nicole standing before her and she dropped the bottle of lube on the bed. “Whoa.”

“What?” The redhead looked herself over with concern.

“I haven’t actually looked at you yet. I mean, I haven’t really stopped to see what you look like wearing that thing. Damn.” She bit her bottom lip as her eyes roamed over every inch of her girlfriend.

“Oh. You like it?”

Waverly slowly nodded as she smiled, bottom lip still between her teeth before pointing her finger down and circling the air to signal for Nicole to turn around. The redhead obliged and turned so that Waverly now had a full view of her ass.

“Holy shit!” The brunette’s jaw dropped in awe. She marveled at the way the straps hung tightly around Nicole’s firm ass, crossing down from her hips to her inner thighs. “Baby, you look so fucking hot.”

Nicole turned back around, and Waverly gulped as she viewed the protruding appendage in a whole different way. “Yeah? You really like it?”

“I really do. Jesus.” She chuckled, still mesmerized by the woman’s beauty.

Nicole took the opportunity to tease the girl by seductively stroking the member. “Yeah? Well it feels so good with your come all over it.” She smiled proudly as she heard Waverly’s breath hitch. “I’m nice and hard for you baby. Are you ready for me?”

Waverly nodded her head sporadically. “Yes. God, yes.”

“Mmm,” Nicole slowly walked towards Waverly sitting at the edge of the bed, hand still gliding up and down her cock. “I just want to make sure you can take all of me again.” She knelt down between Waverly’s legs, spreading her knees apart, before dipping her head down and licking all the way up her wet folds, collecting every drop of her arousal on her tongue.

“Oh my…fuck!” Waverly shuddered at the feeling and dropped her hands back onto the bed, knitting her eyebrows together as she watched her girlfriend’s tongue repeatedly licking up her slit. She just knew that she was never going to be able to watch Nicole eat an ice cream cone ever again without getting turned on.
Nicole hummed in satisfaction before pulling her head back and swallowing all of the fluid she had accumulated on her tongue. “I’ve been wanting to taste you all day.”

Waverly grabbed the back of Nicole’s head and shoved her back down to continue the job she had started. The redhead laughed amusedly at her girlfriend’s hastiness before bringing her tongue back out and licking all the way up, slowly circling the girl’s clit at the top.

Waverly’s eyes rolled back as she dropped her torso down onto the mattress and sighed. Her fingers tangled through her own brunette locks as she trembled beneath her girlfriend’s talented ministrations. “You’re so good at that, baby. You always know exactly how to touch me.” Waverly panted. “God, you’re going to make me come so fast.” As soon as the sentence left her mouth she began rocking her hips faster into Nicole’s face. “Nicole, you’re like a fucking sex god! Oh fuck baby. I love when you eat me out. I love riding your face until I come all over it. Jesus, don’t stop.”

She was quickly working herself up with her dirty talk, and brought her hands down to Nicole’s head, lacing her fingers through red hair as she got closer to the edge.

“I’m gonna come,” She smiled in ecstasy, almost proud of herself. She knew it was going to be a good one.

Just as she began to feel her abdomen tense up, Nicole pulled back and stood up from the floor, and Waverly shot her eyes open and bolted straight up.

“No! Why’d you stop!” She brought her hand down to her clit and quickly circled it, desperately trying to work her momentum back up, but Nicole swatted her hand away.

“Because, I want to be inside you when you come. Now get on all fours,” Nicole demanded in her police officer voice as she grabbed the bottle of lube from the bed and rubbed a generous amount on her cock.

The authority in Nicole’s voice sent a surge of arousal straight to Waverly’s core, and she quickly did as she was told. She looked over her shoulder, watching as Nicole rubbed herself before the redhead took a couple steps forward to where Waverly’s ass was pushed into the air, as if displaying it for the older woman. Nicole was the perfect height to line herself up with the brunette’s entrance without any assistance, but she didn’t do so right away. Instead, she rubbed her cock through Waverly’s folds being sure to hit the girl’s clit every time as she pressed her palms into Waverly’s lower back.

“Nicole,” Waverly breathed out when she felt the erection rub against her engorged clit.

“Do you want me inside you baby?” Nicole asked as she continued her movements.

“Yes,” Waverly pleaded.

“You have to beg for it.”

“Please, Nicole. I want your cock inside me. I want you to fuck me. God, I need you to fuck me. Please.”

Nicole had this whole plan of making Waverly beg at least three times just to tease her, but fuck it. She brought her right hand down to her cock and lined it up with Waverly’s entrance before slowly pushing inside of her.

Waverly’s eyebrows knitted together and her eyes fluttered shut as she opened her mouth wide to let out some sort of verbal reaction, but nothing came out. It wasn’t until a few seconds later that a brief
high-pitched moan reverberated throughout the room, and Nicole grinned to herself. She only pushed halfway in before pulling back to the tip. The redhead repeated this pattern a few times before forcefully pushing all the way in, deep inside Waverly.

“Fuck!” She cried.

Nicole stopped for a moment, afraid that she had hurt Waverly. As soon as Waverly had sensed her girlfriend’s concern, she quickly reassured her.

“No, good ‘fuck’. I’m okay, keep going.” She pushed herself back into Nicole, too impatient to wait for her girlfriend to be the one to resume.

The redhead brought her hands back to Waverly’s hips and thrusted at a moderate pace, pumping in and out of Waverly’s sex. She stared down as she watched the purple cock disappear and reappear from Waverly, wondering how someone so small could take something so long.

“God, Nicole. This feels amazing. You’re so deep.” The brunette panted.

Nicole brought her right hand from Waverly’s hip and rested it on her cheek. “Can I?” She asked as she lightly tapped her fingers on the skin.

Waverly knew exactly what her girlfriend was asking permission for. “Yes baby!”

As soon as she got the green light, Nicole lifted her hand off her ass and brought it back down, smacking the skin underneath.

“Fuck!” Waverly gasped. “Harder!”

The redhead pulled her hand back once again and spanked her a second time with a little more force, but still not as hard as she could. She didn’t want to actually hurt Waverly or cause her any real pain.

Waverly brought her hand up between her legs and fervently rubbed her clit, and almost instantly felt herself reach her climax. She gritted her teeth and slammed her eyes shut as she was hit with a strong wave of pleasure. She dropped to her forearms and cried out in ecstasy, reaching behind her with the hand that was previously between her legs to entwine it with Nicole’s for support as she rode out her orgasm. As soon as she finished, she dropped Nicole’s hand, and the redhead returned it to Waverly’s hip.

It wasn’t long before Nicole was rubbing herself off against the base of the cock buried inside Waverly, reaching her own climax. “Unnngh,” She grunted as she pulled Waverly’s hips back into her, releasing herself all over the harness. As soon as she finished, Nicole felt her knees begin to buckle and quickly pulled out of Waverly and sat on the bed, and Waverly dropped her entire body onto the mattress before slowly rolling over onto her back, hair spilling out majestically onto the bedspread as she regained her breathing.

She reached out and lightly scratched her nails up and down Nicole’s back as the redhead also tried to catch her breath.

“God, I could do this all night long with you,” Waverly panted.

Nicole chuckled and shook her head. “Baby…”

“What?” Waverly could see the worry on her girlfriend’s face.
“I love you so much, and I really want to give you everything you want. But I’m still pretty new to this, and I’m using some muscles I’ve never really used before, so I’m kind of getting worn out. And also, the base of the dildo is pushing against my pubic bone and I’m starting to get a little sore from it.” The corner of her mouth pulled up into an apologetic half-smile as she looked at her girlfriend with big brown eyes, and Waverly shot up and grabbed Nicole’s right hand sitting in her lap with her own right hand as she used her left hand to brush back the stray hairs that were sticking to the redhead’s sweaty face.

“Baby, I said I could do this all night long. I didn’t say we had to. I’m so completely satisfied right now. I know how much work you’re doing, and I’m just amazed at your level of endurance. You’re incredible.” She emphasized the compliment with a deep kiss, intimately massaging Nicole’s tongue with her own.

“Waverly,” Nicole whined as she pulled back.

“What is it, my love?” She continued her previous ministrations of stroking the older woman’s hair.

“You make it hard to stop when you kiss me like that, getting me all worked up again…”

The brunette giggled. “Sorry baby. Your lips are just so kissable.” She pinched Nicole’s bottom lip between her thumb and index finger and tugged lightly from side to side.

The redhead couldn’t help but laugh at her girlfriend’s baby talk. “Okay, how about this. One more, and then we call it a night?”

“Deal.” Waverly gave a warm smile. “Is it okay if I pick though? There’s something I’ve been wanting to try…"

Nicole nodded, excited to see what the brunette had in mind.

“I want you to wear the other harness though. I want to take advantage of that vibrator pocket.” Waverly winked.

The redhead felt her stomach drop at the prospect of burying her cock deep inside Waverly while simultaneously feeling the bullet vibe against her clit. She responded to Waverly’s proposition by jumping off the bed and changing out the harnesses as quickly as she could before plopping her back onto the mattress next to Waverly, hands clasped behind her head and ready to go.

“Wow, record timing Officer Haught,” Waverly stated, genuinely impressed by how quickly her girlfriend had just pulled the dildo off of one harness and put it onto another.

“Well what can I say? When I see something I like, I don’t wanna wait,” she stated with the sassiest smirk her face could conjure up.

Waverly nodded her head before quickly shaking it and huffing out. “Smooth-talker.” She reached over Nicole and grabbed the bullet vibe from the nightstand, being sure to hold onto both the vibrating end and the controller that was connected to it by a long wire. Nicole reached out to take the vibrator from Waverly, but the brunette refused.

“Can I do it?” Waverly asked.

Nicole nodded hesitantly, curious as to how Waverly was going to get the vibrator inside the hidden pocket of the briefs-style harness. She quickly received her answer when she felt Waverly reach inside from the bottom of the briefs next to Nicole’s inner thigh and begin fiddling around inside, causing Nicole to buck her hips and nearly bite her tongue as she clenched her jaw.
“Jesus, Waves!” She hissed. “Warn a girl first before you go digging around down there!”

As soon as Waverly successfully slid the silver bullet inside the vibe pocket, she gracefully slid her hand out and gave an apologetic look. “Sorry...”

She then picked up the controller, accidentally bumping the slider to full speed. Nicole’s eyes nearly popped out of her head as she sprung up into a sitting position and grabbed a fistful of sheets with her left hand while tugging at the crotch of the briefs with her right to pull the over-stimulating vibrator away from her clit.

Waverly quickly fumbled with the controller, taking way too long to shut it off, before looking at Nicole, who was giving her a death glare while trying to catch her breath – which had been knocked right out of her, similar to the way it would from jumping into ice cold water.

“Sorry,” Waverly whispered before biting her lip and bunching her eyebrows up, feeling terrible about the physical turmoil she had just put her girlfriend through.

“It’s okay,” Nicole finally said once she had calmed down a bit. “Just be careful with that thing. And no more surprises!” She punctuated with a firm finger pointed at Waverly.

“Yes officer,” Waverly smiled.

“Okay, now what is it you wanted to try?”

“I want to trying being on top again, but I want us sitting.”

Nicole thought it over, visualizing the scenario in her head before nodding. She sat back against the headboard with her knees slightly bent and resting with the outsides on the bedspread and grabbed the lube to coat the cock, but before she could do anything with It, Waverly placed a hand over hers to stop her.

“Can I do it?”

The redhead smiled at Waverly’s desire to do everything before handing the bottle over to Waverly, who giddily took it and squirted the liquid into her right palm. She spread the lube over the cock with both hands while seductively looking at Nicole, who was about to turn into a puddle...much like the one between her legs right now. After a few seconds, Waverly swung a leg over, and with both knees on the mattress on either side of the redhead, wrapped her arms around the back of the woman’s neck while hovering over Nicole’s erect cock.

Nicole gently placed her left hand on Waverly’s corresponding hip and grabbed onto the shaft with her right hand, lining it up with the girl’s entrance before pushing on her hip, signaling for her to lower herself down before moving her right hand to the other hip.

As she dropped down the erection, Waverly sighed in relief. She didn’t realize how much she had missed the feeling, and it had only been just a few minutes since she last had it. She squeezed her arms tighter around Nicole as she looked into her eyes, smiling as she rode her length.

The redhead moved her hands from Waverly’s hips to her back and scratched her nails hard up and down, causing goosebumps to form all over the brunette’s body.

“God, do you know how much I love you?” Nicole breathed out as she looked up at Waverly.

“Tell me,” Waverly replied as she continued her movements.
“I love you more than anything and anyone in this entire world. I love everything you are, and everything you aren’t. You’re so amazing, and incredible, and I can’t believe I get to call you my girlfriend. You, Waverly Earp, are an angel.”

The brunette leaned down and gave Nicole a searing kiss, passionately gliding their lips together as they thrusted against each other.

After about a minute like this, Waverly reached down and picked up the controller. She counted down, not wanting to make the mistake of catching Nicole off-guard again.

“Three…two…one.” She turned the vibrator on the lowest setting, and watched Nicole’s face as her mouth slightly opened and her eyelids fully shut.

“Ugh baby, that feels good.” She began thrusting her center against the vibrator, indirectly resulting in the cock being thrusted up into Waverly as well.

Waverly gradually increased the speed over the span of a couple of minutes, all while bouncing up and down on Nicole while holding onto the woman’s shoulders for support. When the speed was all the way up, Nicole felt a rush of heat shooting throughout her entire body.

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck baby. Shit.” She began thrusting her hips up harder into Waverly, sending the cock deeper inside the girl.

“Are you gonna come baby?” Waverly asked as she felt her own release rapidly approaching.

“Yeah. I’m gonna come. Jesus, I’m gonna come so fucking hard.” Nicole dug her palms into the mattress, pushing her hips up against Waverly as she braced herself for the explosion that was about to hit.

“I’m gonna come too baby. I’m gonna come all over your cock,” Waverly panted.

As soon as the words left her mouth, Nicole felt all of the tension leaving every muscle in her entire body as she reached her climax. She urgently grabbed the controller out of Waverly’s hand and turned it down halfway as soon as she felt that it was too much for her pulsing clit as she came.

“SHIT!” Nicole cried out as she rode out her orgasm, bucking her hips up fervently into Waverly.

It was ultimately Nicole’s orgasm that did Waverly in, and she immediately felt her walls clenching around Nicole. “Fuck baby! I’m coming with you!”

Still feeling her orgasm washing over her, Nicole sat up and wrapped her arms around the girl, pulling her against her warm body as tightly as possible as the brunette came. She didn’t care if she was still experiencing her own orgasm; she wanted to be as close to Waverly as possible as the girl climaxed on top of her.

The women stayed hugging each other, even after their orgasms had subsided. They stayed like that until they had regained proper breathing, and Nicole pulled back and grinned up at Waverly.

“You came on me,” Nicole said giddily.

“And you came inside me,” Waverly smiled back.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Waverly was ripped out of her memory as she bolted up in bed, Nicole quickly following behind.

“Who the hell is that?” Nicole asked with her hand on her heaving chest, heart racing from being so suddenly startled.

“Wynonna?”

“Better not be! She knows better than to interrupt us again. Even if we are just sleeping,” Nicole stated groggily, still in the process of waking up. She dropped back down onto the mattress and groaned. “Just ignore her.”

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Waverly quickly turned her head towards the bedroom door. “What if something’s wrong with the baby? I’ll go check.”

Waverly pushed the blankets off of her and slid out of bed. She quickly threw her dark blue silk robe around her shoulders and tied the ties around her waist before hastily sliding her feet into her fuzzy slippers.

“I’ll be right back baby,” She whispered to Nicole, who mumbled something incoherent in response as she was already falling back asleep.

The brunette quietly slipped out of the room and padded down the stairs and towards the front door.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

“I’m coming Wynonna!” She yelled as she urgently unlocked the deadbolt while simultaneously turning the door lock. When she swung the door open, her eyebrows scrunched up in confusion.

“Doc? What are you doing here? It’s like 3 a.m.”

“Is your sister here? Please, I need to speak with her. It’s very urgent.”

Chapter End Notes

Just letting you all know that I won’t have time to write again until Sunday, so check back then. Hopefully this chapter will tie you over until I’m able to post a new one!
Waverly glared at Doc. She took in the sight of his greasy hair, which was perfectly visible due to his lack of hat—something that was extremely rare. She lowered her eyes to his face and noticed the huge bags under his droopy eyes. His mustache was ungroomed, and it looked like he hadn’t shaved the sides of his face in a while. She could tell he hadn’t eaten, slept, or even bathed in quite some time. He kind of reminded her of Nicole when they had their huge fight—minus the lack of bathing part, because no matter what roller coaster of emotions Nicole was going through she always bathed on a daily basis.

Waverly felt a pang of sorrow for the man, but then remembered how he had walked out on Wynonna after she had told him about the baby, and she quickly went into protective sister mode. She folded her arms and puffed out her chest as she sported the meanest scowl she could make.

“Why?” She said shortly.

Doc took a small step forward. “Please, I just need to speak with her. I need to apologize.”

“Damn right you do!” Waverly shouted. It was at moments like these where she was thankful that they didn’t have any neighbors. “She told you she was having your kid, and you walked out on her! I thought you were a good man, but a good man would never walk out on the woman he loves, especially after hearing that she was carrying his child.” She gesticulated wildly in the air before returning her arms to their crossed position, just waiting to hear his response.

“I know, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have just up and left the way I did without sayin’ a word, but I was a little shocked, and admittedly slightly angry.”

“With her? Because it takes two to make a baby, Doc. This isn’t her fault, you know.”

“No, not with her. With myself.”

“For getting her pregnant?” Waverly’s tone had softened a bit as her curiosity took over.

“No. Somethin’ else I did. Somethin’ I strongly regret and probably will for the rest of my life.” He
sighed and shook his head before realizing that he should be telling all of this to the other Earp. “Look, can I just come inside and talk to Wynonna please?”

“She’s not here.” The anger in her voice was now replaced with concern.

Doc threw his hands in the air, as if he were about to throw a fit. “Well why didn’t you start with that?! Where is she?”

Waverly paused for a moment, unsure if she should tell him of her sister’s whereabouts before finally deciding to give in. “At Gus’s.”

“Thank you,” he bowed sarcastically before jogging towards his deep red 1977 Chevy Camaro and speeding off down the dirt road.

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“Jesus Christ.” Wynonna groaned in response to the loud rapping on the door from where she was sleeping on the couch – she found it to be more comfortable on her back than the old springy mattress in the guest room. She slowly stood up when she heard the pounding again.

“Okay, okay. I’m coming. Don’t get your panties in a wad.” She switched on a lamp as she made her way towards the knocking. When she got there, she leaned against the door frame and slowly unlocked the door before opening it.

“Wynonna, I’m so sorry I walked out on you! I never should’ve left.” Doc immediately blurted out before the door was even opened all the way.

Wynonna stood there, stunned. She was not expecting to see Doc, and she was definitely not expecting to hear him say that. Truth be told, the last few days she had been getting herself into the mindset of being a single mom.

“Um, why don’t you come inside,” Was all she could manage to say as she led them into the kitchen. She plopped down in a chair and slumped against the back as she rubbed her stomach protectively. She expected Doc to sit down as well, but instead he immediately began talking again as soon as he entered the kitchen.

“I want you. I want this baby, our baby. I want a house and a grassy backyard with one of those structures with swings and slides that I hear are a pain in the ass to assemble.”

“A swing set?” She offered nonchalantly.

“Yeah, one of those!” He knelt down on his knees next to the woman. “I want all of it with you.” He reached out to take her hand that was sitting in her lap, but she quickly jerked it away.

“Why did you leave?” Her voice was quiet, but laced with anger and the pain of rejection.

“What?” He pretended to be surprised by the question, but in actuality he was expecting it and was just trying to buy some more time to figure out how to explain himself.

“If you wanted all of this so badly, then why the fuck did you leave when I told you I was pregnant?” Her voice was a bit louder now, and the sharpness in her tone sent chills down his spine.

Doc stood up from the floor and slid into the chair that was next to him, trying to figure out the best way to explain himself. “I had to leave to fix somethin’.”
“For five days?” The woman challenged.

“Yes, for five days,” he replied, beginning to get a little annoyed with her questioning, even though deep down he knew it was warranted. He just wanted her to leave it at that and forgive and forget, but he knew that would never happen. That wasn’t Wynonna Earp.

“Yeah, right. Just admit it, you were scared shitless and left me and our baby. Well guess what? I’m scared shitless too. But I can’t just leave, because I have to grow this baby inside of me! The one that you put in there.” Her eyes began to water. “If you’re too much of a pussy to handle the fact that you got me pregnant, then maybe you’re too much of a pussy to be a father.”

His upper lip quivered at the insult as his eyebrows pulled together angrily. He felt the rage begin to build up inside him, but pushed it down. “I told you, I didn’t leave you. I had to go fix somethin’.

Somethin’ for us.” He stated as slowly and as calmly as possible. “And I did, so now everything is as it should be.”

She huffed at his blatant ignorance. “I bet you didn’t go anywhere other than to the liquor store, just like you always do when things get too difficult for you to handle,” Wynonna spat.

“You listen to me woman,” Doc growled. “I was doin’ this for us. I was savin’ us.”

“You were saving us?” Wynonna asked incredulously. “Saving us from what? The chance for our child to grow up in a stable home with two parents?”

He quickly stood up and violently kicked his chair back as he slammed his fists on the table and shouted in Wynonna’s face, “From that son of a bitch Bobo Del Rey!” His chest heaved up and down as he stared at Wynonna, whose eyes were wide with shock. When he caught sight of the scared look in her eyes, he realized that all of the energy from his rage had exploded into the face of the woman he loved. He lowered his eyes in shame and took a step back.

Wynonna’s face quickly shifted from shock to concern. “What do you mean from Bobo Del Rey?”

Everyone in town knew that Bobo was the leader of one of the most violent gangs to ever reside in Purgatory. They called themselves The Revenants. Ward Earp had spent his entire career as sheriff trying to disband the gang and put Bobo away for good. He managed to capture and lock away a couple of the most prominent members, but couldn’t find any evidence on Bobo. It was only a couple of weeks later when Ward and Willa’s car was plowed into by a semi-truck, killing them instantly and halting any chances of Ward sending Bobo to prison once and for all. With Randy Nedley taking over as sheriff, the Revenants knew that the chances of them ever getting caught again were slim to none, and continued their crimes; albeit with a bit more caution and strategy.

When Doc first arrived in Purgatory, he did some of Bobo’s bidding for petty cash. He refused to become a part of the gang, but still participated in a handful of their crimes as an independent. One of his tasks was to get close to Wynonna and make her fall for him so that she would let her guard down and the Revenants could get rid of the rest of the Earps and finally win this feud that began centuries ago once and for all. Unfortunately for Bobo, Doc eventually ended up falling for Wynonna, and as soon as the older Earp found out about his interaction with the gang, all bets were called off, and Doc broke off all interactions with him. Or at least, that’s what she thought…

“What did you do?” Wynonna asked.

Doc plopped into the chair and lowered his head. “I’ve been occasionally workin’ with him to earn some money.”
Wynonna clenched her jaw as the tears finally escaped and began to fall down her face. She couldn’t hold it back anymore; she was furious.

“But as soon as you told me about the baby, I went to the trailer park to see him and told him I was out and that I wasn’t goin’ to do his bidding anymore, and that I wanted nothin’ to do with him or his pathetic posse. He tried to send some of his boys after me, but I managed to protect myself. That’s why you haven’t seen me in a few days. I’ve been tryin’ to lay low for a bit.”

Wynonna knew that meant that he had killed the Revenants Bobo had sent after him. She wasn’t surprised really. It’s not like Doc had never killed anyone before, even if it was in self-defense. And he always managed to get himself into trouble with some bad people, seeing as he usually did what he wanted without giving a shit about how it would affect others.

“Wynonna, we’re safe now. It’s over.” He stated gleefully, as if he had done something right. Little did he know, that he had done something so, so wrong.

Wynonna slowly nodded her head as she looked at the man in front of her. The man she had shared so many personal details with. The man she opened herself up to in a way she never had with anyone before in her entire life. She clenched her jaw as she stood up from her seat and swung her hand firmly across his face, causing him to nearly fall out of his chair. “You **lied** to me, you bastard! You said you weren’t doing that shit anymore, when in reality you never stopped! God, you must think I’m truly an idiot!” Wynonna spat.

Doc looked at her with confusion. He assumed she would be grateful that he had sacrificed himself to save his family, but failed to see that he was the reason that they were in danger in the first place. “Wynonna, you’re the most intelligent person I know. I would never think that about you. I love you.” He reached out for her, but she jumped back and held her hands up.

“No, don’t touch me. You don’t get to touch me anymore. You’re such a selfish asshole! That man wanted you to get close to me so that they could **kill** me and my family…Waverly, Gus…” She shook her head at the thought of what could have happened if Doc had succeeded. “And you pretended to leave the gang because you claimed that you loved me!”

“Well, technically I was never actually **in** the gang…” Doc pointed out.

“It doesn’t fucking matter! This whole time I thought you really cared about me, but all you cared about was your stupid money! You cared more about that than my life!”

“I made sure he stayed away from you and your kin. The jobs he had me do were just things like petty theft from people who owed him cash anyways. I would never let them hurt you, you know that.”

“No, I don’t. How am I supposed to trust you ever again? How am I supposed to feel safe with you around my child?”

Doc swallowed hard as the words sunk in. My child.

“Get out. I don’t want to see you ever again.” Wynonna fumed as she pointed towards the door.

Doc stood up from the chair again and reached out for her. “Wynonna, please–”

“Get out of this house right now or I’m calling the police to haul your ass out! I mean it! I don’t want you here or at the homestead or anywhere near me ever again!”

He stared at her for a moment in shock before snarling at her. “Fine. If that’s the way you want it,
then so shall it be.” He stormed off before slamming the door shut.

The sound of the solid wood hitting against the door frame caused Wynonna to immediately burst into tears as she dropped back down into her chair and dropped her face into her hands, violently shaking as she sobbed.

“What in tarnation is goin’ on down here?!” Gus asked as she descended the stairs with a shotgun protectively held in her hands. As soon as she saw the state of her oldest niece, she set the gun down on the table and ran over to hug her.

“Oh, darlin’. It’s okay. It’s goin’ to be okay.” She cooed. She would get the story later, but right now it was her job to comfort the woman.

“Why are men such assholes?” Wynonna hissed through tears.

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The next day

Nicole decided to spend her lunch break at Shorty’s with Dolls, seeing as they hadn’t spent much time together in the past few weeks. It was understandable with the budding relationship between her and the younger Earp woman keeping her occupied. Even though Dolls missed his friend, he wasn’t hurt by her unintentional absence. He was happy to see his partner in such good spirits and knew that her relationship with Waverly was a good thing for her. But he had been wanting to catch up with the redhead for quite some time, so when she strode over to his desk and asked him if he wanted to accompany her to the local bar for some greasy food and non-alcoholic beverages, he couldn’t refuse.

“It’s been a while since we’ve hung out like this,” Dolls stated as he sat down at one of the only open tables at Shorty’s, placing a large basket of chicken tenders and French fries in the middle. “I feel like I haven’t really talked to you, even though we see each other every day at work.”

“I know, I’ve been so busy,” Nicole replied apologetically as she sat down across from him.

“Yeah, busy getting it on with baby Earp.”

Nicole smacked his arm. “You don’t know that! We could’ve been working on a project together or something.”

“Were you working on a project together?”

“No.” Nicole smirked.

“That’s what I thought.” Dolls shook his head and laughed. “But seriously, I’m glad everything worked out with you two. I’ve never seen you this happy before.”

“Well, I’ve honestly never been this happy before. She’s just so amazing and I can’t even imagine my life without her.” When she noticed Dolls was watching her with a grin on his face, she felt her cheeks tinge pink. “Okay, enough about me. How have you been? Any new ladies I should know about?”

“Actually, there is this one woman…” He trailed off as his face sported a shy grin.

“Uh oh, you’ve got it bad! Who is she?” Nicole asked excitedly.
“Her name is Eliza. Eliza Shapiro.”

“Yeah? What’s she like?” Nicole picked up one of the greasy chicken tenders and popped the end into her mouth.

“Blonde, works for the government, knows how to kick ass, a wizard at poker…”

“Oh, so exactly your type.”

“Pretty much,” he laughed.

“What part of the government does she work for?”

“I can’t really say. Top secret stuff.” He stated as he grabbed a chicken tender.

“So, you don’t know.” She looked at him knowingly.

His head dropped in disappointment. “She wouldn’t tell me.” He quickly lifted his head back up to add, “But I’m so sure she works for the FBI.”

Nicole chuckled and shook her head. “Have you been on a date yet?”

A sly smirk spread across his face. “I wouldn’t exactly call it a date. Unless you count rolling around in bed naked together a date…”

“Okay, yeah, don’t really need to hear the specifics of your sex life.” She stated as she scrunched up her face for a moment before smiling. “But I’m really glad to hear that you’ve found someone. I was a little worried about you after the whole Wynonna and Doc thing.”

Dolls waved his hand in dismissal as he took a sip of his Sprite. “That was just a little crush. I was able to move on pretty quickly.”

“Good thing too, especially considering that she’s pregnant.” Nicole stated nonchalantly as she brought her lemonade up to her lips to take a sip.

“Wynonna’s pregnant?!” Dolls exclaimed in shock as he nearly dropped his glass.

“You didn’t know? I figured everyone in town was talking about it by now.” Nicole was initially surprised, but then realized that the only people who knew about the pregnancy that weren’t immediate family members were her, Doc, and Jeremy, none of whom were really one to gossip.

“No, I had no idea. I guess that explains why she hasn’t been working the night shifts lately. Huh. Well, I guess congratulations to her and Doc.”

“I mean, it wasn’t really planned, but I think she’s more excited about it now than she initially was.” She looked at Dolls and noticed him shifting uncomfortably in his seat. “But we probably shouldn’t say much more about it. I’m guessing she doesn’t want the whole town finding out yet and talking about her.”

Dolls nodded. “Good idea. And I won’t say anything to anyone.”

The redhead nodded. “So, when do I get to meet this Eliza?” Nicole smirked.

“Well actually, I was thinking about throwing a house party this Friday and inviting her. What do you think?”
“Um, yes! I’ve been dying for you to throw a party in that gigantic place ever since I saw it! I still can’t believe you live in a place like that.”

“Yeah, well I’m just living there until I make enough money to afford my own place. It’s not like I earned it or anything. But I should put dear old Mommy and Daddy’s investment to good use.” He smirked as he gave Nicole a high five.

“Okay, so do you want me to spread the word? Or do you want this to be a close friends kind of thing?”

“Spread the word.”

“Got it.” Nicole grinned. She wasn’t much of a party-goer, but sometimes she enjoyed the occasional rave as long as it was safe. She was thankful that the host was a fellow officer who wouldn’t allow anyone underage to show up or anything that would go against the noise ordinance. She enjoyed letting loose every once in a while, but she was still cautious about the safety and consideration of others. But the thing she was most excited for was to walk in there with Waverly on her arm, showing off the gorgeous woman that she had the privilege of being with. It would be the first time they would really go out as a couple without hiding it, and she couldn’t wait.

Nicole and Dolls spent the rest of the hour talking about anything and everything before heading back to the station to finish out their shift.

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Wynonna trudged into the coffee shop and slumped into the chair behind Waverly next to the door of the back room.

“Uh, hey,” Waverly greeted, slightly confused. She knew it was Wynonna’s day off, but the woman never came into the coffee shop. “Oh, did Doc find you?” She asked excitedly. She was ready to hear all about the apology he gave and how he and her older sister were going to raise their child together and live happily ever after – Waverly was a sucker for romance and happy endings.

“Yeah, he found me all right.”

Waverly’s grin dropped when she realized the sarcastic tone in Wynonna’s voice. “Didn’t he apologize to you? He said he wanted to apologize to you and make things right.”

“Oh, he apologized. Apologized for affiliating with Bobo all this time even after he repeatedly told me that he was no longer working with him.”

“No!” Waverly gasped in disbelief. She truly couldn’t believe that Doc, someone she genuinely thought was a good man, would continue to work with someone so vile. “Are you sure?”

“Positive. He told me himself. When I told him about the baby, he didn’t leave because he couldn’t handle it. He left to go see Bobo and cut ties with him once and for all.”

“Well, that’s a good thing, right? It means that he truly does care about you both.” She looked down at Wynonna’s slight baby bump and smiled at it.

“No, Waverly. That’s not a good thing. It means that he’s been lying to me all this time. He’s been working with Bobo. You and I both know the horrible things that man has done.

“Maybe he was just trying to find a way to make some money to save up for something?” Her eyes lit up. “Oh! Maybe he’s going to buy a ring!” She shrieked in excitement.
Wynonna shook her head in frustration. “Baby Girl, I love your positivity, but sometimes you can be so naïve. He wanted money for himself. Probably to buy cigarettes and alcohol. John Henry Holliday is a selfish coward, and nothing else. Don’t let him fool you like he fooled me.” She pointed a firm finger at her younger sister.

The smaller woman sighed. “I know you’re angry with him Wynonna, and you have every right to be. All I’m saying is that he made a mistake, but he tried to fix it as soon as he found out about the baby. That has to count for something, right? He really loves you. I can see it in his eyes.”

Wynonna stood up from the chair and took a step in Waverly’s direction before resting her hands on her sister’s shoulders. “Waverly, you’ve found this amazing love with quite possibly the most romantic person in all of Purgatory, and I get that you want me to have the same thing, and I really appreciate that. But if I ever do find that kind of love, it sure as hell isn’t going to be with Doc Holliday. I may be carrying his child, but he made it very clear that I’m not carrying his heart.” She gave her sister a weak smile before giving her a peck on the cheek and sauntering out the door.

Waverly sighed as she watched the door slowly shut behind the older brunette, ringing the small bell at the top as it did so, before returning to her previous task.

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**Friday night**

After a 30-minute drive into the city, Nicole pulled Waverly’s Jeep up in front of a very tall, very fancy looking building.

“Dolls lives in this building?” Waverly gawked from the passenger’s seat as she leaned closer to the windshield and tilted her head up against the glass in an attempt to get a view of the entire building. Once she was satisfied, she sat back against the seat and looked over at Nicole, who was wearing an amused smile. “I thought only rich people lived here?”

Everyone who lived anywhere within a one-hundred-mile radius of Purgatory knew that the people who lived in this specific building were extremely wealthy.

“Well, Dolls kind of is rich. Or his parents are, anyways.”

The brunette’s eyes widened. “I had no idea! So, this is where his family lives?” She asked as she turned to take a look at the building once again.

“No, just him.”

Waverly’s eyes snapped back at Nicole in surprise, because she knew that if his family didn’t live here, then it meant that they owned a place somewhere else; somewhere just as lavish, which meant that Xavier Dolls was the kind of rich that was beyond her grasp.

Nicole chuckled at Waverly’s reaction. “His family has owned this apartment for years. This is actually the home he grew up in, but they moved away when he was a teenager to a new home and kept this one as kind of a vacation home or as a backup in case they needed it. When he got the job in Purgatory, he moved back into this apartment.”

Waverly nodded in understanding, still a bit surprised by the whole thing.

“Now that you’ve gotten a good look at the building, can we park in the parking garage?” The redhead was more amused than annoyed at Waverly asking her to stop in the middle of the street so she could see the place.
“Oh, yes. Sorry,” Waverly replied sheepishly as Nicole pulled forward into the garage.

Once they found a spot, they made their way inside the building and walked towards the elevator.

“Which floor?” Waverly asked as she pointed her finger over the block of buttons.

“Penthouse.” Nicole replied smoothly. She laughed at the sight of Waverly’s jaw dropping.

“He lives in the penthouse?! Why didn’t you tell me before! I feel so underdressed!” She stared down at her teal tank top tucked into her black flowy skirt with white flowers on it.

“Baby, you look gorgeous. Besides, it’s a house party, not a wedding.”

“Um, a pent-house party,” Waverly corrected as she finally pushed the button, sending the elevator upward towards their destination.

“Still, it’s probably going to be full of dance music and beer pong just like any other house party, despite the venue. Come on, don’t stress about it. We’re going to have a good time tonight.” Nicole placed her hand on the small of Waverly’s back and rubbed comforting circles.

“Oh, I know we’re going to have a good time tonight.” Waverly grinned as she entwined her fingers with Nicole’s and gave her a kiss on the lips just before the elevator doors opened, revealing the sound of pumping music, and a man standing in front of the door.

“Hey Lonnie,” Nicole greeted her co-worker who was standing there in uniform.

“Officer Haught.” He nodded with a smile. Even though Nicole was the new one in purgatory, Lonnie was known as the underdog of the station, since he was often a fuck-up; but a good-natured fuck-up, nonetheless.

“I’m guessing Dolls has you checking ID’s tonight, huh?”

“Yep,” he stated proudly. He took the job seriously, and was actually excited that Officer Dolls trusted him more than anyone to keep the party safe. Nicole knew that it was a job nobody else would want to do since it meant not being able to actually be inside the party and that’s why Dolls gave it to Lonnie, and she would make sure the kind, unsuspecting man never found out.

“Well, I’m glad we have such a fine officer keeping an eye out for us tonight.” Nicole smiled at the grin she received in return. “Do you need to see our ID’s then?”

“No, no. That’s okay,” he snorted. “I already know you and Waverly are over eighteen. You two go on ahead. Enjoy the party!”

“Thanks Lonnie,” Waverly smiled and waved as she followed Nicole towards the door.

Nicole pushed the door open, signaling for Waverly to walk in first before stepping inside of the lavish penthouse. She had seen the place before when she had first arrived in Purgatory and had been partnered up with Dolls. He had invited her over for dinner to get to know her better, and she accepted the offer since she figured she should get to know him as well. And when she had noticed the homemade dinner and bottle of wine laid out nicely on the table, she assumed that he was making advances towards her and quickly told him that she liked women. This resulted in him getting a stomach ache from laughing so hard, explaining that the rotisserie chicken was actually store bought and that he had just put out the bottle of wine in hopes that she would drink it because it was a gift from a friend and he didn’t like wine, which then resulted in them becoming good friends and talking about everything from their childhood to their exes.
But still, even though Nicole had seen the apartment before, she never saw it with so many people and so many flashing lights and...was that a fog machine? She assumed that this would just be a small party, or even an average sized party, but this was almost entering Great Gatsby territory – except with a bunch of hicks from Purgatory and random city people she didn’t recognize – with the sheer amount of people. She began to worry about the safety hazards, until she felt Waverly’s hand gently squeeze hers.

“Hey, we’re here to have fun, remember? You’re Nicole tonight. My hot, sexy, off-duty girlfriend whom I get to show off.” She grinned.

The redhead visibly relaxed at the words and nodded. “Right, sorry. I just wasn’t expecting so many people...so many drunk people.” She looked around the room some more.

“Well you know what I think?” Waverly asked as she playfully smirked.

“What’s that?” Nicole asked without taking her eyes off of the people who were mindlessly dancing to the loud music.

Waverly grabbed an unopened beer bottle from one of the coolers that was sitting against the wall and handed it to Nicole. “I think you deserve to have at least one night of fun without having to be the responsible one.”

The redhead eyed the bottle in her hand cautiously before hesitantly looking at her girlfriend.

“Oh come on, it’s a party! Not once have I seen you let loose and just give in to having fun.” Waverly crossed her arms accusingly.

“Sure you have. Remember last night?” Nicole waggled her eyebrows suggestively, causing the brunette to blush and roll her eyes.

“I meant out in public.”

“That’s because it’s my job to stay on my toes and keep people safe.”

“Well tonight you’re going to be a regular civilian like the rest of us. So, Nicole Haught, if you don’t let loose and party tonight, I’m not giving you any orgasms for a month.” She folded her arms across her chest and gave the redhead a serious look.

“You can’t be serious,” Nicole chuckled.

“Dead serious.” The petite woman held her glare.

“Can I still give you orgasms?” Nicole asked with a grin.

“Nope.”

The redhead stared at her girlfriend for a solid twenty seconds before finally giving in. “Okay, fine.” She popped the cap off on the edge of a nearby table and downed half the bottle while looking at Waverly. “Happy?” She asked before wiping her mouth off with the back of her hand.

Yep.” The brunette grinned. “Now come on, let’s dance.” She grabbed Nicole’s hand and pulled her into the crowd.

Chapter End Notes
Next chapter is the party! Which may or may not feature drunk Nicole ;)

Penthouse Party

Chapter Summary

Some WayHaught smut, some Chrissy and Waverly interaction, and a bit of drunk Nicole :) At 7,000 words, I think this is my longest chapter yet!

Chapter Notes

Let me know of any mistakes! Since this is a very long chapter, it's difficult for me to catch all of the errors.

“Waves, I’m not sure this is appropriate,” Nicole shouted into the brunette’s ear over the thumping beat of the music as she watched her girlfriend grind her backside against the front of her body. Nicole looked around the room, eyeing cautiously to see if anyone was watching.

It wasn’t that Nicole was embarrassed to be seen with Waverly, or that she didn’t want Waverly dancing on her like that, because she did – her flushed cheeks were a dead giveaway. It was more so that she felt like she would somehow be less of a role model if she were to dance so provocatively.

Waverly whipped around and threaded her hands through the back of Nicole’s hair as she pulled the woman’s hips against her own. “What’s wrong baby, you don’t like my dancing?” She smirked as she swayed her hips to the beat, her arms now resting on Nicole’s shoulders with her elbows locked as her hands connected behind the redhead’s neck.

“No, I absolutely love your dancing. I’m just not so sure it’s a good idea for us to be dancing together like that.” She gulped, trying her best not to verbally react to Waverly sliding her hands down to the woman’s denim-clad ass.

“Why not? Everyone else is dancing like this.”

“Yeah, but none of these people are police officers.” She waved her hand around for emphasis.

“And neither are you. At least not tonight.” Waverly stated as she turned back around and continued to grind some more against Nicole as she danced with her hands held up in front of her face, lightly swaying with her hips.

Nicole looked up and down her girlfriend’s toned figure, a rush of heat shooting between her legs at the sight. She watched the girl’s leg muscles flexing as they worked with the music. She loved the way that flowy floral skirt looked on Waverly, but she had to admit that she wished the girl was wearing something that hugged her ass a little bit more. She also wished that the brunette was wearing something that exposed her abs like she usually did, but she wasn’t really complaining. How could she when Waverly looked gorgeous in just about everything? The woman could be wearing used trash bags and Nicole would still feel that flutter in her chest that she felt every time she laid eyes on Waverly Earp.
Nicole shook her head as a breathy laugh escaped her lips. “Fuck it.” She downed the rest of the beer that was in her hand before setting the empty bottle down on a nearby table. She silently vowed to help Dolls clean up the inevitable mess later, but right now she had a beautiful woman to attend to.

The redhead grabbed Waverly’s hand, successfully twirling her before pulling her against her body and guiding the brunette’s hands around her shoulders. She then brought her own hands down to Waverly’s hips and stared into the brunette’s eyes as they stepped to the rhythm of the generic music in sync with one another.

“God you’re so sexy,” Waverly breathed out in awe of the redhead’s movements.

Nicole wouldn’t call herself a dancer – not like she would call Waverly one – but she knew how to hold a steady rhythm and how to dance with a partner.

“And you’re enticing,” Nicole replied smoothly, running her hands down to Waverly’s thighs before sliding them back up the sides of her body. Her breath hitched at the sight of Waverly biting her bottom lip as she stared at Nicole with hungry eyes, as if she were something to be devoured.

“You have no idea what you do to me,” Waverly said barely above a whisper as she shook her head.

If Nicole hadn’t been staring directly at Waverly’s face, she never would’ve known that the girl had even said anything.

“I know exactly what I do to you.” She grabbed onto Waverly’s lower back and pulled her in close as she planted a firm kiss on her lips, eliciting a moan from the smaller girl.

The kiss only lasted a couple of seconds, but it was enough to leave Waverly’s head spinning.

“I can’t believe you just did that!” Waverly stated in shock.

“Aren’t you the one who told me to let loose?” Nicole replied with a playful smirk. She knew that she was teasing her girlfriend and that it was torturing the poor girl, but that was exactly what she had wanted. This had now become a game to Nicole; a game that she loved to play.

Waverly shook her head in disbelief. “Yeah, but I didn’t think that you would actually do it.”

Maybe it was the one bottle of beer she had, or maybe it was the atmosphere of the party, or maybe it was the adrenaline rush of letting go of the reputable demeanor she always displayed whenever she was out in public...Nicole had no idea what it was that gave her the motivation to become so daring, but either way, neither she nor Waverly had anticipated what she was about to do next.

With her left hand on Waverly’s waist and her right hand holding on to in the brunette’s left hand, Nicole smoothly dipped Waverly towards the floor and gave her a passionate kiss that left the petite girl weak in the knees. Waverly gasped at the immediate contact before almost instantly giving into the kiss. After a few seconds, Nicole’s arm began to quiver from holding most of Waverly’s body weight as she hovered over the floor, so she pulled out of the kiss before quickly pulling the girl upright.

As soon as Waverly was standing up again, she grabbed Nicole by the sides of her face and pulled her into a searing kiss, immediately darting her tongue in and out of the redhead’s mouth in a way that showed hunger and desire.

Nicole was completely taken aback by the kiss, but quickly gave into the sweet taste of her Waverly. She wrapped her hands around the brunette’s face and glided her lips along the other girl’s. Suddenly, everything around her began to drift away. The music faded away and the sounds of
Waverly’s racing heartbeat grew louder, filling Nicole’s ears like a calming ostinato. It was like she and Waverly were the only two people in the room, sharing a private and intimate moment with one another. She pulled the tank top out of Waverly’s skirt and slid her hands underneath the fabric to feel the warm skin of her abdomen. A loud moan from the brunette brought Nicole back to reality, and suddenly she remembered where they were. The sounds of the people around them faded back in and Nicole reluctantly pulled away from Waverly, returning them to a more appropriate stance.

“Waverly’s racing heartbeat grew louder, filling Nicole’s ears like a calming ostinato. It was like she and Waverly were the only two people in the room, sharing a private and intimate moment with one another. She pulled the tank top out of Waverly’s skirt and slid her hands underneath the fabric to feel the warm skin of her abdomen. A loud moan from the brunette brought Nicole back to reality, and suddenly she remembered where they were. The sounds of the people around them faded back in and Nicole reluctantly pulled away from Waverly, returning them to a more appropriate stance.

“I want you,” Waverly panted as soon as she felt the loss of contact.

The redhead looked into the girl’s completely blown pupils and knew that they were both goners.

“Please, Nicole. I need you so badly. I can’t… I don’t think I can…” Waverly struggled to find the right words to explain that she felt like she might actually die if she didn’t tend to the strong ache between her legs. She huffed in frustration, finally giving up. “Just, take me somewhere.”

Nicole nodded and grabbed Waverly’s hand, swiftly leading her through the crowd and up the stairs, which was off limits to the rest of the party guests since the only thing up there was Dolls’s bedroom, master bathroom, and the guest room. On their way up the stairs Nicole debated between just going straight for the guest bed or settling for the bathroom, but decided that the bathroom would be less rude.

With Waverly’s hand still grasped tightly in hers, Nicole knocked on the bathroom door just in case somebody was in there before dragging Waverly inside and kicking it shut behind them.

Before the door had even finished closing, Waverly pushed Nicole against it and roughly connected their lips together as she tugged the redhead’s navy-blue windbreaker off of one shoulder, signaling for her to take it completely off. Nicole immediately took the hint and without disconnecting their lips, hastily pulled the jacket off of her torso. As soon as the garment had left her body, she pushed Waverly back towards the sink and hoisted her up onto the counter, with the brunette wrapping her legs around the taller woman in the process. Nicole reached between their bodies underneath Waverly’s skirt and in between her legs, and pushed her panties to the side, running her slender fingers through the pool of arousal that resided there.

Waverly’s mouth opened in an ‘O’ shape against Nicole’s lips as she sharply inhaled. Her eyebrows pulled together and she clawed at the redhead’s upper back through the white t-shirt she was wearing as she felt the skilled digits slide along her center, hitting her in all the right places.

They hadn’t gotten very far before the door swung open, causing the two to momentarily panic. Nicole quickly withdrew her fingers and spun around on her heels to stand beside Waverly, who immediately closed her legs together and smoothed out her skirt over her thighs.

“Wynonna!” Waverly squeaked.

“Do you two ever stop fucking?! Christ, you’re like rabbits just constantly going at it!” The older Earp berated as she folded her arms, not even bothering to close her eyes and look away this time since the women had already appeared to be decent by the time her mind was able to comprehend what they were doing in the first place.

“What are you doing here?” Waverly asked as the last remnants of shock slowly left her face.

“In the bathroom or at the party?” Wynonna asked amusedly.

“At the party,” Waverly swung her legs and used the momentum to hop off the counter, folding her arms as she leaned against it. “I thought you weren’t coming tonight?”
Nicole wrapped her arm protectively around Waverly’s shoulders and glared at Wynonna, only slightly annoyed by her interrupting them... again. It was like the woman had Spidey senses, but instead of sensing that something was wrong she sensed that Waverly was getting laid. Although, she couldn’t be too mad since they technically weren’t supposed to be there in the first place.

“Yeah well, I was originally planning on staying at home by myself to binge watch Teen Mom, but then I thought to myself, ‘What the hell am I doing? I’m Wynonna fucking Earp! I crash house parties, not pity parties.’” She placed her hands on her hips triumphantly, as if she had just solved an incredibly difficult math problem.

“Technically it’s not crashing if you were invited,” Nicole pointed out as she lowered her eyes at the older Earp.

“Whatever. Either way, I drove my ass out here to have some fun.”

“Okay, so now tell us what you’re doing in the bathroom?”

“To pee, obviously.” Wynonna gestured towards the toilet. “You do know bathrooms are for more than just boning, right?” She smirked at the pair.

“There’s a bathroom downstairs. This bathroom is off limits.” Nicole stated with a little more authority than she had originally intended, but the tone of voice had just become second nature to her.

“Okay, well Dolls told me I could use this bathroom since the one downstairs was occupied and I unfortunately have to take a whiz like 24/7 now thanks to this little bun occupying my oven.” She gently patted the small bump of her belly. “Besides, I’m pretty sure Whisky Neat didn’t give you two permission to break in his bathroom sink.” She gave them a knowing look.

“Okay, yeah, he doesn’t know we’re up here. But you could’ve at least knocked first.” Waverly scolded.

“Well sorry, I didn’t expect you and officer Haught-to-trot here to be getting it on in Dolls’s off-limits bathroom.” She held her hands up in mock defense. “You should have locked the door if you didn’t want anyone to come in.”

“It’s a bathroom! Common courtesy is to knock before entering.” Waverly retorted.

“Exactly. It’s a bathroom, and any normal person would lock the door.”

“Well we were kind of busy. Locking the door wasn’t exactly at the top of my to-do list in the moment.”

Wynonna massaged her temples at Waverly’s poor (or clever) choice of words. “Okay, whatever. Look, can I just pee please? That’s all I want here, and then you guys can continue to do each other.”

Waverly rolled her eyes as she dragged Nicole out of the bathroom, shutting the door behind her as Wynonna was already pulling her pants down to sit on the toilet.

“We can find somewhere else to go baby,” Nicole said as she rubbed Waverly’s lower back in an attempt to make her girlfriend feel better.

“No, it’s okay. I’m not really in the mood anymore,” she sighed. “Come on, let’s go see if any of our friends are here.” She gave a weak smile before pulling the redhead down the stairs.
As soon as they reached the bottom step, they noticed Dolls walking towards them. He was wearing a gray polo and a pair of loose fitting black jeans.

“Hey guys, I was just going to check on Wynonna to make sure she found the bathroom okay.”

Nicole raised an eyebrow. “She’s fine.”

He nodded his head as he looked down at his boots, dodging the knowing look the redhead was giving him.

“So, is Eliza here yet?” Nicole asked, subtly trying to get his mind off of Wynonna and back on to the woman he was currently seeing.

“Ohhh who’s Eliza?” Waverly asked a little bit too excitedly. She couldn’t help it; she loved romance.

“His new lady friend.” Nicole smirked.

“Actually, she’s just a regular friend. And she’s not coming tonight.”

Nicole’s playful smirk quickly shifted into more of a concerning frown when she saw the look of rejection on her friend’s face. “What? Why not?”

“She said it probably wasn’t a good idea to meet my friends since we’re not a serious thing.” A look of hurt flashed across his face for the briefest moment before brushing it off. He quickly continued before either of the women could comment on it or give him any pity. “But whatever. I’m going to enjoy my night with the people who are here.”

Nicole nodded and gave him a supportive smile as Waverly did the same.

“Say Haught, you interested in a round of beer pong?” He asked as he nudged her arm with his elbow.

Nicole snorted. “You mean not yet,” he smirked in a way that conveyed the challenge behind his words.

“Oh, you’re on.”

The three of them headed towards the recently abandoned long folding table. Dolls collected the used cups before pausing to look at Nicole. “Hey, wait a minute…”

Nicole looked up at him, giving her full attention.

“Why were you guys upstairs?” He quirked an eyebrow.

Nicole’s eyes nearly popped out of her head and Waverly bit down on her bottom lip in an attempt to hide the grin that was trying to force its way onto her face.

“Oh, uh…” Nicole rubbed the back of her neck nervously as she let out a breathy chuckle, darting her eyes over to Waverly for a brief moment before looking around the room. “Hey, why don’t I go get us some new cups!”

Before Dolls could even protest, the redhead had slipped away from the conversation and into the kitchen.
Waverly watched Nicole and Dolls begin their fourth round of beer pong as she leaned against a nearby table, eyes glued to Nicole. Even though she was nearly drunk off her ass at this point, she still managed to be elegant as she threw the ping pong balls into the plastic red cups. Waverly licked her lips as she watched the muscles of the redhead’s strong, pale arms bulge and disappear with each movement when she unexpectedly felt a thin arm loop itself around her own. Slightly startled, she quickly turned to see who it was.

“Come with me to the kitchen to get a drink?” Chrissy Nedley asked in Waverly’s ear before pulling back and smiling at the girl.

Waverly’s smile touched her eyes as she nodded and stood up to walk with Chrissy into the kitchen, arms still looped together.

Seeing Waverly walk away with someone out of the corner of her eye, Nicole quickly looked up to see who the person was, ready to take them on if need be. When she saw that it was Chrissy, she relaxed her flexed muscles and attended back to the game, relieved that Waverly was with someone safe. Even drunk Nicole still made Waverly’s safety a priority.

Waverly Earp and Chrissy Nedley were best friends in high school. Well, she, Chrissy Nedley, and Stephanie Jones were best friends in high school, but Steph ended up being more of a jerk than a friend. Thankfully the blonde left Purgatory as soon as they graduated high school, not caring one bit about leaving Waverly and Chrissy behind. She didn’t even bother to say goodbye to them, not that Waverly really cared. Chrissy, however, was always a good friend to Waverly. She had held her close whenever the youngest Earp would break down about her family issues, always took her side during the inevitable arguments with Champ, and made sure the girl knew how thankful she was to have Waverly in her life. And even though they hadn’t spent much time together in the past three years since graduation with life understandably getting in the way, they never struggled to pick up right where they left off whenever they did get the chance to catch up.

As soon as they reached the kitchen, which was only occupied by people occasionally going in and out to grab drinks, Chrissy slid her arm out of Waverly’s grasp and reached into the fridge to pull out a carton of orange juice and a bottle of vodka from the counter before proceeding to make herself a screwdriver.

“Want one?” She looked up at Waverly, who was leaning over the island across from her as she poured the vodka into a plastic cup.

Waverly shook her head. “I’m designated driver tonight.”

Chrissy nodded and looked back down at the drink she was making, smiling at the fact that Waverly had probably planned to be the one to drive home a hammered Nicole - and she could tell even from a distance that Nicole was undoubtedly smashed. She assumed it was usually the other way around with the redhead being a police officer, and that tonight Waverly had encouraged the woman to have a bit more fun than she was probably used to.

When she was finished, she put the orange juice back in the fridge and mirrored the shorter girl’s stance as she leaned over the countertop before picking up her drink.

“So, I would ask you what’s new like I usually do when we get a chance to talk once every few months or so, but I think I already know what’s new with you.” She gave Waverly a knowing look as she brought the cup up to her red lipstick-stained lips.
Waverly looked away from her friend as her cheeks tinged a light shade of pink. She tried her best to bite back her smile, but it was no use. Any time anyone mentioned her and Nicole or even alluded to the situation, all of the memories she had with the redhead flooded her mind and filled her up with a special kind of warmth.

“Oh my god, look at you! You’re completely smitten!” Chrissy exclaimed as she grabbed one of Waverly’s forearms with both of her hands and shook it lightly.

Waverly brought her other hand up to her cheek and bashfully leaned into it. “She’s pretty special.”

“I can see that.” The slightly taller woman grinned at Waverly. “She really is quite a catch. You’re one lucky girl.”

“Why Chrissy Nedley, do you have a crush on my girlfriend?” Waverly teased. When she saw Chrissy stand up and lean against her palms, which were now gripping the edge of the counter as she shook her head while suspiciously looking down at the countertop, Waverly quirked an eyebrow.

Chrissy looked up at Waverly’s face, which was beginning to show subtle jealousy, and rolled her eyes. “Relax Wave, I’m not going to try to steal your girl. But she is attractive.”

“She is,” Waverly agreed hesitantly, slightly confused. “Okay, so wait...do you like women too?”

Chrissy chuckled. “I wouldn’t consider myself a part of the community. I only date men, but I am open to having a sexual experience with a woman, at least once in my life.” She shrugged. “I’m not trying to sound like one of those girls who use gay women as science experiments or anything, but I do find some women to be attractive and wonder what it would be like. Plus, I hear that sex with another woman can be way better than with a man, which makes the whole thing seem very alluring.”

Before she could even stop herself, Waverly was nodding with a grin on her face. As soon as she realized what she was admitting to, she stilled her movements, silently cursing herself, because she knew Chrissy well enough to know that the girl wouldn’t let that go.

“Ohhh,” Chrissy drew out as she slowly leaned back down over the island, smirking at Waverly. “So Officer Haught must be pretty great in bed then.”

Waverly pursed her lips and shook her head at her friend – not in disagreement, but in warning.

“Oh, come on! You used to talk to me about your sex life with Champ all the time, to the point where I can probably accurately describe what he looks like naked to a sketch artist.” She rolled her eyes at the sheer amount Waverly was willing to share with her about her former boyfriend.

Waverly was aware of just how much she shared about Champ, but honestly she never gave two shits. She didn’t care if her friends knew pretty much everything about him that she did; she didn’t care if they knew what he looked like naked; she didn’t care if they knew about the (debatably) Texas-shaped birthmark on his upper thigh; she didn’t care if they knew that he only lasted more than five minutes one time; she didn’t care if they knew that she constantly bought him lip balm because he had a tendency to sport chapped lips; and truthfully, part of her really didn’t care that other women got a taste of him. She didn’t care about any of it, because she wasn’t in love with Champ. But Nicole was different; Nicole was the best part of her life, and she wanted it all to herself. She wanted everything about Nicole to be just for her and no one else, because she was in love with Nicole.

Waverly shook the thoughts out of her head and quickly replied. “And you used to do the same to
me with Robin!"

“Can you believe he turned out to be gay? Quarterback of the football team...” She trailed off.

“Yeah, well, so did I, and I was head cheerleader.” Waverly stated without hesitation as she shrugged.

Chrissy’s eyebrows shot up at how easily the words had slipped out of Waverly’s mouth. The Waverly she knew would never admit that so easily in fear of disapproval of the people around her, including Chrissy - despite the fact that Waverly knew Chrissy would accept her and love her no matter what. The Waverly Earp she knew spent her whole life changing herself for the people around her, putting on a façade in order to please everybody that came into contact with her and even everybody who didn’t. She was stunned that the girl had let go of the years of practice she had put into saying exactly what everybody wanted to hear in such a short amount of time.

“Wow, Nicole really has changed you.” She looked at this new Waverly with shock still residing in her eyes, and realized based on the look on Waverly’s face that the girl wasn’t sure if she meant that as a good thing or a bad thing. “I mean that in the best way possible.” She elaborated as she reassuringly grabbed Waverly’s arm, feeling her friend relax under her touch.

“You really mean that?” Her voice slightly quivered with emotion.

“Of course I do, Waverly. It’s obvious that what you and Nicole have is a good thing.” She pulled her hand back and wrapped it around her cup, taking another sip of her drink.

“You don’t think it’s weird? Some people think it’s weird...” Waverly trailed off as she thought back to all of the instances of homophobia she had dealt with since being with Nicole. She couldn’t care less what Champ or her former classmates thought of her, but the thing that really stung was when strangers whom she had never even met hated her because of who she loved. They would decide how they felt about her before even giving her the chance to win them over with her famous smile and wave. And that was something that was incredibly difficult for someone who was such a people pleaser. Not that she had any regrets though, because she wouldn’t trade Nicole for anything. The rude comments and dirty looks were a small price to pay to be with – in her opinion – the most incredible woman in Purgatory, and quite possibly in the whole world.

Chrissy shook her head. “It’s not weird, it’s normal. I know this is so cliché, but love is love no matter who it’s with. If Nicole is the one who makes you go weak in the knees, then it’s right. Don’t pay any attention to the assholes who say otherwise, because they’re the ones with the problem, not you.”

Waverly thought back to the man at the arcade who had gotten so upset at them for holding hands and kissing. She never understood why people found it so weird. Why was a woman kissing another woman or a man kissing another man any different than a woman kissing a man? Kissing is kissing, and holding hands is holding hands. Why was her falling for someone who made her feel so special and loved a bad thing to some people? And what did her relationship even have to do with them?

Chrissy could see Waverly deep in thought, and knew exactly what she was thinking about. “Seriously Waves, what you have with Nicole is so beautiful and inspiring. And I can’t force the close-minded people to understand that because they have to figure that out on their own, but I’ll do my best to stick up for you and for Nicole whenever I can. You both have my full support.”

Waverly smiled at her friend through watery eyes. “Thank you. That means so much to me, Chrissy. You have no idea how relieving it feels to hear you say that. I can’t believe how quickly it took you to wrap your mind around it.”
The taller woman let out a breathy laugh. “Well I mean, it’s not like it’s *completely* new information.”

Waverly raised an eyebrow in confusion. “What do you mean?”

Chrissy played with the rim of her cup for a few moments as she put some thought and consideration into choosing her words carefully. “Do you remember that time you, me, and Steph had that sleepover at my house and we watched Black Swan for the first time?”

Waverly swallowed hard as she felt her throat begin to go dry. She knew exactly where this was going. She remembered that movie very well, and she remembered *that* scene very well. She was fifteen years old, and it was the first time she had seen two women even kissing…and they were doing *way more* than just kissing. She nearly had a heart attack when she saw it. She remembered a rush of heat shoot straight between her legs as she watched Mila Kunis going down on Natalie Portman, and at the time she thought that it was just her teenage hormones causing her to get turned on by anything and everything, but now she knew exactly why she liked that scene so much. Out of everything that had happened that night during the sleepover – Stephanie raving about how she had lost her virginity to Todd Moore, them getting kicked out of the grocery store because Chrissy punched a random guy in the face for grabbing her ass, Sheriff Nedley scolding them when he found out that they (mainly Stephanie) had raided his liquor cabinet – despite it all, that scene was the first thing that always popped into her mind whenever anyone brought up that night.

“Mhm,” Waverly hummed in response to Chrissy’s question, trying her best to hide her flushed cheeks at the memory.

“Well, when we were watching that movie, at that one part…Stephanie of course complained about it saying that they only wrote that in there to get men to watch it and boost ratings, but when I looked over at you, your eyes were glued to the TV. Your face was so red, and you just seemed really into it. I think that was the first moment where I thought that you might not be totally straight. After that, I started noticing little things here and there. I don’t even think you meant to be obvious about it, but sometimes you would just give off these little hints that you might be attracted to women.

Waverly shook her head in disbelief. “How did you know something about me that I didn’t even know?”

“Because I always saw you for who you were, and you always saw yourself as the person everyone wanted you to be.” She smiled as she gave a slight shrug. “But it’s not like I *knew* for sure. I had just wondered if there was something there. I kept the possibility open and prepared myself for it if you ever came out to me. I actually practiced my reaction in the mirror.” She chuckled as she shook her head. “But I never thought it would take you this long to figure it out.”

“Wow, I knew you were a good friend, but I never realized how much you really cared about me. If Stephanie had been paying attention to me like you had, she would’ve undoubtedly forced me to admit that I was enjoying the scene and then she would’ve told everyone at school that I was a lesbian.”

Chrissy clenched her jaw and shook her head at the truthfulness behind that scenario. “Yeah, well Stephanie Jones was a Grade A *bitch.*”

“Why did we ever become friends with her?” Waverly questioned both Chrissy and herself.

“I think we were too polite to say ‘no’ when she asked to sit with us during lunch her first day of grade 8, even after making fun of my outfit and your pigtail braids.” She and Waverly both laughed, even though it was completely true.
“’Ey!” Nicole shouted as she stumbled into the kitchen and immediately rested her arm on Waverly’s shoulder. “Guess who has two thumbs ‘n jus’ won at friggin’ beer pong qua-druple times?” She exaggeratedly pointed her thumbs at herself. “This guy! Oh yeah, I’m the beer pong champ-i-non.” She dragged out each syllable as she struggled with that last word.

Waverly giggled at Nicole’s slurred speech and Chrissy held her hand over her mouth to stifle her laughter.

“Wha’s so fun-ny?” The redhead looked back and forth between Waverly and Chrissy, making herself slightly dizzy and grabbing the edge of the island to steady herself.

“Nothing sweetheart. You’re just really cute.” Waverly pinched one of the redhead’s cheeks, causing the drunk woman to grin.

“If I’m cute then you’re the cutes’ Waverly Earp in town.”

Waverly quirked an eyebrow. “I’m pretty sure I’m the only Waverly Earp in town.”

“I hope so, ‘cause I can barely handle jus’ one of you.” She snorted.

Waverly knitted her eyebrows together, unsure of what her girlfriend was talking about. Was she a bad girlfriend? Was she too needy? Nicole had never said anything before, but then again alcohol can make people say things they normally wouldn’t. She experienced this first-hand at one of Champ’s parties in grade 12 when he continuously begged her to have sex with him again the night after losing her virginity to him and shouted that he didn’t make her come their first time in front of all of his friends, and hers. She later told him that it wasn’t true and that it was just the alcohol talking, even though it was absolutely true – which her friends knew, because once again, she didn’t care what they knew about Champ. But she had managed to successfully mend his fragile little ego, seeing as how he proceeded to brag to all of his friends about what a sex god he was.

Nicole quickly turned to Chrissy and smirked while simultaneously showing a hint of disbelief on her face. She pointed to Waverly with one of her thumbs while continuing to hold herself up with the other hand on the countertop. “Can you buh-lieve that this girl once had e-lev-ten orgasms in one night? I mean…” she blew out a puff of air and with raised eyebrows shook her head slowly but exaggeratedly. “Talk ‘bout stamina. I actually los’ the feeling in my hand after a while!”

“Oh my god,” Chrissy said partially in disbelief and partially in amusement. She couldn’t help the loud laugh that escaped from the back of her throat. “Seriously Waverly? Eleven?!” She asked incredulously.

All of the color had drained from Waverly’s face and went straight to her ears, which were now crimson. “Okay, that’s enough talk for one night.” She said nervously as she gently pushed Nicole out of the kitchen, avoiding the look Chrissy was giving her. “Come on honey, let’s go dance.”

The redhead’s eyes widened and a wide grin slowly formed on her face. “I love to dance!”

“Oh huh, I’m sure tomorrow you won’t be saying that,” Waverly said more to herself than to Nicole as she pulled the woman into the crowd of people until they found a spot where there was more space around them.

She couldn’t help but laugh at the inebriated woman flailing her arms and neck around. Normally she was on beat, but right now her movements were very sporadic and definitely not on beat.
After about thirty minutes, Waverly began to feel the space they originally had getting a lot tighter. She looked around the room and noticed that there were significantly more people here than there had been when they first arrived; some of whom looked to be underage.

“I’ll be right back.” Waverly stated as she began to walk away.

“Kay.” Nicole replied, still happily moving to the music.

The brunette looked back at her girlfriend, and realized that she probably shouldn’t leave her alone right now, even if it was for just a few seconds.

“On second thought, come with me.” She grabbed Nicole’s hand and led them through the tight crowd of people, finally ending up at the entrance of the penthouse.

She opened the door and stepped outside before looking around for Lonnie, and coming up short. Although, she did see a lot of couples making out against the wall. She rolled her eyes and figured he must have given into the temptation of the party.

“Figures.” She mumbled under her breath before dragging Nicole back into the party to search for Dolls. She pulled the redhead to the beer pong table, then to the living room where everyone was dancing, then out on the balcony where there were fancy patio chairs and a giant Jacuzzi, none of which contained the host she was looking for.

“Baaabe, what are we doing?” Nicole whined, holding her freehand up to her forehead as she slowly began to cross over into hangover territory. Her words were still slurring a bit, but not nearly as much as they had been before.

“Looking for Dolls. This party has gotten out of control.”

“He’s probably upstairs somewhere.” She shrugged as she plopped down into one of the patio chairs.

Waverly nodded and pulled Nicole right back up – earning a childlike groan from the redhead – and led them through the crowd once again, finally making their way up the stairs after a great deal of struggle. The brunette knocked on his bedroom door, but there was no answer.

“Well, guess he’s not in there.” Nicole shrugged as she began to walk away.

“Wait. What if he’s passed out or something? I mean, he did look pretty drunk after all that beer pong. Shouldn’t we check just to make sure he’s okay if he is in there?”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Nicole knocked on the door a bit louder than Waverly had, wincing at the loud sound that caused a sharp pain in her head. “Dolls? It’s Haught—”

“And Waverly!” The brunette added before looking up at Nicole, who was smiling down at her the way she did when Waverly did something she thought was cute.

“Are you in there?” She waited a few seconds before knocking again, much louder this time for good measure, before nodding to Waverly as a way of silently telling her to open the door.

As soon as Waverly opened it, she took one step inside and immediately noticed Dolls fast asleep on his back with his entire body completely exposed – except for his left leg which was covered by the sheet – and Wynonna tangled up in the rest of the sheets, laying on her stomach on the other side of the bed and snoring like a chainsaw. Waverly squeaked before quickly but quietly shutting the door. She looked at Nicole with wide eyes, who was rubbing her own eyes with her palms.
“Okay, that was way more than I ever wanted to see of my work partner…or any man.” The redhead groaned.

“Wynonna and Dolls slept together?!” Waverly asked in disbelief. “What about Doc?!”

“They broke up.” Nicole stated, a hint of disgust still on her face from before, and also from the major headache she was getting.

“Yeah, but only like two seconds ago! I can’t believe she’s moved on this quickly!”

“Waves, it’s Wynonna…” Nicole looked at her knowingly.

“I know, but still. I guess I just wasn’t expecting to see my pregnant older sister in bed with your work partner; someone she’s barely ever talked to before.”

“And I’m sure we’ll get all the details from them later, but right now we need to figure out what to do about this party, because it’s starting to get way out of hand.” Nicole slightly jumped at the sound of glass smashing against the tile floor downstairs. “And quickly.”

“Well you’re a police officer. Why don’t you do something about it?”

Nicole paused for a moment before raising her eyebrows. “Oh yeah!” She wasn’t as drunk as before, but she was still drunk enough to have completely forgotten about her useful level of authority. She blamed Waverly for actually making her forget that she was a cop like the girl had wanted.

Waverly watched Nicole gracelessly trot down the stairs and disappear into the crowd before reappearing on top of the living room coffee table. She yanked the ends of two orange power cords apart, effectively cutting off the music.

“Alright, party’s over! Everyone, please leave in a calm and orderly fashion.”

The people from Purgatory who knew who she was quickly filed out of the apartment, but the random people from the city who decided to follow the noise and crash the party – which was about half of the attendees – just rolled their eyes and refused to move.

“Right.” Nicole clenched her jaw as she pulled out her badge and brandished it around. “Hi, yeah, Officer Haught speaking. If this apartment is not emptied in the next thirty seconds, I will call for backup.”

At that, the rest of the people began swiftly flooding towards the exit. Nicole hopped off the table and groaned at how dizzy she felt as she braced herself against a nearby wall.

“God, you’re so hot when you command an entire room of drunk people,” Waverly stated half-jokingly as she hugged the redhead’s waist with one arm, holding the taller woman steady.

Nicole wrapped her arm around Waverly’s shoulders and decided to use her as a crutch to keep herself upright. “Normally I would say something flirty, but I don’t wanna lead you on and I’m too drunk to fuck you tonight. I’d probably stick my finger in the wrong hole.” She giggled for a moment before quickly covering her mouth with her hand, a look of horror spread across her face at the realization of what she had just said.

Waverly looked around the room and noticed a couple of stragglers side-eyeing them. Nicole’s comment may have been a bit louder than a normal speaking volume. “Okay, let’s get you home and into bed before you start going into detail about our sex life.”
“Just to sleep, right?” Nicole asked as she continued to lean on Waverly, both of them stumbling towards the door.

“Yes sweetheart, just to sleep.”


“I know, but it’s getting late and if we hang out here too much longer, I won’t be able to drive us home without falling asleep behind the wheel.”

“Why don’t we just spend the night here and then we can help clean up in the morning? Dolls won’t mind, and he has a nice guest room. Plus, you can keep an eye on Wynonna.”

Waverly nodded her head. The part about Wynonna had her completely sold. “Okay, let’s do that then.”

Once they made sure everyone had left, the pair headed up the stairs and crawled into the king sized bed in the guest room before falling asleep.
The sounds of Waverly stirring under the blankets and a splitting headache was what Nicole woke up to the next morning. The redhead groaned as she pressed her palms into her eyes.

“How ya feeling?” Waverly asked with a gentle smile as she stroked her fingers through red hair. She already knew the answer based on the grimace on Nicole’s face, but figured she’d ask anyways.

“Like I had too much fun last night.” Nicole replied without moving her hands from her eyelids.

“Aww baby. Want some coffee?”

Nicole nodded. “And water…and some Aspirin.”

Waverly placed a delicate kiss to Nicole’s temple before pushing the covers off of her warm body and throwing on her clothes from the night before. Once she was fully dressed, she quietly left the room – not wanting to bother her girlfriend’s headache or wake up Dolls and Wynonna down the hall – before padding down the stairs and into the kitchen.

As Waverly watched the coffee brew, she heard loud footsteps of someone trudging down the stairs. “Baby, you should stay in bed for a bit. I’ll bring everything up to you.” When she looked up and saw that it wasn’t her girlfriend but instead her sister, she chuckled to herself. “Oh, sorry. I thought you were Nicole.”

“No problem, baby.” Wynonna teased as she walked over to Waverly and leaned against the counter next to her. She was too caffeine deprived to question why Waverly was in Doll’s house. “Is there enough in there for me too?”

Waverly eyed her warily. “I can make you some tea.” She searched the cupboards for tea bags, ignoring the groan coming from her older sister.

“Come on Waves, one cup won’t hurt me. I went through an entire party without alcohol, the least I deserve is a little bit of caffeine the morning after.”

The smaller girl rolled her eyes at the pout the woman was giving her, but eventually gave in. “Okay, fine. But only one cup.”

“You say ‘entire party’ as if you didn’t spend most of it upstairs…” She gave Wynonna a knowing look.

“How do you know I didn’t just spend the night because I was too tired to drive back?” She challenged as she watched Waverly pour a little bit of coffee into a mug she got from the cabinet above.

“Because Nicole and I saw you in bed together last night. We were looking for Dolls and checked his room. Needless to say, we found him…and you.”

“Oh god. Please tell me I was covered.”

“You were, but Dolls wasn’t, unfortunately.” She grimaced a bit at the vivid memory that she’ll never be able to get out of her mind.

“What do you mean unfortunately?! That man is beautiful.” She took a sip of the coffee and smiled as she moaned at the taste, not even caring that it was scorching hot and had burned her tongue.

“Yeah, but Nicole and I didn’t want to see that much of him!” Waverly exclaimed before pouring another mug of coffee and glass of water for Nicole.

Wynonna laughed at the realization that the two had gotten an eyeful of every part of Dolls. “Man, I really wish I would’ve seen the look on Haught’s face at that.”

“She wasn’t too thrilled.” Waverly confirmed. “Was he good to you last night? I mean, with the baby and all. Was he being careful and safe?”

She already knew that Xavier Dolls was a good man. Nicole spoke very highly of him, and Nicole only spoke very highly of the people she knew were good – which was few. She only asked as a sisterly formality.

“Yes, he was good. In more ways than one.” Wynonna punctuated her statement with a smirk, making sure there was no mistake in the meaning behind her words.

“Gross.” Waverly replied as she took a sip of the coffee she had poured for Nicole, hiding her smile behind the solid black mug.

“Is that why you guys stayed the night? Because you were worried about me?”

“Well that, and because we wanted to help clean up but I was too tired and Nicole was too drunk. So we just figured we’d stay and help this morning.”

“Ugh, you guys are such goody two shoes.” Wynonna groaned, but Waverly knew she was only saying it to mess with her.

“Well some people have to be in order to balance out the bad apples of the world,” Waverly quipped back, earning and eye roll and a ‘whatever’ from her older sister. She took a bottle of Aspirin from one of the cabinets and collected the coffee mug and glass of water in her hands. “I’m going to run these up to Nicole and then I’ll be right back.”

Wynonna nodded as she watched Waverly ascend the stairs with a jog before pouring some extra coffee into her cup.

“Hey baby, sorry it took me so long. Wynonna came downstairs and I was talking to her.” Waverly looked at her girlfriend with pity, who had mumbled something incoherent in response as she laid in
the exact same spot she was in when Waverly had left her – on her back with her palms pressing into her eyes.

Waverly gave Nicole the pills and helped her drink some water after setting the coffee down on the bedside table next to her.

“I’m going to talk with Wynonna some more and let you rest. Call me if you need anything, okay?”

Nicole nodded and gave a weak smile as Waverly kissed her forehead and left the redhead to sleep in peace.

“So, how exactly did you end up in bed with Officer Dolls?” Waverly asked with a quirked eyebrow as soon as she had reached the kitchen. She poured a mug of coffee for herself and noticed that there was a significantly less amount in the pot than when she had left, but decided not to comment on it. She already knew Wynonna had taken more.

“You really want to know?”

Waverly nodded at her sister as she brought the mug up to her face to take a sip, but paused as soon as the ceramic touched her lips to add, “But spare me the gory details.”

“Fair enough.” Wynonna shrugged. “Let’s see, I guess I’ll just start with where you left me in the bathroom…”

“Wait!” Waverly quickly cut her off before she even began her flashback story.

“What?” Wynonna’s face was painted with worry.

“Skip to the part after you finished in the bathroom.”

“Yeah, that’s what I meant numbnuts.”

“Oh. Then proceed.” She waved a hand at Wynonna before wrapping it back around the warm mug, mirroring the other one.

Wynonna rolled her eyes at her sister. “Okay, so I’ll start with where you left me after I used the bathroom…”

Wynonna descended the stairs as she scanned her eyes over the lower floor, taking in the sight of the sheer amount of people drinking and dancing and overall having a good time.

“You know, seven weeks ago I would have been the drunkest one here,” she began as she gently rubbed her stomach over her slightly baggy sweater. “But I wouldn’t trade you for anything.” She smiled at the bump before taking the last few steps and ending up in a sea of familiar faces – along with a lot of unfamiliar ones.

“Hey Wynonna! Wanna play ‘Fuck the Dealer’ with us?” Pete York asked from the couch where he was surrounded by his brother Kyle, Bryce Cooper, and a few other guys from her high school days that weren’t really worth mentioning…not that the first three were really worth mentioning, but she needed to set the scene.

Wynonna groaned in disgust and rolled her eyes. “Depends. Who’s the dealer?”

“Well, that’d be me.” Pete leaned back from the coffee table in front of him and into the back of the couch as he held his arms out, as if he were some sort of king.
Wynonna snorted. “I’ve fucked the dealer before. I’d rather fuck Nedley.” She gave a shit-eating grin before casually waltzing away with her middle finger raised high in the air, smiling to herself as she heard Pete’s brother Kyle break out into laughter followed by the sound of someone punching him – most likely Pete.

Wynonna looked around the house and quickly realized that these parties weren’t as much fun sober as they were drunk. She noticed Nicole and Dolls playing beer pong before looking over at Waverly, who looked entranced by the redhead. Wynonna began to move towards her sister, but quickly decided against it. She wasn’t the most observant person, but she knew that she was always interrupting her and Nicole. It’s not like she meant to, it just sort of happened more frequently than it should. She chalked it down to her bad luck that had been following her around her entire life. Even though Waverly technically wasn’t with Nicole at the moment, she seemed pretty into whatever daydream she was currently having about the red-haired police officer, and Wynonna didn’t want to interrupt that. She sighed as she made her way towards the balcony.

“Well, looks like it’s just you and me kid.” She gently patted her belly before sliding open the glass door and taking a step outside, smiling and closing her eyes as she felt the cool summer night breeze hit her skin.

She stood at the railing for a moment, taking in the sight of the city before sitting down in one of the patio chairs, where she sat for about ten minutes before getting too bored and deciding to go back inside. Before she even made it to the door, an arm on her shoulder stopped her.

“Hey Wynonna!” Chrissy Nedley called out. “I feel like I haven’t seen you in a while.”

“Chrissy, you ordered a drink at Shorty’s yesterday. I saw you then…”

Wynonna had mixed feelings about the girl. On one hand, she was the daughter of the guy who had arrested her several times as a teenager and who was the biggest pain in her ass. But on the other hand, she was a close friend of her baby sister, if not a best friend. She often saw her as the latter, but sometimes the ‘Nedley’ part of the girl would sneak in and steal away Wynonna’s attention to how she’s always treated Waverly with kindness and respect.

“I know, but I mean I feel like we haven’t talked to each other outside of work in a while.”

“Um, when have we ever talked outside of work?”

Chrissy furrowed her eyebrows and folded her arms. “Well I thought we were getting along pretty well that one night several weeks ago when you were crying to me about Doc being an asshole.”

“I was drunk, and we were at Shorty’s, so that still counts as work. Even though it was right after my shift had ended.”

The younger girl rolled her eyes. “Come on Wynonna, we’re adults now. You can’t possibly still see me as the kid in grade 6 who would come over to your house all the time to hang out with your little sister, can you? I thought we were becoming friends.”

The older Earp pursed her lips. It was difficult for her to see Chrissy Nedley as an adult now, but she’d be lying if she said she hadn’t taken more of a liking to the girl since coming back to Purgatory. And sure, she was drunk when she had that break down and leaned on the girl when Waverly couldn’t be there because she was out with Champ, but she had felt comfortable talking to the girl and actually felt a lot better afterwards. In fact, Chrissy reminded her a lot of Waverly. But more than anything, she was actually a little surprised that Chrissy Nedley, the Sheriff’s daughter, wanted to become friends with her, the town pariah.
“You really want to be friends with me?”

Chrissy nodded. “Honestly, I don’t have a whole lot of friends here anymore since high school. And you’re actually pretty cool.”

“I guess I could use some more friends too, Nedley.” Wynonna gave her a crooked smile.

Chrissy cringed. “Yeah, as long as you don’t call me that though. Reminds me of my dad.”

“How about Baby Nedley?”

The younger girl rolled her eyes.

“Baby Nedley with boobs?” She waited for Chrissy to laugh with her, but only got a glare in response. “Okay okay, fine. Chrissy.”

“Thank you.” She nodded and gave a slight smile to show that she wasn’t actually mad. “So, is Waverly here? I’ve been meaning to catch up with her for a while now, but our schedules just haven’t been matching up lately. I was hoping she’d be here tonight.”

“Yeah, she’s inside drooling over her girlfriend playing beer pong with Dolls.” She scoffed as she shook her head, but quickly looked up at Chrissy as panic began to rise. She knew Waverly was technically out and she and Nicole were all everyone had been talking about since that night in Shorty’s, but she didn’t know if Chrissy knew or not. She knew it wasn’t her place to out her sister, but the words had just slipped. She studied Chrissy’s face for any signs of discomfort and hoped that she hadn’t messed anything up in their friendship. When she saw a smile creep onto Chrissy’s face, she relaxed.

“Drooling huh? I don’t think she ever once drooled over Champ.” She laughed. “Sounds like she’s finally found someone she really likes.”

Wynonna chuckled. “Yeah well, Champ was a dickhead.” They both laughed and shook their heads at the boy-man. “Even I would pick ginger spice over that jagoff, and I’m not even into the ladies. I don’t know how she ever convinced herself that she liked him for so long. She never even looked at him the way she looks at Nicole.”

“And how does she look at Nicole?”

“Like she’s the greatest thing in the world. Like she’s a redhead goddess who has Waverly under some sort of spell. Like she wants to rip Nicole’s clothes off…but honestly that last one is probably mostly because they’re still in the honeymoon phase of their relationship.”

Chrissy let out a breathy laugh. “Well, she’s never looked at any guy like that if we’re being honest.” She chuckled and waited for Wynonna to join her, but the older Earp never did. Instead, the smile on Wynonna’s face dropped and a look of something similar to guilt washed over her.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Sure,” Chrissy replied, slightly concerned.

“Did you see this coming? I mean, you two were best friends all throughout middle school and high school. Did you ever think that she was…you know, that she played for the other team?”

The younger woman nodded and gave a weak smile as comprehension of why Wynonna was asking her this question dawned on her. It wasn’t that Wynonna cared so much if Chrissy knew, but rather
wanted to know if she had missed the signs like Wynonna had. She was looking for confirmation that she wasn’t a shitty sister for not paying enough attention to Waverly, who was always forgotten and left out by their family growing up.

“I noticed some things, yeah. I questioned it, but never asked. I figured she would tell me if she wanted to, so I guess I wasn’t all that surprised when I heard the news about her and Nicole. Although, I do wish that I had heard it from Waverly instead of Evan Martinez, who then proceeded to ask me what I thought they did in bed together.” She rolled her eyes at the immaturity of her former schoolmate.

“I had no clue. I didn’t pick up on any of the signs. Sure, I left when she was only twelve, but shouldn’t I have noticed something? What if she was struggling with this back then and I couldn’t see it? What if she was waiting for me to notice? Or what if she needed me when she was a teenager and I wasn’t there and so she stuffed it deep down inside and that’s why she ended up with that asshat Champ Hardy? What if I ruined her life?” She began to panic as all of the worst-case scenarios began to fill her mind.

Chrissy shook her head and reassuringly placed her hand on Wynonna’s arm. “I don’t think she even realized it until recently, until Nicole. Did she tell you about Nicole herself?”

“Well, yeah…”

“And were you supportive?”

“Of course I was.”

“Then you were there for her when she needed you. She told you when she wanted you to know, and you supported her and made her feel loved, which was all she needed from you. Don’t beat yourself up over the past and focus on the present. She’s happy now, and that’s a good thing.”

“Yeah,” Wynonna sighed in relief. “Yeah, okay. You’re right. I’m just overreacting.” She chuckled to herself as she placed a hand over her lower abdomen. “Sorry, it must be the–” She stopped herself, realizing that she didn’t actually want Chrissy – or anybody else who didn’t already know – to know about her pregnancy. She quickly pulled her hand away. “Uh, must be the alcohol getting to me.”

Chrissy nodded and gave her a sympathetic look. “I’m going to find Waverly. You coming with me?”

“Nah, I’m just going to sit out here for a bit and enjoy the view.”

“Okay. I’ll catch up to you later then.” She smiled as she walked back inside the house.

Wynonna looked out at the city one more time for a few minutes, trying her best not to overthink things too much before finally making her way back inside the house.

She didn’t get very far before she was stopped by the host of the party.

“Hey Wynonna!” Dolls said, sporting a huge grin on his face.

“Hey, if it isn’t the man of the hour. Why are you so happy? Did you win at beer pong?”

“Nope. I lost all four times.” He giggled. He quickly cleared his throat when he received only a quirked eyebrow in response. He continued with a significantly lower voice, “Sorry, I get the giggles when I drink a lot.”
“A big burly man like you? I never would’ve guessed.” She playfully punched him in the arm and stared in shock as she rubbed the hand that had just hit what felt like solid rock. “Jesus, do you have any body fat under there?”

“Barely.” He smirked before lifting his shirt up to his chest with one hand, revealing a toned six pack that was slightly leaning towards being an eight pack.

“Nice!” Wynonna gawked as she rubbed a hand over his abdominals, taking in the firmness of the flexed muscles mixed with the silkiness of his dark skin. When she looked up at him and saw his eyes filled with lust, she quickly pulled her hand away and averted her eyes to the floor, a slight blush creeping onto her face.

“Wynonna, I have to be honest with you.” He said in a voice so serious it almost cut through the exuberant atmosphere of the room as he slowly lowered the hem of his shirt back down.

“Uh, okay.” The brunette chuckled lightly before gulping.

“I’ve kind of had a crush on you for a while. But you had a boyfriend and so I didn’t want to impose. But then I heard you two broke up. Is that right?”

“Uh, I uh…” Her mouth went dry as she stared into his dark brown eyes. She’d be lying if she said she wasn’t extremely turned on right about now, and she had no idea if this was the pregnancy hormones or just plain old sex-loving Wynonna. She quickly shook her head, bringing herself out of the temporary daze she was in. “Yeah. Yeah, we broke up.”

“Was it because of the baby?” He asked with sympathetic eyes.

Wynonna clenched her jaw as she looked around the room to see if anyone was listening. When she realized they were in the clear, she grabbed his hand and yanked him up the stairs to somewhere more private. She pushed him through the opened door of his bedroom before quickly shutting it behind her.

“Who told you? Was it Haught?” She folded her arms across her chest.

He opened his mouth to answer, but quickly closed it not wanting to rat out his friend, but his silence was an answer in itself.

“Hey.” He walked over to Wynonna and wrapped his strong hands gently around her forearms in an attempt to relax her. “She didn’t mean to, it just sort of slipped out. But I won’t say anything. I’m a police officer, I’m trained to be able to keep secrets.” He gave her a reassuring smile.

Yeah, well so is Nicole but she still told you.”

“Yeah, turns out we’re not that great at keeping secrets from our partners,” he chuckled as he rubbed the back of his neck.

Wynonna looked down at his hands on her arms, which were now rubbing them up and down and causing chills to form all over her body. When Dolls noticed Wynonna looking at his hands, he quickly pulled them away, not even realizing that he had begun rubbing her arms.

“Sorry,” he mumbled in embarrassment. “I didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable.”

She scanned her eyes up his muscular body, pausing for a moment on his half smile, before landing
on his eyes. She hastily pulled him into a searing kiss, much to his surprise. It took him a second to realize what was happening before reciprocating the kiss. She pulled back and smiled at him.

“You didn’t make me uncomfortable.” She gave him another kiss before pulling away again, this time they were both panting. “I’m going to be completely honest with you. I’m really horny right now, and it’s been far too long since I’ve last had sex. Do you wanna…?” She trailed off as she glanced over at his neatly made bed before looking back into his eyes.

“But…you’re, pregnant,” he replied as he lowered his eyes to her abdomen. He couldn’t decide if this was a dream or not.

“I can still safely have sex you know. I mean, as long as we use protection.” She looked at him with raised eyebrows, as if asking him a question.

He furrowed his brows for a moment before realizing what she was asking. “Oh, yeah. Yeah, I’ve got some. But, are you sure you want to? I mean, you just had a thing with Doc.”

“If you think a break up is going to stop me from having sex, then you really don’t know me that well.” She chuckled. “But, as long as you want to. I mean, I wouldn’t want to take advantage of a guy who’s drunk.” She waved her hand up and down at him.

Dolls fervently shook his head. “No, no. You wouldn’t be.”

“Oh...good.”

“Yeah...good.” He bit back a grin as he awkwardly rubbed the back of his neck, looking up and down Wynonna’s body, unsure of how to initiate this after talking. In hindsight, he should’ve just said ‘yes’ when Wynonna asked if he wanted to, and then pulled her back into a kiss. That’s what the normal Xavier Dolls would’ve done. But this wasn’t the normal Xavier Dolls. This was a man who had been reduced to a nervous, rambling idiot at the sight of a beautiful woman, and he had no idea how to get out of it.

When Wynonna realized that he wasn’t going to make a move, she rolled her eyes and grabbed him by the collar of his polo shirt, pulling him down on top of her onto the bed and into a heated kiss.

“And then, well...you can probably guess the rest.” Wynonna said to Waverly as she nursed her coffee. She had skipped over telling Waverly about the Chrissy part and only replayed that memory in her head, not wanting her sister to know that they were talking about her.

Waverly slowly nodded with wide eyes and pursed lips. “So, you and Dolls... I have to say, I never saw that one coming.”

“Neither did I, but he’s pretty hot. And he is great in the sack.” She waggled her eyebrows behind her coffee mug.

“Okay yeah, I got it, thank you.” Waverly raised her hand at her sister before bringing it back down to her own mug. “What are you going to tell Doc?”

“Uh, I’m not going to tell him shit, because I’m never speaking to that son of a bitch ever again.” She said as if it were obvious as she pulled out her phone to look at the time. “Shit, it’s already eleven.”

“Are you working at Shorty’s today?”

“Yeah, my shift starts at noon.” Wynonna downed the rest of her warm coffee and set her mug on the island as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “Later sis. Tell Haught-stuff I said
“Wait!” She called after her older sister, who was already by the front door. She continued when Wynonna had turned around to look at her. “So, are you two like dating now?”

“Me dating a cop? Yeah right.” She chuckled. “I think that’s more of your thing.”

“Well, I mean, do you like him? You know, like him?” Waverly stifled a grin.

Wynonna rolled her eyes and groaned. “It was just sex Waverly. God.” She turned around and opened the door.

“That’s not a no,” Waverly called out right before she watched the door shut behind her older sister.

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Dolls trudged down the stairs with his eyes closed and a hand on his head as he groaned at the sound of the Spice Girls coming from the stereo. He made his way toward the sound and sighed in relief as soon as he turned it off.

“Hey!” Waverly complained as she threw an empty beer bottle into the half-full trash bag she was holding.

“It’s too early for the Spice Girls.” He croaked.

“It’s almost one o’clock.” Nicole pointed out with a furrowed brow.

“Exactly.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “Whatever, I’ll let it slide just because you look like skunk heimie.”

“Thank you.” He mumbled as he slumped down onto the couch. “Did you two get too drunk to drive home last night?”

“Waverly was sober. We just wanted to stay so that we could help you clean up today.” Nicole explained as she stacked a couple of red cups in the collection she was holding.

“You guys didn’t have to do that.”

“We wanted to help.” Waverly smiled. “We weren’t going to let you clean up by yourself.”

“No, I mean I could’ve just hired someone to come and clean.”

“Oh.” Waverly looked down at the trash bag in her hand. “Dammit.”

Both Dolls and Nicole laughed at her reaction.

“It’s okay. We’re happy to help anyways.” Nicole said.

“Yeah. And plus, if we hadn’t slept over, I wouldn’t have gotten to talk to my sister this morning.” Waverly gave Dolls a knowing look as she folded her arms across her chest.

Dolls chuckled nervously from his spot on the couch. “Yeah, um, about that…I can explain.”

“No need. She already told me everything.” Waverly looked over at Nicole, who jerked her head towards the stairs as she silently asked her to give them some privacy before turning back to Dolls.
“Anyways, I’ve spilled two half-empty bottles of beer on me this morning and I smell like a frat boy. Is it okay if I use your shower?”

Dolls nodded. “Towels are in the hall closet.”

Waverly nodded her ‘thanks’ before making her way up the stairs.

He looked at Nicole, who was giving him the same knowing look Waverly was before and sighed. “Look, I already know what you’re going to say, but she wanted to. She was the one who instigated it.”

“I’m not saying anything,” Nicole replied with her hands up in defense.

“You don’t have to. I can see your judgmental stare from here.”

She sat down on the couch next to him. “I just worry for you. I mean, you had to have been just as drunk as I was last night.”

“Drunk or not, I’m an adult man who can make his own decisions.” He snapped.

“That’s not what I meant. I’m just saying, you’ve been crushing on Wynonna for a long time, and the first time she really pays any attention to you is to have sex while you’re drunk off your ass with dozens of random people downstairs. Is that really how you want this to play out?”

“Oh, not all of us can have a fairytale romance, Haught.” He rolled his eyes.

Nicole’s cheeks slightly flushed. She really hadn’t been meaning to rub her romantic relationship in his face. “I know, I just don’t want you to get hurt. She just broke up with her boyfriend, who is the father of the child she’s carrying, and then turns to you for sex. I just don’t want you to be her rebound. You deserve so much more than that.” She placed a hand on his arm but he quickly yanked it away.

He stood up from the couch and looked down at her. “Look, I appreciate you looking out for me, but I don’t need you to. I can look out for myself, and whatever happens between Wynonna and me is our own business.”

Nicole held her hands up in defense. “Okay, my bad.”

“I’m going back to bed to sleep off this hangover. I’ll call someone to clean up the rest of this mess. You two can leave when Waverly finishes her shower.”

She sighed and shook her head as she watched him stomp up the stairs. She knew that Dolls wasn’t a touchy-feely kind of guy, but he never reacted that poorly to her attempting to console him, which only meant one thing; he had it bad for Wynonna Earp.


One Month Anniversary - Part 1

Chapter Summary

It’s Waverly and Nicole’s one month anniversary!

Lot’s happening here! Some ships are coming into play! Wyndolls, Chetri, WayHaught, some Nicole and Dolls bromance...lots of budding romances! Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

New chapter next Sunday, 10/28!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two days later

“Hey love.” Nicole greeted as she made her way towards the counter.

Darren grinned as he looked up at the officer. “Hey sweetie.” He wiggled his fingertips in a delicate wave and exaggeratedly batted his eyelashes.

Nicole rolled her eyes. “I wasn’t talking to you.”

Waverly swatted him on the arm before reaching out for Nicole’s arm and pulling her in for a chaste kiss over the countertop.

“Hey, hey. No PDA in the coffee shop.” Darren teased, earning a glare from both of the women.

“Go unpack those boxes in the back and check to make sure everything is correct.” Waverly ordered.

Darren threw his arms up in the air. “Hey, you said you were going to do that!”

“Well now I’m telling you to do it. Go.” Waverly pointed a firm finger towards the back as she watched the curly-haired man shuffle off in defeat.

“Hey, so are we still on for tonight?” Nicole brought Waverly’s attention back to her as she played with the brunette’s fingers on the countertop. Waverly couldn’t hold back the smile that touched her eyes.

“You mean our one month anniversary dinner? Wouldn’t miss it for the world.”

“Good. Because I had to pull the cop card to get that reservation.”

“Oh, is that so? Using your profession to get special treatment, are you?” She walked around the counter to the other side where Nicole was standing.

“More like using my profession to get my girlfriend special treatment, since she decided last minute
that she wanted to go to the fanciest and busiest restaurant in the city.” She felt Waverly reach her arms around her waist to pull her in closer and in return put her arms around the brunette’s shoulders.

“Well why don’t you pull the cop card on me in the employee bathroom in the back and I’ll show you what all it can get you.” She punctuated her sentence with a smirk and a bite of her bottom lip as she slid her hands down the back of Nicole’s tight dark uniform top and into the back pockets of her black slacks, causing the redhead to gulp.

“Waves, don’t tease me like that.”

“Who said anything about teasing? I’m being one hundred percent serious.” She pulled Nicole into her hips and slowly leaned up to kiss her, but the sound of footsteps approaching caused them to jump away from each other just before their lips touched.

“Boxes are unpacked and checked.” Darren said, only slightly annoyed.

“Okay, good. Thank you.” Waverly was glad that he already had his attention on cleaning the espresso machine and not on her, because if he had been looking at her he would see how flustered she was, which would have been a dead giveaway.

“Uh, well, I better get to work.” Nicole said as she put her Stetson on over her short, red locks.

“Okay.” Waverly pouted. “Oh, I forgot to ask, how is Dolls? Any better?”

Nicole frowned and tilted her head. “Eh, he’s moody. I think he’s still pissed at me for talking to him about Wynonna Saturday morning, but he’ll get over it soon enough. We’re going on a stakeout together today so there’s no way he can stay mad at me forever.” Waverly nodded in response. “We’ll pick this back up tonight?” A small smirk formed on Nicole’s face, one that you could only see if you knew what they were talking about just moments prior.

“You bet, officer.” Waverly said with a wink. “And don’t forget your coffee.” She handed the cup out to Nicole, who took it and smiled at the words ‘my girlfriend’ with a heart next to it where the name usually goes in Waverly’s perfect handwriting.

“Bye baby.” She gave Waverly a quick peck on the lips before walking out the door, fully aware of Waverly staring at her ass like she does every day.

“What’s tonight?” Darren asked, still cleaning the machine.

“Our one month anniversary.” She grabbed a rag and wiped down the countertop – as she did when there was nothing else for her hands to do.

“Oh nice! Congrats.”

“I just can’t believe it’s only been a month. Seems like we’ve been together much longer.”

“Well you know what they say…” He slung his rag over his shoulder and folded his arms across his chest as he leaned against the counter.

“No? What’s that?”

“One month of hetero time equals ten years of lesbian time.”

She pursed her lips and slapped him with the rag in her hand, trying her best to hold back her smile as she shook her head.
“Ow!” He feigned harm through his laughter. “You know it’s true.”

“Whatever.” Waverly rolled her eyes. “At least I have plans tonight.”

“Hey! I have plans tonight.” He scowled at her implication that he didn’t have people to hang out with.

“Oh yeah? With who?”

“With Jeremy, actually. We’re going to that nice coffee shop on the edge of town and he’s going to fix my laptop for me.”

“You’re hanging out at our rivalry coffee shop?” Waverly crossed her arms as a look disappointment formed on her face. “Why don’t you come here?”

“Because, everyone knows The Grind is just a place you get coffee to go, not to hang out. Honestly, it’s more like a Dunkin’ Donuts than a Starbucks.”

“Hey, that’s not true! We have tables in here for people to sit down at with their laptops!” She mindlessly waved her hands in the general direction of the small tables while still looking at Darren.

He scoffed. “Yeah, two.”

She looked around the shop and took in the small area. He was right, it did look just like a Dunkin’ Donuts. “Okay fine. I see your point.”

“Thank you.”

“But still. Don’t order any pastries! …unless it’s one of their lemon scones to bring to me, because those things are delicious.”

He rolled his eyes and shook his head before walking away to continue his work.

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Nicole massaged her back as she winced. The Purgatory police station had gotten a tip the previous day that the Revenants were planning something big, so Nedley decided that she and Dolls were the best candidates for the stakeout. They had been sitting in their undercover car outside one of the bars for nearly four hours, and all they’ve seen is one of the Revenants making out with a woman on his motorcycle – much to their displeasure. But the worst part about the whole thing, was the silent treatment Nicole was getting from her partner.

“Can you pass me the file? I want to read over it again. I need to look at something other than those two before they go any further than making out…”

Without looking at her, Dolls shoved the folder over to the driver’s seat and into Nicole’s lap.

“Gee, thanks.” Nicole rolled her eyes as she straightened up the corner of the folder that had gotten slightly bent before looking at him, waiting for at least a second of eye contact. “Oh, come on. You can’t shut me out forever.”

He continued to look forward, not saying a word or even changing his facial expression.

“Can you at least tell me why you’re being so pissy?”

Still no response. Nicole sighed and opened the folder, looking through some of the papers as she
mumbled under her breath, “I was just trying to help.”

Dolls whipped his head around to look at her for the first time that day. “I don’t need your help.”

Nicole slightly jumped at the unexpected voice before snapping the folder shut and turning to face her partner. “I get it, you’re a big boy who can make his own decisions and live his own life. But I’m your partner, Xavier. And you’re my best friend. So whether you need my help or not, I’m always going to look out for you and I’m always going to have your back. And if you don’t like that, then tough shit, because that’s how this works.”

He looked over her face for a second before turning his head forward again with a groan.

“Fine.” He finally said. “Sorry I got mad.” The reluctance in his apology was apparent, but Nicole didn’t care. She wasn’t one to really need apologies from people anyway.

“And I’m sorry I butted into your…well whatever it is, with Wynonna. I’ll be sure to keep an eye on you from afar from now on. Maybe I’ll even bust out my fancy binoculars. Some popcorn maybe?” She tilted her head and looked at him with a crooked smile.

She could see him holding back his smile, so she nudged his elbow with her arm. He let out a breathy chuckle and shook his head.

“Everyone knows Doritos are the best stakeout food.” He replied.

“Speaking of stakeout food, what did you grab for snacks? I’m getting hungry.” She looked around the back of the car, but when she didn’t see any bags, she looked at him and clenched her jaw at his apologetic face.

“I forgot to grab the bags.” He chuckled nervously as he scratched the back of his head, looking anywhere but at Nicole’s glare.

“Okay, now I’m the one who’s going to give you the silent treatment.”

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“Where are you headed off to?” Wynonna asked as she trotted down the stairs, eyeing a dressed-up Waverly who was sitting on the couch putting on her shoes.

“Nicole and I are going out. It’s our one month anniversary, remember?”

“Why would I remember that? I don’t even keep up with my own anniversaries.” The older Earp sauntered over to the kitchen and flipped open the lid of a doughnut box before pulling out a jelly-filled one. “Thanks for picking these up for me by the way.” She shoved half of the doughnut into her mouth and moaned at how good it tasted.

“You mean for us?” Waverly gave her a knowing look.

“You mean for us?” She said with a full mouth before putting the second half of the doughnut into her mouth. She threw her head back and moaned around the doughnut, “This is so fucking good!” As soon as she swallowed, she wiped her mouth off with the back of her hand and picked up the box before heading towards the stairs with the other eleven doughnuts. “Well, I’ll leave you to it. Don’t want to get in the way of any more intimate WayHaught moments.”

“WayHaught?” Waverly quirked an eyebrow as she watched her sister pause on the bottom step and turn around to face her.
“Yeah, that’s your ship name.” Wynonna grabbed another doughnut out of the box, this time a sprinkled one.

“Well, I was sort of thinking we’d call ourselves Niverly…” Waverly trailed off.

“Sorry, kid. I don’t pick the ship names. You’re stuck with WayHaught.” She popped the rest of the donut into her mouth before ascending the stairs.

“Wait, then who does pick the ship names? Wynonna!” She called out, but sighed when her sister rounded the corner, ignoring her question.

Waverly put on the finishing touches of her makeup before answering the door. When she opened it, she gasped at the sight of the woman in front of her. She scanned her eyes down Nicole’s body from low V-shaped neckline of her tight, black dress that accentuated her breasts perfectly, to the fabric clinging to her hips and outlining her curves, all the way down to her black heels that made her strong calves pop and her painted red toenails. With wide eyes, she slowly looked back up at her girlfriend’s face, completely aware of her red curls and a face full of makeup.

“Wow.” Waverly finally breathed out.

“You like it?” Nicole nervously rubbed the back of her neck. “I mean, I don’t usually wear super feminine stuff like this, and I wasn’t sure if you were into feminine women, but it was hanging in the back of my closet and I just decided to go for it. I haven’t dressed up like this in a while and I was just kind of feeling it tonight.” She exhaled nervously as she waited for a response.

Waverly looked into the redhead’s eyes and saw the insecurity that resided there. She reassuringly reached out for her girlfriend’s forearms and rubbed gentle circles, feeling the tight muscles relax beneath her soft touch. “Baby, I love it. You look so sexy. God, a part of me just wants to skip dinner and get you out of that dress and into my bed.”

Nicole chuckled. “I would if this reservation wasn’t so difficult to get.” A loud rumble came from her stomach as soon as she finished her sentence. “And if I wasn’t so hungry. I didn’t eat because Dolls forgot to bring food to the stakeout, which ended up being a total bust by the way. Nothing but a bunch of kissing and people coming out the door to puke in the bushes. I think one of the Revenants called in the anonymous tip to waste our time.” She gritted her teeth at the thought.

“Aw, my poor baby.” Waverly rubbed Nicole’s arm as she gave her a sympathetic pout. “Let’s go get some food in that belly.”

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“Okay Jeremy, you’ve got this. It’s not even a date. Just two bros hanging out…okay, one socially awkward bro hanging out with one cool and really attractive bro.” Jeremy shook his head. “Get it together Chetri. He’s just a friend. Don’t get caught staring, and you’ll be fine.” He blew out a puff of air, hoping to get rid of all his nerves. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed the dark-haired man in a leather jacket and blue jeans strolling towards him.

“Hey Jeremy!” Darren waved.

“Game time.” Jeremy whispered as he tugged at the lapels of his light brown jacket. “Hey Darren! You made it!”

“Uh, yeah? I texted you saying I was almost there.” Darren replied with a confused look on his face.

“Oh, right. Yeah, no, I just meant that I’m glad you made it here safely.” Jeremy nodded as he gave a
slight chuckle before clearing his throat. As soon as he saw Darren’s hand raising up in the air, Jeremy flinched and hid behind his arm.

“I was just going in for a handshake.” Darren explained with his hand still raised, concern showing in his voice.

“Oh. Yeah, sorry.” Jeremy straightened up, and gave the taller man a typical ‘bro’ handshake, hitting their hands together at the palms before sliding out into a fist bump. “I was bullied a lot as a kid, with me being the school nerd and all, so naturally I flinch whenever a hand comes towards me.”

Darren’s eyes softened. “Dude, that’s awful.” He placed a hand on Jeremy’s shoulder and squeezed reassuringly. “I promise I would never bully you. And next time I’ll just give you a less aggressive fist bump. Does that work?”

Jeremy looked over at the hand squeezing his shoulder, trying his best to ignore the electricity shooting through his body. “Uh, y-yeah. That w-works.” He gulped.

“Cool.” Darren smiled before giving Jeremy a strong pat on the arm and leading them inside the coffee shop. He swung his bag off of his shoulder and onto one of the tables and pulled out his laptop. “Man, thank you so much for helping me out. I owe you one.”

“Nah, I’m just glad I could help.” Jeremy waved in dismissal as he sat down in one of the chairs.

“No really. I’ll buy you a coffee. Just tell me what you want.”

“Oh, uh, wow. That’s really nice. Are you sure?”

“Totally. It’s just five bucks. Not like I’m buying you a giant flat screen TV or anything.” He chuckled.

“Okay, well I’ll take a vanilla latte.”

“You got it.” Darren pointed a finger at him and winked as he clicked his tongue before walking up to the counter.

It only took about five minutes for Jeremy to install the graphics card, completely fixing the laptop and amazing Darren.

“There you go. All fixed!” He passed the laptop over to Darren for him to check.

“That’s it?”

“Yes. That’s it.” He took the last swig of his coffee, cursing himself for being so nervous and drinking it too fast since he knew he was going to get a caffeine rush soon enough.

“Dude, how did you become such a computer genius?” Darren looked over his laptop, still shocked at how little effort it took for Jeremy to fix it.

“Well, I wouldn’t say I’m a genius.” Jeremy stated with a crooked smile. “But I started learning about computers when I was a teenager. I was just really fascinated with the science of it all. They use this whole other language.”

“You say that like computers are people.” Darren snorted.

“Well, sometimes they can be like people. Computers can be very complex and a little temperamental, as proven by your laptop needing a new GPU.”
Darren laughed as he zipped the laptop back up in his bag. “Yeah, I guess that’s true.” He sat the bag down on the floor next to his feet and took a sip of his coffee before tipping it towards Jeremy. “You know, I like you Jeremy. You’re one cool guy.”

“Well?” He was genuinely surprised. People never called him cool, especially not guys who wear leather jackets. Maybe he had a chance with Darren after all.

“Yeah. We should hang out more often. You know, under different circumstances where you’re not fixing my computer.” He chuckled.

Jeremy perked up. “Okay! Yeah, totally. For sure. I’m down for that! There’s actually this really cool French restaurant I’d like to try. I heard they have the best calamari.” He gesticulated wildly in excitement.

Darren snorted. “How about we do something that sounds a little less like a date.” When he saw the panic in Jeremy’s eyes, everything clicked into place. The way Jeremy was so anxious around him, the occasional stuttering when he would talk, the obvious sweaty palms he felt when they shook hands…Jeremy liked him. His face dropped, and suddenly a look of sympathy washed across his features. “Oh. I didn’t mean it like that. I didn’t know that you were…I mean, that you liked–.”

“What? No way! I wasn’t, like, hitting on you or anything. Like, what? That’d be crazy, right?” He nervously laughed a little too loudly, causing everyone in the restaurant to look at them. He looked around and cleared his throat as he ducked and scratched his forehead, subtly hiding behind his hand.

If there was anything that Darren learned from his experience with Waverly coming out to him, it was that he shouldn’t press someone when it came to the subject, no matter how bad of a liar they were.

“Sorry man, guess I got my wires crossed.” He shrugged, trying his best to seem nonchalant in fear of embarrassing Jeremy any more than he already had.

Jeremy chuckled awkwardly. “Yeah, yeah you did.”

“Do you want to play video games together some time? Maybe on a free weekend or something?”

“Yeah dude, definitely! Let’s have a gamer bro hangout sesh!” Jeremy slightly winced at how forced the sentence sounded coming out of his mouth.

Darren smiled and nodded as he stood up and swung his bag over his shoulder. “Alright, cool. Well, I’m going to head off. Thanks again for helping me out, and I’ll see you later.” He held out his fist for a fist bump, which Jeremy pounded a little too hard. He clenched his jaw in an attempt to hide the shooting pain in his hand.

“Alright bro. Later!” He watched Darren leave as he shook his head, silently chastising himself for being so naïve and thinking that Darren could actually like him back.

“Man, that was rough to watch.”

Jeremy looked up from where he was massaging his knuckles and saw a tall, thin man with light brown hair neatly combed over the right taking a seat across from him.

“Um, what do you mean?” Jeremy quirked an eyebrow, unsure of why this random guy was talking to him…not that he minded.

“You getting rejected like that. That’s tough.” The guy gave a sympathetic smile as he crossed his
arms and rested his elbows on the table, slightly leaning towards Jeremy.

Jeremy chuckled nervously. “Oh, no, that wasn’t…I mean, I wasn’t…” He furrowed his eyebrows and shook his head. “That guy was just a friend.”

“Yeah, no kidding. He made that abundantly clear.”

Pursing his lips, Jeremy debated to just give in and admit what the stranger clearly knew, ultimately deciding that there was no point in trying to lie. He sighed. “Okay, so I was making a move. But I shouldn’t have. I know he’s straight, but there’s still some part of me that’s holding out hope that he’s not.”

The guy nodded, as if in thought before looking back up. “You know what? You seem like a good guy Jeremy, so I’m going to help you out by giving you my expert advice.”

“How do you know my name? And why do you want to help me?” Jeremy was completely confused. He had no idea who this guy was, and yet he wanted to help him with some dating advice. Most people in this town overlooked him, so the last thing expected was for someone to want to help him with his love life – other than Waverly, of course.

“When I overheard you and that guy talking he called you Jeremy, so I assumed it was your name. And I want to help you because I like helping people, especially the underdogs.” He grinned, showing off his pearly teeth.

“Oh, okay. Kind of like a superhero?”

The guy pointed his finger in the air. “Except I’m a human with no super powers.”

“So, like Batman.”

“Actually, the name’s Robin.”

Jeremy snorted. “You see yourself as more of a sidekick too?”

“No, I mean my name is actually Robin.” He spun his coffee cup around on the table, revealing the name.

“Huh.” Jeremy quirked a brow. He wasn’t expecting that.

“Look, you want my advice?” He slowly leaned forward so close to Jeremy that he could feel his warm breath hitting his skin. “You should put your energy towards guys that actually like guys, because I’ll bet you’d have a much better chance at finding someone that way.” He smirked as he slightly bit his lower lip.

Jeremy shook his head and sighed as he leaned back into his chair. “How?” He shrugged. “There are no guys on Grindr within a fifty-mile radius. How am I going to find someone when I’m clearly the only gay guy in this town?”

Robin looked down at the table and shook his head, letting out a slow, breathy chuckle.

Jeremy quirked an eyebrow. “What’s so funny?”

Robin looked up, revealing the amused grin on his face. “Nothing.” He stood up from his chair and walked around to Jeremy. “Look, you seem like a pretty smart guy, so when you figure it out, come and find me.” He walked away, but before he got too far he turned back to a confused Jeremy. “Oh,
and not all gay guys use Grindr."

Jeremy raised his eyebrows as he watched Robin walk off. “Figure what out?” He called out, but received no answer.

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“I can’t remember if I said this before, but you look stunning in that dress.” Nicole looked up and down Waverly’s blue dress from across the table as she took a sip of her wine.

“You didn’t, but I could tell you were enjoying it.” Waverly smirked as she did the same.

“Yeah? Am I that obvious when I’m checking you out?”

“Totally.”

“Well then, I’ll be sure to be more discreet next time.”

Waverly giggled and shook her head. “Are you ready to go home?” She looked at Nicole with wide eyes. “I mean, your home. Are you ready to go to your home…” She trailed off before nervously gulping down the rest of her wine.

Nicole reached out and placed her hand on top of Waverly’s and rubbed light circles over her soft skin. “Yes. Let’s go home.” She smiled as she brought Waverly’s hand up to her mouth and kissed the girl’s knuckles before leading her out of the restaurant, hand-in-hand.

“It’s cool that Nedley let you borrow the undercover car.” Waverly stated as she slid into the passenger’s seat next to Nicole.

“Yeah, he said I could keep it for the week so that I don’t have to drive the squad car around town. Something about wanting me to blend in with the rest of the citizens and get to know everyone better. He said it was just part of the job, but I think he genuinely feels bad that I don’t have a car of my own.”

“Nedley acts like a big tough guy, but underneath it all he’s just a big softie.”

Nicole chuckled as she turned the keys in the ignition. “I think you’re right.”

They had been driving for about fifteen minutes, and neither of them had barely said a word. They didn’t need constant conversation to enjoy each other’s company. They were both content with the soft sounds of music coming from the radio while looking out onto barely-lit country roads as they made their way from the city and back towards Purgatory.

The only problem was, Waverly’s mind kept slipping into thoughts of all the things she wanted to do with Nicole tonight. She tried to think of something else, but her mind always led back to sexual thoughts. She looked down at Nicole’s hand on her thigh, rubbing light circles with her thumb. She knew Nicole didn’t mean for the action to turn Waverly on; she probably didn’t even realize she was doing it, but that didn’t take away from the fact that Waverly was getting more and more aroused by the minute. With the thoughts of having sex with Nicole running through her mind, looking at the redhead all night in that tight dress that perfectly showed off her boobs – Waverly never thought she was a boobs girl, but since Nicole came into her life she was most definitely a boobs girl – and with Nicole’s fingers touching her skin and igniting a fire, Waverly almost couldn’t take it. She closed her eyes and tried to steady her breathing, not even noticing the soft moan that escaped from the back of her throat.
As soon as the sound hit Nicole’s ears, she looked over at Waverly with concern. She noticed the girl had her eyes squeezed shut and her chest was barely heaving up and down at a faster pace than normal. She scanned her eyes over to Waverly’s knuckles turning white as she squeezed the car door armrest. Nicole smirked at the brunette before turning back around to look ahead out the windshield and over the straight empty road, lightly grazing her fingertips up Waverly’s thigh. She smiled at the gasp she received when she moved Waverly’s panties to the side and began stroking up and down her soaked folds.

“God, baby. You’re already so wet for me.” Nicole gasped when she felt the pool between Waverly’s legs.

With her eyes still closed, Waverly fervently nodded. She couldn’t form words, so she just kept breathing as she clenched the door tighter in her right hand and grabbed onto the edge of the center console with her left hand.

Nicole didn’t want to take too much time exploring since she knew that doing this while driving was dangerous, so she moved her fingers up to Waverly’s hardened clit and began rubbing circles at a slightly faster pace than she would normally start at.

Waverly threw her head back against the headrest as she opened her legs a little wider. “Ungh,” was all she moaned out.

Nicole picked up her pace, rubbing Waverly’s clit in the exact way she knew would bring the girl to orgasm in no time. Waverly gasped as she felt her orgasm taking over her body, and with a shudder she squeezed her hands tight around the parts of the leather of the car that was keeping her grounded and felt her center contracting against Nicole’s soft fingers. When her orgasm had subsided, she pulled Nicole’s hands away, letting the redhead know that she was finished. Nicole smiled and gently pulled Waverly’s panties back over her center and gave her a quick pat – causing Waverly’s entire body to twitch at the sensitive feeling – before bringing her fingers up to her lips and sucking them clean.

“Think that’ll hold you over ‘til we get home baby?” Nicole asked in a sultry voice.

Waverly nodded as she continued to catch her breath. She was now slumped back into the seat, trying to regain control over her body. “Thank you.” She whispered after a few moments.

Nicole shook her head. “No, thank you. Thank you for letting me touch you and for trusting me.”

The brunette smiled as she sat up and reached over for Nicole’s hand that had made its way back onto the steering wheel and entwined their fingers together. “How much longer do we have to go?”

“About thirty minutes.”

Waverly groaned and threw her head back against the seat. This was going to be a long ride.

Chapter End Notes

You already know the next chapter will be pure WayHaught smut picking up right where they left off ;) Please leave a comment with anything you’d like to see in the next chapter that they haven’t done before, or that they have done before and you want to see again!
Chapter Summary

Not only have I decided to post a day early, but I decided to give you all not one, but TWO chapters today! Just because you are all such wonderful and deserving readers <3 This chapter and the next one is the rest of the night split into two chapters. Combined, this is literally 12,000 words of pure WayHaught smut, people. What a way to celebrate one month of their relationship AND thirty chapters of this story!

This first chapter focuses solely on Waverly tapping into her more dominant side and Nicole letting her by being submissive.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Ow!” Nicole yelped as Waverly slammed her against her bedroom wall a little too roughly. She massaged the back of her head.

“Oops, sorry. Are you okay?” Waverly asked as she panted from them kissing all the way through the front door and up the stairs.

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m fine. It was just unexpected.” Nicole dropped her hand from her head and smiled, showing off her dimples to the brunette.

Waverly nodded off her concern before continuing their foreplay, kissing Nicole’s neck followed by sucking on her pulse point as she trailed her hands down the sides of the tight, black dress Nicole was still wearing – minus the heels at this point. As she reached the hem, she snaked her hands underneath the garment.

“If everything is expected,” Waverly whispered in Nicole’s ear as she hooked her fingers around the top of the redhead’s lace panties before swiftly yanking them down to her mid-thighs.

Nicole gasped as she felt the cool breeze of the house hit her wet center and shivered as she felt Waverly’s warm breath return to her ear.

“Then it takes out all of the fun.” She lightly nipped at the taller woman’s earlobe and smirked at the embarrassingly loud moan that escaped from her girlfriend’s lips.

Nicole was naturally very confident, especially in the bedroom. Confident and slightly arrogant in an annoying yet sexy way. It was one of the things Waverly loved so much about her. But Nicole wasn’t confident right now. No, now the redhead was melting like putty slipping between Waverly’s fingers as she struggled to get her weak knees to hold herself up with her head slumped back against the wall, eyes shut and breathing erratic. She dug her fingers into Waverly’s biceps as she clung to the girl, afraid that if she let go she would completely fall apart. Most of the time Waverly was the one clinging to Nicole for support, but on the very few occasions when the roles were reversed, this fire lit up deep inside the brunette, and she was overcome with the desire for dominance.

With a light growl, Waverly dropped to her knees and pushed the bottom of Nicole’s dress up just
enough for her to sink her tongue into the pool of arousal Nicole was emanating just for her. She wrapped her arms around the backs of the redhead’s long thighs and grabbed her ass, pulling her away from the wall and closer to her face. She felt strong as she engaged her abdominals, using her core to hold up both herself and Nicole.

As soon as Nicole realized what was happening and felt Waverly’s tongue running through her folds, her eyes popped open and she instinctively grabbed onto the dresser next to her, knocking over a picture frame and a couple of trinkets that were used purely for decoration. She threw her free hand – the one that wasn’t turning white from squeezing the edge of the dresser, holding onto it for dear life – over her forehead in disbelief as she cried out a loud, high-pitched, “Oh fuck!” As soon as the words left her mouth she inhaled sharply at the feeling of Waverly sucking on her clit and whimpered, blinking away the subtle tears that had formed from how quickly the multitude of emotions were coursing through her body.

Before things got too far, Waverly disconnected her lips from Nicole’s erect bud and pushed her tongue inside her entrance before harshly running it up through her inner folds and moaning as she swallowed the arousal she had collected; arousal that was meant for her. She stood up, bringing the lace panties up with her and forcefully smashed her lips against Nicole’s. As soon as she was done fixing the garment properly around Nicole’s hips she brought her hands to the dip of the woman’s waist and pushed her against the wall.

As she hit the neutrally painted wall, Nicole moved her arms to the small of Waverly’s back, pulling her in and deepening the kiss as their lips glided messily. She then moved her arms under Waverly’s – which were still on her hips – and wrapped them around the brunette’s backside to pick her up. Before she could even get Waverly off the ground, the smaller woman roughly pushed Nicole’s arms off and spun them around, using only the strength of her lips pushing against the taller woman’s to guide them towards the bed. Just before the backs of Nicole’s legs had hit the edge, Waverly assertively pushed the redhead down onto the bed, causing her to bounce a couple of times on the mattress. Normally this was the part where Waverly would straddle Nicole’s hips, but instead she looked down into wide eyes as she kneeled between slender, pale legs. Without breaking eye contact, she grabbed the underside of Nicole’s left calf with her right hand and lifted her leg up so that her knee was in line with her face.

“I want to be on top,” Waverly demanded in a tone that was a cross between a whisper and a growl before turning her head and kissing the inside of Nicole’s knee before carefully dropping the limb back down.

The way Waverly annunciated every syllable with unmistaken confidence and certainty made Nicole’s stomach drop. She could only think of a handful of times when Waverly had topped her, and each time Nicole still held a bit of the power, guiding Waverly to touch her the way she wanted or taking control over some aspect of whatever act the brunette was performing at the time. Nicole was a bit of a control freak, and she knew it. Which was why those six little words that had left Waverly’s mouth left her with a feeling she had never felt before. She could sense the total domination Waverly craved in every word, and although she was extremely aroused, she was also slightly terrified. She had never given over total control to anybody like that. Even when she was a bottom, she was still a power bottom.

Waverly could see the hesitation in Nicole’s eyes, and gently trailed her hands down from Nicole’s hips to her knees and pushed them apart even further before pushing her own hips forward against the redhead’s center, hands still resting on Nicole’s knees. Waverly was so tall above the woman that her face and light brown locks were blocking the light of the floor lamp they had turned on earlier.

“I want to fuck you.” Waverly emphasized the word ‘fuck’ with a strong thrust of her hips into
Nicole’s most sensitive spot, eliciting a small moan from the redhead.

“I want to make you feel good, the way you make me feel good. I want to take you to places nobody has ever taken you to before; places you never expected you’d ever see in your entire life. Places you never even knew existed.” She dragged her glittery, silver painted nails slowly down the sides of Nicole’s calves and lifted the woman’s legs up, hooking them over her shoulders as she leaned forward and braced her hands on either side of Nicole’s shoulders, licking her lips at how flexible the redhead was and how her dress pushed up to her hips, revealing the creamy skin of the lower half of her body.

“I want you to relax as I make love to you. Will you let me do that baby?” She punctuated her question with another kiss to the inside of Nicole’s knee on her shoulder, but this time the opposite one.

Nicole looked up into Waverly’s eyes, originally wanting to say ‘no’. She didn’t want to give her control over. She felt comfortable being the one calling the shots and making the moves, because that’s what she’d always done. But the more she looked at Waverly, the more she realized that this woman was the love of her life. This was someone she wanted to build a life with; someone she trusted whole-heartedly. Waverly was the kind of girl that could ask Nicole to blindly jump off a bridge, and she would do it without question because she knew that Waverly would be there to catch her. And that’s exactly what she was asking her to do right now. She was asking Nicole to jump off this bridge built on power and control and dominance, and she was asking her to trust Waverly to be there to catch her fall. And Nicole did trust her to do that.

As she looked into Waverly’s eyes, she reached up and tucked the loose hairs behind one of Waverly’s ears, sighing in contentment at the way Waverly lovingly took her hand and turned her head to kiss her palm. Nicole smiled as she blinked away the tears and exhaled deeply, getting herself into the proper mindset.

“Baby,” she began, legs still hooked over Waverly’s shoulders in the most submissive position she’s ever been in – including that one time with the handcuffs, in her opinion. “I want you to fuck me so good and hard. I want you to take me right here until I see stars. I want you to ruin me.”

Waverly grinned before quickly biting her lower lip as she stared into her girlfriend’s eyes with as much love and adoration that she could give. She knew that Nicole had just given her all of the control, something that she had never given anyone before, and wanted the woman to feel safe. She wasn’t going to take this gift for granted, especially since she was aware that it may never happen again. She leaned back and dropped Nicole’s legs down onto the mattress as she took in the sight of her breasts slightly spilling out of the ‘V’ cut of the neckline for the first time since laying there.

“It’s actually unfair how sexy your boobs are.” Waverly growled as she moved her hands up Nicole’s torso and urgently moved them all over the woman’s chest, as if she had never felt a woman’s breasts before.

“Yeah? You like them baby?” Nicole panted, getting aroused by the stimulation. She slightly arched her back, pushing her chest further up into Waverly’s hands.

“I love them.” She continued kneading Nicole’s fleshy mounds that were still partially covered by the fabric. “But I’ll bet they’d look even better out of this dress.” With a seductive look, she flipped Nicole over onto her stomach and laid on top of the woman’s back as she brought her fingers up to the zipper at the top and delicately slid it down, leaving light kisses on every inch of newly exposed skin on Nicole’s back. She smirked at the little gasps that escaped the redhead’s lips. Once the zipper was all the way down to the end of its track, she sat back up on her knees and grabbed the top of the dress, pushing it all the way down to the redhead’s lower back, watching as Nicole hastily pulled her
arms out of the barely-existing sleeves before flipping the redhead back over to face her. She drooled at the sight beneath her. She was not expecting the half-cup black lace bra that was pushing Nicole’s breasts up, which were spilling over the tops due to gravity. She quickly stood up off of the bed to take in the entire sight of her girlfriend.

“Wait. Can you sit up for a second?”

Nicole pushed herself up on her elbows and to her hands as she sat up and leaned back against the headboard. Waverly watched as her breasts fell perfectly into place, two round orbs sitting in the sexiest bra she had ever seen. She looked down at the top of the dress bunched around her waist where her unflexed abs showed a soft four-pack slightly moving with her heavy breathing. She looked a few inches lower at the rest of the dress held tightly against her hips and thighs, showing off the woman’s curves.

Waverly shot her a smile that crinkled the corners of her eyes as she incredulously blew out a short puff of air.

“Is everything okay?” Nicole asked, slightly self-conscious.

“Yes.” Waverly skimmed her eyes lower to Nicole’s smooth legs and red-painted toenails. “You look really sexy.” She shook her head as she chuckled humorlessly. “Earlier tonight you said you weren’t sure if I was into feminine women. And honestly, I wasn’t sure I was either, but looking at you like this is turning me on so much right now. I mean, don’t get me wrong, I love your usual style so much. But you look so beautiful, and so sexy like this too.”

Nicole smiled and exhaled in relief.

“Can I take your dress off?”

Nicole nodded as she helped Waverly push the garment the rest of the way off her body and leaned back down onto her hands that were behind her on the bed.

“Whoa.” Waverly clenched the empty dress tightly in her hands as she stared at the addition of the matching black lace thong around Nicole’s hips. She had seen it before when she had gotten that little taste of the redhead, but she only saw it around her legs; not actually on her. She scanned her eyes up and down, taking in the sight of her girlfriend, red curls and all.

Nicole realized that Waverly was exploring and expressing a side of herself that she had never truly tapped into before. Just like Nicole had never fully been a bottom before, Waverly had never fully been a top, and she wanted her girlfriend to get the full experience. She thought of what she’d want Waverly to do in that moment, so she reached up a hand and grabbed one of her own breasts, gently massaging it over her bra as she laced her other hand through her fiery curls. She slid one leg straight out as she bent the other one, touching the heel of her foot to the inner knee of her straight leg and giving Waverly a full display of the wet patch between her legs as she leaned back onto the pillows.

“Do you want me to give you a show baby?” She asked in the most feminine voice she could conjure up.

With her jaw nearly touching the floor, Waverly nodded. But before Nicole had even moved, Waverly shouted, “Wait!”

Nicole abruptly stopped her movements and simply quirked a brow in question.

“I don’t want to do it like this, with me still wearing my dress.” Waverly reached around to her back and grunted as she struggled to get the zipper down.
“Do you want help, love?”

“No!” Waverly yelled with her hands halted out in front of her just as Nicole was about to move off of the bed. “No, I want you to stay exactly like you are.”

Nicole nodded and moved back into her previous position with her hands on her breasts, slowly massaging them as she watched Waverly.

The brunette reached as far as she could and successfully pulled the zipper down before hastily shimmying out of her dress and kicking it to the side. She pulled off her bra and panties before tossing them over to join her dress, making a small pile on the floor.

Nicole bit her lip as she looked over Waverly’s body, trying her best not to make a comment about how pink and swollen her folds looked.

“Can I wear a pair of your boxers?”

Nicole nodded. “Take whatever you want baby.”

Waverly hopped over to the dresser and pulled out a pair of red plaid boxers and a black sports bra that was a little loose on her. She then strutted backed over to the bed and slowly crawled on top of Nicole until she was settled in between the woman’s legs. As one hand lifted one of Nicole’s legs around her waist, the other hand snaked behind the redhead’s back and unhooked the lace bra. Waverly slid the hand on Nicole’s leg down to cup the cheek of her backside as she leaned down and delicately captured Nicole’s lips with her own. As the kiss grew more passionate, Waverly brought her other hand back around and grabbed one of the cups of the bra to pull it off of Nicole. All without breaking the kiss, she then slid her free hand up the redhead’s ribs and cupped a breast, still holding her firm grip on the other hand. She slid her tongue into Nicole’s mouth as she rubbed the redhead’s breast with her palm, eliciting a quiet whimper from the other woman.

“I thought you wanted me to give you a show,” Nicole breathed out, punctuating her words with a soft moan.

“I changed my mind.”

With her eyes closed, Nicole’s eyebrows furrowed, creasing in the middle as she felt Waverly begin to play with her nipple, gently pinching and twisting it between her forefinger and her thumb as she massaged the redhead’s tongue with her own. Nicole had to admit, she was enjoying the attention Waverly was giving her. She was enjoying not having to guide anyone or tell anyone what to do, and being able to just relax under her girlfriend’s touch while she let waves of pleasure wash over her body. She whined in frustration when she felt Waverly’s lips leave hers, but immediately sighed in relief when she felt them around her untouched nipple, finally giving it some attention too.

“That’s so nice,” Nicole whispered as she brought one hand to wrap around Waverly’s back, and the other up to thread in her own red locks.

Waverly blushed at the comment, enjoying the way Nicole was writhing beneath her. Her girlfriend was melting to a puddle, and it was all because of her. She moved her hands to rest on either side of Nicole’s neck and pushed herself up as she hovered over the older woman. Nicole wrapped her legs around Waverly’s waist and pulled her hips in close as she wrapped her arms around the brunette’s neck. She slid her hands down to the bulging muscles in Waverly’s shoulders.

“Have I told you how strong you are?” Nicole whispered as she squeezed the flexed muscles.

Waverly blushed at the comment and leaned down to kiss Nicole, feeling a little bit awkward at
receiving the compliment. She wanted to keep her confident attitude, but Nicole was making it really difficult. As soon as she broke the kiss, Waverly sat up, forcing Nicole to drop her legs from her waist, and slowly pulled Nicole’s thong down her legs, smiling down at her beautiful thick red hairs that complimented her glistening pink folds. She tossed the thong aside and crawled back up Nicole’s body, settling back into the position she was in before, and brought the back of her hand up to Nicole’s cheek. She smiled at her girlfriend relaxing into the touch before trailing the hand down her long body. As she reached the coarse hair, Waverly rolled over slightly onto her left side and slid her fingers down the crease of Nicole’s inner thigh and up her slick folds.

“Oh!” Nicole moaned as she pushed her head back into the pillow and rolled her bottom lip between her teeth.

Waverly watched Nicole’s face attentively as she slowly trailed her fingers up and down her soaked slit. She had come a long way since their first time. That night, she was nervous as hell. She had no idea what she was doing, and all of the worst-case scenarios flooded her mind, strengthening her fears. But now, she wasn’t scared anymore. She knew exactly what she was doing, and she had touched Nicole enough to know exactly what the woman wanted and when she wanted it.

She waited for the signal; for Nicole’s eyebrows to scrunch together slightly, for her jaw to clench, for her legs to squeeze together slightly. Waverly knew this meant Nicole wanted more, wanted to be pushed a little bit closer to that edge. As soon as she got the signal, Waverly slipped a finger inside Nicole’s entrance, and the redhead sighed in relief. She pumped the finger in and out slowly at first. After about a dozen or so strokes, she added a second digit, smiling at the way Nicole’s legs opened wider for her. She leaned down next to Nicole’s ear and stroked the top of the woman’s head with her free hand as she continued pumping her fingers slowly inside Nicole.

“Your pussy feels so good around my fingers baby.”

She could virtually feel the smirk on Waverly’s face as a fresh wave of arousal gushed out of her at those words. She moaned in frustration as the need for more took over her desires. She reached down and grabbed onto Waverly’s wrist, guiding her in and out at a faster pace.

Waverly kissed Nicole’s cheek as she slid her fingers out of Nicole – ignoring the woman’s protesting groans – and brought the redhead’s hand up to her lips for a loving kiss as she stared into lust-filled eyes.

“Let me take care of you baby.” She pinned Nicole’s hands up above her head and let go before trailing soft fingers down her arms and to her cheeks, cupping them as she gently caressed the skin with the pads of her thumbs.

Nicole nodded in understanding. “Sorry.” She said sheepishly.

Waverly shook her head. “Don’t be sorry baby. Just relax and let me do all the work, okay?”

Nicole nodded and relaxed back into the mattress as she felt Waverly lean down for a kiss, following the brunette’s lead as their lips glided together. Waverly slid her hand back down between Nicole’s legs and pushed in one finger, then two, before picking up the pace.

When Nicole let out a high-pitched whimper, Waverly knew that she wanted more, so she pumped in and out at a quicker pace. Nicole rocked her hips and clawed her hands along Waverly’s back, occasionally catching her short nails on the edge of the sports bra. Waverly was pumping as hard as she could, but needed more leverage. She stilled her fingers for a moment and moved so she was more centered between Nicole’s legs, repositioning herself so that her own center was against the back of her hand, and began roughly thrusting her hips, forcing her fingers deep inside Nicole.
“Fuck!” Nicole hissed as she wrapped her legs around Waverly’s hips, effectively deepening the girl’s thrusts even more.

Waverly dropped her free hand down beside Nicole’s head so that she was hovering over the taller woman, and Nicole took the opportunity to pull the brunette into a searing kiss. Her hands messily tangled through the hair in the back of Waverly’s head, and she rocked her hips against Waverly, moaning into the girl’s mouth when their movements lined up in a steady rhythm.

With Waverly’s fingers so deep inside Nicole and her palm naturally rubbing against her enlarged clit, Nicole felt herself rapidly approaching her orgasm. She grabbed Waverly’s thin wrist of the hand that was holding the brunette up and squeezed as hard as she could, knowing that she would probably cause a bruise to form but was unable to stop herself.

Waverly disconnected her lips from Nicole’s and moved as close to her ear as possible before whispering, “Come on baby. You’re so close, I can feel you getting tighter. You’re going to come so hard. I’m going to fuck you until you soak this mattress.” She nipped at Nicole’s earlobe before moving back up for a kiss, forcing her tongue against Nicole’s as she thrusted her hips and fingers as hard and fast as she possibly could.

Nicole quickly pulled out of the kiss and pushed her forehead against Waverly’s, eyes shut tight and eyebrows knitted together as a loud cry echoed throughout the room. She dropped her feet onto the mattress and pushed up into Waverly as an explosion of pleasure erupted from her center.

Waverly kept her pace as Nicole tumbled over the edge. She balled the sheets tightly in her hand as Nicole’s fingertips dug deeper into her wrist and she clenched her jaw, trying her best to ignore the pain. She wanted to be there for Nicole, and right now Nicole needed to hold onto her as she grounded her through her intense orgasm.

After several moments, Waverly felt Nicole’s body slacken onto the mattress and her hand loosen its grip on her wrist before letting it go entirely. She progressively slowed down her pace until she was completely still inside Nicole, staring down at the woman who had her arms over her face above her nose as she tried to catch her breath.

Waverly just stared. She stared at this beautiful woman that had just completely unraveled under her touch. Even after a month, she still couldn’t believe that Nicole was hers, that it took her so long to figure out that she was gay as fuck, that she was having shitty sex for so long and thought that it was just how it was supposed to be, that she believed she was too feminine to be allowed to assert any dominance or take control, that she was just going through the motions and letting life take control of her as she floated on like a leaf drifting down a river. She couldn’t believe that it took her so long to take control of her own life and go after the things she wanted. And she certainly couldn’t believe that it took her this long to ask Nicole to let her be the one in command. Because right now, she was feeling strong and powerful; something she’d never felt before to this degree. And she loved it. It wasn’t something she craved often, but having it sparingly would create a good balance in her life.

When Nicole pulled her arms off of her face, she brought them up around Waverly’s neck and gently pulled her down into a slow kiss. When she pulled away, she smiled as she played with the baby hairs on the back of Waverly’s neck.

“How did that feel?” She asked, looking up at the brunette.

“Incredible. How did it feel for you?”

“Incredible.”
Waverly chuckled and shook her head. “Do you know how fucking hot you are when you come? You’re like a goddess, Nicole. A real-life goddess.” She slowly pulled her fingers out of Nicole, careful not to accidentally brush against her clit since she knew it was always painfully sensitive for a while after powerful orgasms, and laid down on her back beside the redhead.

Nicole sighed at the feeling of Waverly’s fingers sliding out of her and rolled onto her side to wrap an arm around Waverly’s chest and nuzzle her face into the crook of Waverly’s neck before leaving a gentle kiss on the skin there as she felt her eyes begin to gloss over with tears.

“You can’t say things like that to me after giving me an incredible orgasm, because you’re going to make me cry. And I’m PMSing, too.” Nicole used the back of her index finger to wipe away the tears that were threatening to escape.

“Sorry, but it’s true. I love you, Nicole Haught.”

“I love you too, Waverly Earp.” Nicole leaned up and gave Waverly a chaste kiss before dropping her head down onto Waverly’s chest.

They laid there in silence for a few moments, just listening to the rhythm of each other’s heartbeats and steady breathing. Waverly stared up at the ceiling, building up the courage to ask Nicole what she wanted to ask her. It wasn’t like it was a crazy request, but she was unsure of how Nicole felt about it. Worst-case scenario Nicole would say no, and Waverly would be fine with that. She would be a little disappointed, but she certainly wouldn’t push. She was brought out of her thoughts by a concerned Nicole lifting Waverly’s arm up and examining it with worry.

“Oh my god, are you okay? Did I hurt you?”

Waverly looked down at the arm Nicole was examining and looked at the red handprint. She knew it was going to bruise, since she bruised fairly easily, but it didn’t hurt. She shook her head.

“No, it doesn’t hurt. You didn’t hurt me, I’m okay.”

As she heard Nicole sigh in relief, Waverly swallowed hard.

“Nicole, can I ask you something?”

Sensing the nervousness in Waverly’s voice, Nicole gently set her arm down and looked into her eyes, giving her full attention. “You can ask me anything Waves.” She gave a reassuring smile as she gently massaged Waverly’s ribcage.

“Can I use the strap-on? You know, like, on you?”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading <3 As always, please leave some feedback! I love reading your thoughts and interacting with you!
Nicole tried her best to keep from showing her hesitation. She knew Waverly would ask this someday, but she didn’t expect it to be today. Truth be told, a part of her was curious about what it would feel like, but the other part of her was a little scared and wasn’t sure if it was something she’d ever want to do. But Nicole knew that it was only fair to be honest with Waverly, and knew she had to share her fears about it. She sat up against the headboard with her knees bent towards her chest and her arms resting on top. Waverly followed behind her, sitting up with her legs crossed as she looked at Nicole, giving her full support.

“Um, I don’t know. I’m a little scared if I’m being honest.”

Waverly tucked Nicole’s hair back behind her ear on the side that was closest to her before rubbing her upper back. “What are you scared of baby?”

Nicole inhaled deeply through her nose. “When I had sex with my ex-boyfriend, the one and only time I’ve ever had sex with a guy, I didn’t have the best experience. I mean, of course I realized that I was not a huge fan of penis as soon as he whipped it out, but that’s not the only part that made it a bad experience.” Nicole sighed as she collected her thoughts, wanting to explain this correctly. “When he put it in, it hurt…a lot. Like, I couldn’t breathe it hurt so bad. Of course, Ethan stopped as soon as he sensed something was wrong. He was a good guy and a pretty decent boyfriend. But he kept asking if it was okay to keep going and I kept saying that I needed a second to get used to it. It was both of our first times and I don’t think he really understood how painful the first time could be for a woman. Also, I wasn’t aroused at all and we never used any lube, so I’m sure that made it worse. I think he was getting really impatient, and after the third or fourth time of him questioning me I finally just said that I was okay to keep going so that he would stop asking, even though it still hurt. Thankfully it only took him a few minutes to finish, and I faked my own orgasm just in case he wanted to keep going for my sake. I just really wanted it to be over, because the truth was that it just hurt the entire time. It never felt good. And honestly, I don’t think it ever really, you know, popped.”

Waverly furrowed her brow in confusion for a moment. “Your hymen?” She asked as she continued to rub Nicole’s back.

Nicole nodded. “I didn’t feel anything.” She turned to look at Waverly. “Did you feel anything your first time?”

“I didn’t feel a pop, but I felt, like, this release of pressure. It hurt a little at first, but then there was less pressure and it began to feel good.”

“Yeah, see, I never felt any of that. I just felt the painful part the entire time, for the entire five minutes. It probably never broke because he never actually pushed it in and out, but rather just gyrated his hips with it pushed all the way in, only pulling back out when he was done.” She rolled
her eyes as she turned back around and lowered her head towards her knees as she spun the ring on her middle finger, arms still on top of her knees. “It just kind of scarred me a little, like gave me mild PTSD or something. Fingers are fine, they’re small enough that it doesn’t hurt. Even two or three fingers is fine. And so are tampons, I’ve never had a problem with those. But our strap-on is the same shape and it’s just as big as he was, maybe a bit bigger. The tip of it is definitely bigger.” Nicole grimaced at the thought of her ex-boyfriend’s junk, trying not to picture it anymore. “It just freaks me out that it’ll hurt again. I mean, I have a pretty high pain tolerance; I’ve broken a few bones before without showing so much as a frown. But feeling pain is a whole different story.”

“Yeah, totally. I completely understand. I’ve felt that pain before and I can’t imagine feeling it for longer than the few seconds I did, let alone five whole minutes.” Waverly reassured, letting her know that her fears were completely valid.

“I just don’t know if it’s something I want to go through again, you know?”

Waverly nodded. “And that’s okay.” She brought her hand that wasn’t on Nicole’s back up to wrap around her girlfriend’s forearm. “You don’t have to. If that’s not something you want to try, then we don’t have to do it. It’s completely up to you.”

“But…” Nicole sighed. “At the same time, I kind of do want to try it. I want it to feel good, and I know it will once I get past the painful part, and I want to enjoy that with you. And I want you to be able to have that experience of being on the giving end with it too. I’m so torn right now because it’s something that I want, but I’m so scared to do that again.”

“Baby, look at me.” Waverly gently pushed Nicole’s shoulders, urging her to turn and face her. “If this is something that you want to try, then we’ll take it as slowly as you need. I won’t rush you, and I’ll let you take all the time in the world. I’ll be super gentle, and you can tell me if you want me to stop and I’ll stop. You’ll have total control. And we don’t even have to do it tonight. It can be tomorrow, or a week from now, or a month from now, or a year from now…whenever. There’s no rush here, okay?” She brushed her hand through the side of Nicole’s hair, watching as the messy and slightly frizzy curls fell down with each stroke.

Nicole nodded. “Yeah, okay.” She exhaled deeply and nodded her head a bit faster. “Okay. It’s okay. I think I want to try it.”

“Right now?” Waverly quirked an eyebrow.

“Yeah.” Nicole nodded some more.

Waverly brushed her hand one last time through Nicole’s hair and ended with her hand resting on the back of her neck. “Are you sure that’s what you want?”

Nicole reached for Waverly’s free hand and took it in her own. “I’m sure. I trust you. And I want to do this.”

“Okay.” Waverly gave a soft smile and tenderly kissed Nicole’s forehead before slowly standing up and walking over to the closet where she knew Nicole stored their strap-on. She attached the dildo to the harness and after taking off the boxers pulled the harness up her bare legs, situating it correctly over her mound before tightening the straps. She then opened up the condom that she had grabbed before and rolled it over the dildo before grabbing the bottle of lube and bringing it over to place on the bedside table. She pulled the sports bra off over her head, wanting to be completely naked with Nicole, before getting on the bed next to redhead and kneeling back on her knees, making note of how weird it felt to have something protruding from between her legs.
“Where do you want me?”

“On top is fine.”

Nicole helped Waverly get situated between her legs before the girl slowly and carefully lowered herself to lay down on top of the taller woman.

She kissed Nicole deeply for a couple of minutes before she moved to kiss her neck, then played with her nipples, caressed the skin of her outer legs, and traced gentle circles on her inner thighs...she did everything she knew Nicole liked in order to make her girlfriend aroused before even going near her center. Once she heard the small moans coming from the back of Nicole’s throat, she gently trailed her fingers up Nicole’s legs and through her folds, happy to feel it covered in arousal. She gently moved her fingers up to Nicole’s clit straining from its hood and used the skin to glide along the sensitive bud.

“Does that feel good?” Waverly asked, checking in with her girlfriend. Even though they’ve done this part dozens of times, she wanted to make Nicole feel comfortable and safe every step of the way.

Nicole nodded. “Yes baby, that feels really good.”

After a few minutes of exploring Nicole’s clit, Waverly moved her fingers down to Nicole’s entrance.

“Can I go inside?” She asked as she delicately circled the woman’s entrance.

“Mhm,” Nicole replied without hesitation. She smiled when she felt Waverly slide a finger all the way in.

It wasn’t long before Waverly asked to add a second digit, and then a third, effectively stretching Nicole a bit.

“Does this hurt at all?” Waverly asked as she slowly pumped all three fingers in and out of the redhead.

“No, it feels good.”

Waverly nodded and continued her movements, all while watching Nicole’s face for any signs of hesitation.

“I think I’m ready now,” Nicole said after a few minutes.

Waverly slid her fingers out and selfishly sucked the arousal off of them before reaching for the bottle of lube. She poured a strip of liquid down the shaft before closing the bottle and rubbing it all around member. Once it was completely lubricated – more than she’s ever seen anything lubricated in her entire life – she positioned herself between Nicole’s legs. Seeing the bit of fear in her girlfriend’s eyes, she leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on each of her hip bones before rubbing her clenched abdominals.

“It’s okay baby, just try to relax.”

Nicole nodded and exhaled deeply as she let go of the tension she had been holding in her muscles.

“Remember, you call all the shots. Okay?”

Nicole leaned up to give Waverly a kiss on the lips before dropping back down onto the pillow. “Okay.” She replied; partially in response to Waverly’s question, and partially to signal that she
was ready for Waverly to proceed.

Waverly lined up the tip with Nicole’s entrance. “Okay, I’m pushing in now.” She waited for Nicole’s reply before very slowly pushing her hips forward, guiding the dildo with her right hand while resting her left just above Nicole’s pubic bone.

Nicole clenched her jaw and tensed her muscles as she felt the familiar feeling of slight pressure. She felt Waverly move her hand up to massage her abdomen and instantly began to relax her muscles under her touch. She knew it would make everything worse if she wasn’t relaxed. As soon as the head was all the way in she felt the uncomfortable pain.

“Oh, wait wait, stop.” She grimaced as she inhaled sharply through her gritted teeth.

Waverly stilled all of her movements, including her hand on Nicole’s abdomen. “Are you okay? Do you want me to pull it back out?”

With her eyes closed, Nicole shook her head.

“What do you need baby?”

“I just need a minute. Just stay like that.”

Nicole inhaled through her nose and exhaled out of her mouth, focusing on her breathing until the pain moved to the background of her awareness. She realized that she had been like that for probably close to five minutes and began to feel guilty for making Waverly wait so still in an uncomfortable position for so long.

“I’m sorry.” Nicole opened her eyes and raised her eyebrows apologetically, a crease forming in the middle.

“No, don’t apologize. You have nothing to be sorry for. Take all the time you need. I’m right here.” Waverly gave a reassuring smile as she ran her nails soothingly up and down the outside of Nicole’s right thigh, hoping it would help her relax a little bit more.

After a couple more minutes, Nicole opened her legs a little bit wider and focused on relaxing her muscles again. “Okay, you can keep going.”

“You sure?” Waverly had to make sure it was what Nicole wanted and that she didn’t just feel pressured to keep going.

“Yeah, I’m sure.”

Waverly continued to push in little by little with her eyes glued to Nicole’s for any signs of hesitation.

Nicole gritted her teeth at the pain when she felt Waverly stop. She opened her eyes and noticed Waverly looking at her with concern. “It’s okay, I’m okay. You can keep going.”

“It’s all the way in.”

Nicole looked down and saw Waverly’s hips flush against her.

“Oh.”

“Does it still hurt?” Waverly asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Mhm.” Nicole nodded, biting on her inner cheek. Although this hurt just as much as it had the first
time, she felt way more comfortable with Waverly being the one to do it.

“I think you just have a stubborn hymen.” Waverly lightly chuckled. “Not surprised. Everything about you is stubborn.”

Nicole chuckled and shook her head at the joke, momentarily forgetting about the pain she was in.

“What if I try pulling back and pushing back in a bit harder to see if it breaks? Would you be okay with that?”

Nicole hesitated for a moment before nodding. “Yeah, let’s try that.”

“Only if you want to. This is about you.”

“I trust you.” Nicole said with as much conviction as possible. She reached out for Waverly’s hand and entwined their fingers together, tightly squeezing it for comfort and laid her head back down on the pillow. “Go ahead.”

Waverly pulled back slightly and pushed back in, studying Nicole’s face for any discomfort.

“I think you need to pull back a little more.”

Waverly pulled back out about halfway and pushed slowly back in. “Anything?”

“No.” Nicole shook her head. “Try it harder.”

Waverly pulled back like she did before and pushed in a little more forcefully this time, noticing Nicole wince.

“Are you okay? Did I hurt you?”

Getting frustrated, Nicole shook her head. “Just keep doing it. Like that. Go harder if you have to. I think it’ll break eventually. I just want to get it over with.”

Waverly raised her eyebrows at her. “Baby…”

“Really Waves, it’s okay. And don’t worry if I look like I’m in pain. Only stop if I ask you to, okay?”

Waverly nodded in understanding. “Okay.” She spoke softly. She continued her movements of pulling out and pushing back in. She looked away from Nicole’s face, unable to bear the look of pain she was causing on her girlfriend’s face, so she just looked down at the dildo disappearing and reappearing from inside Nicole. After about a minute of this, she heard a moan escape Nicole’s lips. She looked up at her girlfriend and didn’t see the pain anymore. Waverly stopped her thrusting.

“Was that it?”

“I– I think so. It doesn’t hurt so much anymore. It just suddenly didn’t feel as tight.”

“Does it feel good?”

“Maybe a little?” The truth was, Nicole didn’t know how she felt about it. It wasn’t a feeling she was used to, but she was just glad it didn’t hurt anymore.

“Want me to keep going?”

“Yeah.”
Waverly continued her thrusts and after a few moments, felt the member sliding in and out much easier than before. She could tell that there was more lubrication on it; natural lubrication from Nicole.

"Ungh." Nicole moaned out. "Okay, now it feels good. That definitely feels good. Oh wow." She looked up at Waverly with an open-mouthed smile and grabbed onto the girl's hips.

"Yeah?" Waverly asked, smiling back.

"Yeah."

"Want me to rub your clit?"

As soon as Nicole nodded her consent Waverly's fingers were on the bundle of nerves, moving around in circles.

"Oh shit that's nice." Nicole whispered as her breathing became rapid. Suddenly it all hit her at once; the sight of Waverly thrusting her hips and fucking her, the feeling of being completely full, the stimulation on her clit...it all caused a surge of heat to rush through her body and straight to her core. "I think-- I think I'm gonna come."

Waverly picked up her pace just a bit in her hips, looking down and making sure the dildo didn't slip out. She held onto Nicole's bend knees for support.

It wasn't long before Nicole had jolted up onto her elbows, throwing her head back as a long moan escaped her lips. She smiled at the sensation of her walls clenching around the dildo – around Waverly. When her orgasm had subsided. She dropped back down onto the bed with a thud.

"How was that?" Waverly asked with her hips pushed flush against Nicole, genuinely curious if it was something her girlfriend liked. Just because Nicole had orgasmed from it didn't mean it was something she’d want to do again.

Nicole opened her eyes and smiled up at Waverly. "Amazing." She said as she took Waverly's hand and sat up, peppering light kisses all the way up her arm before kissing her lips. "Thank you for being so patient with me."

"I love you. I just want to make you feel good." She cupped one of Nicole's cheeks and caressed it with her thumb.

"And you do. Every day you make me feel so loved and cared for, and I appreciate that." Nicole took her hand and kissed her palm.

Waverly looked lovingly into Nicole's eyes, taking in every bit of their features from the flecks of gold against the brown to the contracting pupils. "Are you ready for me to pull out?"

"Actually, can you give me another one?"

Waverly cocked her head in confusion. "Another what?"

"Orgasm."

"Like this?" Waverly asked, eyebrows raised in surprise.

"Yeah. It feels really good now. I want you to fuck me again."

Waverly shuddered at those words. Before it wasn't about fucking Nicole, but about making her feel
safe and comfortable. But now that Nicole had put that thought into her mind, she really, really wanted to fuck her. To make love to her by thrusting deep inside of her and making her come all over again.

“What are you thinking about?” Nicole smirked, totally catching the way Waverly’s mind drifted off into dirty thoughts.

Waverly didn’t respond, but instead leaned down to give the redhead a searing kiss, lips gliding messily as her tongue searched for the Nicole’s. When Nicole moaned into her mouth, Waverly instantly bucked her hips, which caused a much louder cry from Nicole seeing as the dildo was still inside the woman. Waverly instantly pulled back and looked at Nicole with concern.

“Did that hurt you?”

“No, it felt good.” Nicole began rocking her hips into Waverly, desperate to feel movement. “Waves, please.”

Waverly’s eyes darkened with lust at Nicole’s begging and she began to move her hips back and forth, pumping in and out of Nicole.

“Oh, fuck. Yes baby.” Nicole dropped her head back and sighed in relief as she grabbed onto the edges of the pillow. “God, you feel so good.”

“You like when I fuck you like this?” Waverly felt her stomach drop at her own dirty talk. It wasn’t until this very moment, as she looked up and down her girlfriend’s entire body, that she realized how hot it was having sex with Nicole with a fake dick strapped to her. From the way her pale breasts bounced with her pink nipples completely stiff, to her clit completely red and visible as it hardened, to the purple cock sliding in and out of her pussy. Waverly was filled with this need to thrust her hips harder, faster. She didn’t know where it came from, since it’s not like she could really feel the member, but the desire was still there.

“Can I go faster baby?” Waverly asked, holding back until Nicole gave her consent.

“Please.” Nicole panted.

That was all Waverly needed. She placed her hands on top of Nicole’s bent knees and pushed them apart wider as she moved her hips as fast as she could, pounding into her girlfriend.

“Jesus, Waverly!”

“Yeah, you like that don’t you. You like my cock pounding your pussy. I’m going to fuck you so hard that you won’t be able to walk tomorrow.”

“Fuck!” Nicole cried out as she brought her hand down to her clit and erratically began rubbing. “God that’s so sexy when you talk to me like that.” She bit her lower lip as her breathing picked up.

“Yeah? Are you gonna come?” Waverly panted as if she were talking while running a marathon.

“I might if you keep talking dirty to me.”

“It’s so easy for me to slide in and out of your dripping wet pussy, Nic. I can’t wait to feel how easy it is to fuck you when you come for me and spill your come all over my cock.”

Those words mixed with the sounds of Waverly’s hips slapping against her slick skin was enough to push her over the edge.
“Oh fuck, Waverly! Shiit I’m coming!”

Nicole arched her back off the bed as she felt her lower abdomen tighten and release. Her walls clenched tightly around Waverly as if wanting to keep her inside before sporadically contracting. Waverly continued her thrusting as she helped Nicole ride out her orgasm until she felt the taller woman fall back down onto the bed, both of them filling the room with the sounds of their heavy breathing.

Waverly slowly pulled out of Nicole and pushed the straps down her legs and tossed the strap-on on the floor, desperate to chase her own release. She licked her fingers and urgently moved them from side to side across her clit. As soon as Nicole felt the bed begin to shake and soft moans hit her ears, she opened her eyes and looked over at Waverly masturbating. She quickly rolled over on top of the girl, pushing her hand away in the process.

“I want to do it.” Nicole growled.

She moved her fingers over Waverly’s clit and rubbed it exactly the way Waverly had been doing before.

“Unghhh” Waverly moaned as she felt her climax quickly approaching. “Don’t stop. I’m gonna come. Fuck! Nicole!”

Waverly stilled Nicole’s wrist and rocked her hips into the redhead’s hand as she felt her orgasm take over her entire body. When she came down from her high, she opened her eyes to look up at her girlfriend.

“Damn that was good.”

“Plenty more where that came from.” Nicole winked as she brought her fingers up to her lips and sucked on them, moaning at the erotic taste as her eyes rolled back in ecstasy.

“Fuck. Well when you do that how can I resist?”

“Am I turning you on again?” Nicole smirked as she quirked an eyebrow.

Waverly sat up and placed a hand on Nicole’s chest, pushing her down on the mattress as she rolled over on top of the redhead and pinned her arms above her head. “Honey, I was never turned off.”

She brought her lips down for a passionate kiss as she dragged her nails all the way down Nicole’s arms and the sides of Nicole’s body, sending chills down the taller woman’s spine.

“Want to go down on me?” Waverly gave a seductive smile.

“Want to go down on each other?” Nicole mirrored the girl’s look, and smiled as Waverly’s smirk turned into a grin.

“69?”

“Only if you want.”

“I want. I definitely want.”

Waverly moved so that she was facing the opposite direction, but still on top of Nicole. As soon as she dropped her tongue down to meet her girlfriend’s clit, Nicole instinctually jerked her knee up, accidentally nailing Waverly in the face.
“Ow, fuck!” Waverly cried as she grabbed her nose and scrambled away from Nicole, sitting up on the bed next to her.

Nicole immediately sat up. “Oh baby! Are you okay?! I’m so sorry!”

Waverly moved her hand to look at it and revealed the blood that was pouring from her nose. She gasped and hastily covered her nose back up.

“Oh, Waves.” Nicole rubbed the girl’s back apologetically as soon as she saw the blood. “Come on, let’s get you to the bathroom. Pinch your nose and keep your head tilted forward.” Nicole advised as she helped Waverly off the bed and rushed her into her bathroom. She quickly closed the toilet lid and threw a clean towel over it before guiding Waverly to sit down. She grabbed a roll of toilet paper and wadded up a huge clump of tissue paper before tearing it off.

“Here.” She sat the roll down on the edge of the tub as she squatted down in front of Waverly and brought the tissue paper to Waverly’s nose, using her other hand to cup the back of the brunette’s head gently pushing her forward a little more. “God, I’m so sorry. I don’t know why I kicked my leg up like that. I wasn’t thinking and I didn’t mean to. And now you’re bleeding everywhere and I’ve probably broken your nose and I’m literally the worst girlfriend ever to exist on this planet.”

Waverly began to giggle through the wad of tissue, until her shoulders began uncontrollably bouncing up and down, and her giggling turned into guffawing.

“What…what’s so funny?” Nicole asked, concerned that she had actually broken her girlfriend.

“We were literally just having sex, and now I have a bloody nose. From sex!” her body convulsed as she laughed some more until her abs were burning. “I mean, this is like something from a movie!”

Nicole chuckled as she shook her head. “Yeah, I guess it is a bit ridiculous.”

“A bit? How many times have you gotten injured during sex?”

Nicole bit back her smile at how cute Waverly was trying to talk through the tissue covering the lower half of her face. “Well…never.”

“Exactly! And this was oral sex! Literally the least dangerous form of sex you can have!”

Nicole began laughing with Waverly as the small room filled with the echoes of their voices. After a couple of minutes the pair finally calmed down – crying from laughing so hard nonetheless – at which point Nicole lowered the tissue to take a look at Waverly’s nose.

“Well, the good news is it stopped bleeding, and I don’t think it’s broken. But it’ll probably be a little sore tomorrow, and maybe a bit bruised.” Nicole’s eyes widened as she caught sight of Waverly’s wrist. “Oh my god, and your arm!” She gingerly took Waverly’s arm and examined the hand-shaped mark that was beginning to turn blue. “God, people are going to think I beat you or something!”

“Kinda makes you appreciate that small hickey I gave you a couple of weeks ago, huh?” Waverly teased.

“Waves, this isn’t funny. You’re hurt! I hurt you!”

Waverly grabbed Nicole’s trembling hands and stared into her eyes. “Baby, it was an accident. You didn’t mean to hurt me. If anything, it just means that I did you really good, so thanks for the boost
of confidence.” Waverly gave a crooked smile as she placed a hand on the back of Nicole’s head and pulled her in to gently touch foreheads. She felt Nicole relax against her as she rubbed light circles on the inside of the redhead’s wrist with the hand that wasn’t on the back of her head.

“You’re so good to me, Nicole. You love me and care for me in ways that I never thought was possible. You’re the best girlfriend ever, okay? Don’t feel bad. I’m okay, really I am. It looks worse than it feels. Just don’t feel guilty, okay?”

Nicole nodded against Waverly’s forehead. “Okay.” She smiled. “I really want to give you an Eskimo kiss right now, but I know that would be a bad idea.”

“Yeah, please don’t.” Waverly chuckled. She kissed Nicole’s nose before pulling away.

“So, are you ready to go to bed?” Nicole asked.

“If by ‘go to bed’ you mean ‘continue where we left off’, then yes. Absolutely.”

“Waves, we can’t—…we shouldn’t have sex anymore tonight. Not when you’re hurt like this.”

“Uh, last time I checked I didn’t need my nose to give or receive orgasms…unless there’s some kinky fantasy you haven’t told me about?” She folded her arms as she quirked an eyebrow.

Nicole shook her head. “I’m serious. I don’t want you to get hurt again.”

Waverly scooted slightly forward on the toilet lid and slid her hands up Nicole’s chest and around to the back of her neck. “How about you let me decide what I can and can’t handle, okay?” She pulled Nicole into a gentle kiss, being very careful to not bump her nose, before slowly pulling out of the kiss. “There, see? Nobody got hurt.”

“Yeah, but…” Nicole wasn’t sure what to do; on the one hand, she really wanted to continue with their night because she was still very aroused and wanted to keep making love to her girlfriend, but on the other hand, she was worried about Waverly.

“Nicole. Please.” When she saw the look of hesitation fail to leave her girlfriend’s eyes, she grabbed the redhead’s hand and brought it down between her legs to show Nicole just how much she wanted it. “See? I want you. I need you, Nicole. My body needs you.”

Nicole’s eyes began to glaze over with lust and arousal as she felt the slickness between Waverly’s legs. How could she deny her girlfriend something she clearly wanted? She nodded at Waverly as she stood up.

“Oh okay.” She bent down and hoisted Waverly up, who wrapped her legs around Nicole, to carry her over to the bed.

Once they got there, she gently laid Waverly down onto the bed and kissed her cheek as she hovered over her.

“I’m on top this time though.”

Waverly nodded her approval as she watched Nicole turn around and situate herself between the brunette’s legs, naturally bringing her center above Waverly’s face. Without wasting any time, Waverly grabbed the back of Nicole’s thighs and pulled her down to connect her tongue with the woman’s center.

“Ungh!” Nicole moaned at the unexpected touch before bringing her own tongue straight to Waverly’s clit. She smiled at the moan Waverly had hummed out against her center
It wasn’t long before Nicole felt herself getting closer to her release. She knew if Waverly had kept up the pace of those circles, that she would be a goner within the next few seconds. And the last thing she wanted was to finish before Waverly.

“Are you getting close baby?” Nicole asked through licks of her tongue on Waverly’s bundle of nerves.

“Not yet.” Waverly panted.

Nicole could feel herself getting closer by the second, so she carefully lifted herself up to detach her clit from Waverly’s mouth as she changed the pattern of her tongue and quickened her pace. Just in case that wasn’t enough, she slid two fingers straight into Waverly’s entrance.

“Oh my god!” Waverly cried as she balled the sheets next to her in her fists. “Fuck baby, that’s it. Jesus Christ!”

Waverly knew Nicole well enough to know that the only reason she had moved herself off of her was because she was getting close and didn’t want to finish first. Which was why when Waverly was approaching her climax, she pulled Nicole back down into her face and continued to eat her out.

Without detaching her lips from Waverly’s clit, Nicole whimpered as soon as the brunette’s lips were sucking on her sensitive bud.

It was only a few seconds later that they were coming – Waverly first and Nicole just a few seconds behind her. Their moans, cries, and profanities filled the room as they came down from their high.

“Is your nose okay?” Nicole asked once she was able to form coherent thoughts. She carefully moved off of Waverly to lay down on her back beside the girl, both of them still panting.

Waverly nodded. “Yeah, it doesn’t hurt as much anymore.”

“Good.”

Their chests were heaving up and down as they focused on catching their breath for a few more moments, until Waverly sat up and looked down at Nicole.

“Are you able to do just one more thing with me? Or are you too tired?”

Nicole placed her palms beside her on the mattress and pushed herself up to sit against the headboard. “Baby, I can go all night if you want me to.” She smirked.

An amused smile spread across Waverly’s face, touching all the way up to her eyes. “Really? All night?” She gave Nicole a knowing look.

“Or, at least one more thing. We do have work in the morning, and I have a feeling that I’ve already worn you out to the point where you’ll need extra caffeine shots.” Nicole leaned over and bumped her shoulder against Waverly’s as she gave the brunette her famous wink; the one that made the petite girl go weak in the knees.

Waverly shook her head and bit her lip in an attempt to hide her dopey grin. “You think you’re so charming, don’t you?”

“No, I know I’m charming. You don’t become Purgatory’s favorite officer by being anything but charming.”
“Then I guess you better work on that charm so that one day you can actually be Purgatory’s favorite officer.” Waverly looked at Nicole with a smug grin on her face.

“You!” Nicole reached out to tickle Waverly, but the shorter girl was too fast and dodged her hands, causing Nicole to fall off of the bed and hit the tender spot on her head right where Waverly had slammed her against the door earlier. “Ow! Shit!”

Waverly tried – and failed – to stifle her laughter from behind her hand as she looked at Nicole, who was glaring at her with one eye open and the other shut tightly in pain while she massaged the back of her head.

“I can’t believe you’re laughing at me. That really hurt!” Nicole pouted and quivered her bottom lip as she creased her eyebrows above big glossy brown eyes. It was a face that never failed to earn her kisses from Waverly.

“Aww my poor baby.” Waverly kneeled down beside Nicole on the floor and kissed her head where Nicole knew there would be a huge goose egg bump the next day. She helped Nicole up off the floor. “Are you too hurt to have sex one more time tonight?”

“I don’t know.” Nicole sighed exaggeratingly as she rubbed her scalp. “I mean, I hit my head pretty hard…”

“It involves one of my sexual fantasies of you sitting in a chair with me riding you while you wear the strap-on.”

“I’m in.” Nicole replied bluntly without missing a beat.

“Perfect. You stay right here, and I’ll run and get the chair.”

Nicole watched Waverly (specifically her ass) trot off out of the room and down the stairs – presumably to her small office – before picking the strap-on off the floor and discarding the condom that was still on it. She pulled the dildo off of the harness and walked over to her closet to take out the briefs-style harness and the bullet vibe. She slid the small silver vibrator into the inside pocket of the crotch before attaching the dildo and sliding the harness up her legs and tucking the remote into the waistband so that she didn’t have to hold onto it. Just as soon as she had finished putting on a new condom and grabbing the bottle of lube from her bedside table, Waverly emerged from the hallway and back into the room with an armless wooden chair. With a grin, she placed it down in front of the bed with the back of it pushed against the mattress.

“This way we don’t have to worry about tipping it back and falling over.” She explained her reasoning for the chair placement.

“Good idea.” Nicole nodded. After Waverly’s wrist and nose and Nicole’s head, the last thing she wanted was for either of them to get another injury.

Waverly patted the black leather seat of the chair, signaling for Nicole to sit down, which she did. Waverly took the bottle of lube out of Nicole’s hand to pour onto the member, but stopped herself just after opening the bottle.

“Oh! I almost forgot.” She set the bottle on the floor and ran over to grab the mirror that was still leaning against the wall and placed it perfectly in front of the chair before turning back to face Nicole with a smirk. “I thought it would be sexy if we were able to see ourselves.”

“Damn. That’s so fucking hot.” Nicole replied with wide eyes. The thought alone of watching herself fuck Waverly was making her center wet with arousal. She quirked an eyebrow when a
thought hit her. “But wait, how are you going to be able to see yourself if your back is to the mirror?”

Waverly strutted over to Nicole and placed her hands on the tops of her thighs as she leaned down impossibly close to the redhead’s face. “It won’t be to the mirror.” She winked before connecting their lips in a heated kiss; one that had Nicole moaning embarrassingly loud.

When she pulled out of the kiss to stand back up in front of Nicole, she picked the bottle up and from about a foot in the air, squeezed a good amount of lube into the palm of her left hand before setting the bottle back down and rubbing lube all over the cock with both hands. Facing Nicole, she lowered herself to sit on top of the redhead’s thighs as she continued to rub her hands along the shaft, completely coating the slick member.

Waverly breathily chuckled at the way Nicole was staring at her hands rubbing up and down the entire length with her mouth slightly agape. “Is this turning you on baby?” Waverly asked in a seductive voice.

“You have no idea.” Nicole replied. She swallowed thickly as her mouth went dry at the sight. She was always amazed at the power of visual aids, because she honestly could’ve come from watching Waverly give her a hand job alone – with or without the vibrator. But she had a job to do, so she stilled Waverly’s hands and looked up into the girl’s darkened brown eyes.

“I think it’s lubricated enough.”

“Oh, that was more for you than it was for me. Trust me, I have plenty of lubrication for you.” She smirked before standing up from Nicole’s lap and turning around so she was facing the same way as the redhead. Nicole pushed her legs together slightly so that Waverly could move her own legs to the outsides of them and slightly bent over with her hands resting on Nicole’s thighs. Nicole grabbed onto Waverly’s left hip bone with her left hand to steady her as she grabbed her erection with her right hand and guided the tip to Waverly’s entrance. As soon as she was in position, Waverly sunk all the way down onto the entire length with ease.

“Fuck Waves,” Nicole gasped. “You really were ready for me.”

“All for you babe,” Waverly managed to squeak out just before inhaling sharply as she squeezed her eyes shut, pulling up and sinking back down onto Nicole. “Oh!” She moaned through a shaky breath, continuing her slow movements.

Nicole just sat there, watching Waverly take her length in the mirror. “Shit.” She whispered to herself before tugging her bottom lip between her teeth at the delicious sight. She sat still, letting Waverly explore and take her cock at her own pace.

As Waverly became more aroused, she tightened her grip on the tops of Nicole’s thighs and increased her pace on Nicole’s erection. Nicole didn’t know whether she wanted to watch Waverly’s toned ass bouncing in front of her, or her boobs bouncing in the mirror, so she settled on switching back and forth between both. She selfishly pulled her legs apart, forcing Waverly’s legs to spread open a little more and revealing even more of her gorgeous pink folds. Nicole always thought that Waverly had the most beautiful vagina she had ever seen, and it wasn’t just because she was her girlfriend...she genuinely thought that it was beautiful the first time she saw it.

“Baby, fuck me.” Waverly pleaded through panting breaths, pulling Nicole out of her thoughts.

As soon as her attention was brought back to what was happening right in front of her, Nicole immediately grabbed Waverly’s hips and began thrusting up into her.
“Oh, yes! Just like that baby.” Waverly moaned before sinking her teeth into her bottom lip and dropping her head back, taking in the warm, euphoric feeling of Nicole filling her up.

Waverly was so aroused that Nicole could clearly see her dark pink clit poking out in the mirror. She reached her hand around and ran it through the brunette’s slick folds, coating her fingers with arousal before stroking the sensitive bud. When she heard a loud gasp, she smirked.

“Do you like that baby?”

“Yes” Waverly whimpered.

“Do I touch your clit the right way?” Nicole obviously knew the answer to this based on the way Waverly’s body was reacting to the stimulation she was giving her, but she wanted to hear her girlfriend say it. She wanted her to tell her how good she made her feel. She wasn’t going to lie, she wanted that ego boost.

“Yes baby. You’re so good. Nobody has ever touched me the right way like you do. Nobody has ever made me come like you do. You’re so fucking good at fucking me, Nicole.”

Nicole smirked proudly as she thrusted her hips harder and moved her fingers faster, feeling a surge of energy from Waverly’s compliments.

“God, I’m getting close.” Waverly warned in a high-pitched moan.

Waverly leaned her head back and rested the back of her head on Nicole’s right shoulder as she brought her left arm around the back of Nicole’s head and threaded her fingers though the messy red waves that were no longer perfect curls like they were earlier in the night; but the messy sex hair just made her look even sexier.

Nicole was very thankful that with this harness, the base of the dildo wasn’t lined up with her lady parts like it was with the other harness, because with everything that was happening plus the new view of Waverly’s toned abdomen stretched out and flexing in the mirror, she knew that she was at the point where any form of stimulation on her clit would instantly send her flying over the edge. She reached into the right side of the waistband and pulled out the vibe remote and slipped it into Waverly’s free hand.

“Turn this on when you’re about to come, and I’ll come with you,” Nicole whispered into Waverly’s ear just before sucking on her earlobe, causing the smaller girl to shudder.

When Waverly nodded her head in understanding, Nicole trailed hot kisses down Waverly’s neck and began sucking on the base of her neck above her collarbone, just the way she knew Waverly liked it.

Waverly’s breathing became more ragged as she felt the tension building up inside her. She furrowed her brow and squeezed her eyes shut, but then immediately opened them when she remembered the mirror. She wanted to watch her girlfriend make love to her. She readjusted her head slightly so that she had a clearer view. As she got closer to her climax, she turned on the vibrator, causing Nicole to let out a sharp cry as she jolted her hips. The reaction pushed Waverly over the edge and sent her instantly flying into her orgasm.

“NICOLE!” Waverly yelled as she squeezed Nicole’s hair in her fist and rocked her body up and down onto Nicole’s cock and against her fingers. She struggled to keep her eyes opened, but managed to lock them onto Nicole’s in the mirror.

It was only a second later when Waverly’s name was repeatedly tumbling from Nicole’s lips, starting
as a gasp and crescendoing to a scream as she reached her own release. She stared into the reflection of Waverly’s eyes as she came, not caring one bit that she would probably have to put the harness through two wash cycles with the amount of arousal she was surely staining it with. She was thankful that Waverly knew exactly when to turn off the vibrator before it became too much for Nicole’s clit to handle.

When Waverly finished riding out her orgasm, she slumped back into Nicole, letting herself rest all of her weight on her strong girlfriend, since she didn’t have the energy to hold herself up anymore. Nicole wrapped her arms around Waverly’s waist, locking her hands just above the girl’s belly button as she rested her cheek against Waverly’s, wanting the brunette to feel her close.

“I’ve got you baby. I got you.” Nicole cooed as she kissed Waverly’s cheek before resting her face back against the brunette’s, not caring one bit about the amount of sweat that was on both of their faces.

Once Waverly had settled down a bit, Nicole whispered, “Are you ready to go to sleep now?”

“Yes please.” Waverly replied softly as she sat up before standing up, effectively raising herself off of the purple member. As soon as she was fully standing on her own, her knees gave out and Nicole quickly caught her and swooped her up bridal style as Waverly wrapped her arms around Nicole’s neck, thankful for her girlfriend’s quick reflexes.

“Yeah, you’re definitely going to feel this tomorrow.” Nicole chuckled as she kicked the chair out of the way and carried Waverly over to her usual side of the bed and somehow managed to pull the comforter back before carefully laying her down on her back.

“You truly, genuinely are amazing in bed. I just want to make sure you know that everything I was saying wasn’t just to urge you on, but that it was actually true.” Waverly said as she watched Nicole walk around to the other side of the bed and stepping out of the strap-on before slipping underneath the covers beside her.

“You’re amazing too you know. I’ve never had sex this good in my entire life.” Nicole smiled before leaning down to kiss Waverly.

Waverly turned around with her back to Nicole and Nicole followed her, pressing the front of her bare body against the back of Waverly’s and wrapping her arm around the brunette, squeezing her tightly as if she couldn’t get close enough to the girl. Waverly clasped a hand around Nicole’s strong forearm and sighed contently as she was cuddled safely in her girlfriend’s arms.

“Happy one month, Nicole Haught.” Waverly whispered lovingly as she pulled Nicole’s hand up to her lips to give it a soft kiss before putting it back where it was over left side of her waist against the bed.

Nicole leaned her face forward into Waverly and kissed the back of her neck at the dip close to her shoulder. “Happy one month, Waverly Earp.”
What Happened to You?

Chapter Summary

Some early morning sex, Jeremy and Waverly talking about Robin, and Wynonna freaking out over Waverly’s bruises from the night before...a bunch of fun stuff!

“Oh fuck, Waverly! I’m almost there!” Nicole panted from where she was on top of Waverly’s face. “Jesus, that feels amazing.” She shuddered when she felt the vibrations of Waverly’s responsive hum against her most sensitive parts. She felt herself getting closer, but quickly began to grow frustrated when she just couldn’t get over the edge. It felt like she had been stuck there for hours, one push away from approaching her climax but never quite reaching it.

“Please baby, make me come,” Nicole whimpered. She couldn’t take it anymore. She needed to feel her release. She looked down and saw sweet, hazel eyes looking up at her.

“Waverly,” Nicole whispered groggily as she was slowly pulled out of her dream and back into reality. She blinked a few times, trying to look around the darkened room. She lifted her head slightly and looked over to her left and found Waverly, curled up in a ball and bundled up in the majority of the comforter. Her tiny frame rose and drop at a slow pace, signaling her peaceful slumber.

Nicole dropped her head back down onto her pillow and sighed as she brought her palms up to press into her eyes for a second before dropping them back down to her sides.

“Shit,” she whispered to herself as she shook her head. She was still extremely aroused from her dream.

She looked over at Waverly once more and figured the brunette was asleep enough for her to get away with it. Nicole reached under the sheet and slipped her fingers through her folds, biting down on her bottom lip to stifle the gasp at how wet she was and how good her fingers felt on her swollen sex. As she ran two digits up and down slick folds, she tried to steady her breathing so that she wouldn’t wake Waverly up. Clenching her jaw, she slowly moved her fingers up to her clit, her hips involuntarily jerked at the touch. She looked over to make sure Waverly was still asleep. When she saw the girl still breathing deeply, she began to rub quick circles. Her goal was to reach her orgasm as quickly as possible. This wasn’t about exploration, it was about chasing her release from the pent up sexual frustration that had built while she was vividly dreaming about sitting on Waverly’s face. This was purely about getting off.

“Come on,” she grunted quietly as she changed up the pattern over her clit. Once she began to feel the familiar tension in her lower abdomen, she relaxed back down into the mattress, a drop of sweat rolling down the side of her hairline. “Yes,” she breathed out with a smile. She knew it would only take about a minute, two tops, to finish.

As soon as Nicole heard the sound of a breathy chuckle, she froze. She snapped her eyes open and looked over at Waverly, who was looking directly at Nicole’s hand under the sheet before trailing them up to meet Nicole’s eyes.

“Looks like someone didn’t get enough last night.” Waverly rasped with a quirk of her eyebrow. The crackle in her voice signaled that she hadn’t spoken in hours, and her droopy eyelids gave away her
“I uh… Sorry.” Nicole mumbled as she reluctantly removed her hand from between her legs, a soft sigh leaving her lips at the loss of contact. “I had a dream and I got really turned on and just needed to finish, you know?”

She had hoped that Waverly knew what she was talking about and didn’t seem like some horny teenager who couldn’t get her hormones under control, because she wasn’t always like this. She didn’t used to be the kind of woman who had sex dreams on a regular basis and woke up in the middle of the night touching herself with a sense of urgency. She didn’t used to be the kind of woman who stared at the couch in the sheriff’s office thinking about fucking her girlfriend on it while her boss explained to her what her tasks were for the day, resulting in her having to ask him to repeat himself. And she most definitely didn’t used to be the kind of woman who needed to excuse herself to the bathroom whenever she received a sexy picture of a half-naked woman – more specifically, Waverly Earp – while she was at work. But that was before she met Waverly. Now, she was that kind of woman more than she’d care to admit, because Waverly had Nicole hooked on her like a drug.

“Mhm,” Waverly hummed, bringing Nicole out of her thoughts. “I know exactly what you mean.” She smiled sweetly as she moved her hand under the sheet and lightly brushed her fingertips against red curls before slipping her index finger through wet folds.

“Oh!” Nicole moaned in surprise as soon as she felt Waverly’s warm skin sliding up and down her slit. She relaxed her head back into the pillow, thankful for her girlfriend’s touch.

“What kind of dream was it?” Waverly asked in a seductive voice.

“A…a uh—…oh fuck…a sex dream.” Nicole finally managed to choke out with Waverly circling her hardened clit at a pace so slow that it should be deemed illegal.

“Yeah, I got that part,” Waverly chuckled. “I meant, what were we doing in this dream?” She tensed her shoulders at the assumption she had just made. What if she wasn’t the person Nicole had been dreaming about? Sure, she was Nicole’s girlfriend, but that didn’t mean that she was the only woman Nicole found attractive. She could’ve been having a sex dream about Jessica Alba for all she knew. And she would be okay with that; Nicole was only human. She was a woman with a healthy sex drive and it wouldn’t be her fault if her subconscious conjured up a scene of her doing things with an attractive woman, especially a celebrity. As long as it wasn’t any of her friends or anyone she knew in real life, Waverly was fine with it. She couldn’t be jealous. She and Nicole had sex in real life, so why would Nicole feel the need to dream about her when she could have the real thing anytime she wanted?

“We were…” Nicole began before letting out a sigh at one particular swipe of Waverly’s finger over her clit. “I was riding your face.”

Waverly stilled her hand as her whole body relaxed at the confirmation that Nicole’s dream had been about her. As soon as she felt Waverly’s hand pause in the most torturous spot, Nicole looked over at the brunette with a worried face, but was met with a grin. She tilted her head slightly as if silently asking Waverly why she had stopped.

“You want to make that dream come true?” Waverly smirked.

“Uh, sure?” Nicole blinked, unsure if she was still dreaming or not. She remembered waking up, but what if she had woken up into another dream, like inception?
Waverly’s smile dropped into a frown as she completely removed her hand from Nicole. “You don’t seem so sure. Do you not want to?”

“No, I do.” Nicole smiled reassuringly. “I’m just surprised. You sure you want to do this now?” She turned from her back onto her side to face Waverly and looked over at the clock behind the brunette on the nightstand. “It’s only 4:30.” She stated before dropping her head down onto her hand resting on the pillow.

“I’m sure.” Waverly stared into her eyes as she dragged her nails all the way up the side of Nicole’s body, from her thigh to the curve of her hip and the dip of her waist, tracing the outline of her entire body until she reached the redhead’s face, which she then cupped with her hand.

“You’ve got me thinking about it and now I want to. I want to make you come.” She gave a sweet smile before pulling Nicole in for a delicate kiss. When she released the redhead’s soft lips, she gently brushed her thumb back and forth on Nicole’s cheek as she smiled at the redhead.

Nicole melted into Waverly’s touch. It always amazed her how no matter what the intentions of Waverly’s touches were – sympathy, frustration, sex – they were always accompanied with love. And Nicole always felt it. “Well, okay. If you’re okay with it.”

Waverly nodded before kissing Nicole again as she rubbed her hand all over the woman’s body, as if she was trying to touch her everywhere at once. After a few seconds of Nicole clearly trying to hold back her whines, Waverly pulled out of the kiss. “You don’t need to be worked up, do you?”

“Honestly? No.” Nicole shook her head. “I really just need to come.”

Without skipping a beat, Waverly was on her back and signaling for Nicole to climb on top of her. The redhead quickly but carefully adjusted her body so that her knees were on the mattress on either side of Waverly’s face as she gripped the headboard. Looking down into Waverly’s eyes for confirmation, she slowly sunk down onto the brunette and shuddered at the feeling of soft lips between her legs. As soon as Waverly’s tongue was working on Nicole’s clit, the redhead sighed in relief as she closed her eyes and threw her head back.

The sounds leaving Nicole’s mouth brought on Waverly’s own arousal, which was how she found herself with her own hand between her legs, working herself up to her release as she continued her ministrations on her girlfriend.

When Nicole felt Waverly moaning between her legs, she looked down to see the girl’s eyebrows furrowed and eyes shut tight in concentration. Her eyes followed a bead of sweat all the way down from her forehead to her hair. Nicole knew that amount of sweat couldn’t just be from the work Waverly was doing with her tongue. Nicole looked behind her and saw Waverly making quick circles on her own clit with one hand as the other pumped in and out of her center. Her body reacted to the sight by sending a fresh wave of arousal to coat Waverly’s chin, which the brunette then responded by wrapping her lips around the redhead’s bundle of nerves and sucking.

“Waves….that’s so…fucking…ho–OHHHHH!” Before Nicole could even finish her sentence, she whipped back around to face the wall and clenched tightly onto the headboard as her whole body shuddered on top of Waverly. She rocked her hips a few times until she came down from her climax before lifting herself off of the brunette, who immediately bucked her hips into her hands as she came.

Nicole stared in awe at Waverly’s sex pulsing around her own fingers. She was so incredibly grateful to have finished in time to witness her girlfriend reach her own orgasm. She smiled as she looked at Waverly’s face, warmth spreading all around her body at how cute the woman looked with her face
all skewed in pleasure as tiny gasps left her lips.

Waverly slowly opened her eyes and immediately landed them on the grinning redhead. “Was that as good as your dream?” she asked through the last of her panting as she pulled her fingers out, which Nicole hastily grabbed to suck off Waverly’s arousal. She released the girl’s fingers with a pop and a moan.

“It was better than my dream. Thank you,” Nicole whispered with a smile as she leaned over and gave Waverly a lazy kiss before plopping back down onto the bed.

Nicole grabbed her phone from the table next to her and looked at the time – 4:45 a.m. She groaned before setting her phone back down. “I don’t have to be up for another hour, but I’m not sleepy anymore.”

“Me neither.” Waverly said as she sat up. “We can get ready early and have breakfast together at The Diner?”

“I would love that.”

“I’ll go take a shower.” Waverly gave Nicole a quick peck on the cheek before she pushed herself out of the bed and headed off towards the bathroom.

“I’ll go get a quick workout in before I take mine.” Nicole said as she slipped out of bed and headed towards her dresser to put on shorts and a tank top.

Just as Waverly was about to step foot in the bathroom she spun around midstride and began to follow Nicole. “I’ll watch.” She said nonchalantly as she threw her towel on the bed.

Nicole turned around as she bent down to slip her shorts on, glaring at Waverly before standing up straight and crossing her arms over her chest.

Waverly sighed. “Fine. I’ll go take my shower.” She snatched the towel off the bed as she stomped towards the bathroom.

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As soon Waverly reached the counter after entering the coffee shop, she heard the sound of the bell over the door. She continued her movements and grabbed her apron, not even bothering to turn around since it was probably Darren.

“Waverly!”

Waverly froze and spun around as soon as she heard the panicked voice that was definitely not Darren. “Jeremy? What are you doing here so early? I haven’t even flipped around the ‘open’ sign yet…”

The frantic boy rushed towards her, chest heaving as he leaned against the counter. “I need your help!” He lifted himself up and frowned at the faint bruise under Waverly’s eye near her nose. “What happened to you?”

Waverly waved her hand in dismissal. “Accident. It’s a long story. What do you need help with?”

“I think a guy was flirting with me last night!”

Waverly’s eyes nearly popped out of her head as she squealed and ran around the counter to embrace
Jeremy in a strong hug before letting go of him and latching her hands onto his forearms.

“Tell me everything! Who is he? What does he look like? What’s his name?!”

“Okay,” Jeremy said as he carefully detached himself from Waverly’s hands. “First of all, let’s not get too ahead of ourselves. I said I think a guy flirted with me. I don’t know for sure. I was up all night thinking about it…well, that, and trying to get to level 30 of Dragons and Robots. See, there’s this world of dragons, but there’s also these robots and you have to save the–”


“Right, another time.” Jeremy nodded as he chuckled awkwardly.

“What did this mystery guy say exactly?”

“We got to talking and he was asking about my love life and saying I should find a guy who likes guys and that he would help me.”

“Oh.” The excitement instantly dropped from Waverly’s voice. “Sounds kind of like he was just trying to be your wingman. Which is still cool! You’ve at least made a new friend.” Waverly smiled at him reassuringly.

“Yeah, you’re right. A new friend named Robin. How funny of a name is that?” Jeremy chuckled as he shook his head, completely missing the way Waverly had perked up.

“Wait, did you say Robin?”

Jeremy nodded.

“Robin Jett?”

“I didn’t get a last name.” He shrugged.

“Tall, thin, perfect smile and light brown hair neatly combed to the side?”

Jeremy nodded. “Sounds fairly accurate to concur.”

Waverly shrieked as she bounced up and down, forcing Jeremy to cover his ears.

“Ow! Would you stop doing that?” He rubbed his right ear and dramatically checked his hand for blood.

“Jeremy, Robin is gay. He was totally hitting on you!”

“Wait, really? Are you sure he’s gay?”

“One hundred percent! He dated Chrissy for two semesters and then came out senior year of high school.” She beamed. “I had no idea he was even back in town, or else I would’ve set you two up myself! You’re totally his type.” She waggled her eyebrows suggestively.

“Huh.” Jeremy said with a furrowed brow as he was lost in thought. Then it hit him…a guy was actually flirting with him. He actually had a chance with someone in this small town…he actually had a chance with someone ever. Sure, he had been on dates, but they mostly ended up just being one-night stands – not really his decision. He’d never actually had a boyfriend before though.

“Oh my god. He was flirting with me!” He said excitedly.
Waverly grinned as she held his hands and both of them eagerly bounced up and down in the air together.

“What’s all the fuss about?” Darren eyed them cautiously as he entered the shop.

“Jeremy basically got asked out by some guy last night!” Waverly nearly shouted.

Jeremy’s eyes widened as they flickered between Darren and Waverly. Waverly suddenly realized that he might not have been out to Darren yet. She dropped Jeremy’s hands and slowly folded her arms across her chest as she took a step back.

“Oh, oopsie.” She sang as she gave Jeremy an apologetic look.

“Really? Right on, dude!” Darren held out a fist to Jeremy, who hesitantly bumped it in confusion.

“Wait, really?”

“Well, yeah. Sure. I mean, a guy as cool as you deserves some summer lovin’.” He winked at Jeremy to show that there were no weird feelings about him being gay, or about the confusion from last night. “Even though I’m the only one in this town who’s apparently not getting laid.” Darren sighed.

“Awww, don’t worry. We’ll find you someone, Darren.” Waverly gave him a sympathetic pat on the back.

He brushed Waverly’s hand off his shoulder as he scoffed. “I don’t need a wingman…or, wing-woman. I’m a hit with the ladies! I just, you know, haven’t had time this summer with work and driving my grandma around everywhere. If I really wanted a girl, I could find one.” He straightened his jacket as he confidently walked over to the counter to pull his apron on.

The bell dinged again, and Waverly and Jeremy turned around to see Chrissy walk through the door.

“Chrissy! Wait, is it my birthday or something? Two of my bestest friends visiting me first thing at work, it must be my lucky day!” Waverly wrapped her arms around both of their necks and pulled them into a tight embrace, clearly still hyped up from her conversation with Jeremy a couple of minutes ago.

“Wow, it’s good to see you too, Wave.” Chrissy chuckled as she felt herself being released from the brunette’s borderline suffocating grasp. She immediately noticed the bruise. “Jesus! What happened to you?!” She grabbed Waverly’s chin and turned her face to inspect the injury. “Did you and Nicole have a little too much fun last night?” She teased as she let out a short laugh.

Waverly’s face instantly turned beat red as she brushed Chrissy’s hand away from her face. She stared at Chrissy with wide eyes, her mouth opening and closing like a fish, unsure of how to respond. As soon as Chrissy realized that her joke was more of an accurate guess, she quickly changed the subject to save her friend from even further embarrassment.

“Anyways, I thought I’d come in here for some coffee before work. And maybe a doughnut.” She looked past Waverly towards the pastry display when her eyes were met with a tall, extremely handsome man with dark, curly hair. Her jaw slackened as she noticed him smile and wave at her.

“Oh, are you okay?” Waverly questioned with concern.

She leaned closer to Waverly so that Darren wouldn’t hear her. “Is that Darren Russo?”
Waverly smirked as she folded her arms. “Yeah. He’s been working here for at least a year now, which really shows how much you need to visit me at work more.”

Chrissy rolled her eyes as she glanced back up at Darren before quickly looking away, a faint blush taking over her cheeks as she noticed the way Waverly was looking at her.

“What, you like him now?” Waverly quirked an eyebrow.

Chrissy scoffed. “No way. What makes you think that?”

“Oh, the drool on your chin?”

Jeremy snorted but quickly covered his mouth when the two of them gave him a look. “Sorry.”

“Darren is…well, Darren. He’s still the obnoxious womanizer of Purgatory High.” She folded her arms across her chest as she wistfully watched him sweep the floor. “No matter how cute he looks doing domestic things.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “Chrissy, high school was three years ago for us, and five years ago for him. You’re both adults now, and neither one of you are the same as you were in high school.”

She raised her eyebrows in surprise as she looked back at Waverly. “Really? So, he’s no longer always trying to get with the ladies anymore?”

“Well…okay, so maybe he’s less of a womanizer. I mean, Darren will always be a ladies’ man, but he’s definitely not as bad as he used to be.”

“Uh huh.” Chrissy said, folding her arms incredulously. “And is he still homophobic too? Because if I remember correctly, he was always going around using that word with his buddies. You know, calling them the ‘f’ word and constantly saying ‘no homo’ after every joke. I don’t care how attractive he is now, I won’t hook up with anyone who’s not accepting of the LGBTQ community, especially when three of my friends are members.” She paused for a moment before coming to a realization. “I just realized that my only straight friend is Wynonna…”

“Well…okay, so maybe he’s less of a womanizer. I mean, Darren will always be a ladies’ man, but he’s definitely not as bad as he used to be.”

“No, I hung out with Darren last night and he was pretty cool about me liking dudes.” Jeremy said. “Even after I asked him on a date thinking that he liked me.” Waverly widened her eyes at him, but he just waved her off in dismissal, to which Waverly gave him a look before shrugging it off and deciding not to press it any further.

“Yeah, and he’s cool with me and Nicole. He was very supportive when I came out. I’m telling you Chrissy, he’s not the same guy he was in high school. He’s more mature now, and he’s actually nice.”

Chrissy squinted her eyes at her friends, unsure of whether or not to believe them. She had known Darren since elementary school, and the words ‘Darren’ and ‘mature’ were never used in the same sentence.

“But if you don’t believe us, why don’t you find out for yourself? Go and talk to him.” Waverly urged.

“I think I will.” Chrissy strutted over to the counter where Darren was standing, wiping down the coffee machine with a wet rag. He jumped when he noticed the woman quickly appear in his face.

“Oh, hey Chrissy. I haven’t seen you in a while. It’s been, what, two years? Three?”
“Yeah, not long enough.” She said with a hard look in her eyes.

“Well, you look good.” He smiled.

She straightened up and placed her hands firmly on her hips. “Are you trying to get into my pants?”

“What? No!” Darren waved his hands in her face. “I was just saying, you look good. It was just a compliment.”

“Darren, you’ve never given a woman a compliment without expecting something in return.” She shot with a quirked eyebrow.

“Yeah well, not anymore. Ever since my mom passed away, I realized that there’s more to life than women. And more to women than hooking up.”

Chrissy’s face softened. “Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

“It’s okay. It was a couple of years ago. But my dad was an asshole who left her for our next-door neighbor, so I promised her that I wouldn’t end up like him and that I would be a good man. So, no, I’m not trying to get into your pants. But you are beautiful. And I’m only saying that because you deserve to hear it.” He gave her a crooked smile.

Chrissy blushed as she looked down at the counter, avoiding the look Darren was giving her. She cleared her throat before looking back up. “Can I get a small coffee and a glazed doughnut to go?”

“Sure thing.” He nodded before ringing up her order.

Waverly and Jeremy watched them chat while Darren made Chrissy’s coffee. Although they couldn’t really hear what they were saying to each other, there was some giggling involved.

“Twenty bucks he gets her number before she walks out of here.” Jeremy whispered to Waverly.

“No way. I know Chrissy, she’s going to make him work for it.” Waverly whispered back.

After a few more exchanges between Chrissy and Darren, Chrissy turned around with her coffee and doughnut in hand and began to make her way back towards her friends.

“Well, I gotta head into the city for my shift.” She gave Waverly a quick hug.

“Yeah, I better get going too. I’ll see you later Wave.” He hugged Waverly goodbye before following Chrissy out the door.

“You know, you didn’t have to walk me out Jeremy. I’m perfectly fine walking to my car by myself.” Chrissy chuckled as she reached her car.

“Oh, that’s not why I, uh…” Jeremy held his left arm straight down by his side as he rubbed it with his right hand. Say, did I tell you how much I like your new hairstyle? The ombre look really suits you. And so does the blonde.” He forced an awkward smile.

“Oh, thanks. So now tell me what it is you really want.” She stated as she folded her arms across her chest, waiting for Jeremy to just say whatever it was he wanted to. She was sure it would be about Darren. Some sort of ‘I told you so’ maybe.

“Oh, okay. I was wondering if you still had Robin’s number?”

Chrissy was taken aback. That was definitely not what she was expecting Jeremy to say. “Robin
Jett? As in, my ex-boyfriend?"

Jeremy rubbed the back of his neck as he looked everywhere but at Chrissy. "Yeah, uh, sorry. I thought…Waverly said that he was…I mean, I didn’t think that it was–"

Chrissy raised her hand in the air to cut him off. "Jeremy, it’s okay. It wasn’t a bad break up. I mean, it kind of sucked to find out that my boyfriend was gay, but I was glad to know that I wasn’t the reason he didn’t want to have sex with me. Well, not because I wasn’t good enough at least.” She noticed Jeremy tense up at the awkward conversation. "What I mean is, we ended on good terms.” She smiled.

“Oh. Okay, good.” Jeremy relaxed.

“I was just surprised to hear his name. I haven’t talked to him since high school. I didn’t even know she was back in town.” Her brow furrowed in confusion. “Wait, how do you know Robin?”

“I uh, I met him last night. When I was hanging out with Darren he was in the coffee shop and just came up to me and started talking to me.”

Chrissy chuckled. “Not surprised. Classic Robin. He always was brave enough to go after what he wanted. I’m surprised he didn’t just give you his number himself though.”

“Well that’s probably because classic Jeremy doesn’t know when a guy is making advances. He said to find him when I figured it out. So here I am, trying to find him.”

The newly-blonde nodded with a smile as she pulled up her contacts list. “As I said, I haven’t talked to him since high school, so I don’t know if this is still his number or not.” She handed the phone to Jeremy for him to copy into his own contacts.

“Thanks.” He smiled as he handed Chrissy’s phone back.

“I really do have to get to work, but Jeremy, just relax.” She reassuringly placed a hand on Jeremy’s arm. “Robin is a good guy and he’s easy to talk to. You have nothing to be nervous about. He clearly likes you, so you’ve already impressed him. So just be yourself, okay?”

Jeremy blew out a puff of air as he nodded. “Right. Okay.”

“Okay. I’ll see you later.” She gave one last reassuring smile before opening her car door.

“Wait, just one more question.” Chrissy looked at him, waiting to hear what he had to ask. “Did you get Darren’s number?” He grinned.

Chrissy sighed as she shook her head. “How much did you bet Waverly?”

“Twenty bucks.”

“Then you better use that twenty bucks to take Robin out on a date somewhere.” She winked before getting in her car and driving off towards the city.

As soon as she had left and he was alone, Jeremy pulled up a text thread, but decided it would just be better to call Robin instead of texting him. That way, he wouldn’t have to wait for a reply. He pulled up the contact and hit the call button before nervously bringing the phone up to his ear.

“Hey, Robin? It’s Jeremy.” He paused for a moment before letting out the breath he had been holding and grinning. “Yeah, the cute guy from the coffee shop last night…”
Wynonna looked up from the beer tap she was holding to see Waverly walking towards the counter. “Hey baby girl.” She greeted before sliding the full glass over to one of their usual customers, who accepted the beer with a grunt. “You want something?”

“Just a soda. I’m on break and don’t want to be tipsy when I get back to work.”

Wynonna nodded and poured her a soda. When she handed her the glass, she noticed her eye under the lighting above the bar. “Whoa! Who did you get in a fight with?!” She asked as she eyed the bruise.

“Oh, just a door.” Waverly chuckled as she brought the drink up to her lips.

“You know, the trick is to not walk into the door, but rather walk around it.” Wynonna teased.

“Gee, thanks for the tip.” Waverly rolled her eyes as she sat down on the stool across from her older sister.

Wynonna quirked an eyebrow when she realized Waverly was wearing her warmest hoodie when it was summer outside. “What’s with the hoodie? I know you get cold easily, but I’m sweating even in this tank top.”

“Oh, um, I uh…” Waverly trailed off, unsure of what to say. She hadn’t thought of an answer for this because she didn’t think anyone would question her clothing choice. She tensed up when she noticed Wynonna’s eyes widen.

“Oh my god! You got a tattoo, didn’t you?!” Wynonna exclaimed as she pushed Waverly’s sleeves up her arms.

“Wynonna, no!” Waverly protested, but it was no use.

Wynonna frowned as soon as she saw the nasty hand-shaped bruise on Waverly’s left wrist. “What the fuck?”

Waverly pushed her away and pulled her sleeves down, looking around the bar to make sure nobody else saw her arm. Wynonna looked up at Waverly’s face with a look of confusion, but when her eyes landed on the bruised eye again, she put the pieces together. Her face quickly changed from confusion to an intense scowl that Waverly had never seen before.

“Did Nicole do this? Is that motherfucker abusing you?!” She growled, causing half of the people in the bar to turn and look at them. Waverly was thankful it was only filled with older folks she didn’t really know.

“Wynonna!” She hissed as she pulled her older sister into the back room for privacy. As soon as she shut the door behind them, Wynonna released herself from Waverly’s grasp.

“Tell me where she is baby girl. I’ll beat the shit out of her.” Tears began to form in her eyes, both out of anger and guilt for not seeing this before.

Waverly thought she could actually see smoke coming out of her ears. “No, Wynonna, Nicole didn’t hurt me.”

“Then who did this to you? Who do I need to beat up?” She folded her arms tightly across her chest as she awaited an answer.
Waverly hesitated. “Okay, I mean, it was Nicole, but it was a total accident.”

Wynonna clenched her jaw. “Waverly, that’s what abusers say.” She reached around her back to untie the apron around her waist and threw it on the floor as she stormed towards the door. “I’m going to kill her,” she fumed through gritted teeth.

“No!” Waverly ran as quickly as she could around Wynonna and spread her body across the door, effectively blocking the older Earp.

“Get out of my way, Waverly.”

“Wynonna, please. Just calm down.”

“Calm down?! You’re being brainwashed into thinking that this was an accident, when clearly it’s not! I’m going to help you baby girl, whether you like it or not, because I love you. And I won’t let some ginger cop get away with this just because she holds some level of authority. She won’t get away with this!”

She tried to push Waverly out of the way, but Waverly pushed her back, causing Wynonna to stumble a bit. “We were having sex, okay!” She yelled, knowing that the only way to get Wynonna to believe her was to tell the truth.

Wynonna quirked an eyebrow, unsure of whether or not to believe her sister. She placed her hands on her hips as she squinted at the petite brunette. “You’re going to have to give me more than that Wave, because this…” she waved her hand from Waverly’s eye to her wrist, “Is some extremely kinky shit, even for me.”

Waverly rolled her eyes before pointing to her eye. “We were 69-ing and she involuntarily jolted her leg up, kneeing me in the face.” She rolled up her sleeve and pointed to the handprint on her wrist. “I was on top and she grabbed onto my wrist next to her face needing to hold onto something when she…you know… She just squeezed a little too hard.” She felt a blush creep all the way up from her neck to the tips of her ears. She pulled the collar of her hoodie down to reveal a huge red and blue hickey on the bottom of her neck near her collarbone that Wynonna hadn’t seen before. “See? Things just got a little rough and clumsy last night.” She released the hoodie as she looked at Wynonna, who didn’t look nearly as pissed off as before, but still looked hesitant to accept the information.

“And Nicole has a huge bump on the back of her head from falling off the bed, so I’m not the only one who sustained injuries. And nothing happened that I didn’t want, so it’s all good.” She folded her arms.

“All of that from sex? I mean, Jesus, was this your first time together and you were just yanking my chain before about you two sleeping together?”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “No. It was our one month, and things just got really…passionate. I don’t know, accidents happen Wynonna. But none of it was on purpose, I swear.”

Wynonna nodded as she took a deep breath before suddenly bursting out into tears and dropping her face into her hands.

“Wynonna?” Waverly walked over to her sister and rubbed her upper arms, tilting her head so that she could see her face better.

“Sorry, sorry.” Wynonna sniffled as she wiped the tears away with the backs of her hands. “I thought she was hurting you and I just felt really guilty for a minute for not picking up on another
thing going on in your life, and these stupid fucking hormones make it impossible to hold back any
damn tears.”

“Hey,” Waverly cooed as she stroked Wynonna’s hair. “I’m okay. Nobody’s hurting me, especially
not Nicole. She’s amazing and I’ve never been happier in my entire life. Everything is all good,
okay?”

Wynonna sniffled as she nodded her head and a few more tears trickled down her cheeks.

“If anything, I’m just having really good sex.” She waggled her eyebrows, eliciting a short laugh
from Wynonna.

“I’m sorry.” The older Earp shook her head, disappointed in herself for jumping to conclusions and
getting so emotional.

“Don’t be sorry.” Waverly smiled, but her face formed into a frown at the realization of her sister’s
words earlier. “Wynonna?”

“Hm?” Wynonna hummed.

“You said you felt guilty for not picking up on another thing going on in my life. What did you
mean by that?”

“Huh? Oh, it’s nothing. Just pregnancy talk.” She waved a hand in dismissal and picked her apron
off the floor as she tied it around her waist, avoiding Waverly’s gaze.


“Look, can we talk about this later? I have to finish my shift and I’ve already been in here for too
long.” She took a step towards Waverly standing in front of the door and jerked her chin, signaling
for Waverly to move.

“Fine,” Waverly said hesitantly as she stepped out of the way. “But we’re talking about this tonight
when I get home from work.”

Wynonna looked back at her briefly with a neutral expression as she walked out the door, Waverly
following behind her to get back to her own job.

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“Okay, spill it.” Waverly said as she threw her purse onto the kitchen table across from where
Wynonna was sitting.

“Nice to see you too Waverly. How was my day? Oh, it was good, thanks for asking.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “Sorry. How was your day?” She asked as she slumped down into the chair
across from her sister.

“Well, let’s see, the beer tap only spilled on me twice, some drunk guy asked me if I had gained
some weight, and Gus said that Doc called wanting to talk to me…again.” She pursed her lips.

“Doc is still calling?”

“Yeah. And it’s really starting to piss me off. Every time I finally get to a point where I’m not
thinking about him, Gus comes over to give me a message from him. It’s like he knows I’m starting
to get over him and the second I do he tries to weasel his way back into my life.” She sighed as she
dropped her head down onto her arms folded on the table.

“Well maybe you should just talk to him, see what he wants?”

Wynonna shot up. “No. No way. I’m not talking to him ever again. Besides, I’m trying to move on.”

“With Dolls?” Waverly gave her a knowing look. “When I talked to Nicole today, she said that he was in an annoyingly good mood. Like, spent last night getting laid kind of mood…did you have something to do with that?”

Wynonna clenched her jaw. “I don’t want to talk about him either.” She dropped her head back down onto her arms.

Waverly sighed and dropped against the back of the chair. “Okay, fine. Then how about we talk about earlier.” She rolled her eyes at the muffled groan coming from the top of the table. “Oh come on. You said we’d talk about it later, and it’s later. I just want to make sure you’re okay.”

“It was nothing. I was just being hormonal.” Wynonna said as she walked over to the fridge.

“It didn’t sound like nothing.”

The older Earp plopped back down into the chair with a bottle of sparkling juice, trying to convince herself that it was alcoholic. “You’re never going to let this go, are you.”

“Nope.” Waverly crossed her arms as she stared at Wynonna, waiting for her to talk.

“Oh, fine.” She took a long swig from the bottle before slamming it back down on the table and peeling at the label. “I guess a part of me just feels guilty for not picking up on you liking girls before.”

Waverly sat up as a sympathetic look crossed her face. “Wynonna–”

“I know, I know. I shouldn’t feel bad about it. Chrissy already explained to me that if you wanted me to know you would’ve made it obvious or whatever. But I just can’t help but feel like I’m a shitty sister. I mean, I’m trying to think back to if I ever said anything hurtful as a kid. Like joked around saying ‘that’s so gay’ or made some dumb comment about you and Chrissy always being together or whatever, you know how kids are. And me as a kid definitely would say something dumb and offensive like that not knowing that it could hurt you. And sisters are supposed to pick up on this stuff, right? Even Chrissy noticed it.”

“No, I mean…I didn’t mean it like that.” Waverly quickly explained when she realized what she had just said. “I just meant, how could you have known when I was so young?”

Wynonna winced at the words before chugging the rest of the bottle and grabbing another one out of the fridge.

“No, I mean… I didn’t mean it like that.” Waverly quickly explained when she realized what she had just said. “I just meant, how could you have known when I was so young?”

Wynonna shook her head as she sat back down in her chair. “No, you’re right. It was shitty of me to leave you and I was being selfish. For nine years I left you all by yourself.”

“You had just lost your father and your sister. You did what you had to do to cope.”

“So did you, Wave. I should have been there for you.”

Waverly shook her head. “You and I both know that Daddy and Willa treated me like shit. But you
never did. You always stood up for me and made me feel like a part of this family, even when those
two didn’t.” She reached out and grabbed Wynonna’s hand as she sighed. “It hurt worse when you
were gone. Daddy and Willa being gone I could get over, but not you. And even though I was so
pissed at you for leaving, as I got older I understood why you did it. And the fact that it hurt so much
not having you around only means that you were special to me. You are special to me. And I know
you’re still punishing yourself for leaving me, but you know what? You’re not that person anymore.
You don’t run when things get hard. I mean, you’re dealing with something huge and unexpected
right now, and you’re still here.” She flitted her eyes down to Wynonna’s stomach for a brief
moment.

“That’s just because no matter where I run to this baby is coming with me. Trust me, if I knew it
would make a difference, I would be out of here.” She took a sip.

“I don’t believe that.”

“Yeah? Well you should.”

“Well I don’t.” Waverly folded her arms in protest.

“Why not?”

“Because I know you love me too much to leave me like that again when we’ve just started making
this house our home again.”

Wynonna stared at her baby sister before a smile slowly spread across her face. “Yeah, I do.”

“Which is why you’re not a shitty sister. I mean, just today you were about to kick my girlfriend’s
ass because you thought she had hurt me.”

“I’m still debating whether or not to kick her ass, accident or not.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “See? You’re my over-protective big sister. And you know what? You’re a
way better sister than Willa ever was.” She could see the smile that Wynonna was trying to hold
back. “You shouldn’t feel guilty for not knowing something about me that I didn’t even know, okay?
That’s just silly.”

Wynonna nodded as she swiped her finger across her eye, trying to play it off like it was just itchy.
“Okay, I’ll try not to feel guilty anymore.”

“Good. And you better not try to kick Nicole’s ass either.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t want to see you get hurt, especially when you’re carrying my precious niece or nephew.”

Wynonna scoffed. “I could totally kick Haught-stuff’s ass, pregnant or not.”

“She’s a trained officer, and she has a gun.”

“Wynonna…” Waverly warned.

“So? I’m Wynonna Earp. I’ve been kicking asses my entire life.”

“Wynonna…” Waverly warned.

“Okay, fine. I won’t beat up your little girlfriend.” The older Earp brought the bottle up to her lips to
take another swig of her drink.
“You mean my super strong, intelligent, *amazing* in bed, sexy as hell girlfriend?” Waverly smirked, trying to get a rise out of her sister. Sometimes Wynonna was curious about their relationship, but she knew that for the most part the last thing the older Earp wanted to think about was Waverly and Nicole together; *especially* not when she was this sober or no longer high on angry fumes like earlier.

Wynonna grimaced as she brought the bottle back down to the table. “Ew.”
Waverly sat down her wine glass on the table after taking a sip. “I’m so glad we decided to do this.”

“Oh my god, me too. I’ve been wanting to try out this wine bar for months now.” Chrissy replied before picking up her own glass and taking a sip.

“We really need to stop putting off plans with each other. I need more of this in my life!” Waverly whined as she reached out and grabbed Chrissy’s arm.

“Same! Sometimes I just really need a break from men to hang out with my closest girlfriend.” She paused as soon as the words had left her mouth. “Well, I mean, my friend who’s a girl…”

Waverly laughed. “Chrissy, I know what you meant. I need some time to hang out with my closest girlfriend too.” She gave a bright smile that caused her eyes to crinkle.

“Yeah but I’m sure it’s not as necessary when you don’t have to deal with men.” Chrissy rolled her eyes.

Waverly furrowed her brow in confusion. “Are you talking about Darren?”

“Well, not specifically. I’ve been dating a few guys here and there, but yeah, he’s the most recent one I guess. But I only got his number yesterday, so he hasn’t had a chance to annoy me yet.”

“Yeah, I had to pay Jeremy twenty dollars, so thanks for that.” Waverly pursed her lips.

“Sorry about that.” The blonde let out a short laugh. “Any other time you would’ve won that bet, but he was just so nice and charming and I figured I’d just go for it. I didn’t want to waste any time playing hard to get.”

“And have you had a chance to use that number yet?” Waverly smirked.

“I might’ve sort’ve slept with him last night…” Chrissy trailed off as she looked off to the side and brought her wine glass up to her lips.

Waverly’s eyes widened as she eagerly grabbed Chrissy’s forearm that was resting on the table with
both of her hands. “Shut up! You didn’t!”

“Oh, I did.” The blonde replied as she carefully placed the glass back down on the table. “And it was good. Like, really good. God, I needed a night of good sex after the week I’ve had.” She sighed as she thought back to all of the shitty customers that came through her check-out lane at the grocery store and gave her an unnecessarily difficult time.

“That was fast though. I never expected you to come around so quickly to Darren. You always hated him so much.”

“Yeah, well I’m not getting any younger.” She nursed her wine before pausing. “Wait, this isn’t weird, is it?”

“What?” Waverly quirked an eyebrow.

“Talking about Darren. I mean, I know you work with him and all. If this is too weird or gross for you, we can talk about something else.”

Waverly shook her head. “No way. Talking about guys are key to a proper girls’ night out. Plus, this is my third glass of wine.” Waverly giggled.

“Cheers to that,” Chrissy clinked her glass with Waverly’s before both of them took a sip. “And girls too, by the way.”

Waverly tilted her head and gave Chrissy a confused look.

“You said ‘talking about guys’, but you didn’t say guys and girls.”

“Oh. Yeah, I did, didn’t I?” She shook her head. “I guess it’s just still engrained in me that girls are supposed to gush over boys.” She gave a short laugh.

“Well then, I guess we better start un-engraining it by talking about Nicole.” She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively at the brunette.

“What do you want to know?” Waverly brought her wine up to her lips, hiding her grin and blushing cheeks behind the glass.

“Uh, everything!”

“Okay, well she’s kind, and smart, and funny—”

“Yeah yeah,” Chrissy quickly cut her off. “We all know how much of a catch Officer Haught is. I want to know the good stuff.” She looked at Waverly expectantly.

“Oh, and talking about how incredible my girlfriend is isn’t considered ‘the good stuff’?”

“Not as good as talking about how the sex is.” Chrissy replied nonchalantly as she took another sip of her wine. She knew she should slow down, but she was past that point now.

“Chrissy!” Waverly hissed as she ducked her head towards her friend, trying to hide her face.

“Come on, I want to know about the eleven orgasms Nicole mentioned at the party last week!” She whined.

“Nicole was drunk.”
“So you didn’t have eleven orgasms?”

Waverly paused before picking at her nails. “No. No, I did.”

“Okay, so then spill! Because the most I’ve ever had in one night with a guy is three. Did you ever have that many with Champ?”

“I never had a single orgasm with Champ.” Waverly rolled her eyes, still in disbelief that she had been with him for so long.

Chrissy began choking on her drink. After she had calmed down she leaned closer to Waverly. “Never?!”

Waverly shook her head.

“But…you were together for four years! How did you never have an orgasm with him? …And how was he okay with that?”

“He never knew. I always faked it.” Waverly shrugged.

“Oh, honey.” Chrissy said sympathetically as she shook her head. “Well, I’m glad you have Nicole to help you make up for lost time. She seems to be doing a good job.” She raised her eyebrows, hoping Waverly would take the hint and tell her more about it. She was genuinely curious, not just what it was like to be with Nicole, but what it was like to be with another woman in general.

Waverly rolled her eyes and laughed. “Okay, fine. I’ll bite. Nicole is…well, there’s not really a word to describe it. She’s incredible, but that word just doesn’t seem to be nearly enough. Yeah, the sex is good…” She let out a short laugh at the knowing look Chrissy was giving her. “Okay, the sex is out of this world. I mean, I never knew it could be that good. But she’s also incredible at everything else. She’s just such a great girlfriend all around, and I have no idea what I did to deserve her, but I’m glad I have her.”

“You deserve her because you spent too many years of your life dealing with Chump’s bullshit.”

“Probably.” Waverly sighed. “Chrissy, I really don’t know why it took me so long to break up with him.”

The blonde shrugged. “You were comfortable. You didn’t want to risk losing what you had if there was nothing else better out there. Even though everyone knew that there was.”

“Yeah, but still. He treated me like shit and I let him for so long.”

“Yes, he did. But you see that now, and that’s what’s important. You know you deserve better, and you went out and got it. And now you’re having out-of-this-world sex with a gorgeous redhead who clearly knows what she’s doing.”

“I am.” Waverly sighed in happiness.

“I want to sleep with a woman someday. Just to see what all the hype is about, you know? Something to cross off my bucket list.”

“If that’s what you want, then you should. There’s nothing wrong with that. As long as you make it clear to the woman what your intentions are.” Waverly pointed out.

“Of course. I would never lead somebody on like that.”
“And Nicole is off limits.” Waverly warned as she pointed a finger at her friend.

“Duh!” Chrissy instantly replied. “I’ll probably download one of those hookup apps or something. Look for a woman in the city. Who knows, maybe I’ll find my Nicole.” Chrissy winked.

Waverly giggled as she shook her head. “I’d be happy for you if you did, but let’s be honest…you like men too much to end up spending the rest of your life with a woman.”

“I do.” Chrissy admitted with a sigh, causing Waverly to laugh and shake her head at how straight the blonde was. “Oh, by the way, I made a new friend at work.” Chrissy said only slightly excited.

“Really? But I thought you said all of your co-workers were either annoying teenagers or annoying elderly people?”

“They are. She doesn’t work there, she shops there a lot and over time we just started talking more and more. We hung out the other night, and she’s actually really cool. I think you would like her.”

“Well why don’t we all hang out one together then? You, her, me and Nicole.”

“That would be great!” Chrissy exclaimed.

“Tomorrow night?”

“I’ve got work tomorrow night, but maybe the day after?”

“Works for me. I’ll be sure to ask Nicole.” Waverly smiled.

“Speaking of Nicole, tell me some more about her.” Chrissy rested her elbows on the table as she placed her chin on the backs of her hands, wiggling her eyebrows at Waverly.

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Nicole jogged up the front porch of the Homestead before knocking on the door. She expected to see Waverly, but was instead greeted by Wynonna.

“Hey Haught-shit. I didn’t expect you to be gracing me with your presence today! To what do I owe the pleasure?”

Nicole pursed her lips at the nickname, and the excessive sarcasm. “I came here to see Waverly. She’s not answering my calls or texts.”

“Probably because she’s out with Baby Nedley doing some kind of girly shit probably. Did she not tell you?” Wynonna quirked an eyebrow.

“Oh…right. No, yeah, she told me earlier. I just forgot.” Nicole relaxed a little, glad to know that the reason her girlfriend wasn’t responding to her was because she was too preoccupied to check her phone and not because she was in any sort of danger.

Suddenly, Nicole felt the knuckles of Wynonna’s right fist ram into her left arm, leaving a sharp pain that would surely bruise.

“Ow! What the fuck, Wynonna?!” She rubbed the spot where the older Earp had punched her.

“That’s for all of the bruises you left on my baby sister.” Wynonna folded her arms tightly across her chest as she scowled at the redhead.
“Did she tell you _how_ she got those bruises?” Nicole wanted to make sure that Wynonna knew it wasn’t intentional.

“Yep.” The brunette said as she popped the ‘p’. She clearly didn’t give a shit if it was intentional or not.

“And did she tell you about all of the incredible orgasms I gave her that night? I think those more than make up for the bruises.” Nicole smirked.

“Oh _gross_!” Wynonna covered her ears as she walked away from Nicole and towards the living room, but Nicole followed her inside.

“We were going at it for _hours_.” She let out a short laugh, enjoying how much she was getting under the older Earp’s skin.

Wynonna whipped around to where she was face-to-face with Nicole. Two could play at that game. “Yeah, well so was Dolls and I. We were at it all night long.” She waggled her eyebrows.

Nicole’s smile was wiped clean off her face as she pointed a stern finger at Wynonna. “I _knew_ it! He was in way too good of a mood to not have gotten laid.”

“Oh, he got laid all right. He laid there for a while as I worked my magic. Little Dolls had a wild ride…well, maybe not so little.” She grinned as she sealed the statement with a wink.

Nicole grimaced and shook her head in an attempt to shake out the imagery. “Okay, okay. You win.”

Wynonna laughed as she gave Nicole a strong pat on the shoulder. “Oh, come on Red. You should be happy that your partner is well-equipped. Means he really knows how to protect and _serve_.”

“Oh god, please stop. I said you win!”

Wynonna held her hands up as she chuckled, clearly satisfied with her victory.

“Speaking of Dolls, what are your intentions with my friend?” Nicole glared at Wynonna as she placed her hands on her hips.

“Seriously? Are you trying to give me the shovel talk?”

“I just want to make sure he’s not going to get hurt.”

“Dolls is a big boy. He can make his own decisions, and he doesn’t need you to go around meddling in his sex life. I’ll bet he wouldn’t be too happy if he found out you were talking to me about this.” She jabbed two fingers against Nicole’s chest, effectively pushing the officer back a step.

Nicole slapped Wynonna’s hand away. “I’m not _meddling_. I just want to know what you’re doing here, because you’re pregnant with Doc’s baby, and yet screwing Dolls. Do you want him to be a father to this child?”

“Whoa whoa whoa, hold up.” Wynonna gesticulated wildly. “Who said anything about being a father? We’re not even in a relationship, we’re just banging, and Dolls is well aware of this. He knows that I’m more of a ‘freelancer’ than a full-time job kind of gal, and if he’s not okay with that then it’s up to him to say so. But so far I’ve made it very clear what my intentions are, and he’s perfectly fine with it. So maybe you should just stay out of it.”
Nicole held her hands up in defense. “Okay, okay. I just wanted to make sure you were both on the same page.”

“I think you should worry about you and Waverly being on the same page. I mean, a black eye? Seriously?”

Nicole chuckled awkwardly as she rubbed the back of her neck.

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After a couple of hours of Wynonna and Nicole watching re-runs of NCIS, Nicole heard her phone ringing. She looked at the screen and saw Waverly’s name along with a picture of her blowing a kiss at the camera – something she added to her contact in Nicole’s phone one day without the redhead’s knowledge. Nicole grinned as she answered the phone.

“Hey cutie,” she lilted as she looked at Wynonna, who was making gagging noises from her spot on the other end of the couch.

“Hey sexyyyy,” Waverly drew out in a high-pitched voice that was a little too loud for Nicole’s ear to handle.

“Are you drunk?”

“Noooo!” Waverly responded, but started to giggle when Chrissy hit her on the arm. “Okay, maybe a little.”

“Let me guess, you need a ride?” Nicole sounded more amused than anything.

“Pleaseee? And Chrissy needs a ride too.”

“Okay, I’m on my way.” Nicole responded as she stood up from the couch.

“You’re the bestest baby! I can’t wait to see your cute booty!”

Nicole chuckled before saying goodbye to her girlfriend and hanging up.

“What was that about?” Wynonna asked without looking away from the TV.

“Waverly and Chrissy got drunk so I’m going to pick them up.”

“You bringing Waves back here?”

“Yeah. I figured she’d sleep better in her own bed.”

“Then in that case, I’m going to get my earplugs.” Wynonna turned off the TV and stood up from the couch.

“What do you mean?”

“Waverly is a horny drunk.” She stated as if it were obvious.

“I’m just going to tuck her into bed though.”

“Yeah, good luck with that.” Wynonna trotted up the stairs before Nicole could even respond. She sighed and shook her head before grabbing her Stetson and heading out the door.
The car ride home with Waverly and Chrissy was...interesting, to say the least. There was a lot of giggling and whispering from them in the back seat. Nicole would’ve thought it was amusing if the whispering hadn’t obviously been about her, but she ignored it. She walked Chrissy to her front door, thankful that Sheriff Nedley wasn’t home – probably socializing with the locals at Shorty’s – before walking back to the car. Waverly had waved her arm in an ungraceful flailing motion and yelled ‘goodbye’ to Chrissy out the window of the backseat before hopping into the front for the remainder of the drive to the homestead.

“You’re really pretty, d’you know that?” Waverly asked as she scanned her eyes up and down Nicole’s body, eventually landing on her face.

“So you’ve said, five times already.” Nicole chuckled.

“No, but I mean like, you’re really pretty. Like, my stomach feels all tingly when I look at you.” She giggled.

Nicole shook her head in amusement before grabbing Waverly’s hand and giving it a gentle squeeze. “We’re almost home baby.”

As soon as Nicole had helped Waverly up the stairs and into her bedroom, she gently guided Waverly to sit down on the bed to take off her shoes, but instead she found herself being roughly pulled down on top of the girl.

“Waves,” she mumbled against Waverly’s greedy lips. “Baby,” she tried again as she tried to push herself up, but Waverly wrapped her legs around Nicole, effectively holding the redhead in place. “Baby, what are you doing?”

“I want to have sex.” Waverly went in for another kiss, but Nicole dodged her lips, earning a pout from the smaller woman.

“Baby, you’re drunk.”

“So? I’m want you so badly Nicole.” With only a minor amount of struggle, she managed to flip them over and straddled Nicole, immediately fumbling with her belt, but was stopped before she could even undo the buckle.

“Baby,” Nicole sighed with her hands on Waverly’s wrists.

Waverly pulled back. “Do you not want me anymore?”

“Of course I want you. I always want you.”

“Then touch me.” She grabbed Nicole’s hands and moved them to cup her breasts, but Nicole snatched her hands back.

“Waverly, I’m serious. I don’t want to do this while you’re drunk.”

“But that’s not fair!” Waverly shouted in frustration.

“I know baby. But I want to make sure this is what you want, just in case.”

“I’m telling you, Nicole. This is what I want.” She dropped her hands down to her own jeans and began undoing the button...or at least tried to. She couldn’t quite figure out how to pull the button
out from the hole.

“Waverly, you can’t even take off your own pants.”

“Yes I can!” She fumbled with the button some more. “It’s just this stupid button! It’s stuck.” She huffed in frustration before finally giving up.

Nicole cupped Waverly’s cheeks with both of her hands. “Waverly, my love, I love you so much. And I love having sex with you. But I’m not going to have sex with you tonight. We can talk about it tomorrow, when you’re sober. And then if you tell me that you’re okay with us having sex while you’re drunk, then next time we’ll do it. But I’m not doing it until we have that conversation and you’re no longer drunk.”

“Fine.” Waverly huffed before hopping off of Nicole. She stumbled back a bit but caught her balance before staggering towards the bedroom door.

Nicole lifted her back off the bed and propped herself up on her elbows. “Where are you going?”

“To masturbate because my girlfriend won’t touch me!” She said loud enough to make Nicole wince at the thought of Wynonna hearing her before she stomped towards the bathroom in the hallway and slammed the door behind her.

Nicole dropped back down onto the bed with a groan.

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The next morning

As soon as Nicole woke up, she looked over at Waverly, who was still knocked out in the same position she had fallen asleep in. The redhead carefully slipped out of bed, not wanting to wake the brunette up. She wanted to give Waverly a little bit more time before bringing her back to reality, and inevitably her hangover.

In a pair of Waverly’s short black cotton shorts and a not-too-small Nirvana T-Shirt, Nicole padded down the stairs and into the kitchen to make some coffee. As soon as she entered the room, she was met with the sounds of a wolf whistle in her direction.

“Damn, and you say my ass is top shelf. You really put the ‘booty’ in ‘booty shorts’, doncha Haught-stuff!” Wynonna immediately smacked Nicole on the ass as the redhead walked past her and towards the coffee maker to brew a fresh pot. She pursed her lips and turned around to face Wynonna, who was sporting a childlike grin.

“Gay.” Nicole replied dryly before turning back around to start the coffee.

“You wish. I’m as straight as they come.”

“Which, according to statistics, is not as often as women who have sex with other women.” She pointed her finger matter-of-factly.

“Yeah, well one is all I really need. Speaking of which, I heard someone didn’t get any action last night.”

Nicole shook her head as she placed her palms behind her on the countertop and hoisted herself up to sit as her legs dangled over the edge. “I really don’t want to talk about that.”
“Well then you probably shouldn’t have pissed Waverly off and made her yell loud enough for me to hear…along with all of Purgatory.” She snorted.

Nicole sighed as she dropped her head into her hands and rubbed her face before lifting it back up. “She was drunk. What was I supposed to do? Of course I love her and I love being intimate with her, but I’d never want her to think that I was taking advantage of her. I mean, did I do the wrong thing here?”

Wynonna shook her head. “Okay, pause. I’m not about to talk to you about your sex life with my baby sister. Especially not this early in the morning.”

The redhead simply nodded before swinging her legs and jumping off the counter to pour the finished coffee into a mug before Wynonna spoke again. “But, if you really want my opinion, I don’t think you did anything wrong. You were doing what you thought was best, and Waverly knows that. Just talk it out and set the record straight today, now that she’s thinking clearly again.”

Nicole slowly nodded in agreement as she poured the coffee into her mug. “That’s what I was planning on doing when she woke up. I can’t stand her being mad at me anymore.”

“And an ‘I’m sorry’ balloon probably wouldn’t hurt.” Wynonna shrugged. “Also, that’s my shirt that you’re wearing.”

Nicole looked down at the white Nirvana T-shirt from where she was leaning against the counter. “That makes more sense. Waverly usually makes good fashion choices so I was surprised to see this shirt in her dresser.”

Wynonna threw one of her waffles at Nicole, but she dodged it, causing it to land on the kitchen floor – which didn’t stop Wynonna from picking it up and eating it.

After heading to the closest grocery store to pick up a balloon, Nicole quietly crept up the stairs and into the bedroom to check on Waverly. She poked her head in to find the girl laying on her side while hugging the pillow Nicole had used the night before. The redhead carefully closed the door behind her, trying her best not to disturb her girlfriend.

“It’s okay, I’m awake.” Waverly croaked as she tried to smile at Nicole, but she was sure it came out as more of a grimace. Her head was pounding and all she wanted was to eat a greasy burger and some fries.

“Sorry,” Nicole ducked her head as she made her way towards the bed with the balloon hiding behind her back. “I didn’t wake you, did I?”

“No, I woke up about ten minutes ago.” Waverly replied as she slowly sat up, wincing at how heavy she felt. “What’s that?” She pointed to Nicole’s hand behind her back.

“Oh, um, this is for you.” Nicole smiled as she handed the small balloon on a stick over to Waverly, who quirked an eyebrow at the item.

“Congratulations?” She said confusingly as she read the word on the balloon before looking up at her girlfriend with furrowed eyebrows.

Nicole let out a short laugh as she nervously rubbed the back of her neck. “Yeah, um, they didn’t have any ‘I’m sorry’ balloons, so it was between that and the ‘it’s a boy’ balloon, which would have been really funny to give you for any other occasion.” She smiled at the sound of Waverly’s laugh. She could listen to that sound all day and it would never get old. “I also looked for an ‘I’m an ass’ balloon, but they were out of those too.”
Waverly shook her head as she sat the balloon down in front of her on the bed and signaled for Nicole to sit next to her. “You’re not an ass. I was way out of line last night. You were just trying to do the right thing and I overreacted.”

Nicole paused for a moment as she looked into Waverly’s eyes. “Waves, I never want you to feel like I don’t want to be intimate with you, because I do. And I did last night. It’s just, you were so drunk and—”

“No, I get it. Really, I don’t think that, I promise. I know how much you love me and love being with me.” She leaned forward to give the redhead a chaste kiss before pulling back. “But just for future reference, if I’m drunk like that and want to have sex with you, it’s okay. I get sort of, um…*passionate*, when I’ve been drinking. But I would never do anything I wouldn’t want to do sober, especially with you.”

With a sigh of relief, Nicole replied, “That’s the consent I was looking for. Thank you.”

“God that’s so sexy,” Waverly exhaled as she slowly shook her head in disbelief.

“What is?”

“You. Wanting to get consent before sleeping with me while I’m drunk, even though we’ve slept together several times before. It’s just….not many people would do that. And every day I’m more and more grateful to have such a caring and considerate partner.” She smiled lovingly at the redhead.

“I love you so much, Waverly. And I always want to make sure you feel safe.”

“I do.” She leaned down and kissed the redhead again, this time for a little bit longer. She broke the kiss with a groan as she was suddenly reminded of her hangover and the headache she had. Nicole instantly knew what was wrong and rubbed the top of Waverly’s leg sympathetically.

“What do you need?”

“Greasy food.”

Nicole nodded. “Now?”

“Yes please.” Waverly replied sheepishly.

Nicole jumped off the bed to change back into her police uniform. She was thankful that her shift didn’t start for another couple of hours.

“Oh, before I forget, Chrissy made a new friend and wants us to meet up with them for drinks tomorrow night. Do you have the night shift?”

“I get off around eight.”

“You want to go?”

“Yeah, it sounds fun.” Nicole replied with a bright smile before adding with a stern finger, “But no getting drunk.”

“Yes officer,” Waverly replied with a wink, which made Nicole’s knees buckle and almost give out.

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*The next night*
“They said nine o’clock, right?” Nicole asked as she looked at her watch for what seemed like the twentieth time to Waverly. They had been standing outside the bar, waiting for Chrissy and her new friend to arrive so they could meet the woman properly before going inside where there was semi-loud music playing.

The smaller girl rolled her eyes. “Yes, they said nine.”

“It’s 9:15.” Nicole replied, still looking at her watch.

“I’m sure they’ll be here soon love. Just relax.” She entwined her fingers with Nicole’s and gave it a gentle squeeze.

Nicole returned the squeeze with one of her own and smiled down at Waverly. “Sorry, I get a little nervous meeting new people.”

“Don’t be nervous baby. I’m sure she’ll be really nice.” Waverly leaned into Nicole’s side and wrapped her arms around the redhead’s torso. She hummed when she felt Nicole’s arm around her shoulders.

“So where did she meet this person again?”

“At work.”

“Oh, so it’s someone she works with?”

“No, she shops at the grocery store and they just started talking one day and ended up hanging out. Now they’re friends.”

Nicole nodded. “Who would’ve thought you could make friends out of strangers in a grocery store. I wonder if they bonded over produce,” she wiggled her eyebrows playfully at Waverly.

Waverly giggled, but quickly covered her mouth when she caught sight of Chrissy and another woman walking towards them. “Shh, here they come.”

As they got closer, Waverly realized she had actually met Chrissy’s friend before, and her stomach dropped. She looked over at Nicole, who had the same look of panic on her face.

“Hey guys!” Chrissy waved, receiving a couple of hesitant waves in return.

“I want you to meet my new friend, Rosita. Rosita, this is Waverly and Nicole.”

“Nice to meet you,” she politely shook Waverly’s hand, but when she shook Nicole’s hand she paused and squinted. “Have we meet before?”

“Oh, I um...uh– Heh.” Nicole awkwardly rubbed the back of her neck as she floundered.

Rosita eagerly snapped her fingers. “I got it! You were the couple that bought the strap-on a few weeks ago, right?”

Waverly and Nicole instantly began to blush and Chrissy covered her mouth with her hand as she tried to stifle her laughter.

“Oh, sorry. I forget that sex is still taboo for a lot of people.” Rosita said, genuinely feeling bad for nonchalantly sharing their personal business like that in front of their friend.

“No, um, it’s okay.” Waverly smiled, her face still crimson.
“I knew that was why you had bought those condoms!” Chrissy nearly yelled at the excitement of her prior suspicions being confirmed.

Nicole clenched her jaw and shot Chrissy a warning glare, which didn’t wipe away the grin Chrissy was wearing.

“I need to have some alcohol in my system before continuing this conversation,” Waverly replied. She looked up at Nicole and silently reassured her that she wouldn’t drink too much. Nicole nodded and followed Waverly towards the entrance before holding the door open for the three women.

“So chivalrous,” Rosita winked as she walked through the door.

Nicole froze. Was she flirting? Nicole shook her head and brushed it off before following the women into the bar.

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“Okay, so wait, did that guy seriously ask you that?” Waverly asked incredulously.

“He did!” Rosita laughed. “And his girlfriend was standing right there. It was super awkward.”

“Well what did you say?” Waverly leaned forward a little closer, completely invested in the story.

“I just told him that if he wanted to see a more detailed demonstration of how a butt plug worked, that he should just Google it…and then he should come back and buy one, because it’ll improve his sex life.”

“Such a salesperson,” Chrissy chuckled, adding into the laughter of the rest of the group.

“Man, too bad Wynonna isn’t here, she would love to hear these stories. But the alcohol would be too tempting for her, so it’s probably for the better.” Nicole laughed and shook her head before taking a sip of her beer.

Chrissy cocked her head in confusion. “Can she not drink or something?”

Nicole’s eyes widened from behind her glass and she quickly looked over at Waverly, still sipping the beverage.

“She’s just been trying really hard to cut back.” Waverly quickly replied, and Nicole turned back to Chrissy, nodding in agreement.

Chrissy shrugged and took a sip of her margarita.

“Who’s Wynonna?” Rosita finally asked after a few seconds of silence.

“She’s my sister.” Waverly smiled.

“Is she as cute as you?” Rosita asked with a smirk, and Waverly bit back a small smile as her cheeks flushed.

Nicole clenched her jaw. That was the fourth time that night that Rosita had made some flirty comment towards Waverly, and she was not having it anymore.

“Hey baby, I need to pee. Wanna come with me?” Nicole smiled at Waverly as she brushed her fingertips up and down the top of Waverly’s forearm that was resting on the table. She made sure Rosita saw her hand affectionately touching her girlfriend.
“Yeah, sure.” Waverly shrugged before standing up. “We’ll be right back.” Nicole grabbed Waverly’s hand and nearly dragged her to the bathroom.

“Geez Nicole, if you had to go that badly why didn’t you say something earlier?” Waverly said when they finally reached the bathroom after struggling to keep up with the redhead’s long, swift strides.

“Rosita is totally hitting on you.” Nicole blurted without skipping a beat.


Nicole folded her arms across her chest, not finding the situation as funny as Waverly did. “She is. It’s blatant.”

“I don’t think she means it. She’s probably just a little tipsy and getting flirty. It happens, and it’s harmless. Besides, she’s obviously straight.”

Nicole let out a short laugh. “She’s checked out at least three women that have walked past our table since we’ve been here. She’s not straight, and she has a crush on you.”

Waverly shook her head in amusement. “I doubt that.”

“Believe me, I know when someone is flirting for fun and flirting for real, and that is one hundred percent for real flirting.” Nicole rested her hands on her hips as she shook her head, replaying the other passes Rosita made on her girlfriend earlier that night.

“I think you’re overreacting. Is that all you dragged me in here for? Or did you actually have to pee?”

“I did bring you in here for that, but now I actually have to pee.” Nicole shrugged.

“Okay, well I’m going to go back with the two straight women at our table while you do that.” Waverly gave a quick peck to Nicole’s cheek before walking out of the restroom.

As Waverly walked back to the table, she noticed Chrissy and Rosita give her a knowing look.

“What?” She scrunched her eyebrows as she sat down in her chair and immediately reached for her water – she had switched drinks after she finished her one and only margarita.

“Is everything okay?” Chrissy asked.

“Yeah, Nicole just needed help with something.” She replied nonchalantly as she sipped her beverage.

Both Chrissy and Rosita looked at each other like two people who knew a secret, eliciting an eye roll from Waverly.

“Not that. Like we would do that in a public restroom.” She wrinkled her nose and shook her head.

“Why not? Quickies in public places are fun. It makes everything extra hot.” Rosita smirked.

Chrissy raised an eyebrow at Rosita. “You’ve actually had sex in public?”

“Well, not always intercourse, but sexual things yeah. In bathrooms, in the car, at a movie theatre… even one time during a picnic at a park on the grass in broad daylight.”
“Oh my god,” Waverly giggled, “Was anybody around?”

“Oh of course. But it was just a hand job, and we were strategic about our blanket placement, so it wasn’t that difficult.” She stated proudly as she leaned forward on her forearms resting on the table.

“What are we talking about?” Nicole asked as she reached the table and sat down next to Waverly.

“Sex in public places.” Chrissy answered nonchalantly.

“The car is always fun.” The redhead grabbed her beer mug and gulped the last little bit down, ignoring the look Waverly was giving her.

“Oh really? Why haven’t we done that?” Waverly asked, feeling a little more comfortable sharing since everyone had been talking about sex-related things for the past hour.

Nicole shrugged. “Because I’m an officer of the law now. I can’t get in trouble for public indecency.” She gave Waverly a quick wink, signaling that she was only half serious and wouldn’t be opposed to trying this with the brunette.

“Car sex is fun, but doing it with people around you is even more fun.” Rosita jumped back in. “Although, I will say that it’s easier to get away with giving a woman a handjob in public than it is a man.” She shrugged before sipping her beer.

Nicole gave Waverly a knowing look, who was too surprised to look anywhere but at Rosita. She turned back to the tanned woman. “Men and women. So, you’re…” Nicole waved her hand around and trailed off, waiting for Rosita to fill in the blank.

“I’m bisexual.”

Nicole nodded. “Cool.”

“Do I just attract every queer person? Seriously, I think I’m the only straight person with this many gay friends in this town.” Chrissy chuckled.

“Probably. They should give you a medal.” Rosita replied, clinking her glass with Chrissy’s before both of them took a sip of their drinks.

“So, what kind of women are you into?” Nicole asked, earning a kick to her ankle from Waverly. “Ow!” She complained as she rubbed the outside of her ankle while confusedly looking at the smaller woman, who was giving Nicole a warning glare. “It was just a question,” the redhead mumbled.

“No, it’s okay. I like all types of women. I’m really into femmes, but I also like to get down with the butch. Depends on my mood.” She shrugged.

“Blondes or brunettes?” Nicole asked.

Waverly shook her head at Nicole. She knew exactly what her girlfriend was doing.

“Either. I’m not picky. But I’m also really into redheads,” she smirked.

Waverly immediately looked from Nicole to Rosita, her eyebrows furrowed. Was she hitting on Nicole now?

Nicole quirked an eyebrow in confusion. What was this woman’s game?
“Oh shit, I didn’t realize how late it had gotten.” Chrissy let out a long, exaggerated breath as she rubbed her hands down her face. “I really don’t want to go to work tomorrow morning.”

“You could always skip it.” Rosita shrugged.

“Yeah right. Then they’d fire my ass and I’ll have to spend the rest of my life mooching off of my dad.”

“God, you’re so dramatic,” Waverly giggled.

Chrissy shrugged as she gulped the rest of her drink before standing up to put her jacket on. “Alright ladies, this has been fun, but I’m going to head out.” She said her goodbyes to everyone and left the bar, leaving just Waverly, Nicole, and Rosita awkwardly sitting at the table together.

“Well, this has been fun.” Rosita smiled awkwardly, unsure of what else to say next.

“Yeah, it’s has.” Waverly agreed, giving the same awkward smile.

“What’s your game?” Nicole asked bluntly. She grunted when Waverly elbowed her in the side. “What? She’s been flirting all night and I want to know what her goal is!”

“You’re right.” Rosita admitted. Waverly and Nicole looked at Rosita in surprise. “Look, I’m just gonna be straight up with you guys. You’re both gorgeous, and I’ve been looking for a lesbian couple to have a threesome with. I’ve done it with a straight couple, but not two women, which is something that I’ve been wanting to do for a while now.”

Waverly’s jaw was almost touching the floor, and Nicole’s eyebrows were raised so close to her hair line that they almost blended in with it.

“Well…I wasn’t expecting that.” Nicole finally said.

“So, what do you think?” Rosita asked, watching the two look back and forth between each other and her, clearly not knowing what to say. She smiled and shook her head as she pulled a pen out of her purse and grabbed a napkin to write on. “You two can talk it over, and if you decide it’s something you want to pursue, then give me a call.” She slid the napkin with her number scribbled on it in front of the women, who just stared at it, before getting up. “It really was nice getting to know you two.” She gave a curt nod before making her way towards the exit.

Nicole and Waverly sat there in silence for a few moments before Nicole broke into a laughing fit. “Can you believe that?”

Waverly chuckled and shook her head. “Definitely not how I expected this night to go.”

Nicole took one more giant gulp of her beer before standing up and putting on her coat. “Are you sleeping over at mine tonight?”

Waverly smiled. “I would love that.”

Nicole began to walk away from the table and towards the door, with Waverly following behind her. After making sure Nicole wasn’t looking at her, Waverly quickly swiped the napkin off the table and shoved it into her pocket before continuing to follow her girlfriend out the door.

Chapter End Notes
UPDATE: A lot of you are jumping the gun and assuming they’re going to have a threesome...all Waverly did was take the napkin guys! She will question if it’s what she wants, but as of now we have no idea if they’re going to go through with it or not! You’ll have to wait and see how it all unfolds :)

DISCLAIMER: I want to make it very clear that I am not trying to depict a bisexual character as being ‘promiscuous’ or ‘sex-crazed’ because she’s bisexual. Rosita being bisexual and her openness to sexual experiences are not correlated in any way, and I don’t want anyone to think that’s how all bisexual people are. Rosita is bisexual in the show and I wanted to stay true to that, and her openness to sex comes from the fact that I made her the cashier of the adult store in a previous chapter and wanted that to be her personality. The threesome question is more for Waverly’s storyline and I figured Rosita would be the perfect character to ask the question, not because she’s bisexual but because of her personality in this story.
To Three, Or Not To Three...

Chapter Summary

Will they, or won't they? Read to find out!

Chapter Notes

SPOILER ALERT: Do NOT read anything in this "Notes' section if you don't want the answer to the summary to be given away! You've been warned! To those of you who do want to know if they do it or not, I will say this...if I wrote them having a threesome, I would've put a warning in the chapter summary, and I didn't, so...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Waverly laid in Nicole’s bed, staring up at the ceiling. She couldn’t sleep; her mind was occupied with thoughts of what Rosita had offered just a few short hours ago. It wasn’t even that she liked Rosita like that. Sure, the woman was attractive, but she was no Nicole Haught. And she wasn’t even Waverly’s type really. But what if a threesome was something that Waverly liked, but she never knew because she had never tried it? She spent her whole life oblivious to the part of her that liked women, and she had been missing out on something amazing...what if she was doing the same thing again by just shrugging off the threesome idea and assuming she didn’t want it because it was something society often frowned upon?

She looked over at the clock; 3:36 a.m. She then looked over at Nicole and saw that she was asleep. She slipped out of bed as she grabbed her phone from the nightstand, threw on the robe that was hanging on the bathroom door, and carefully made her way out the bedroom door before padding down the stairs. She reached into the pocket of her jacket that was on the coat rack and pulled out the napkin with Rosita’s number scribbled on it. With a heavy sigh, she opened up her contacts and added the number in before mindlessly tossing it into the trash. As she slowly sat down at the kitchen table, she took a deep breath before typing out a new text.

Waverly: Hey, it’s Waverly, Chrissy’s friend.

She threw her phone down on the table and buried her face in her hands. She couldn’t believe she was doing this behind Nicole’s back, but she was too scared to tell her that she was curious about the idea of having a threesome. How could she tell Nicole when she so clearly blew off the idea? What if she found it disgusting and wouldn’t want to be with Waverly anymore? No, she couldn’t risk that. She had to do this on her own. As she stared at her phone, waiting for a response, she realized that it was middle of the night and Rosita was probably sleeping like a normal human. She stood up from the table and sauntered back up the stairs and into bed, trying to force herself to fall asleep.

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Nicole groaned as she rolled over to turn off her alarm. She looked over at Waverly and smiled at how beautiful she looked, even passed out with her mouth wide open and drool making its way onto the pillow beneath her. She gently kissed her forehead, careful not to wake her, and stood up from
She quietly pulled out a tank top and some cotton shorts from her dresser and put them on before making her way down to the kitchen to make some coffee. She took the small reusable cup out of the automatic coffee maker and walked over to the trash to throw away the used coffee grounds that were left in there. As soon as she opened the lid with the foot pedal, she noticed the napkin with Rosita’s number on it laying flatly on top. She eyed it cautiously. She hadn’t had her coffee yet, so her brain immediately assumed that it had followed her home like some sort of magic napkin. Then as she began to realize that wasn’t possible, and supernatural things like that don’t happen, she also began to realize the only way it could have gotten there – Waverly. She scraped out the coffee grounds onto the napkin and quickly realized her foot from the pedal of the trash can, pushing the lid down with her hand so it would shut faster.

“Okay, it’s probably nothing.” Nicole said to no one in particular. “She probably just grabbed a napkin to wipe her hands on and didn’t realize it was that napkin.”

She brushed it off, assuming Waverly had taken it by mistake – after all, it was in the trash – before putting some fresh coffee grounds into the reusable cup and proceeding to make her coffee. She placed her favorite cat mug under the machine and waited as the coffee poured into it. She smiled as she inhaled the scent of fresh coffee filling her house. She loved that smell, almost as much as she loved living in the year 2017, where coffee can be made right in your kitchen with the touch of a button. She was brought out of her thoughts by the sound of a chime. She looked over at the kitchen table and saw Waverly’s phone displaying a new notification. She picked it up and read the notification.

Rosita – Text Message

She stared at the notification until the screen faded to black, along with any chances of this being an accident. Waverly took the napkin on purpose, copied the number into her contacts, and is now texting Rosita behind Nicole’s back. She debated whether or not to read the text. She knew Waverly’s password, so it’s not like she wasn’t able to unlock her phone. All she had to do was type in the code – 09-08-95, her birthday – read the text, and then delete it from the phone so that Waverly would never even know it existed. It would be easy. She pressed the ‘unlock’ button and watched as the screen transformed to display the keypad. Her thumb hovered over the ‘0’ for a few seconds before the screen went back to black from sitting for so long. She sighed as she set the phone back down on the table. Waverly trusted her, and she didn’t want to lose that trust over something that was probably nothing. She trusted Waverly too, and knew that if she wasn’t telling her something, it was because she was scared. She would have to wait for Waverly to come to her.

Nicole grabbed her mug and walked over to the living room, sipping her coffee as she began her morning routine of playing some brain training games on her phone before beginning her workout.

After her workout, she went upstairs to shower off and put on her uniform, managing to do so without waking Waverly up. She trotted down the stairs full of energy and began to make some breakfast. Just when she had finished transferring the scrambled eggs from the pan to a bowl, she heard some shuffling behind her. She turned around and smiled at her girlfriend, fully dressed in skinny jeans and a tight pink sweatshirt. She was glad they both had the idea of leaving some of Waverly’s clothes at her house for nights when she slept over, especially those clothes. But then again, all of Waverly’s clothes made Nicole drool.
“Good morning.” Nicole said as she pulled Waverly in for a kiss.

“Good morning to you too.” Waverly giggled.

“Want some breakfast?”

“Always. Hey, have you seen my phone?”

Nicole grabbed two plates from the cabinet before coolly answering, “Yeah, it’s right there on the table.” She turned back around towards the counter to put the food onto both plates.

“Oh, I’m so dumb. Thanks!” Waverly said excitedly as she picked up the device.

She unlocked it and saw a new message from Rosita. Holding her breath, she opened it.

Rosita: Hey, I’m glad you texted. Have you and Nicole talked about my offer?

Waverly stared at the screen. She had no idea what she wanted to say next. She honestly hadn’t thought this far.

“Is everything okay?” Nicole asked as she sat the plates down on the table, one in front of Waverly, causing the brunette to jump and shove her phone into her pocket.

“Yeah, it’s just Wynonna complaining about something, as usual. I’ll respond to her later. Right now I’m eating breakfast with my girlfriend.” Waverly smiled as she rubbed the back of Nicole’s neck. “Thank you for cooking.”

Nicole gave Waverly a weak smile before turning her attention to her plate and began eating. She hoped she wouldn’t have to wait too long for Waverly to talk to her.

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It was two hours into Waverly’s shift at the coffee shop, and she still had no idea what to say to Rosita. How do you ask someone you just met about threesomes? She reminded herself of just that – Rosita was someone she had just met. It’s not like she really had anything to lose. If anything, she was the best person to go to for advice about the subject, because she knew Rosita wouldn’t judge her for it, whereas anyone else in her life might.

She pulled out her phone and quickly typed her message, hitting send before she could change her mind.

Waverly: We haven’t yet, but I’m a little curious about it.

She instantly received a reply, thankful that she wouldn’t have to wait too long and wonder if she was being too annoying.

Rosita: What exactly do you want to know?

She hovered her thumbs over the screen. What did she want to know?

Waverly: Everything?

Rosita: Lol. Ok, but more specifically?

She sighed. She honestly had no idea what to ask.
Waverly: How do I know if it’s what I want to do?

Rosita: Well the fact that you’re even curious about it means that you want to do it at least to some degree. What’s the harm in trying it? Worst case scenario, you figure out you don’t like it.

Waverly: I guess that’s true

Rosita: Which is why my motto is “try everything once” ;) What did Nicole say about it?

Waverly: She actually doesn’t know I’m even talking to you, but I’m not sure if it’s something she’s into

She waited for a response and began to worry when it took longer than the other messages had. What if she had scared Rosita away? As soon as she set her phone down on the counter, a new notification popped up.

Rosita: Look, I’d be happy to explain to you how a threesome works, but you and Nicole both need to be on board with this. I pride myself on not being a homewrecker, so talk to your girl and then come back to me.

Waverly sighed as she put her phone back into her pocket. Rosita was right, she needed to be talking to Nicole about this, not this person she just met. She just didn’t know how to bring it up without the risk of upsetting Nicole.

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Waverly arrived at Nicole’s house later that night. Nicole had asked her if she wanted to stay over again, and of course she said yes. She and Nicole had spent so many nights together that it was too hard for her to sleep alone at this point. When she walked through the door Nicole had left unlocked for her, she was hit with the savory aroma of lasagna – her favorite food. …well, her second favorite. Her real favorite food was sweet and sour soup with a dollop of peanut butter, but she’s never admit that, not even if she had a gun pointed at her face.

“Honey, I’m home!” Waverly sang out as she put her coat on the coat rack and walked into the kitchen.

“Hey baby!” Nicole said cheerily as she took a hefty glass dish of lasagna out of the oven.

“What’s cookin’ good lookin’?” Waverly wrapped her arms around Nicole’s waist from behind and kissed the side of her cheek.

“Veggie lasagna with an array of vegan cheeses, making this meal one hundred percent vegan.”

“Mmm I knew I smelled lasagna!”

“We’ve got some salad too.”

“Yum. Can’t wait to eat it while hearing you talk about your day.” She gave Nicole one last peck on the cheek before helping her serve their plates.

One meal, a lot of conversation, and two and a half episodes of Buffy later, the two found themselves making out on the couch. Nicole was on top of Waverly, hastily yanking off both of their shirts before bringing her lips down to Waverly’s neck. It wasn’t until she moved up to Waverly’s lips and looked into her eyes that she noticed the brunette’s mind was somewhere else. Nicole sat up and furrowed her brow in concern.
“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Waverly smiled as she pulled Nicole back down for a kiss, but Nicole eventually sat back up when the kiss felt forced.

“Seriously, talk to me Waves.” Nicole reassuringly rubbed her hands up and down Waverly’s arms.

Waverly sighed as she sat up, causing Nicole to move off of her. She sat cross-legged with her back against the arm of the couch as Nicole mirrored her, patiently waiting for her girlfriend to spill – even though she had an idea what it was about.

“I took the napkin.” Waverly finally said guiltily as she looked down at her lap.

“I know.” Nicole replied. There was no bite in her voice.

Waverly looked up with wide eyes. “Wait, you know?”

“I saw it in the trash this morning.” Nicole shrugged, trying not to make a big deal about it. It was obvious that Waverly was scared, and there was no point in scaring her even more. The goal was to get her to speak her mind, not to make her feel bad.

“Why didn’t you say anything?”

“I was waiting for you to come to me when you were ready. I also saw that Rosita texted you this morning, but I didn’t look at the text. I just saw the notification pop up on your phone.”

Waverly’s face turned red as she realized she had been caught in her lie this morning about Wynonna texting her. “I’m sorry.” She looked down at her lap again and played with a loose thread on her jeans.

Nicole stilled Waverly’s fidgety hands and tilted her head until Waverly could see her, silently encouraging the brunette to look up at her.

“Tell me what’s going on.” Nicole said patiently.

“I guess I’m just a little curious about…about the threesome.” She trailed off on that last part.

“You guess?” Nicole quirked an eyebrow.

Waverly sighed. “Okay, I am curious.”

Nicole simply nodded. She knew that was coming, no matter how much she tried to convince herself that Waverly took the napkin to ask Rosita about something unrelated.

“So you have feelings for her?” Nicole asked hesitantly.

“What? No, of course not!” Waverly reassured.

“And, am I…I mean, I’m enough for you, right?”

Waverly’s heart broke at the way her girlfriend was looking at her, insecurities on full display. “Nicole, you are more than enough for me. That’s not what this is about.”

“Then what’s it about?”

“It’s about me trying to figure out what I like and what I don’t like. I’ve never even considered
having a threesome before because it’s such a stigmatized thing. I didn’t think I’d be the kind of person to want to want to do it, but then again I didn’t think I’d be the kind of person who enjoyed sex with another woman, and yet here I am, eating pussy and loving every second of it.”

Nicole raised her eyebrows. It was unlike Waverly to say something like that, and Waverly felt awkward as soon as she said it. “Sorry, I don’t know where that came from. I guess what I’m trying to say is, what if I’m missing out on something I want just because I’m too afraid to even try it?”

“Hey, I get it.” Nicole said softly as she grabbed Waverly’s hands in her lap. “You’re 21. You’re still at that age where you’re trying to figure out who you are and what you want. And I don’t want to keep you from experiencing that.” She sighed, swallowing hard before she prepared herself for what she was about to say next. “So, if this is something you want to pursue, then I’m in.”

Waverly was shocked. That was the last thing she expected. “Really? You’d do that for me?”

“I would.” Nicole said with conviction.

Waverly couldn’t believe it. Nobody had ever offered to do something like this for her before. She knew it was something Nicole was uncomfortable with, and yet she was willing to do it for Waverly.

“I love you.” Waverly said as she wrapped her arms around Nicole’s shoulders and rested their forehead’s together.

Nicole reached up with one hand and held onto Waverly’s forearm next to her face as she relaxed her forehead into the touch of Waverly’s warm skin against hers. “I love you too.”

Nicole would be lying if she said she wasn’t terrified. She’s always known that a threesome is not something she’d ever want to do. She was the kind of person who always believed that sex was best between two people, and that three was a crowd – although that second motto was often used more for when Wynonna hung around them, effectively cockblocking her. But more importantly, she was afraid that this would somehow damage her relationship with Waverly, and yet she was also afraid to keep Waverly from doing something she wanted. What if Waverly ended up resenting Nicole because she kept her from this experience? Or worse…what if she ended up having a threesome with Rosita and someone other than Nicole? She didn’t want to risk losing the love of her life, so if having a threesome was what she had to do to keep Waverly, then that’s what she’d do.

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After Nicole had agreed to the threesome, Waverly texted Rosita and set everything up. They agreed to do it at Nicole’s place that weekend. Waverly had planned everything out – from getting a wax, to her outfit, to the music playlist…she even had a backup playlist just in case the tone wasn’t right for the first one. She had no idea what to expect, so she tried to prepare for every scenario.

That’s how she found herself anxiously waiting in Nicole’s bedroom wearing her loosest dress – something she’d easily be able to get out of – while Nicole answered the door.

“Hey,” Nicole said flatly when she opened the door, revealing Rosita in a short black leather mini skirt and white halter top.

“Hey yourself, cutie.” Rosita leaned against her palm on the doorway as she eyed Nicole from her t-shirt all the way down to the converses that paired well with her jeans. She wasn’t as dressed up as the other two.

Nicole rolled her eyes at Rosita’s attempt to flirt with her. “Look, I’m only doing this for Waverly. So that means that you and I,” Nicole waved her pointer finger between the two of them. “Stay on
opposite sides, leaving all the attention on her. Got it?"

“That’s fine with me. Waverly’s a cutie.” Rosita smirked.

Nicole clenched her jaw, trying to remind herself that this was for Waverly. Waverly loved her, and this was just an experience to be had, nothing more. Waverly didn’t have any feelings for Rosita.

“I’ve got some ground rules.” Nicole stated firmly.

“Okay.” Rosita replied nonchalantly, as if it were expected.

“No oral sex between you and her, giving or receiving. Fingers and riding thighs only. Kissing is allowed, but no tongue.”

“What about tribbing? Like, clit to clit?”

Nicole shook her head. “Fingers and thighs only.”

“Breasts?”

“Fair game.”

“Okay.” Rosita smiled, wanting to remain respectful, which Nicole appreciated.

They made their way upstairs and found Waverly sitting on the bed, twiddling her thumbs. As soon as she noticed the two women, she popped up to a standing position and chuckled nervously.

“Hey, Rosita! Glad you could come.” Waverly smiled a little too hard, unaware of her unfortunate wording.

Rosita was clearly trying to hold back her laughter and Nicole looked sympathetically at Waverly. It wasn’t until seeing their reactions that Waverly realized what she had said, and her face instantly turned a bright shade of red. She had a tendency to open her mouth before thinking things through.

“I’ll just refrain from making any jokes.” Rosita said with a warm smile in Waverly’s direction.

“Thank you. Sorry, I’m nervous.” Waverly admitted as Nicole reassuringly rubbed her back.

She tried she relax into the comfort of her girlfriend. Even though this was all new, she was glad that she had Nicole by her side to make her feel safe.

“It’s okay, no need to be nervous.” Rosita waved her hand. “We’re all adults here, and I plan on sticking to the ground rules. So just relax, and try to have some fun here.” Rosita reached out and reassuringly rubbed up and down Waverly’s arms that hung firmly by her side before looking over at Nicole. “You too.” She said as she gave Nicole a knowing look.

“What, me? I’m relaxed.” Nicole shrugged.

“Yeah right. I can see the stress vein popping out of your forehead.”

Nicole reached up and touched her forehead as she frowned.

“Look guys, I’m not here for anything other than sex. As soon as it’s over, I’m going to leave, and we never have to talk about it, unless you guys end up wanting to do it again one night. But I’m not here for anything emotional, and I’m not here to break you two up. It’s just sex, okay?”
Nicole and Waverly nodded as they stood next to each other; Nicole with her arm around Waverly’s shoulders and Waverly with her arm around Nicole’s waist.

“So, where do you want to start?” Rosita asked.

“Um, I could take my shirt off?” Waverly suggested.

“Let’s all do that.” Nicole said, trying to make Waverly feel a little more comfortable.

“Okay.” Rosita shrugged.

All three of them took off their shirts, leaving them standing around the room with just their bras on top.

Waverly looked at Rosita. She was pretty, but not as pretty as Nicole. Waverly looked over at Nicole and looked at her chest, smiling at the bra she was wearing. It was her favorite one – navy blue.

Nicole looked at Rosita briefly before averting her eyes to the floor. This was weird. She tried her best not to find Rosita attractive, but the problem was that Rosita was attractive. Anyone with eyes could see that. Nicole cursed herself for being a sucker for tanned skin.

Nicole and Waverly stood awkwardly as Rosita looked between them with her hands on her hips, resting most of her weight on her right leg. If she had known they would be this awkward, she would’ve stayed home, because this was not sexy. But she was already here, and she didn’t want to be rude. So she patiently waited for someone to make the next move.

“Um, what now?” Waverly asked, looking at Rosita expectantly.

“Want me to kiss you?” Rosita asked boldly.

“Oh, uh, o-okay.” Waverly stuttered, looking at Nicole for reassurance. The redhead gave her a warm smile nod of approval, so Waverly shuffled forward towards Rosita.

Waverly slowly leaned in, eyelids wrinkled from being shut so tight. As soon as her lips touched Rosita’s she pulled back.

“I’m sorry, I don’t think I can do this.” Waverly said looking between the two.

“Oh thank god.” Nicole bent over and rested her hands on top of her knees as she let out the breath she had been holding. “I honestly had no idea how I was going to be able to watch you two doing stuff together.”

Waverly looked at Nicole, and then at Rosita apologetically. “I’m sorry for making you drive all the way out here for nothing.”

Rosita waved her hand in dismissal. If she were being honest, she was glad she didn’t have to have sex with two clearly uncomfortable people. “It happens. I got another offer around here anyways, so it wasn’t a waste of gas. Just means that I’ll be in someone else’s bed tonight.” After putting her shirt back on and giving them a quick smile and nod, she made her way out of Nicole’s bedroom and down the stairs towards the front door.

Waverly looked at Nicole. “Nicole, I’m so sorry.”

Nicole shook her head as she pulled Waverly into a hug. “You didn’t do anything wrong. You were curious, and that’s okay.” She pulled back to look at Waverly. “Although, I am really glad you
decided not to go through with it.”

“Me too.” Waverly said, a little relieved. She had no idea why it took her this long to realize she actually wasn’t a threesome kind of girl, but was thankful she figured it out before actually doing anything.

“So, do you still want to…you know, just the two of us?” Nicole winked.

“Well, I did get a wax. I guess I shouldn’t let that go to waste.” Waverly replied playfully.

“I still don’t care about that you know. Pubic hair, I mean.”

“And I’m still going to keep waxing.”

“And I’m still going to reassure you that it’s not mandatory for me to enjoy making love to you. You could have the biggest bush in town and I would still love going down on you.”

“Nicole!” Waverly placed her palms over her hot cheeks.

“It’s true!”

“Come here.” She wrapped her right arm around Nicole’s shoulders as she placed her left hand on Nicole’s cheek just above her jawline. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too baby.”

Waverly gave a delicate kiss as she slipped her hands underneath Nicole’s shirt and ran her hands up and down the skin of the redhead’s back. She pulled out of the kiss and purred in Nicole’s ear, “I have the most amazing girlfriend in the entire world.”

Nicole blushed as she tried to hold back her giddy smile. “I have the most amazing girlfriend in the entire world.”

Waverly pulled back to look at Nicole with as much conviction as she could. “No, but seriously. You’re so generous, and charming, super hot…like, model hot. And you’re the most selfless person I know. You’re such a good girlfriend.”

Before Nicole could deny any of the compliments she had just been showered with, Waverly reconnected their lips for a quick kiss before roughly pushing Nicole down onto the bed.

“And I’m going to show you exactly what happens to good girlfriends.” Waverly said with a seductive smirk.

Nicole gulped as she watched Waverly unbutton her jeans. This was not how she expected the night to go, but boy was she glad it turned out this way.

Chapter End Notes

Glad I was able to write this today so that you lovely readers wouldn’t have to wait too long! For anyone wondering, my wife and I left for Disney World last weekend and just got back yesterday (Sunday)! It was amazing. We walked a total of 70 miles, but it was totally worth it!
Big Gay Dinner - AU Version

Chapter Summary

Nicole and Waverly double date it up with Jeremy and Robin :)

Chapter Notes

Since it's Thanksgiving break and I've gotten into a good flow of writing, I'm going to give you guys one new chapter every day of this week (Monday through Friday)! That means there will be no chapters on Saturday or Sunday, but you get FIVE new chapters this week! So be sure to check back every evening now through Friday for a new chapter!

It was a few weeks later, and it was almost Waverly’s 22nd birthday, which luckily landed on a Saturday...which meant that Nicole would be able to surprise Waverly with a surprise birthday party with all of her friends and family. ...or at least she would have, if Waverly hadn’t guessed it...

Two weeks earlier

“Why are you texting Wynonna?” Waverly asked as she laid in bed next to Nicole after a long day of work.

“I just wanted to talk to her.” Nicole replied without looking up from her phone as she continued typing.

“Since when?” Waverly snorted. Then, her eyes went wide and she quickly sat up.

“Oh my god! You’re planning a surprise birthday party for me, aren’t you?!”

“...no.” Nicole said hesitantly. It really was difficult for her to lie to Waverly.

“I knew it!”

Nicole cursed herself for being so weak.

Now it was just two days before the big bash, and all of Nicole’s planning was coming together without a hitch. Everyone she had invited has RSVP’d with a ‘yes’, Nicole had managed to buy all of the decorations on sale – without Waverly seeing them, thankfully – and the cake was designed and ready to take into the bakery. Now all she had to do was actually put everything together on the day of the party, which meant that now, she could relax. ...or at least relax as much as she could at work.

“Hey Haught, do you have a screwdriver I can borrow?” Lonnie asked as he held his watch in his hands, broken into two separate pieces.

Nicole sighed before putting on the best fake smile she could manage. “Did you check the communal
“Oh…no, I hadn’t thought of that.” He chuckled before turning on his heels and strolling off.

“Lonnie is really one of a kind, isn’t he?” Dolls said as he rolled over from his desk to Nicole’s in his desk chair.

“I seriously don’t know how he gets dressed in the morning.”

Dolls laughed as he shook his head. “Beats me. Hey, so what should I bring for this birthday party?”

“Just your appetite!”

“Will Wynonna be there?” Dolls asked hopefully.

Nicole glared at him. “She’s Waverly’s sister…of course she’s going to be there. But no funny business!” She pointed a firm finger at him. “This party is a fun gathering of friends and family for Waverly’s birthday filled with cake, annoying pop music, and maybe some ping pong if I can fix my old table in time. And I will not let you ruin it with the awkward sounds of you and Wynonna getting it on just because you can’t keep it in your pants, got it?”

Dolls kicked his chair back about a foot as he held his hands up in defense. “Okay, okay. Understood.”

“Good.” Nicole put her finger down.

“So, who all is coming to this party anyway?”

“Wynonna and Gus, obviously…you, Jeremy and Robin, Darren, Chrissy, and her friend Rosita.”

“Rosita’s the one who works at the sex store, right?” Dolls asked as he wiggled his eyebrows.

Nicole elbowed him in the ribs, causing him to grunt. “Yes, and don’t say it like that. It’s annoying.”

“Well it’s not my fault that the whole town found out that you and Waverly shop there!”

“It was one time! And it’s not even that big of a deal!” Nicole stated, obviously frustrated.

Dolls snorted. “This is Purgatory. Everything sex related is a big deal.” He rolled back over to his desk.

Nicole knew he was right. If it wasn’t a big deal, the whole thing wouldn’t have been such hot gossip for the past three weeks. She blamed Chrissy and Darren for talking about it in public on one of their coffee dates, but she knew that ultimately it wasn’t their fault. The truth was that she shouldn’t be too bothered by it. It’s not like anybody knew exactly what they bought, just that they were in there. For all they knew, she and Nicole could’ve walked in and walked right back out without even buying anything, but she knew that whatever their imaginations were conjuring up was way worse than what actually happened. And even though she wanted to correct them so many times that they in fact did not purchase a sex swing nor did they buy a beginner’s bondage kit, she knew that it was best not to say anything. She really didn’t want to share her and Waverly’s private business. Instead, she would have to ignore it and wait for the whole thing to blow over.

Nicole sighed as she adverted her attention back to her work and continued filling out the case report she had started on earlier. After writing only a couple of sentences, her phone lit up revealing a new text from Waverly. She smiled as she set her pen down and picked up the phone.
Waverly: Hey babe, hope you’re having a good day! Jeremy stopped by. Apparently he wants us to have a double date with him and Robin tonight at his apartment. He’s a little nervous about Robin meeting us at the party so he wants to do it beforehand without other people getting in the way. You in?

Nicole smiled. She had never actually been on a double date before, and it actually sounded really fun. Plus, with both of their jobs getting crazy lately with the new school year starting back up – college students were buying more coffee and more cars and busses on the road meant more traffic accidents – she and Waverly hadn’t been on a true date in forever.

Nicole: I would love that!

She immediately typed out a new text.

Nicole: But wait, I thought you already knew Robin?

Waverly: Well yeah, he was Chrissy’s boyfriend in high school and I kind of talked to him a little then, but that was several years ago. He could be a different person now.

Nicole: Ah, gotcha. Well, I can’t wait to meet him!

Waverly: I can’t wait to have a Big Gay Dinner!

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Later that night

“Hey guys! Glad you could make it!” Jeremy said to Nicole and Waverly as they entered his small apartment.

“Wow, Jeremy, the place looks…uh, nice.” Waverly said cautiously as she eyed the numerous amounts of odd science experiments that laid throughout random areas of the place.

“Yeah, I hear glass beakers are all the rage in fashionable home décor these days.” Nicole laughed at her own joke, but immediately stopped when Waverly slapped her in the stomach and glared at her.

“Ha ha, very funny.” Jeremy replied sarcastically.” These are just some of the experiments I’ve started in my spare time. They’ll all be finished…eventually.”

“Better late than never, honey.” Robin said as he rubbed Jeremy’s back.

“Yeah, but better sooner than later,” Nicole whispered to Waverly, receiving another glare.

“Nicole,” Waverly warned in a high-pitched whisper.

Nicole threw her hands up in defense. “Okay, okay. Sorry.”

“Here, uh, let me take your coats.” Jeremy took Nicole and Waverly’s jackets from them and set them on the wall hooks by the door.

“You guys got here just in time. Dinner is just about ready!” Robin said with a hearty smile.

“It smells amazing!” Waverly said excitedly.

Jeremy wrapped an arm around Robin’s shoulders. “Yep, my man is the best chef in town.”
“Well, compared to Jeremy, everyone is a good chef,” Robin said with his hand covering his mouth, as if it were a secret.

Everyone laughed, including Jeremy.

“It’s true, I’m terrible at cooking.” Jeremy admitted with a chuckle.

“So, what did you make for dinner Robin?” Nicole asked, smiling at the man she had heard so much about. His hair really was perfect.

“Well, on the menu for tonight is some smoked tofu with grilled veggie kebabs and roasted potatoes. Hope you guys don’t mind a vegan meal.”

“You’re vegan?!” Waverly asked incredulously.

“Yes! Have been for about two years now.” Robin stated proudly.

“No way! Do you want to help me with the meal presentation for our fellow meat-eaters?” Robin asked smoothly as he held out an elbow for Waverly to take.

“Duh!” Waverly wrapped her arm around Robin’s as they walked into the kitchen.

“I can’t tell if that was really cute or really annoying.” Nicole chuckled as she watched her girlfriend disappear around the corner. When Jeremy didn’t respond, she looked over at him and noticed him staring blankly down the hallway that led to the kitchen.

“Jeremy,” Nicole said firmly as she snapped her fingers in front of his face, causing him to jump.

“Huh? Oh, sorry. I kind of spaced out there.”

Nicole looked down and noticed him fidgeting with the drawstring of his khaki joggers. “Are you okay? You seem kind of nervous.”

“Me? Nervous? HA! Yeah right.” He took a step closer to Nicole. “Speaking of nerves, did you know that there are more nerve cells in the human brain than there are stars in the Milky Way Galaxy?” He stated matter-of-factly.

“Oh, my bad.” He chuckled awkwardly as he rubbed the back of his hair. “I guess I am a little nervous.”

“Why? It’s just dinner.”

“I guess I’m just afraid that you and Waves won’t like him. I mean, you two are my best friends. I just really want us to all get along.”

Nicole’s face relaxed into a reassuring smile as she placed her hands on Jeremy’s shoulders in front of her, as if she were about to give him a pep talk. “Jeremy, we trust your judgement. If Robin makes you happy, then we’re happy. Besides, he’s vegan, so I think Waverly already likes him.” Nicole laughed as she placed a hand flatly on his chest before dropping her arms down by her sides.
“True. Okay, okay. I’m calming down.” Jeremy inhaled through his nose and exhaled out of his mouth.

“Besides, I think what you really need to worry about is these science experiments. Are these even safe to have in such a confined space?” Nicole asked with concern as she eyed a glass container that had some weird kind of fungus growing in it.

“They’re all safe! Trust me, I know what I’m doing. Nothing could go wrong.” Jeremy stated confidently with his hands on his hips, but Nicole was unconvinced.

“I think this one is moving...” Nicole pointed to a different jar with a worried expression.

Jeremy grabbed Nicole’s shoulders and led her towards the living room. “Okay, why don’t we go make ourselves comfortable on the couch while we wait for our baes to come get us.”

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“I still can’t believe you dated Chrissy for two semesters.” Waverly stated as she stuck some vegetables onto a skewer.

“Hey, Chrissy is nice!” Robin defended.

“Of course she’s nice, she’s my best friend! I just mean, it was so obvious that you had a crush on Bobby Sullivan.” She chuckled.

“Yeah, well, Bobby Sullivan was a total catch.” Robin playfully stared dreamily off into space.

“Yeah, he was a catch alright, catching STDs! You know he’s the reason for that chlamydia outbreak back in grade 10?”

Robin’s jaw dropped. “That was Bobby?!”

“Yep! And then the school hired someone to come in during homeroom and give us that awkward sex talk.” Waverly shuddered at the memory.

“I remember that. Chrissy and I had the same homeroom and it was super awkward.”

“Well, I’m glad your taste in men has improved.” Waverly teased as she nudged his arm.

“Well I’m glad that your taste in women is better than your taste in men. I mean, Champ Hardy? Really?”

“Ugh, don’t even remind me.” Waverly rolled her eyes as she grabbed another skewer. “Trust me, nobody’s happier about that break up than me.”

“That guy was not a big fan of the gays from what I remember.”

“Still isn’t.” Waverly rolled her eyes. “He flipped out when he found out about me and Nicole.”

“Well that I understand. I’m sure you bruised his fragile ego pretty badly.” Both of them laughed. “He once walked in on me and Danny Wayne in the boys’ locker room after practice you know.” Robin smirked.

“You kissed Danny Wayne?!” Waverly asked incredulously.

“Who said anything about kissing?” He winked.
Waverly dropped her half-filled skewer onto the plate and lightly smacked his arm with the back of her hand. “Robin, you fox!”

Robin laughed and shrugged. “I think it traumatized ol’ Champ. I’ve never seen such a brawny guy run so fast.”

“Well he deserved it.” Waverly snorted as she finished filling the last skewer. “Alright, I think these veggie kebabs are done!”

“And so is the smoked tofu.” Robin smiled as he placed the tofu strips onto a long, oval, decorative plate.

“Then I guess we better get our meat-eaters in here and show them some amazing cuisine!”

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“Okay, wait, no way that actually happened!” Jeremy exclaimed through the room full of laughter. “I swear!” Nicole replied.

“That guy seriously asked you why you were in his kitchen? Are you sure he wasn’t just messing with you?” Robin chuckled.

“Well, he was drunk off his ass, so I’m sure he genuinely thought that he was in his house and not at the Purgatory police station.” Nicole replied, laughing at the memory.

“Lucky for you he walked right in there!” Waverly laughed.

“Yes! Did half my job for me. It was also super easy to handcuff him and put him in jail with the rest of the drunks for the night. Now that was not a fun graveyard shift.”

“Man, that beer festival must have been crazy.” Jeremy stated as he happily took a bite of his smoked tofu.

“I’m already planning for next year’s.” Nicole ate the last grilled pepper of her veggie kebab. “You know Robin, I have to admit, this meal was actually really amazing.” She grinned.

Robin held his arms out. “Ah, see? Being vegan isn’t so bad after all, right?”

“I’ve actually been thinking about becoming vegan for a while now.” Nicole admitted.

“You have?” Waverly asked, surprised.

“Well, you inspire me. I love how aware you are of your environmental impact. Besides, we eat dinner every night together so I pretty much eat mostly vegan now anyways.”

“Guess now that means Jeremy has to become vegan too!” Robin teased as he elbowed Jeremy in the side.

“Oh, I don’t know.” Jeremy chuckled as he shook his head.

“Do it! Do it! Do it!” They all chanted, pounding their fists on the table.

“Okay, okay! I’ll try it.”

“Yes!” Waverly cheered as the other two applauded.
Once the laughter died down, a comfortable silence filled the room as everyone happily enjoyed their meal.

“So, how did you two meet?” Robin finally asked.

Nicole and Waverly looked at each other, smiling at the memory.

“Well, I work at The Grind down on Main Street and Nicole would come in every morning for coffee…”

“Americano with a little bit of half and half steamed in, and a dash of cinnamon.” Waverly and Nicole said simultaneously before laughing.

“Wow. That’s a very specific order.” Robin chuckled.

“Well, you know how picky police officers are with their coffee,” Jeremy commented. “Hey, have you guys heard that joke about the cop and the doughnut?”

Nicole glared at him while Waverly shook her head, warning him ‘no’ and Robin just looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“Got it. Shut up Jeremy.” Jeremy said as he sunk down into his chair.

“Anyways, we started hanging out and one day Waves left her bag at the police station. I went over to her house to return it, we kissed, and the rest is history.” Nicole stated proudly.

“That all sounds very romantic.” Robin smiled at the two of them.

“The best part is that they had both been crushing hardcore on each other for three months before either of them said anything! Nicole went in every morning and ordered coffee from Waverly, and Waverly knew Nicole’s order by heart…and yet, both of them were oblivious to the signs!” Jeremy laughed and Robin chuckled.

“Three months? That’s a pretty long build up.” Robin stated, slightly surprised. “I thought women were supposed to be good at reading the signs.”

“In my defense, Waverly had a boyfriend.” Nicole said with a raised finger.

“And in my defense, I assumed Nicole was out of my league.” Waverly said in a similar tone. “I mean, just look at her! She’s the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.” Waverly gushed as she looked over at Nicole.

“Baby, you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.” Nicole replied before leaning in to kiss a blushing Waverly.

“Ahem.” Jeremy dramatically cleared his throat behind his fist and gave them a knowing look.

“Sorry.” Nicole and Waverly mumbled as they blushed.

“So, who’s ready for dessert?” Robin asked, looking around the table.

“Okay, I don’t know about you guys, but I’m stuffed.” Nicole said as she slumped down into her chair, taking her cloth napkin from her lap and setting it on the table.
“Me too. That cheesecake was so rich.” Jeremy copied Nicole’s actions.

“Yeah, seriously Robin, this meal was fantastic.” Waverly complimented with a warm smile as she rubbed his arm.

“Aww, thanks you guys.” Robin blushed.

“And since you cooked, I’ll do the cleaning.” Jeremy stood up from his chair and grabbed a couple of plates. “Waverly, do you mind helping me?” He gave her a look that made it obvious that he wanted to talk to her about something.

“Yeah, sure.” She grabbed the other two plates and followed Jeremy into the kitchen.

“Uh oh. *The look.*” Nicole said to Robin feigning concern once the other two had left the room.

“I’m sure it’s just Jeremy being Jeremy, freaking out over nothing.” Robin chuckled.

“Probably.” Nicole nodded. “So, spill it.” She said with a knowing look as she crossed her arms over her chest, still leaning back in her chair.

Robin furrowed his brow and cocked his head. “Um, spill what?”

“The recipe for that vegan cheesecake so that I can spoil Waverly.” She winked.

“Well, it’s all in the vegan cream cheese…”

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As Jeremy and Waverly set the dishes in the sink, they each put on a pair of yellow rubber gloves and began rinsing the leftover food from the plates and putting them in the dishwasher.

“Okay, so what’s up?” Waverly asked after waiting a solid five seconds for Jeremy to say something. She was impatient when it came to her curiosities.

“I have no idea what to call Robin.” Jeremy sighed.

Waverly looked at him with a raised eyebrow. “Oh, um, okay. Well, Nicole and I usually use ‘baby’ or ‘love’. Sometimes ‘honey’ makes its way in there, but that’s usually only when the other does something *really* cute—”

“No, I mean, I don’t know how to define our relationship.” Jeremy said, cutting her off. “I mean, we’ve been dating for six weeks, and he’s never once brought up the topic of being boyfriends.” Jeremy froze and his eyes widened as a thought crossed his mind. “Oh my gosh. What’s if this is just casual? What if he’s actually seeing other people and I’ve had no idea this whole time! Or what if he’s actually a Russian convict who escaped from prison and he’s here to kill me and take all of my stuff!”

Waverly threw off her wet gloves and grabbed his shoulders. “Okay, Jeremy, breathe. Robin’s not the type to multitask people, and…Russian convict? Really?” She glared at him.

He shrugged. “I saw it in a documentary I watched recently. This woman was married to a guy for five years and it turned out that it was all just an elaborate plan and he was actually a serial killer.”

“Okay, well Robin isn’t a serial killer…” Waverly drew out, still slightly surprised at how quickly Jeremy’s mind took such a drastic turn. “And I’m sure you don’t have to worry about *anyone* coming in here and stealing your jar of mold.” She rolled her eyes.
Jeremy pursed his lips and lowered his eyelids as he folded his arms across his chest. “It’s not mold, it’s a highly intelligent type of fungus…and you sound like Nicole.”

“The point is, he really likes you. So just talk to him about the label thing, and I’m sure he’ll feel the same way. I mean, like you said, it’s been six weeks.” She put her gloves back on and rinsed off the last dish before handing it to Jeremy to place in the dishwasher.

“How long did it take for you and Nicole to define your relationship?” Jeremy asked, putting in dishwasher detergent and starting the machine before leaning against the counter.

“We were girlfriends one week after our first date.” Waverly smiled as her mind flooded with the memories of that weekend of their first time together.

“Well, lesbians move fast. Guys are more scared of commitment.”

“Even gay guys?” Waverly asked curiously.

“I think all men have a similar way of thinking to some degree. I mean, biologically speaking, females are built to be the nesters and males are designed to…well, not be the nesters. Every guy I’ve ever been with hasn’t been into the whole monogamy thing.” Jeremy shrugged.

“Yeah but you can’t just assume that all guys are like that. Are you like that?”

“Well, no…”

“See. It all depends on the person. I’m sure Robin is just waiting for you to bring it up.”

“Yeah, maybe you’re right.”

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After Jeremy and Waverly finished with the dishes, the four of them began a rousing game of Settlers of Catan – all playing individually instead of on teams, of course. They were about halfway into the game, and Jeremy had spent the whole time trying to subtly get some answers from Robin…

“Wow, you’re very committed to building that road. Would you say that level of commitment transpires throughout all aspects of your life?”

“Would you rather have three occasional settlements, or one long-term settlement? Pretend points aren’t involved…”

“How do you feel about two-for-one ports?”

All of these questions earned a confused look from Robin as Waverly and Nicole looked at each other knowingly, trying their best not to laugh. As soon as Jeremy started asking about Robin collecting multiple amounts of ‘wood’, Waverly desperately tried to stop him. She popped up from her chair and cut him off before he could even finish asking his question.

“Well, I think it’s time we have our mid-game Margaritas. Jeremy, mind helping me in the kitchen?” Her glare indicated that he had no choice but to say ‘yes’.

“Uh, yeah…yeah, sure.” He stood up from his chair and placed a hand on Robin’s shoulder. “I’ll be right back, so don’t go anywhere! Remember, roads are better when they don’t split off in different directions.” He stared a little too intensely into Robin’s eyes, trying to gage his reaction.

Robin chuckled awkwardly. “Uh, okay?”
Jeremy smiled at him and nodded before walking off, and Nicole sighed as she placed a hand over her forehead, sinking into her chair and wishing she didn’t have to witness the cringy train wreck that was happening right in front of her.

Robin leaned over the table towards Nicole with a furrowed brow and thumb pointed over his shoulder as he said in a quiet voice, “Does it seem like he’s acting weirder than usual to you?”

“It’s probably all these weird science experiments he’s been working on. Probably doesn’t open the windows.” Nicole stated with a forced laugh, and Robin nodded in response, still a little concerned.

As soon as Jeremy and Waverly reached the kitchen, Waverly spun around and smacked him on the arm.

“Ow!” He yelped, rubbing the spot Waverly had hit. “What was that for?!”

“What are you doing?” She nagged with folded arms. “You’re being super weird and awkward!”

“I’m just trying to see if Robin is the commitment type!”

“Okay, then ask him that, but not in a way that ruins Catan for me!”

“Okay, okay. Fine. I’ll stop with the relationship subtext.” He held up his hands in surrender

“Thank you. Now help me make these drinks.”

When they got back to the table, Nicole and Robin were sitting quietly, looking at their cards and each trying to come up with their own individual strategies.

Jeremy had put some extra tequila in his margarita to give himself some liquid courage to talk to Robin later about defining their relationship, but ended up giving himself a little too much liquid courage, because about fifteen minutes later he blurted out, “Will you be my boyfriend?!” Loudly to Robin.

Nicole and Waverly froze as Robin looked a bit startled. Waverly wanted Jeremy to talk to Robin about his feelings, but she wasn’t expecting him to abruptly yell out the question without any buildup, and she definitely wasn’t expecting it to be while she and Nicole were still there.

“W-what?” Robin asked, still a little shocked.

“I mean, we’ve been dating for six weeks, and according to my research that should be plenty of time to define a relationship.” Jeremy explained.

“You did research?” Robin let out a short laugh. “That’s so cute.”

“So...is that a yes?” Jeremy asked hopefully.

“I thought you’d never ask.” Robin grinned and pulled Jeremy into a kiss.

Waverly leaned into Nicole and Nicole wrapped her arm around Waverly as they smiled at the two, happy for their friend. But when the kiss became heated, they quickly began to feel awkward.

“Oh, should we leave?” Nicole whispered to Waverly.

“I think that would be best.” Waverly whispered back.

“Well, it’s getting late, so we’re going to head out. Thanks for dinner you guys.” Nicole said as she
and Waverly stood up from their seats.

“Yeah, thanks for dinner, we really enjoyed it!” Waverly added.

Without breaking the kiss, Jeremy gave them a quick wave before putting his hands around the back of Robin’s head through his short hair.

Nicole and Waverly quickly made their way out of the apartment. The sounds of the door shutting broke Jeremy and Robin out of their trance and they pulled away, panting and smiling as they stared into each other’s eyes.

“Want to go to your bedroom?” Robin asked.

“Yes.” Jeremy replied without skipping a beat before grabbing Robin’s hand and pulling him hastily down the hallway.
Waverly’s Birthday Surprise

Chapter Summary

Waverly turns 22! Nicole surprises her with a special birthday gift. This chapter is purely smut, so if that’s not your thing then you should skip it!

Today was the day; Waverly’s birthday. Nicole had been planning this day out for quite some time now. Of course, Waverly already knew about the ‘surprise’ party, but she had no idea about the other surprise Nicole had for her.

The redhead woke up that morning extremely nervous. She went back and forth, debating whether or not to actually go through with her plan, but knew that it would be worth it. She tried to focus on that, and not on the potential scenario of being caught…which would be her worst nightmare. Besides, she was on front desk duty today, which meant that it would be a slow day spent sitting in a chair anyways.

Waverly had left a little earlier than Nicole for work, leaving her with plenty of time to prepare the surprise without the brunette catching her. When Nicole got out of the shower, she wrapped a towel around her hair as she began to get dressed. She walked over to the closet and took out their strap-on, smiling at it before putting it on. She pulled a looser pair of black slacks she had bought up over her hips and adjusted the dildo so that the bulge was barely noticeable. She then finished putting on the rest of her uniform, triple checked her utility belt, and confidently strolled out the door, plucking her Stetson from the coat rack along the way. When she got in the police cruiser, she looked down at her crotch to make sure that nothing looked too out of the ordinary, and smiled at her success. She turned the key in the ignition and began her route to The Grind.

Nicole was glad that she had remembered to tell Dolls to drive straight to work that day. Normally they would meet outside The Grind and hop in the cruiser together before rolling into the station, but today she explained that she was going to spend a little bit of time with Waverly this morning. He shrugged it off, figuring it had something to do with her birthday…although, technically he was right.

“Good morning, birthday girl.” Nicole chimed as she walked through the door of the coffee shop.

Waverly’s eyes shot up from the espresso machine to her girlfriend as she sported a wide grin. “That’s me!”

Nicole chuckled, finding Waverly’s excitement adorable. “Is Darren here?”

“Nope, just me. His shift doesn’t start for another couple of hours.”

The redhead immediately flipped the ‘open’ sign on the door around to ‘closed’ as she strutted towards Waverly, tossing her Stetson on a table she passed by along the way.

Waverly giggled as Nicole wrapped her arms around the petite woman before pulling her into a greedy kiss.

“Nicole, you can’t just close the shop because you want to make out with me. There are rules.”
“Oh, come on, it’s just for a few minutes…ten tops.”

Waverly looked at Nicole with hesitation. “I don’t know…”

“Please? I’m really horny and I want you right now.” She pushed Waverly against the wall and pressed their lips together in a kiss hungrier than the last.

Waverly melted into Nicole’s soft lips before pulling back and resting the back of her head against the wall, gasping for air. “How much?” She asked with a raised eyebrow.

Nicole furrowed her brow. “How much what?”

“How much do you want me?”

A devilish grin spread across Nicole’s face as she took Waverly’s hand and forced her to cup the crotch of her slacks, smiling at the way Waverly’s jaw dropped.

“This much.” Nicole said in a seductive voice, squeezing Waverly’s hand around the bulge.

“Seriously?” Waverly asked astonishingly as she looked down between their bodies. “Are you really…” She trailed off in disbelief before looking back up at Nicole.

“It’s your birthday surprise. Do you like it?” Nicole’s heart raced as she began to get nervous for Waverly’s reaction.

“Do I like it? Nicole, I love it! God, this is so sexy baby. I can’t believe you’re actually wearing this under your uniform right now.” Waverly’s eyes were wide with shock.

“All for you baby.”

“You’re taking it off after you leave here, right?”

Nicole smirked as she shook her head. “I’m wearing this all day.”

Waverly was speechless. The amount of courage Nicole had to actually wear their strap-on to work today was turning her on beyond belief. She didn’t care about the shop being closed anymore, because right now her mind was too clouded with arousal to think responsibly. Nicole said ten minutes tops, but Waverly knew it wouldn’t be more than five.

With her bottom lip drawn between her teeth, Waverly shook her head, staring hungrily at Nicole’s lips. She took the officer’s hand and dragged her into the employee bathroom, figuring it would be better than doing it out in the store where they served food and beverages.

As soon as they closed the bathroom door, Waverly pounced on Nicole and began devouring her lips, feeling as if she just couldn’t get enough. Nicole expertly flicked her tongue across Waverly’s, causing the brunette to moan.

“Take it out.” Waverly panted between kisses.

Nicole hastily unzipped her pants and pulled the Dildo out of the zipper hole. She pulled a condom out of her pocket and quickly rolled it onto the purple cock before wrapping her hands around Waverly’s waist and lifting her up onto the bathroom counter.

“Take it out.” Waverly panted between kisses.

Earlier this morning when Nicole suggested that Waverly wear a skirt today, she didn’t understand why the redhead was being so adamant. Now it all made sense, and she was grateful that she was wearing the mini skirt. She braced her hands on either side of her and lifted herself up from the
counter as Nicole reached under the garment and yanked her panties off, placing them on the counter next to Waverly. Waverly sat back down on the counter on top of the fabric of her skirt and impatiently waited as Nicole pulled a pocket-sized bottle of lube from her pocket.

“Where did that come from?” Waverly asked as she quirked an eyebrow. She didn’t recognize the bottle.

“I bought it online…along with this.” Nicole smiled, dimples on display as she reached into her pocket again and pulled out a small remote.

Waverly instantly knew what it was for – a wireless vibrator. Which meant that the vibrator was inside the harness right now.

As soon as Nicole finished rubbing on the lube, she stepped forward between Waverly’s spread legs and lined the tip up with her entrance. She slowly pushed her hips forward until she was all the way in, and Waverly let out a satisfied sigh.

“Good?” Nicole asked.

“One hundred percent yes.” Waverly replied as she wrapped her arms around Nicole’s shoulders, smiling when the officer began thrusting in and out of her.

This was great and all, but Waverly wanted more. She wanted rougher, harder. And she wasn’t going to get that by sitting on this counter.

“Wall.” She panted in Nicole’s ear.

Nicole stopped her motions and pulled her head back to look at Waverly. Her face was scrunched in confusion. “Huh?”

“Fuck me against the wall.” Waverly elaborated.

Nicole grinned, grabbing Waverly underneath her backside and carefully picking her up, pressing herself against the brunette so that the dildo wouldn’t slip out. She rotated them ninety degrees to the left before pushing Waverly up against the cool wall and continued rocking her hips.

“Oh!” Waverly moaned. She threw her head back against the wall and gasped at the feeling. She hugged her legs tightly around Nicole’s waist and held on as she felt herself getting closer to the edge.

“Give me the remote.” Waverly demanded as she held her hand out.

Nicole reached into her pocket and pulled out the remote, handing it over to Waverly, who immediately turned it on. Nicole grunted at the feeling and began to thrust her hips even harder in response, daring Waverly closer to her climax. The officer dropped her lips to Waverly’s neck, and Waverly was a goner.

“Nicole! Fuck!” Waverly shouted with closed eyes and a concentrated expression before sinking her teeth into her bottom lip as she came around the firm length.

It was only a few seconds before Nicole reached her own orgasm, and Waverly was careful to turn off the vibrations at just the right time. When she couldn’t hold on anymore, Waverly dropped her legs from Nicole’s waist, trusting the floor to catch her, which it did. She slid down the wall and leaned against it with her feet flat on the bathroom tile, sighing as she felt the cock inevitably slip out of her dripping center. She relaxed her head against the wall and opened her eyes, smiling so wide at
Nicole that the corners of her eyes crinkled in the way that Nicole always adored.

“Please tell me there will be more of that today.” Waverly let out a satisfied sigh.

“You’re the birthday girl. You tell me.” Nicole smirked.

“Then yes. There will definitely be more of that today.”

Nicole chuckled and gave Waverly a chaste kiss before pulling the condom off. She began to throw it away, but then realized Darren could find it. The last thing she wanted was to leave Waverly with the task of having to explain what they had done in there.

As Waverly noticed Nicole trying to figure out what to do with the condom, she took it from the officer.

“Here, I’ll put it in some tissue and throw it away. Do you have the wrapper?”

“Oh, yeah.”

Nicole reached into her pocket where she discarded the empty foil and gave it to Waverly, who placed it in some tissue along with the condom and wadded it up before tossing it in the small trash can. As she did so, Nicole positioned the dildo back in her pants the way she had it before and zipped them up.

“I need to open the shop.” Waverly pouted with her hands pressed firmly on Nicole’s chest just above her breasts.

“Yeah, I need to get going too. I’ve got a long day of desk duty ahead.” She sighed. “Are you stopping by for lunch?” Nicole asked hopefully.

“You’ll have to wait to find out.” Waverly winked.

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Nearly five boring hours later, Nicole found herself staring at the clock. She was glad that only two civilians had stopped by the station – neither of them needing her to stand up, which meant less of a chance of someone noticing the new look she was sporting between her legs. But at the same time, it made for a very boring Saturday.

She grinned at the sight of her saving grace swinging open the wide, glass doors and strutting towards the desk. Waverly’s hair was slightly more tousled than before, and she was now sporting some mascara.

“Why hello, Miss Earp. What can I do for you today?” Nicole greeted with a charming smile.

“Well, Officer Haught, I was hoping you could help me out with a little problem.” She said as she sat on top of the desk and crossed her legs. Her skirt was riding up dangerously close to the hinge of her thighs.

Nicole gulped. “A p-problem?” She stuttered, eyes glued to Waverly’s smooth, thin legs. She was brought out of her trance when she felt a finger pulling her chin up to meet Waverly’s amused eyes.

“Yes, a problem. You see, I’ve been a little…hmm, how should I put this…” She tapped her upper lip with her pointer finger in thought. “Wet.” She finally said in a seductive voice as she leaned over towards Nicole, giving the redhead a perfect view of her breasts with the loose collar of her top.
Nicole gulped. “Um, wet?”

“Yes, wet.” Waverly smirked.

“Wet, uh, where?” Nicole briefly glanced down at Waverly’s legs again before moving them back up to her face.

A devilish grin formed on Waverly’s face as she slowly walked two fingers up Nicole’s thigh. “I think you know where, Officer.”

Nicole shifted herself in her seat, feeling slightly uncomfortable as she felt her arousal coating her center. “Are you soliciting me for sex Miss Earp?”

“Of course not!” Waverly said with her hand against her chest as she feigned offense. She reached into the backside of the waistband of her skirt and pulled out a small piece of clothing. As she tucked the fabric into Nicole’s front pocket, she leaned into the redhead’s ear and whispered, “Now I’m soliciting you for sex.”

Nicole felt goosebumps forming all over her body as Waverly nibbled on her ear. She pulled the piece of clothing out of her pocket and looked at it to see what it was. Her breath hitched when she realized that it was Waverly’s panties. She shot up from her desk, slightly startling Waverly and grabbed the girl’s hand, leading her towards the bathroom. Before she could even move Waverly, the smaller woman was effectively pulling her in the opposite direction, leading her somewhere else.

“Waves, the bathroom is this way.” Nicole stated.

“I know. We’re not going to the bathroom.” Waverly said before pulling Nicole into Nedley’s office and shutting the door behind them.

Nicole could feel her heart skip a beat. There was no way that she was about to have sex in her boss’s office. Not unless she had a death wish, which she didn’t.

“Waverly, we can’t have sex in here! I’ll get fired!” Nicole whisper-yelled, as if there might be hidden cameras in there somewhere. She looked between Waverly shutting all of the blinds, and the couch.

“Only if we get caught.” Waverly replied, still focused on the blinds.

“Exactly! There’s no way we’ll get away with this.” Nicole folded her arms sternly across her chest and watched as Waverly made a show of locking the door.

“There. See? Now there’s no chance of somebody walking in.”

“Uh, except for Nedley. He has a key to his own office…”

“Nedley’s at Shorty’s talking up the patrons, I asked Wynonna. He won’t be back for at least a couple of hours.”

Nicole knew that there was a greater chance of being struck by lightning than Nedley coming back anytime soon, but she was still hesitant. “What if Dolls and Lonnie come back from traffic duty?”

“Just tell them I had a fashion crisis with my bra and we rushed in here to fix it. Guys won’t question stuff like that.” She waved her hand in dismissal.

Nicole sighed as she rubbed the back of her neck. “I don’t know…”
“Come on, it’ll be super hot. I mean, haven’t you ever thought about doing it on this couch?” She waved her hand across the couch, as if she were showing it off to a potential buyer.

The officer had in fact thought about doing it on this couch – several times, actually. She’d even had a few dreams about it. After weighing out the pros and cons, she finally gave in. “Okay, fine. We’ll do it. But we have to make it quick.”

“I don’t think we’ll have to worry about that.”

Waverly crashed her lips into Nicole’s and with her hands wrapped around both sides of the redhead’s neck, walked her back into the couch. As soon as the backs of Nicole’s boots hit the furniture she fell backwards onto it and immediately felt Waverly’s body weight on top of her. They passionately and desperately kissed as Waverly grinded down into the bulge of Nicole’s pants, eliciting a gasp from the woman beneath her.

“Waves,” Nicole panted. It wasn’t a plea, nor was there any purpose other than the need to say her name, as if reminding herself that this was all actually happening.

Hearing Nicole’s voice reminded Waverly of why there were there. She sat back on her heels, straddling Nicole and began to fervently unbuckle the officer’s belt. Once she undid everything, she pulled Nicole’s pants halfway down her hips and bent the cock up into place.

“Condom,” Waverly demanded.

Nicole reached into her pocket and grabbed the condom and the lube – knowing that Waverly would ask for the latter eventually – and handed them both to the brunette. Without wasting any time, Waverly ripped open the wrapper with her teeth and rolled the condom onto the erection before lubing it up. As soon as she was finished, she grabbed the cock and hovered over it, making sure it was in the right position before sinking down.

“Oh, god,” she shuddered and instantly began riding Nicole. “I’ve been wanting this all day.”

Nicole reached under Waverly’s top and massaged her nipples underneath her bra. She thrusted her hips up frantically into the smaller woman until they fell into a steady rhythm.

Waverly fell slightly forward and braced herself with her hands on Nicole’s chest as her jaw dropped. “Oh yes baby. I’m going to come.”

With one hand pinching and teasing one of Waverly’s stiff nipples, the officer reached her other hand underneath Waverly’s skirt and thumbed at her clit. It was only a matter of seconds before Waverly was hastily bouncing up and down, trying to stifle her moans as she exploded with waves of pleasure. As soon as she finished, she lifted herself off of the cock and crawled backwards down Nicole’s body.

“Baby, what are you doing?” Nicole asked. But her question was answered as soon as Waverly had grabbed the cock, pushing it to the side before attaching her lips to Nicole’s stiff bundle of nerves and sucking.

“Oh. Oh shit.” Nicole breathed in shock as one hand tangled itself through Waverly’s light brown waves, and the other made its way into her own red locks.

“Fuck baby, I’m coming!” Nicole whined as she canted her hips up into Waverly’s face and came.

She dropped down onto the couch and laid there with both hands threaded into her hair as she let Waverly take off the condom and adjust the dildo back into her pants. Waverly buckled the belt back
and gently patted Nicole’s tummy with a smile.

“I’m definitely going to have to clean up after that one.” Nicole chuckled.

“Hello?! Does anybody work around here!” Came a voice from the front desk.

Waverly jumped off of Nicole as the redhead groaned, dropping her head back onto the armrest of the couch.

“What’s Wynonna doing here?!” Waverly whispered as she smoothed out her skirt.

“I mean, we’re here having an intimate moment, aren’t we? What wouldn’t she be doing here…” Nicole stated sarcastically as she opened the door and walked out to the front desk. Waverly stayed in the office and hid.

“It’s about time!” Wynonna said as she slapped her palms down on the desk before drawing her eyebrows together. “What were you doing in Nedley’s office?”

“Putting a report on his desk. What do you want Wynonna?” Nicole replied dryly.

“Rude much?” The older Earp scoffed. “The cake is going to take a little longer than expected. Apparently unicorn designs are a bit more difficult to make. Is 6 o’clock okay?”

“Yeah, that’s fine.” Nicole said in a slightly nicer tone.

“Speaking of, have you seen Waverly today? I just stopped by the coffee shop and she wasn’t there. Darren said she was headed over here for lunch?”

“Yeah, she went out to get us some sandwiches.” Nicole lied.

“Ah, that makes sense.” Wynonna nodded. “Well, I’m gonna head home and start on those decorations. You’re coming over right after picking up the cake, right?”

“Yep. I get off at 5:30 today so after my shift I’ll head home to change, pick up the cake and make my way to yours.”

“Cool. See you later, Haughtstuff.” Wynonna clicked her tongue as she pointed a finger gun at Nicole before spinning on her heels and walking out.

“Well that was close.” Waverly said as she walked out of Nedley’s office. “So, a unicorn cake, huh?” She smirked.

“Ugh, I literally can’t surprise you with anything.” Nicole whined, before she was hit with a different thought. “Where did you park your Jeep?” She was confused as to how Wynonna didn’t know that Waverly was there when she drove there.

“I parked it down the block.” Waverly grinned.

“Smart.”

“Want me to go get those sandwiches for us?” Waverly said as she played with the baby hairs on the back of Nicole’s neck.

“Yes please. I’m starving.”

“Okay.” Waverly smiled and kissed the top of Nicole’s head before making her way towards the
door.

“Wait…aren’t you going to put your underwear back on?” Nicole asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“Nope.” Waverly smirked before pushing the front doors open and continuing her stride.
“Surprise!” Everyone yelled as Waverly walked through the front door, slightly startled by the yelling in her face.

“You guys know I knew about this party, right?!” She asked with her hand over her chest, trying to recover from being so frightened.

“Yeah, but you were surprised by us yelling ‘surprise’, weren’t you?” Jeremy asked with a knowing look.

“Yes. Yes, I was.”

Jeremy clapped and fist pumped. “See! I told you guys!”

“Happy birthday Baby Girl!” Wynonna shouted as she swung an arm around her sister’s shoulder and blew a party horn in her face.

“Thanks Wynonna,” Waverly said, only slightly annoyed by the party horn.

“You’re going to love my present the best.” Wynonna winked in a way that made Waverly a little scared to open that present before giving her an exaggerated kiss on the cheek.

“Okay, okay. My turn!” Chrissy exclaimed as soon as Wynonna had stepped away from Waverly. She wrapped her arms around her friend and pulled her into a tight hug, bouncing them up and down. “Happy birthday!” She pulled back and looked at Waverly. “I can’t believe we’re already 22!”


“Yeah, but I mean this year I’ll be 22.”

“Your birthday is in March…”

“I meant academic year.” Chrissy rolled her eyes playfully.

Waverly looked over and saw Rosita walking towards her with a big smile. It was a little awkward between them after the threesome incident, and it was even more awkward when Waverly had told
Chrissy about it the next day during their weekly coffee date…

“I have to tell you something.” Waverly said nervously as she played with the spoon in her coffee mug.

“What’s up?” Chrissy asked, concerned.

“It’s about Rosita.”

“Okay…what about her?” Chrissy quirked an eyebrow.

“Last night, Nicole and I…um…” Waverly sighed. “Nicole and I almost had a threesome with Rosita.”

Chrissy nearly choked on her coffee. “Wait wait wait. You and Nicole were the plans that had gotten cancelled?!” Chrissy asked incredulously.

Waverly’s eyebrows shot up into her hairline as her jaw dropped. “You were the other offer?!”

They had all hung out again a few nights later, and things weren’t as awkward anymore. …although, for a while it was difficult for Waverly to see Rosita and Chrissy together without the mental image of the two of them together crossing her mind, but since then she had Nicole had become pretty good friends with Rosita.

“Happy Birthday, Waverly.” Rosita grinned as she pulled Waverly into a hug. They swayed side to side a couple of times before pulling away.

“Thank you. And thanks for coming! I’m really glad you were able to make it.” Waverly grinned.

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world!”

“Darren said he’d be here as soon as he finished closing the shop.” Chrissy said.

“Tell him to hurry up and get his butt over here so I can beat him at ping pong!” Waverly said playfully, causing Chrissy and Rosita to laugh.

“What did I miss?” Nicole asked as she swung an arm around Waverly’s shoulders.

“Waverly was just talking about beating Darren at ping pong.” Rosita explained.

“Oh, that is funny! Considering Waverly has terrible hand-eye coordination.” Everyone laughed, except for Waverly who was glaring at Nicole. “I’m sorry baby, but it’s true.”

“That’s not what you were saying last night when we were in bed.” Waverly said as she folded her arms across her chest. Nicole’s cheeks faded to red as Chrissy and Rosita tried to stifle their laughter.

“Why don’t you think about that while I go greet the rest of my party guests.” Waverly smirked as she lightly patted Nicole’s cheek before proudly strolling away with Chrissy following behind, leaving just Nicole and Rosita.

“Harsh.” Rosita said teasingly.

Nicole shrugged. “She has a point.” Rosita rolled her eyes and lightly shoved Nicole. “Hey, thanks again for helping me fix that old ping pong table.”

“No problem. I’m convinced that I was a handyperson in another life.” Rosita laughed.
“So, are you Chrissy’s plus one, or is Darren?” Nicole waggled her eyebrows suggestively, causing Rosita to push her in the arm.

“That was one time! It was fun, but not a reoccurring event.”

“You know I like teasing you about it. I’m actually kinda impressed that you were able to land a straight girl. And Chrissy Nedley is top notch.”

“What, you think us bisexuals don’t have game with the straight women, Haught?” Rosita folded her arms across her chest.

“Not bisexuals, just you.” Nicole smirked.

“Ha ha, very funny.”

“Okay you youngsters, gather ‘round!” Gus yelled from the dining room as she clapped her hands. “We’re goin’ to go ahead and do some cake and presents so that I can leave and let you kids party the way you really want to.” She looked around the room knowingly.

Everyone gathered around the table, eagerly awaiting the cake reveal.

“Act surprised,” Nicole whispered to Waverly. “Alright everyone, in honor of our little unicorn, Waverly Earp, I’ve picked out a one-of-a-kind cake design that I’m sure you will all find very surprising.”

Nicole lifted up the lid of the box, and everyone gasped…including Nicole. Instead of the unicorn sheet cake she had ordered, it was a round black and white cake with the words “We’re Engaged!” written in huge cursive letters.

“Jeez Haught, way to bury the lead!” Wynonna said with wide eyes.

“Yes! My first gay wedding!” Jeremy clapped excitedly before turning to Robin. “We’re so wearing matching tuxes for this.”

“Is there somethin’ you two wanna tell me not by cake?” Gus said sternly with her hands on her hips.

“No! I must’ve picked up the wrong cake by accident when I was in such a hurry!” Nicole worried as she ran her hands through her hair. “Your real cake might still be there. Maybe I can run and pick it up really quick.”

“Babe, it’s already 7:30. The bakery closed at 7.” Waverly explained.

“Shit. You’re right.” Nicole sighed disappointingly. “I’m so sorry Waves. You were supposed to have this perfect unicorn cake decorated with rainbow colors and sprinkles…it was a whole thing.” Nicole shook her head.

“It’s okay baby, I’m sure this cake will taste just as good. Plus, it makes for a funny story to tell.” Waverly reassured as she cupped Nicole’s cheeks.

“Aw man. Scratch the tuxes.” Jeremy said sadly. Robin gave him a sympathetic look as he rubbed his back.

“Am I the only one who’s curious as to who was actually supposed to receive that cake? This means that someone in Purgatory is engaged. I don’t even know of any unmarried couples around here who have been together long enough to even get engaged!” Wynonna stated incredulously.
“Sounds like an unplanned pregnancy to me!” Rosita shouted.

“A secret baby? Now that’s scandalous!” Chrissy added as she and Rosita laughed.

Wynonna gritted her teeth and glared at the two girls, taking offense to their comments as she rubbed her baby bump over her large sweater.

“Wynonna, just ignore them. They don’t know any better.” Waverly said quietly to her sister as she rubbed her arm reassuringly, but Wynonna pulled away.

“I have to pee.” The older Earp said dryly as she pushed past Chrissy and Rosita.

“Hey!” Rosita complained, but Wynonna didn’t bother turning around. “What’s her problem?”

“Beats me.” Chrissy shrugged. “She’s been acting super weird lately, and between you and me, I think she’s gained some weight. …Wynonna Earp eats literally everything and has never gained weight before.”

“Maybe she’s the one with the secret baby.” Rosita said nonchalantly.

“Ha! Yeah right.” Chrissy brushed off the comment, and Rosita just shrugged.

“Hey guys!” Darren shouted as he walked through the door with a poorly wrapped box in his hand. “What did I miss?” As he got further into the house, he noticed the cake and froze. “Wow… apparently I missed a lot.”

“Wrong cake.” Chrissy explained.

“Yeah, it’s a whole thing…you had to be there.” Jeremy said as he nodded his head and gesticulated. “You can ask Nicole though! I’m sure she’ll tell you all about it.”

“I don’t wanna talk about it.” Nicole said flatly without missing a beat.

“…or not.” Jeremy added as he dropped his hands down by his side.

“So, should I cut this thing or what?” Gus asked with a cake knife and server in her hands as she looked between Nicole and Waverly.

“Yeah, go ahead.” Nicole sighed. Waverly rubbed the small of her back and gave her a sympathetic look.

Gus proceeded to cut and serve the cake, which everyone happily ate. Everyone eyed Wynonna as she ate her third piece, but didn’t dare say anything. When it was time to open presents, Wynonna begged Waverly to open hers first.

“Oh, wow…it’s a…” Waverly pulled the box out of the bag and eyed it.

“It’s a vibrator! It’s really good, trust me. I’ve used it before.” Wynonna winked.

“This one?!” Waverly shouted, horrified.

“No numbnuts! I have my own.”

“Actually, that is a pretty good vibrator. We sell a lot of those in the store I work at.” Rosita stated, impressed with Wynonna’s choice.
“See? It’s perfect for the nights you’re not with Haughtpants…or even when you are!” She winked as she nudged Nicole in the side.

“Oh my god.” Nicole buried her face in her hands as she blushed. She honestly didn’t mind sharing their sex life with Wynonna, and often enjoyed getting a rise out of the older Earp, but the fact that all of their friends were there, and especially Gus, made Nicole just want to disappear.

Chrissy and Rosita were pretty chill about it, but Jeremy and Robin were clearly squirming in their seats, trying to look anywhere but at the item. Dolls and Darren just looked at it curiously.

“Good heavens Wynonna, you couldn’t’ve given that to your sister in private?!” Gus queried with a furrowed brow.

“Why should I? It’s not like there’s anything wrong with it! Everyone masturbates, right everyone?” Rosita and Chrissy agreed confidently, and everyone else just grumbled, unsure of what to say. Gus, however, had her palm pressed against her forehead.

“Thank you, Wynonna. I’ll be sure to…um, put this to good use.” Waverly smiled as her cheeks turned bright red. “Okay, looks like Gus’s gift is next.”

“Oh gosh, I hope we didn’t get her the same thing.” Wynonna stated sarcastically, earning an unamused look from her aunt.

Waverly’s mouth went slightly agape as she saw what was inside the box.

“That right there is your Uncle Curtis’s trowel. He used that thing every day out in his garden. Even carved his name into it. I had it refinished and put on a stand so that you can display it, kind of like a trophy.”

Waverly smiled as tears began to well up in her eyes. “It’s perfect. Thank you, Aunt Gus.” Waverly stood up and gave her aunt a big hug.

“She didn’t give me a hug.” Wynonna mumbled to no one in particular.

Hearing Wynonna’s complaint, Nicole leaned over and whispered to Wynonna, “I’m sure she’ll thank you after she finishes using your gift. You’ll know, because it’ll be right after your baby sister’s done screaming my name.” Nicole smirked. “Oh, Nicole!” She fake moaned as Wynonna pursed her lips and punched Nicole in the arm as hard as she could, before giving her the middle finger.

As Nicole rubbed her arm and scowled at Wynonna, Waverly walked up behind her big sister and gave her a hug. “Play nice.” She whispered to her girlfriend and her sister, giving them a warning look.

“Fine.” Wynonna rolled her eyes and folded her arms.

“Anything for the birthday girl.” Nicole said with a smile.

“Kiss ass.” Wynonna mumbled under her breath.

Nicole raised her pointer finger in the air matter-of-factly. “Actually—”

“Don’t.” Waverly said sternly to Nicole, cutting her off before she could finish her sentence.

“Fine.” Nicole mimicked Wynonna’s earlier movements and rolled her eyes as she crossed her arms.
Waverly made her way back to her chair and continued opening her gifts, ending with a scarf from Darren.

“Where’s your gift Haughtstuff?” Wynonna asked as she firmly poked Nicole in the ribs.

“I’m giving it to her later. It’s a special surprise.”

“Let me guess, is it sex?” Wynonna rolled her eyes.

“Nope. Already gave that to her earlier.” Nicole smirked.

“Gross.” Wynonna replied as she stood up and went to get more cake.

“Well, it’s already past 8, which means that it’s time for me to get home.” Gus said as she walked over to Waverly with a big smile. “Happy birthday, sweetheart.”

“Thank you, Aunt Gus,” Waverly grinned as Gus gave her a big kiss on the cheek.

“It was nice to meet you folks, and to see the ones I’ve already met. Enjoy the rest of your night.” Gus waved to everyone before leaving.

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The next couple of hours were filled with dancing, light drinking, and a game of ping pong that was so intense that nobody but Waverly heard the knock on the front door.

“I’ll get it.” Waverly said happily, her words falling on deaf ears as she walked over to the door. As soon as she opened it, her smile dropped. It was Doc, sporting his usual dark blue flannel and jeans with an awkward smile, holding a gift bag in his hand.

“Happy birthday, Waverly.” He said as he held the gift out to her.

Waverly looked behind her to make sure nobody was looking as she pushed on his chest and shut the door behind them.

“What are you doing here, Doc?” Waverly said with a scowl as she folded her arms across her chest to protect her bare arms from the chilly breeze.

“Why, I came to wish you a happy birthday, of course!” He held the present out again.

Waverly eyed the gift before looking back at him. “You shouldn’t be here.”

Doc dropped his arm with the gift bag as he rolled his eyes. “C’mon now, are you seriously goin’ to shut me out just because Wynonna is the queen of holdin’ grudges?”

Waverly looked at him incredulously. “Doc, you put her life in danger. She has every right to be pissed at you. And she’s my sister, so yeah, I’m going to take her side over yours.”

Doc sighed and held the present out again. “Just take the gift. I can’t return it and it won’t make sense to give it to anyone else.”

Waverly looked at the bag cautiously, before sighing and snatching it out of his hand. She pulled out a shirt that said, “Super Aunt” with a picture of a superwoman below it. She ran her hands over the words as her petite body filled with emotion. This whole time she had thought of Wynonna being pregnant with a baby, but she had never truly thought about the fact that she was going to be an aunt.
That she was going to teach them how to do things, and how to be kind, and how important it is to be your true self. She thought of doing all of those things with Nicole by her side, and suddenly she couldn’t wait to meet this little baby. With tear-filled eyes, she smiled up at Doc.

“Thank you.” She squeaked, and gave him a hug. When she pulled back, she sniffled and wiped her eyes. “But you have to leave. If Wynonna finds out that you’re here, she’ll kill you.”

“I know, I know. Just wanted to give you that and wish you a happy birthday.” He smiled and tilted his black Stetson to her before trotting down the porch.

“There you are!” Wynonna said as soon as Waverly walked back into the house and slung an arm around her. “I’ve been looking all over for you! Why were you outside?”

“Someone was at the door.”

“Who was it?” Wynonna asked curiously as she removed her arm from her sister.

“Oh, uh, just some solicitor.” Waverly waved her hand in dismissal.

The older Earp drew her eyebrows together. “On the Homestead?”

“I know. Weird, right?” Waverly chuckled awkwardly.

“A really hot solicitor.” Rosita said as she peeked through the blinds behind her spot on the couch, biting her lip as she ogled the man. “I’ve never considered thick mustaches to be sexy before, but damn.”

Wynonna scowled as she rushed out the door. She knew exactly who it was.

“Wynonna, no!” Waverly yelled. She reached out to pull her back, but Wynonna slipped her hand out of her sister’s grasp.

“Hey asshole!” Wynonna yelled just as Doc had reached his car.

He sighed before turning around. “I take it you’re not here to say hello.”

She shoved him, causing his back to hit the car door. “What the fuck are you doing here? Nobody invited you!”

He growled as he pushed himself away from the car. “Well excuse me if I wanted to wish Waverly a happy birthday. Just because you and I can’t be civil doesn’t mean that she and I can’t have a relationship.”

“Yes it does asshat! That’s the definition of a sister!”

“Waverly can speak for herself!” He growled. “And I don’t appreciate you talkin’ to me like that!”

Wynonna took a step closer and jabbed her finger at him. “Well I don’t appreciate you coming over here to my home when I told you to stay away!”

“Well I don’t appreciate you keepin’ me out of my child’s life!” He stepped even closer to her. So close that they could feel each other’s warm breath through the cool night air.

“Well I don’t appreciate you getting me pregnant in the first place!”

They froze, glaring at each other for a brief moment before grabbing each other’s faces and smashing
their lips together. They kissed for what felt like an eternity, lips dancing together smoothly like an old routine whose muscle memory could never be forgotten.

“God Dammit, Doc!” Wynonna yelled as soon as she pulled away before grabbing his hand and dragging him into the barn.

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Wynonna put her clothes back on as she shook her head. “I can’t believe you did that. So fucking inconsiderate.”

Doc scoffed and finished buttoning up his shirt as he lit a cigarette and inhaled before blowing out a puff of smoke. “Darlin’, you damn near begged me for it.”

Wynonna stomped over to him and threw his cigarette down into the hay before stomping on it with her foot, completely ignoring his childish objections.

“Doc, I did not beg you to come inside me. I just said ‘no’ when you started to pull out because I wasn’t done with my orgasm yet. I didn’t know you were about to come, because you never bothered to tell me, even after we agreed that you would pull out because I didn’t want your stuff in me!” She sighed as she zipped up her pants and ran her hands through her hair, regret beginning to take over. “We should’ve used a condom.”

“Well we didn’t have one. And that’s never stopped you before.” He looked at her with pride.

“Yeah but before you were my boyfriend. I have no idea how many women you’ve fucked lately. You could have a whole bunch of diseases for all I know.”

“My Willy is perfectly fine, thank you very much.” He stated defensively before his face transformed into a smirk. “And you seem to have enjoyed it.”

“Yeah well if I remember correctly your Willy tends to stick itself in anything it can find. So excuse me for being concerned about contracting STD’s.”

“Oh you’re one to talk! From what I’ve heard you’ve been havin’ someone else’s Willy inside your Nancy for weeks!”

Wynonna cringed. “Okay, can we please stop referring to our sex parts by first names? It’s creeping me out.”

“You have no business preachin’ to me about what I do with other people. We are not together, and you get around just as much as I do. So don’t go makin’ accusations about me when you’re just as much to blame as I am, woman!” He growled as he pointed a finger at her.

Wynonna glared at him. “This is why you’re not going to be a part of our daughter’s life.” She picked up his black Stetson from the ground and threw it at him. “Because you’re an asshole who doesn’t give a fuck about anyone other than himself, and you put down everyone else around you just to make yourself feel better!”

He stood still, letting the hat hit him and fall to the ground as he looked at Wynonna with watery eyes.

“D-daughter?” He trembled.

She didn’t know for sure that it was a girl since it was too early to find out the sex, but she had a very
strong feeling. And mothers always know these things, right? “Yeah, it’s a girl by the way. Now get the fuck out of my barn.” She pushed him out and slammed the door behind him, locking it so that he couldn’t get back in.

When she heard the footsteps of him finally leaving, she slid to the ground and began to cry.

She allowed herself five minutes of wallowing in self-pity before she picked herself up off the ground, put on her best façade of a strong, confident woman, and strode out of the barn and back into the party. As soon as she walked through the front door, Waverly was standing there waiting for her.

“I saw you two go into the barn a while ago.” Waverly said as she folded her arms across her chest. When Wynonna rolled her eyes and pushed past her, she continued. “I kept Dolls occupied, so he doesn’t know.”

“Dolls and I aren’t together. I can do whatever I want with whoever I want.” Wynonna snapped.

“Okay, so is Doc who you want then? Are you two back together, or just fucking?” It’s not that Waverly was judging her, she just wanted to know what the situation was so that she could support her sister in any way that she could.

…but Wynonna didn’t see it that way. She saw the questioning as an attack, and took it like it was one. She whipped around to face Waverly. “When are you going to get it through your thick skull?! I’m shit at relationships! I always damage them, and everyone is better off without me! This baby that I’m carrying around doesn’t change any of that! Sex is just sex, and unlike you, I don’t always have to put a label on everything! So can you please just leave me alone and stop reminding me about how you have this perfect little life, and mine is all fucked up?!”

Waverly stared at her, letting her sister’s words burn into her ears. Wynonna had never been this mad at her before, and she had definitely never been this mean. She continued to stare at her older sister, refusing to let any tears fall at her birthday party.

Wynonna looked up and noticed that everyone was frozen, gawking at them. She clenched her jaw as she walked over to the stairs to make an announcement.

“Yeah, that’s right. I’m pregnant. That scandalous secret baby you were all so excited about? Yep, right here. Take a good look.” She pulled her sweater up just enough to show off her bump. She was only about 14 weeks pregnant, so it wasn’t a huge bump, but enough for everyone to see that she wasn’t lying. Chrissy and Rosita stood there with guilty looks over what they had said earlier. After releasing her shirt, Wynonna continued. “Wanna know who the baby daddy is? Go ahead, ask me. I dare you.” She folded her arms across her chest as she scowled.

After a few moments of silence, Darren said, “Um, who’s the baby daddy?”

He began to shrink as Wynonna shot him the scariest glare he had ever seen from any woman. “Oh, that was more of a threat kind of thing.” He let out a short laugh. “I understand now.”

Wynonna huffed as she raised her hand in the air as a sort of wave. “Good night everyone. This town pariah is going to sleep.” She stormed up the stairs and slammed her door shut.

“Uh, should I go talk to her?” Dolls asked as he leaned over towards Waverly, who was trying her best not to snap at him. She was pissed. Of course, the source of her anger was Wynonna, but there was no telling who would get caught in the crossfire.

“No. You should just leave her alone. In fact, everyone should just leave.” She said flatly. “Thank
you for the birthday presents and for coming tonight, but the party is over.”

Everyone quickly filed out, throwing a few quick ‘happy birthdays’ in Waverly’s direction. When the place was finally cleared, Nicole slowly walked over to behind Waverly and stroked her hands up and down the girl’s upper arms.

“What do you need?” She asked softly from behind Waverly.

Waverly turned around, subtle tears now spilling down her cheeks. “Can we go to your place? I don’t want to be here anymore.”

Nicole nodded and led Waverly out the door.

They spent the entire car ride back to Nicole’s house in silence. Nicole’s hand was intertwined with Waverly’s and she caressed the back of the brunette’s hand with her thumb as she cried.

When they got to the house, Waverly dragged herself inside. She was exhausted from the long day, and from crying.

“I’m going to feed Calamity. Why don’t you go upstairs and wait for me?” Nicole said as she kissed the top of Waverly’s head.

Waverly nodded and made her way up the stairs. After a few minutes, Nicole entered the room holding a small gift box in her hand.

“Are you up for one more present?” She asked as she slowly sat down on the bed next to Waverly.

Waverly gave a soft smiled and nodded. “From you? Always. As long as it’s not more sex, because I’m really not in the mood.”

Nicole let out a short laugh. “No, no it’s not sex. It’s something…well, here.” She handed the box over to Waverly.

As Waverly was in the process of opening the box, she was sure it was going to be some type of jewelry; a necklace, some earrings, a combination of both maybe. But she was not expecting to find a key painted white with a tiny coffee cup painted on it. She picked it up and looked at it.

“It’s uh, it’s a key to my house. And there’s a coffee cup on it because we met at the coffee shop.” Nicole said nervously. “I know it’s only been two and a half months, but you’re always coming over anyways, and this way you won’t have to search for the spare key.” When Waverly didn’t say anything, she continued. “I mean, I’m not asking you to move in or anything because I know it’s way too soon for that, but I just want you to know that you’re welcome over here any time you want. Even if I’m not home.” When Waverly didn’t say anything and Nicole couldn’t read her expression, the redhead began to panic. “Please say something, because I’m freaking out here…”

Waverly shook her head and chuckled. “Sorry, it’s just…it always amazes me how even when my day gets colossally ruined, you always manage to make it into something special that I want to remember forever.” She looked up at Nicole. “How do you do that?”

Nicole smiled as she took Waverly’s free hand. “You make it easy.”

“I love you so much. This present is perfect. Thank you.”

“I love you too. Happy Birthday, Waves.”
Waverly walked through the front door of the homestead the next morning to pick up her apron and nametag she needed for work. She immediately noticed Wynonna sitting at the dining room table and sighed.

“I just came to get my stuff for work. I’m not trying to rub by perfect life in your face.” She said with a bit of bite in her tone before continuing towards the stairs.

“Waverly, wait.” Wynonna said softly.

The younger Earp turned around and folded her arms tightly across her chest as she sauntered towards the kitchen table.

“Why? So that you can yell at me some more?”

Wynonna sighed. She felt incredibly guilty for saying those things to her sister, especially on her birthday. “I’m sorry I yelled at you, and I’m sorry for everything I said. I didn’t mean any of it. I was just pissed at myself for getting sucked back into Doc’s bullshit and I took it out on you. I’m sorry.”

“I was only wanting to know about your plans with Doc so that I could support you. It’s hard to keep up with it all you know.”

“I know. I’m sorry.”

Waverly could see that Wynonna’s apology was sincere and that she genuinely felt bad about what she said. She dropped her arms and softened her face.

“So, are you and Doc like, hooking up now?” Waverly asked curiously as she sat down at the table.

“I don’t know. I don’t know what I’m doing anymore.”

“Do you want him back?”

“A part of me still loves him. I think that part of me always will. But the other part of me is scared that he’s going to fuck everything up again. And then there’s a part of me that sees how good of a guy Dolls is and I just think, maybe that’s what I want.”

“So what are you going to do?”

“I don’t know Waves. I really don’t know.” Wynonna sighed as she slumped back into her chair.
Periods Suck (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

A day (or three) in the life of Nicole on her period.

WARNING: Mentions of periods and blood and all that jazz. If you don’t want to read about that, then it’s better to just skip this chapter! If you’re okay with that but you don’t want to read about Nicole and Waverly having period sex, skip everything after where it says “Day three”. Otherwise, enjoy!

Chapter Notes

This chapter is REALLY long, so I apologize for any mistakes I might've missed!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Nicole had the day off today, and Waverly had switched around her schedule so that she would too. Since it was a perfect day outside, she had gone to the store and bought stuff to surprise Nicole with a picnic in the park. Even though it was already almost noon, she hadn’t texted Nicole yet because the officer had gotten home from the night shift a few hours ago and she figured she’d let her girlfriend sleep in.

...six hours of sleep was enough, right? As Waverly began to make some cute finger sandwiches for their picnic – presentation was important – she pulled out her phone to text Nicole.

Waverly: Good morning sleepy head! Hope I’m not waking you up! You don’t have lunch plans, do you?

She set her phone down as she waited for a reply. She only stared at it for ten seconds before shrugging it off and figuring Nicole was still asleep. She turned her attention back to cutting the sandwiches into small triangles. A few minutes later, she saw her phone light up and grinned at the name. She’d never get tired of seeing Nicole’s name with a bunch of emojis next to it...one of which may or may not have been a unicorn.

Nicole: You didn’t wake me. I don’t have plans.

Waverly frowned at the response. It didn’t contain as much emotion as she’d like, but she chalked it up to Nicole still being tired from her shift.

Waverly: Good. Because I have a surprise for you :))

She waited for a response again, but began to worry when a couple of minutes had passed. It wasn’t like Nicole to not respond right away, especially since she knew the redhead was awake.

Waverly: Baby are you ok?

She only waited about 30 seconds before deciding to just call the woman. When Nicole didn’t pick
up, she really began to worry. She started to type out another text, but received a new one from Nicole before she could even finish.

Nicole: Sorry baby. I just don’t feel like talking right now.

Waverly: What’s wrong?

Nicole: I don’t feel good. I’m going to lay in bed for a bit longer and try to sleep some more.

Waverly sighed. She had hoped that today would be an adventurous one, but if Nicole was sick then it would probably end up being a Netflix and chill kind of day - and not even the sex kind. She finished packing the picnic just in case Nicole ended up wanting to go later before grabbing a few cans of soups and some medicines they had lying around. She placed the picnic basket in the front seat of her Jeep and buckled it in to make sure it didn’t fall on the floor before making her way to Nicole’s.

Waverly walked up the front porch, picnic basket in one hand and a tote bag of soups and medicine in another, and unlocked the door with her key, only slightly struggling. When she walked inside she was immediately greeted by Calamity Jane practically yelling at her.

“Hi baby,” Waverly chimed in her high-pitched cat voice. “What’s wrong with Mommy?”

Calamity only purred in response, distracted by Waverly’s hand running down her back. Waverly walked over to the kitchen, Calamity shuffling through her feet, to set the stuff on the counter before reaching down to pick up the cat.

“Did Mommy forget to feed you this morning?”

Calamity meowed rather loudly as Waverly looked at the small blue cat food bowl, which was completely empty. Normally Calamity would leave a ring of food around the edges, thinking it was empty and refusing to eat it, but this time she had eaten it all. She gave the orange fluff ball a kiss on the top of her head before setting her down on the floor and giving one quick stroke of her hand from between her ears all the way down to the tip of her tail, shaking off the fur she collected between her fingers. She opened the food container and scooped out a hefty serving of cat food before dropping it into the bowl. She put another half scoop in there just in case before scratching Calamity behind the ears, smiling at the way the cat was purring like a motorboat while eating her food.

She moved the food from the picnic basket to the refrigerator before grabbing the tote bag to take out the soup cans, leaving just the medicine in it. She toed her boots off at the bottom of the stairs and trotted up to Nicole’s room, tote bag in hand.

_Knock knock_

“Baby?” Waverly whispered as she gently pushed the door open, revealing a curled-up Nicole on the bed with her back to Waverly. “Aw, baby.”

Waverly set the bag down on the floor before making her way over to Nicole. When she got closer, she noticed the redhead was tightly hugging a pillow. Her jaw muscles were bulging from gritting her teeth so hard and her breathing was steady yet forceful, as if she were trying to calm herself. Waverly could tell she was in pain, but she didn’t know where.

“Baby, what’s wrong? What hurts?” Waverly asked as she sat down next to Nicole on the bed and pushed her red locks behind her ear.

Nicole just shook her head and focused on her breathing, signaling that she didn’t feel like talking.
Waverly felt Nicole’s forehead and noticed that the woman was a little warm. “You feel like you have a bit of a fever. Are you sick?”

Nicole shook her head.

She looked down and saw Nicole clenching her stomach with her hand underneath the pillow she was holding against her.

“Did you eat something bad?”

Nicole exhaled sharply and winced as she shook her head, waiting for the wave of pain to pass like she had been the past couple of hours.

That’s when it hit her. Waverly knew exactly what was wrong, because she had been in the same position before. She could only think of a very small handful of times when she found herself curled up in fetal position hugging a pillow like Nicole was, and it sucked. She gave Nicole a sympathetic look, not wanting to touch her in case the redhead just wanted to be left alone.

“Did you take something for the pain?” Waverly asked.

Nicole shook her head and sighed. She was grateful that the wave of what felt like someone clawing at the inside of her uterus with a sharp fork had passed, but it still sucked. She still felt like she wanted to die, just not as much.

“I ran out of pain reliever and didn’t feel like going to the store to get some more. I’ve just been lying in bed.” Nicole replied weakly.

Waverly couldn’t remember the last time she had experienced her period without taking any kind of medicine, and she didn’t want to. She was very grateful to be a woman in a world of modern medicine.

“I brought some medicine with me. Does ibuprofen work for you?”

Nicole nodded, grateful for her girlfriend. She really didn’t know how much longer she could take of this. Nicole had a pretty high pain tolerance, but cramps were something else. She watched as Waverly took the bottle out of her bag and twisted off the cap.

“How many?”

“The maximum amount.”

Waverly let out a short laugh - even though she knew it wasn’t a joke - before putting the bottle away and walking back over to Nicole. She handed her the pills and the redhead immediately tossed them back and swallowed.

“I’ll get some water.” Waverly ran down the stairs and grabbed a glass of water before running back up and handing it over to Nicole, who grimaced as she sat up to take a few sips before letting her body fall back down onto the bed.

“Do you have a heating pad somewhere?” Waverly asked as she gently placed a hand on Nicole’s shoulder, wanting to give her some comfort.

“Under the bathroom sink.”

Waverly walked over to the bathroom and searched for the heating pad in the cabinet, finding it in
the back behind some bottles of unused hair supplies Nicole surely received as gifts. She pulled the pad out and walked back over to Nicole, plugging it into the outlet in front of where Nicole was facing.

“Here baby.” Waverly took the pillow that Nicole was holding and handed her the heating pad for her to situate before handing the pillow back to her. “What do you need?”

“Just lay here with me.” Nicole grumbled with her eyes closed.

Normally she would be embarrassed that she was being so weak during her period. She knew that if she were somewhere in public complaining about it that people would surely be rolling their eyes thinking that she was just exaggerating - mostly men who had never experienced cramps before and didn’t know what they were talking about - but she felt comfortable being like this around Waverly. Comfortable enough to not put on a fake smile and pretend like she wasn’t in agony like she had been taught to do ever since she had gotten her first period at eleven years old. No, she wasn’t going to do that today, because her amazing girlfriend was there to take care of her...and because this shit hurt like a motherfucker.

Waverly gave Nicole a quick kiss on the forehead before whispering “I’ll be right back.” She went to the living room to pick out a book from Nicole’s bookshelf to occupy her time before making her way back up the stairs and sitting on the bed next to her girlfriend as she waited for the redhead to fall asleep.

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Nicole slowly opened her eyes. She had her head rested on Waverly’s lower torso with her arm hugging the petite brunette’s hips. Waverly was reclined on the bed with her back against a couple of pillows and her head against the headboard, left hand holding a book in front of her and right hand running soft fingers through Nicole’s red locks, massaging her scalp.

Nicole squeezed her girlfriend tighter and smiled at how comfortable she was, and how her pain was gone.

“Good morning, beautiful,” Waverly smiled without looking up from her book. “Or should I say, afternoon.”

“How long was I asleep?” Nicole croaked groggily.

“About three hours.” Waverly closed the book and set it down on the table next to her. “Are you feeling better?”

“Way better. Thank you so much. You’re the best girlfriend ever.” Nicole hugged Waverly tight and snuggled her head into the woman’s body.

“Of course baby. I wanted to take care of you and make sure you were okay, and I know you would do the same for me.”

“I would.” Nicole sighed. “I hate being a woman sometimes. And I hate that I wasted half of the day in bed because of my stupid period.”

“Yeah, periods suck, but isn’t it just amazing what our bodies can do? I mean, we can create a human being if we want. A whole human. I came out of a woman, and so did you...we all did! Doesn’t that just blow you mind? Isn’t that just incredible to think about!”

Nicole groaned. “Ask me that next week, because I hate my entire reproductive system right now.”
Waverly chuckled as she rubbed her girlfriend’s back. “Fair enough.” She kissed the top of Nicole’s head, breathing in the vanilla scent of her red hair. “Are you still feeling icky though?”

“I don’t have cramps anymore, but my entire body aches a little and I just feel really heavy and tired.”

“I was going to surprise you with a picnic in the park today, but we can make it a picnic in the living room instead. Are you hungry?”

Nicole looked up at the brunette. “Depends. What did you make?”

“Some tomato and cucumber finger sandwiches with vegan mayonnaise, and some peanut butter and jelly finger sandwiches in case you don’t like the first option, with fresh fruit and some pita chips and hummus.”

“That all sounds really good. I could eat a lot right now.”

“Speaking of eating a lot, I put some food in Calamity’s bowl. It was completely empty.”

“Shit. I forgot to fill it last night and didn’t get out of bed this morning. I’m surprised she didn’t come in here and bother me. Do you think she hates me?”

“I think she’ll forgive you, especially if you share some of your sandwiches with her.” Waverly winked.

“Yeah right! I’m not even sharing my sandwiches with you.”

“Hey!” Waverly smacked Nicole’s arm. “You better share.”

Nicole laughed and shook her head as she pushed herself up to give Waverly a chaste kiss on the lips.

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The next day

The first thing Nicole noticed when she woke up was Waverly’s cute snoring as she slept peacefully next to her, curled up against the front of Nicole’s body...the next thing she noticed was how achy her body felt, and her mild cramps. She groaned as she rolled out of bed, wincing at how sore her lower back was.

“Today is going to be awesome,” she whispered sarcastically to herself.

She was thankful that it had been a slow morning at work. So far she only had to deal with two people asking to fill out a missing persons report for their pet - one cat, and one turtle - but other than that it had been mostly paperwork. She put in her noise-cancelling headphones, drowning out the sounds of Lonnie and Dolls raving about the hockey game last night. Normally Nicole enjoyed watching hockey and listening to their play-by-plays, and she would usually join in, but not today. Today she just wanted some peace and quiet to get her work done. And it was just that, peace and quiet...until the moment was ruined.

“Ow!” Nicole yelped as she felt a paper ball hit her in the back of the head. She yanked her earbuds out and glared behind her to the culprit responsible. Lonnie had run away, leaving Dolls there by himself. “What the fuck Dolls?!”
“Oops, my bad. Lonnie was supposed to guard that.” Dolls laughed as he jogged over to Nicole to take the paper ball back, but was caught off guard when she threw it at him. It fumbled a bit in his hands before he caught it.

“I don’t give a shit who was supposed to do what. Stop acting like children and do your jobs.” Nicole reprimanded before spinning around in her chair, grabbing the desk at the last second to stop herself. “Men.” She grumbled before continuing her paperwork.

“Jesus, Haught. What crawled up your ass this morning?” Dolls remarked before slumping down into his desk chair and opening one of his unfinished folders. Even though Nicole was being uptight, she was still right, he had a job to do.

Nicole just rolled her eyes in response. She wasn’t in the mood to engage in conversation with anyone. In fact, she wasn’t in the mood to do anything at all. She wished that she could just change into her baggy sweatpants and oversized t-shirt and crawl into bed watching movies with Waverly. She was thankful she had yesterday off, since the first day of her period was always the worst - bad cramps, body aches, bloating, exhaustion - but she wished she could have today off as well. She had the same symptoms, just on a smaller scale.

She sighed as she closed the folder of the report she had just finished and opened a new one. Just when she was about to write down some notes, Lonnie walked up to her desk.

“Uh, Officer Haught?” He said timidly.

Nicole closed her eyes and took a deep breath through her nose. Anytime Lonnie used his hesitant voice, it meant she was going to have to leave her desk and talk to people.

“What is it Lonnie?” She replied as nicely as she could, considering her patience was on the low side today.

“Oh, Mr. Peterson is in the lobby. He wants to file a complaint about the parking ticket he got yesterday.”

“Again?” Nicole sighed. The elderly man, who was nearly 80 years old, received the same parking ticket almost every week. And every week he would come in and complain about it, and Nicole would have to explain why he got the ticket. “Did you explain to him why he got the ticket?”

Lonnie nodded. “Says he wants to talk to you.”

Nicole sighed and closed her folder as she pushed herself out of the chair.

“Every damn week.” She mumbled to herself as she pushed past Lonnie. Any other day would be annoying yet manageable, but today she would have to fight to keep calm and use her ‘friendly officer’ voice.

As she approached the lobby, she let her scowl remain on her face for a few more seconds before putting on a fake smile.

“Good morning Mr. Peterson. How can I help you?” She chimed as she approached the man.

“Oh, Nicole. Always good to see yer beautiful smile.” He replied as he looked her over.

She shivered. He was never afraid to let his eyes roam over her body, and it never failed to creep her out. But she never said anything, because what could she do? Arrest him for looking at her? But what she hated more, was that he called her ‘Nicole’ as opposed to ‘Officer Haught’. As if her
position as a police officer wasn’t valid. He was an old-fashioned kind of man, so she figured he just
couldn’t believe women could be police officers.

“Mr. Peterson, I’ve told you many times that I prefer you call me Officer Haught.” She smiled so
hard that she felt like her teeth were going to break.

“I jus’ like the name Nicole.” He smiled back.

Nicole exhaled through her nose, smile still plastered on her face. “So, I hear you have a question
about a parking ticket you’ve received?”

“Yes. I keep gettin’ parkin’ tickets for parkin’ in front of my own house. It ain’t right ya know. If I
own the property I should be able to park on it.” He huffed as he folded his arms across his chest.

Nicole inhaled through her nose, preparing herself to give the same speech she gave to him every
time he requested for her to explain the problem to him.

“I understand that Mr. Peterson. The problem is that when you park on the street, you’re actually
parking on city property, not your own. But the reason you got a ticket was because you parked in
front of the end of a sidewalk and blocked it, which is illegal. Now if you parked in your driveway,
you wouldn’t get any tickets.” She smiled, hoping he’d \textit{finally} understand the issue.

“Well my driveway is all the way on the side of my house. The street is closer to the front, and
therefore easier for me to walk to and from at my old age.”

“I’m sorry Mr. Peterson, but there’s nothing I can do about that. If you keep parking on the street in
front of the sidewalk, you’re going to get tickets. I wish I could help you more, but all I can do is
explain to you how you’re breaking the law.” She didn’t even bother smiling this time. She just
wanted him to leave.

“Well fine. But I’m not payin’ that ticket. If you police officers won’t listen to me, then I’ll have to
plead my case to a judge in court.” The elderly man scoffed before stomping away.

“Awesome day.” Nicole groaned as she walked over to the break room.

She placed a hand on the glass of the vending machine and smiled at the line of Nacho Cheese
Doritos. She was a pretty athletic woman and took care of her body - eating healthy most of the time
and exercising daily - but the second day of her period always had her craving things she normally
wouldn’t eat. And she always gave into those cravings, because she fucking deserved it for all the
shit Mother Nature put her through every month.

She pulled out her wallet and put her last dollar in, but the screen continued to read $0.00. She
slammed her fist into the glass as she yelled “Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Whoa. What did that vending machine do to you?” Dolls asked, slightly concerned as he walked
into the break room to make some coffee.

“It ate my dollar. All I wanted was a stupid bag of chips.” Her eyes were slightly watering, but she
held back the tears. All she wanted to do was cry, even though it was a ridiculous situation to cry
over. But she couldn’t, because she was at work and she had to remain professional. That was one
thing she hated about being a person with a period; no matter how much pain she was in, or how
frustrated she was, or how much she wanted to just lay in bed and cry, she had to put on a smile and
act like everything was perfectly fine...even though she had clearly dropped the smile by now.

“Here, I got you.” Dolls put a few quarters into the machine. “There. Get whatever you want.”
Nicole gave him a weak smile. “Thanks.” She punched in the number and pulled out the bag before opening it and popping a chip into her mouth, being sure to suck off all the orange chip dust from her fingers.

“Rough day?” Dolls asked as he quirked an eyebrow. Nicole tilted her head in confusion, and Dolls pointed to the chips as he elaborated. “I always stress eat when it’s been a rough day. I heard Mr. Peterson came in...again.” He rolled his eyes. “Plus, that’s your fourth bag and it’s only ten o’clock.”

“Oh. Yeah, no...I mean, it hasn’t been all that bad. Just a normal day really. I was just really craving something salty.”

“Ah, yeah that happens to me too.” He chuckled.

Nicole tried not to roll her eyes. There was no way he could relate to her right now, and it was annoying that he was even trying. But she had to remember that it wasn’t his fault, and he didn’t know any better. It’s not like she was wearing a shirt that said, ‘I’m on my period. Leave me alone.’...although, the thought sounded really good right about now.

“Hey, look, I’m sorry about earlier. You were right, Lonnie and I were acting like children, and we shouldn’t have been tossing that paper ball around. And I’m sorry for what I said to you.” He gave her an apologetic smile.

Nicole sighed and shook her head. “No, I’m sorry for biting your head off. I may have overreacted a little.”

“It’s all good. I probably would’ve been just as annoyed if I were trying to work and someone hit me in the head with a paper ball.”

Nicole chuckled. “I’m sure you’d try to have me arrested for treason.”

“Hey, that was one time! And it was before I even knew you.” He smiled and nudged her arm with his elbow. “I know how cool you are now.”

“You’re actually really lucky to have me as a partner you know. I’m kind of the best.”

“Okay, okay. I can see your head growing from here, Haught.” He side-eyed her as he walked over to the coffee maker.

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Nicole and Dolls had been assigned traffic duty later that day - which meant that they had to spend four hours sitting in their squad car behind some bushes, hoping that they would catch a couple of speeders. It really wasn’t a two-person job, but Dolls had begged Nedley to let him go with Nicole, and since it was a slow day he happily received a ‘what the hell. Do what you want, I’m going to Shorty’s’ from the stout man.

And this was how Nicole found herself two and a half hours in, sitting in a hot police cruiser with Dolls, bored out of her mind and wishing she could just be at her desk doing paperwork.

“Isn’t this fun?” Dolls asked too excitedly.

“Fun? What about this is fun?” Nicole waved her hand around to show the lack of action.

“I don’t know, I just like getting out of that station. It gets too stuffy in there after a while.”
“Stuffier than two people in this small police cruiser?” Nicole drew her eyebrows together.

“I guess you’re right,” he chuckled. “Maybe I just like that there’s a chance of something actually happening. Even if it’s just writing a ticket for speeding, still beats sitting at our desks catching up on paperwork.”

“Suit yourself...” Nicole mumbled to herself.

“Besides, one of these days we might just catch a robbery and have to engage in a high-speed chase!”

“I doubt that’ll happen, but you keep dreaming.” Nicole patted him on the shoulder.

It was only a few minutes later when Nicole began to feel unusually wet. She shifted uncomfortably in her seat just to make sure and...yep, she was definitely leaking. She thought back to when she last changed her tampon and checked her pocket, feeling an extra one in there than there should be. Her eyes widened at the realization that she had completely forgotten to actually put a new one in. This was worse than leaking, because literally all of it was going everywhere.

“Shit,” she hissed as she frantically unbuckled her seatbelt.

Dolls tilted his head and furrowed his brow. “Is everything okay?”

Nicole sighed as the rubbed her temples with her fingers. She was wearing black pants, which wasn’t too bad, but the seats were dark gray. Which meant that if she had leaked all the way through, there would surely be a noticeable stain to anyone looking at the spot. She huffed as she dropped her hands into her lap.

“I’m leaking.” She said annoyed and unbuckled her seatbelt, completely ignoring the confused look on Dolls’s face. “I’m going to the bathroom over there at Shorty’s. Be right back.” She jumped out of the car and glanced behind her, groaning at the small stain that was on the seat. She would have to pick up some cleaning supplies to clean it up.

Nicole rushed into Shorty’s and made a beeline for the bathroom. She didn’t care to acknowledge Wynonna’s ‘where’s the fire’ joke from where she stood behind the counter wiping it down. She cleaned up as much as she could before putting in a new tampon - making sure to actually put one in this time - and headed back out into the bar.

“Hey, can I borrow some cleaning supplies?” Nicole asked dryly when she reached Wynonna.

“What for?” Wynonna furrowed her brow.

“I leaked on the seat of the squad car.” Nicole sighed as she pinched the bridge of her nose. Wynonna wore a confused look before understanding what she meant. “Oh, well shit. Take whatever you need. Are you patrolling by yourself?”

“Nope. Dolls is with me.”

“Well that sucks.” She leaned down and picked up all of the bottles of cleaning supplies and rags that she had stored in the cabinet under the counter before setting them on display for Nicole to choose from.

“Yeah, tell me about it.” Nicole snagged a bottle and a rag.
“I don’t miss having that sucker. That’s one of the perks of being pregnant. I don’t have to deal with getting monthly cramps, or carrying around tampons, or changing them, or leaking...”

Nice glared at her. “How nice for you.”


“I’m just glad I don’t have to worry about pushing a watermelon out of my vagina.”

Wynonna stopped in the middle of her laugh and stared at Nicole, completely horrified. “Why would you say that!”

“Payback.” Nicole smirked. “Thanks for these.” She brandished the cleaning supplies before quickly making her way out the door.

When she got back to the car, she noticed Dolls awkwardly avoiding eye contact with her. Without saying a word, she leaned down and sprayed the bottle of cleaner before wiping it down with the rag. She sighed as the white towel gained a giant red patch on it. It was even worse seeing it on the rag than on the seat.

“I uh...are you okay?” Dolls finally asked.

“Yes, I’m fine. Happens.”

“It’s okay.”

She stopped as she looked over at him, fidgeting with the radar gun in his hands. “Well of course it’s okay. Why wouldn’t it be okay? It’s not like I can control my bleeding, and sometimes we fuck up and forget to put a tampon in, or it unexpectedly leaks out. It happens to women more often than you think.”

“No I just mean, don’t worry about staining the seat.”

“I’m cleaning it up, aren’t I?” She snapped as she scrubbed even harder, doing her best to leave it even cleaner than before she had gotten into the car in the first place.

“Yeah, you are. Sorry.” He rubbed his knuckles with his opposite thumb around the handle of the radar. “Um, are you feeling okay? I mean, do you have cramps or anything? Do you need to go home for the day?”

She gritted her teeth before looking up at him. “Dolls, do you think every woman has the luxury of taking off work every time they get their period?”

“Um...no?”

“That’s right. No. We have to push through it every month, no matter how bad our cramps are, no matter how tired we are, and no matter how bloated and achy we feel. In fact, we can’t even complain about it, because nobody will care, because we’re expected to just ignore it. And it fucking sucks!” She yelled that last part a little too loudly causing Dolls to jump back a bit with his hands up in defense.

“Whoa. Okay, my bad. I didn’t mean to upset you. I was just trying to help.”

She sighed as she closed her eyes and shook her head. “It’s okay, I’m just really frustrated right now. You didn’t do anything wrong.” She wiped down the last of the stain before sitting back in the seat
and shutting the door.

After a few moments of silence, she bashfully said, “Actually, can we stop by my house to get a change of clothes?” She blushed, avoiding eye contact with Dolls.

“Yep. Sure thing. I’m sure Nedley won’t mind if we cut out early. Besides, Lonnie is the only one at the station right now, so it’s probably safer for everyone if we head back now.

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**Day three**

Nicole sighed as she walked through the front door. She hung her Stetson up on the hook and shuffled her feet to the living room before dropping down onto the couch with a grunt. She laid there for a few minutes before she got a text from Waverly.

Waverly: Hey baby. Are you home yet?

Nicole smiled at the text and responded.

Nicole: Hey :) Yeah, I just got home.

Waverly: Can I come over? I miss you :(

Nicole: You know you’re welcome here anytime Waves. That’s the whole point of giving you the key lol

Waverly: Ok :) Heading over in a few minutes

Nicole set her phone on the table and took a deep breath as she pressed the heels of her palms into her eyelids, trying to get rid of all the stress from her exhausting day. She was home now, she could relax. She picked up her phone again and scrolled through Tumblr. She had never had one until a couple of weeks ago, but found it very interesting nonetheless. She continued to scroll, chuckling at a few gifs of puppies going down the stairs for the first time, before coming across a rather NSFW post. Her eyes were glued to the black and white picture of two women - clearly a couple - kissing topless with nothing but their underwear on. One was laying on the bed and the other was on top of her, pinning the woman’s arms above her head. It was a simple picture, nothing too risqué, but enough to have Nicole’s mind wandering to the imagery of her and Waverly in the same position. She imagined pinning Waverly’s hands above her head, brunette hair splayed across the pillows as she kissed the sweet skin of her neck. She then imagined herself holding both of Waverly’s wrists with one hand before snaking the other down between their bodies and running her fingers through Waverly’s arousal, eliciting an abundance of moans from the girl. She imagined herself grinding her clit against Waverly’s thigh as she pumped her fingers in and out of her girlfriend.

“Ugh.” Nicole groaned as she tossed her phone to the other side of the couch and rubbed her face with her hands. She really didn’t want to be in this mindset right now. She knew that she got super horny around the third day of her period, and that one orgasm never felt like enough. Heck, five orgasms never felt like enough. She always ended up touching herself until she was too exhausted to keep going and fell asleep. And normally she would be down for a night of masturbation and possibly porn, inevitably leading to a good night’s sleep, but Waverly was on her way over. She didn’t want her girlfriend to see her in that state, and she wasn’t brave enough to ask for sex while she was on her period yet, especially since it was only the third day so her flow was still pretty heavy.

She closed her eyes and breathed slowly as she tried to think of un-sexy thoughts. This worked for
about thirty seconds before her mind went back to Waverly and she was unconsciously squeezing her thighs together. She did the math in her head and figured she had about ten to fifteen minutes before Waverly got there, which would be plenty of time for at least one orgasm, maybe two.

She untucked the front of her uniform shirt from her black slacks and quickly grabbed the belt buckle, undoing it before unbuttoning her pants. She sucked on two of her fingers before slipping them under her boy shorts and straight to her clit. She sighed in relief and smiled at the feeling of finally being touched between her legs. She’d be lying if she said the thought of sex hadn’t crossed her mind a few dozen times today, even if it was only for a few seconds.

She hastily circled the swollen and needy bud.

“Fuck yes.” She grunted to herself. She happily let her mind go back to its previous thought - her on top of Waverly, fingers pleasuring her girlfriend as she rode the brunette’s leg.

She flipped herself over so that her stomach was on the couch and grinded down into her fingers as she gripped the arm of the couch above her head with her free hand, pretending it was Waverly’s hands she was holding down.

“You like that baby? My fingers are so slick inside you. God, your legs are so strong. I’m going to come all over them. Leave my mark on you before I lick it off.” She didn’t always use dirty talk to urge herself on, but right now she found it incredibly arousing; imagining herself saying things to Waverly that she would never be brave enough to say in real life.

Just when she had started flicking her fingers frantically back and forth, she heard a key finding its way into the keyhole of the front door. She jumped up to a sitting position on the couch and quickly buttoned her pants back before pulling the belt through the buckle.

“God dammit Waverly.” She sighed, her center aching for release.

As soon as the door opened, Nicole jumped up off the couch and turned to walk towards Waverly.

“Hi baby,” she smiled brightly as she greeted the brunette with a kiss, hoping her girlfriend couldn’t smell her arousal on her fingers - Waverly had an unusually strong sense of smell.

“Hi love. I missed you today.” Waverly replied before giving another kiss. “How was work?”

“It was okay. But I’ll tell you all about it later. Right now I’m going to go take a shower.”

Waverly quirked an eyebrow. “But you showered this morning?”

“I know, but I just want to clean myself up again.” She grabbed Waverly’s hands and led her over to the couch. “You wait right here and make yourself comfortable. I’ll be back in a jiff.” She pecked the top of Waverly’s head before jogging up the stairs, taking two at a time.

When Nicole got to her room she stripped off her uniform on the way to the bathroom and turned on the hot water. After peeing and taking out her tampon, she jumped in under the stream and dropped her fingers between her legs. She smiled and sighed as she picked up right where she had left off, happy to feel that she was still pretty close.

Downstairs in the kitchen, Waverly rummaged through the fridge. Since Nicole was on her period this week and probably had a long day, she wanted to make her dinner. She closed the fridge before making her way towards the stairs to ask Nicole what she wanted to eat.

When she approached the bathroom, she heard some familiar noises - sex noises. She quietly pressed
her ear to the door to confirm her suspicions.

“Oh shit. Yeah that’s it, right there. Unnnngghhh fuck baby. You’re gonna make me come everywhere if you keep touching me like that. Oh yeah. Ohhhhhh. Keep doing that.”

Waverly covered her mouth with her hand as she stifled her laughter. It’s not that she found it comedic that Nicole was masturbating in the shower, it was that she found it really amusing and oddly cute that Nicole was obviously in such a rush earlier to get off. The sudden shower made sense now. Not wanting to interrupt, Waverly sat on the bed and waited for Nicole to finish before asking what she wanted to eat. She hoped her girlfriend would finish soon, because she wanted dinner to at least be close to ready by the time Nicole got out. Surely the redhead was hungry after a long day of work.

After about seven minutes and two continuous orgasms later, Waverly decided it would be best to just get it over with. She had no idea how long Nicole would be in there, and she didn’t blame her. She got horny too when she was on her period, so she knew what it was like and how good it felt to touch herself during that time. Not wanting Nicole to be embarrassed or feel uncomfortable, she walked over to the door of the bedroom and gently closed it before loudly swinging the door back open and making as much noise as possible on her way to the bathroom so Nicole knew she was in there. She loudly stomped over to the bathroom door and knocked on it.

“Baby?” She yelled. She quietly chuckled behind her hand when she heard the detachable shower head fall against the tile wall and spray the shower curtain, followed by a whispered ‘shit’ from Nicole.

“Yeah, I uh, I’ll be out soon!”

“Take your time, love! I just wanted to know what you wanted for dinner. You’ve got some pasta, chicken breast and veggies, leftover soup even if you still want something light.”

“Pasta is fine.”

“Okay. It’ll take me a while to boil the water and cook the pasta, so you’ve got plenty of time to relax and enjoy your shower.” She smiled at the door and gave it a quiet pat, as if trying to send love to her girlfriend through the solid wood, before making her way back down the stairs to start on dinner.

Nicole sighed as she held the shower head against her collarbone, letting the warm water fall down the front of her body. She was starting to question how loud she was being. She thought back to her moans and grunts, and assessed if it was loud enough for Waverly to hear or not. After a few seconds, she didn’t care anymore. Even if Waverly had heard, she didn’t seem to mind. Nicole lifted one foot up on the edge of the tub by the wall and pressed the shower head against her center, letting the firm stream of water create the perfect pressure against her clit.

“Ughhh,” she moaned as her eyes nearly rolled to the back of her head. She thrust her hips against the wall, pushing the shower head against her in a steady rhythm as she imagined herself fucking Waverly from behind, bent over on her desk at the station.

After about twenty minutes, Nicole emerged from the bathroom and walked into the kitchen where Waverly was humming to herself as she slowly stirred the sauce. She slightly jumped as she unexpectedly felt strong arms wrap around her waist, but relaxed into the warm embrace as soon as she registered that it was Nicole.

“That smells good.” Nicole smiled as she rested her chin on Waverly’s left shoulder. Her wet hair
was cool against the skin of the brunette’s neck.

“Thank you. We have some spaghetti noodles, and a nice marinara sauce.” Waverly giggled, tying to sound fancy.

Nicole chuckled as she lightly spanked Waverly’s backside through her tight jeans before gently squeezing it, humming at the firmness.

“Mmm someone’s frisky,” Waverly teased. “That shower must’ve really helped. You seem a lot less tense.” She smiled to herself, fully aware of what that shower did for Nicole.

Nicole let out an awkward chuckle as she buried her face in the crook of Waverly’s neck.

“You heard me in there, didn’t you.” She mumbled against Waverly’s skin. She could feel the heat rush to her face.

“Aww baby,” Waverly cooed as she turned off the burner and turned around to face Nicole. She cupped the woman’s cheeks and smiled at her with soft, reassuring eyes. “Don’t be embarrassed, okay? You needed that.”

“You’re not mad I didn’t ask you to touch me?”

“Of course not. I know you’re still uncomfortable with having sex while you’re on your period. If you wanted me to touch you then I would definitely do it, without a doubt. But it’s okay to not want that. It’s your body, and if you’d rather be touched by yourself, or the shower head...” She winked, eliciting a blush from the older woman. “Then there’s absolutely nothing wrong with that, and you should make yourself feel good.”

Nicole smiled as she pressed her forehead against Waverly’s. “It’s official, I have the best girlfriend in the entire world.”

Waverly reached behind her and sneakily dipped her pointer finger in the sauce behind her as she kissed Nicole on the lips. “Wait until you taste my spaghetti,” she teased as she booped Nicole’s nose with her finger, effectively leaving marinara on it.

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It was later that night, and Nicole and Waverly had been in bed for only about twenty minutes, but it was enough time for Nicole’s mind to be racing with thoughts of their conversation from earlier. Was she ready to have period sex with Waverly? She was still super horny, and the thought of having sex sounded really good right now, but she was hesitant. She assessed her fears and tried to break it down.

What are you so afraid of? That Waverly will think it’s gross? She said she would do it, and she sounded genuine about it. It’s just blood, and she’s a woman. Nothing she’s never seen before. Are you afraid of making a mess? Put a towel down. Are you afraid that you’ll get your period blood all over her and scare her away? She would never do that.

Nicole went through every fear she had and couldn’t think of a good reason why she couldn’t do this. It was something she wanted, and the only person stopping her was herself. She sighed as she rolled over and spooned Waverly, wrapping her arms around the girl as she gently kissed the back of her neck. She heard Waverly hum and felt her smile in response.

“Are you asleep?” Nicole whispered.
“Yep.” Waverly replied, fully awake.

“Liar.”

Waverly chuckled as she turned over to face Nicole. “What’s up?”

“Did you mean what you said earlier? That if I asked you to have sex then you would?”

Waverly’s face turned serious. She wanted to reassure Nicole. “Yeah, I meant it. Did you want to try it?”

Nicole nodded. “Yeah, I think I do. I’m really horny right now and I want you to touch me.”

“Okay.” Waverly smiled as she kissed Nicole softly. “Where do you want me to touch you?”

“I have a tampon in, so we’ll keep it like that for now and go from there.”

“So just your clit?”

Nicole nodded, only feeling slightly shy. She had to admit, it was weird talking about her clit in casual conversation as opposed to dirty talk, but she had to remind herself that this was Waverly. Good, loving, comforting Waverly.

Waverly leaned down and began kissing Nicole as she slowly and smoothly shifted her position to where she was on top of her. It wasn’t long before pajamas were coming off, and they were both completely bare.

Nicole was the first one to pull out of the kiss to catch her breath. She looked up into Waverly’s eyes, needing to feel the woman between her legs.

“Touch me,” she panted as she grabbed Waverly’s hand and guided it down between her legs.

Nicole inhaled sharply as soon as she felt contact on her sensitive bundle of nerves. She smiled in ecstasy, taking in the feeling of Waverly’s soft fingers, but winced when she felt a sharp pain. She inhaled sharply as she grabbed Waverly’s hand and pulled it away, grimacing a bit as the pain subsided.

“What’s wrong? Did I hurt you?” Waverly worried.

“It’s just a little too much. I’m extra sensitive.”

“Ah, got it.”

“I’m probably going to need some lube too since, you know...because of the tampon. It’s kind of, um, dry down there, which is probably making it hurt more.”

Waverly nodded as she leaned over to grab the lube out of the drawer of the bedside table and put a generous drop on her fingers before bringing them back down between Nicole’s folds and slowly circling her clit. The redhead sighed and smiled at the feeling.

“Better?” Waverly asked.

“Mhm.” Nicole nodded with her eyes shut. “Go on the sides of it with two fingers.”

Waverly moved her first two fingers on either side of Nicole’s clit and began slowly moving up and down, occasionally wiggling them back and forth as if gently rolling the bud between them. “Like
“Oh, yes. Yes, just like that.” Nicole breathed before pulling her bottom lip between her teeth as she writhed on the bed.

She was already so close and Waverly had just started touching her. But she didn’t care. She didn’t care that she was so aroused that she was already about to come after a few seconds of being touched, because she was about to have a really good orgasm. She arched her back, feeling the familiar build up and yanked Waverly’s hand away just in time to experience her climax without anything touching her, which she knew would’ve been too much and a bit painful. When she came down from her high, she slumped down onto the bed and opened her eyes to see Waverly smiling down at her center.

Waverly finished watching Nicole’s aftershocks before looking up to her eyes. She didn’t bother commenting on how quickly she came, because it didn’t matter.

“What now?” Waverly asked. “Do you want to keep going?”

Nicole nodded. “Yeah, but I think I want to feel you inside.”

Waverly raised her eyebrows. She wasn’t expecting Nicole to be ready for that just yet, but she wasn’t complaining. She just wanted to make her girlfriend feel good.

“Okay. Are you going to take your tampon out?”

“Oh...yeah, I guess I should.” Nicole chuckled awkwardly as she stood up. “Be right back.” She walked toward the bathroom and just before shutting the door, poked her head around the corner and said, “Can you grab a towel to put on the bed please?”

“Yep.” Waverly hopped off the bed and into the hallway closet to grab a towel. She laid it neatly on the bed right in the middle and waited for Nicole to return.

Nicole slowly walked out of the bathroom and towards the bed. She had to admit, she felt a little weird being actively on her period and not having anything in her to stop everything from coming out. She looked at the towel on the bed and snorted.

“Waves, you grabbed a white towel.”

Waverly frowned, slightly confused before realizing what the problem was. “Oh. My bad.” She picked up the towel and began to refold it.

“It’s okay babe. I think I have a dark brown one, I’ll go grab that.” She smiled at Waverly before taking the towel and putting it back in the closet. She returned with a much darker brown one and laid it out on the bed.

“That should stop any messes.” Waverly said cheerily. “How are you feeling?”

“Honestly it feels a little weird that I don’t have a tampon in right now. I keep thinking I’m going to literally just start gushing out blood everywhere.” She laughed as she shook her head.

“Oh, my bad.” She cleared her throat. “So, uh, how do you feel as far as sexual
stuff? Are you still, um...like, aroused?” Waverly clenched her jaw at how lame that sounded. *Turned on* was the phrase she was looking for. She shook her head at how technical she sounded. Like this was some sort of science experiment.

Nicole smiled reassuringly at Waverly and wrapped her hands around the back of her neck, feeling the softness of the girl’s light brown hair.

“Yes, I’m still *aroused*. And I still want to have sex.”

Nicole pulled Waverly in for a passionate, yet tender kiss. Their lips glided smoothly as if they were two puzzle pieces made to fit perfectly together. Nicole walked backwards towards the bed, pulling Waverly with her, and laid down on top of the towel as she guided Waverly down on top of her.

Waverly laid on top of Nicole so that the redhead’s body was between her legs. She kissed her way down to Nicole’s neck and stayed there for a few seconds, nipping and gently sucking before making her way to the woman’s chest. She grabbed the outside of one of Nicole’s breasts with her hand and guided it into her mouth to give full attention to her pink nipple.

“*Waves,*” Nicole breathed out.

Waverly continued to lick and suck the taut bud before moving to the other one. She then continued her kisses down Nicole’s stomach, and jumped when Nicole quickly sat up and hastily crawled backwards away from her.

“Wait, wait. Not that.” Nicole clamored.

Waverly sat up and straddled Nicole’s hips.

“I wasn’t going to. I was just trying to get you worked up. I know how sensitive your tummy is.” She smirked as she traced a delicate finger around Nicole’s twitching abdomen.

“Oh.” Was all Nicole could say as she relaxed back down against the pillows. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to freak out on you.”

“It’s okay. Just relax baby, I’ve got you. I just want to make you feel good.”

The brunette rubbed her hands up and down Nicole’s long torso, smiling as she felt the muscles beneath her lose their tension. Once Nicole was relaxed, she leaned back down and continued kissing the woman’s stomach, smiling at the moans she heard coming from above her. She trailed kisses back up between Nicole’s breasts and ended on her lips, greedily kissing the woman as their tongues battled for dominance.

Waverly slid her hand down between their bodies and into slick folds. She gasped at the amount of wetness there. She didn’t know if it was mostly arousal, or menstrual blood, or an equal combination of both, and she didn’t care. Either way, it was lubrication for her fingers to do exactly what they wanted to Nicole.

“Baby, I want you inside me.” Nicole pleaded as she reached out for Waverly’s hand and moved it down to her entrance, pushing the girl’s fingers inside.

Nicole’s mouth opened wide at the feeling of being filled before the sides of her mouth curled up into a satisfied smile. She felt Waverly pump her fingers in and out, but it wasn’t enough.

“Faster.” Nicole demanded, and Waverly obliged. “God baby, your fingers feel so good inside me.”
Waverly smiled to herself, proud of what she was doing to her beautiful girlfriend. She used her thumb to rub Nicole’s clit, causing a very loud, very sexy moan to leave the redhead’s lips.

Nicole could feel it. She was getting close, but there was something she wanted, something she needed, before reaching her climax; and that something was Waverly. Nicole moved her legs so that both she and Waverly were each straddling a thigh. Nicole grabbed Waverly’s hand that had stilled inside her in response to the sudden change of position and urged her to move it again, signaling for Waverly to continue. Once the brunette caught on, Nicole let go and immediately moved her hand up to Waverly’s center and ran her own fingers through velvet lips. When she felt how wet Waverly was, she was overcome with passion.

“Oh Jesus, Waverly. I love you so much. God I love you so much.”

Waverly gasped at the feeling of Nicole entering her and instantly began to grind her hips down against the redhead beneath her.

The sounds and feeling of Waverly’s pleasure, and the feeling of her own pleasure sent Nicole soaring over the edge and into her orgasm. Once Nicole had calmed down, she continued her movements inside Waverly and felt the petite woman reach her own climax. Nicole waited for the girl to come down from her high before bringing her soaked fingers up to her lips and sucking them dry. She watched Waverly remove her own fingers and, without looking, wipe them on the towel beneath them.

“See? Period sex is good.” Waverly said as she plopped down beside Nicole. The redhead shot up as soon as she saw the red spot on Waverly’s thigh that had been between her legs.

“Shit. I got it on you.” She stood up to grab another towel and noticed the blood between her own legs spreading all the way out to her inter thighs. “Oh god. Dammit.” Her face turned beet red. Before she could turn to run away into the bathroom, Waverly grabbed her arm, effectively stopping her.

“Baby, it’s okay. It’s expected. It didn’t get on the bed or anything. We just have to wash it off, that’s all.”

“Yeah but, it got on you!” Nicole replied, eyes wide at how nonchalant Waverly was being about her period blood literally being on the girl’s skin.

“You think I’ve never had blood on me before? You should’ve seen the state of me when I got my first period.” She snorted at the memory. Nicole, really, it’s not a big deal. I’m fine. I’ll just wash it off and it’ll be gone.” She rubbed Nicole’s arm and gave her a warm smile.

“Oh, you’re right. I don’t know why I’m freaking out so much.” She nervously rubbed the back of her neck.

“It’s okay, love.” Waverly entwined her fingers with Nicole’s as she stood up from the bed. “Come on, let’s go clean up.”

“Shower sex?” Nicole teased. She only meant it as a joke, but the devilish grin on Waverly’s face told her that it was in fact not a joke, but rather a promise.

Chapter End Notes
Hope you all enjoyed this! Comment down below if you want me to write a chapter like this for Waverly on her period!
章節摘要

瓦弗莉的轉！我們也看到一些回顧片段，當瓦弗莉和妮可第一次來潮。跟上一章一樣，如果你不喜歡這個東西，那麼可以跳過！

章節備注

溫娜娜試圖給年輕瓦弗莉進行性教育，而我試圖將它寫成溫娜娜15歲時可能會說的話。所以，不要期望它能夠非常成熟，我只希望大家能夠從中得到一些娛樂。

見章節末尾的更多備註

瓦弗莉正準備鎖門時，她感到一種不熟悉的疼痛，就在她的骨盆上方。

“痛死了。” 當她向員工廁所走去時，她嘆了一口氣。“現在？

根據她的經期追蹤應用程式，她本應該在昨天來潮。而且通常在來潮前的兩天內，她的大腿會像剛參加完馬拉松一樣感到疼痛，她的乳房也會變得稍微有點漲痛。但這次她並沒有這種感覺，所以她認為她會像往常一樣稍微晚來幾天。但是沒有。看起來她的來潮就像是這個月的一只貪玩的松鼠。她甚至連護墊都沒有帶。

“太好了。” 她嘆了口氣，為自己要再用衛生紙製造衛生棉條而感到不適。

她的來潮很少準時，這次提前一天來潮真是太令人驚喜了。它總是提早幾天或者晚來幾天。有一次她遲了兩個星期，以為自己懷孕了，但當她在商店買懷孕試紙時就檢查了，那應該是她最後一次讓查普波特“拉出來”，並規定“避孕套或者去死”不論對方抱怨的再大聲。但是不管她的來潮來得有多出乎意料，沒有她來潮的時間更是讓人驚訝。13年前

瓦弗莉9歲時根本就不知道什麼是來潮。當然，她有兩個年長的姐姐，會經常提起這種事，但誰都沒告訴她來潮是什麼。她甚至還沒有在學校接受性教育，而且她的父親當然不會坐下來告訴她她的生殖系統是怎麼運作的。所以當她感到一股無法形容的疼痛，而她的內衣和床單被完全染成了紅色時，她開始恐慌。

“溫娜娜！” 她跑出自己的臥室，衝到姐姐的臥室。“痛死了。” 她嘆了一口氣。
“What the hell! Did you forget how to knock, Dorkus?!” Wynonna yelled at Waverly before turning her attention back to her phone. “No, it’s just my baby sister being annoying again.”

“Wynonna, something’s wrong with me!”

“Yeah, I’ve been trying to tell you that for years kid.” The older Earp rolled her eyes.

“I’m bleeding everywhere!” Waverly cried, worried that she was actually going to die.

Wynonna looked at her baby sister and saw how terrified she was, and knew that something was seriously wrong. “Pete, I’ll call you back.” She put the phone back on the receiver before rushing over to her sister. “What happened? Where are you bleeding? What hurts?” Wynonna worried as she frantically checked over her sister for injuries.

“It’s my stomach, it feels funny and it hurts. Like that time I got food poisoning but different. Lower. And I’m bleeding out!”

Wynonna calmly stepped back as she looked down at her sister with a quirked eyebrow. “Bleeding out where?”

“You know...” Waverly trailed off as she looked down between her legs and back up to her sister. “There. Where I pee from. It’s all over my clothes and it got on my bed ‘Nonna!”

The older Earp shifted uncomfortably as she shook her head. “Waves, you’re not dying.”

“I’m not? But, how do you know that for sure?” Waverly was confused.

Wynonna sighed. She wished her mom was here to give this talk to her little sister. Their mom had left before Wynonna had even gotten the talk, but she got her period when she was 10 and learned about it in health class. Willa had helped her put on a pad and everything since she had gotten her period two years before Wynonna. But Waverly was only in grade 3 and wouldn’t receive the sex talk in health class until next year. Wynonna knew she would have to be the one to explain this to Waverly, since Willa and Daddy were out. Besides, Daddy would just ignore that anything was happening, and Willa would probably just try to scare Waverly and give her the wrong information.

Wynonna sat on the hardwood floor with her back leaning against her bed frame and patted the spot next to her. “Come here, sit down.”

“What if I bleed on the floor?”

“It’s okay, I’ll clean it up. Just sit down.”

Waverly hesitated before sitting down next to her sister.

“You’re not dying. You just got your period.”

Waverly drew her eyebrows together. “The thing you and Willa have?”

Wynonna nodded.

“What is it? What does it do? And why am I bleeding from my...down there?”

Wynonna rolled her eyes. “Okay, first of all it’s called your vagina. You can say it, it’s not a bad word. And it’s not where your pee comes from.”

“It’s not?”
“No. You have a separate hole for that, one that’s much smaller. Your vagina is a bigger hole between your pee hole and your butthole.”

Waverly giggled. “You said butthole.”

Wynonna rolled her eyes and chuckled as she lightly pushed her sister. “I’m trying to be serious here, Waves. You need to know this stuff now that you can have babies.”

Waverly’s laughter abruptly stopped and her eyes widened. “I can have babies?!”

“Yep. Do you know where babies come from?”

“Mommies. Duh, everyone knows that.”

“Okay, but do you know how they get in there?”

“I...they...” Waverly shook her head, realizing she had never really questioned it. She knew a mommy had the baby inside of her belly, but she never thought of how they got in there in the first place...or how they got out.”

Wynonna sighed. “Okay, do you know what sex is?”

“Ew, Wynonna, I don’t want to hear about this!” Waverly covered her ears with her hands. “What does this have to do with a period?”

Wynonna reached out and took Waverly’s hands from her ears. “Just trust me, we’ll get to that in a minute, but it’ll make more sense if you know how sex works. Do you?”

“I know it’s what boys and girls do when they love each other.”

Wynonna shifted her eyes. “Okay, well, not necessarily. You don’t have to love someone to have sex with them.”

“Then what’s the point?”

“Because it feels good.”

“So...this isn’t about making babies?”

Wynonna groaned as she pinched the bridge of her nose. “Okay, let me start over. Do you know what a penis is?”

Waverly nodded. “Boys have them. It’s where they pee from. Looks kinda like a hotdog.”

Wynonna leaned back and furrowed her brow in concern. “Wait, how do you know that? You’re only 9?”

“One time Hardy James got in trouble for peeing on the playground and a lot of us saw it. It looked really weird. And he was standing up instead of sitting down, which was strange.”

“That Hardy James sounds like a trouble maker. You should stay away from him.”

“I would never go near him, he has cooties!”

Wynonna chuckled. “Good. Anyways, to make a baby, a boy has to put his penis inside a girl’s vagina. That’s called sex.”
“So, that’s what sex is?”

“Basically, more or less. Well, that’s sex, but it’s not the only thing sex is. That’s just how babies are made. There are other ways to have sex.”

“How?” Waverly asked, genuinely curious.

Wynonna looked at her little sister. She really didn’t want to explain all of this to her right now. Right now she was just here to explain what was happening to her body. “I’ll tell you later. So a woman has eggs inside her body—”

“Like a bird?!” Waverly shrieked.

“Um...kind of? I mean, they’re small. Like small enough that you can’t even see them. And there are hundreds, thousands even.”

“Wow.” Waverly drew out with a deep sigh as she looked at her stomach. Her mind was blown.

“Yeah. So a woman has eggs inside her, and a man puts his penis in her vagina and when he comes he shoots out sperm, which is what fertilizes the egg and makes a baby.”

Waverly furrowed her brow. “Does where?”

“Huh?” Wynonna scrunched her face in confusion.

“You said when a man comes he shoots out sperm. Where does he go? And where does the sperm shoot out from? A gun?”

“No, I mean...come means something else. It’s like...well, it’s just something that happens during sex. It shoots out of his penis and into the woman’s vagina, which is how she gets pregnant.”

“Oh. So boys come and girls get pregnant?”

“Yeah, but not always. Girls can get pregnant, but it doesn’t always happen. And girls come too, but they don’t shoot sperm.”

“So what happens when a girl comes?”

Wynonna paused. “Well that’s something you’ll just have to experience for yourself because it’s hard to explain. But only when you’re much, much older. Like, at least 30.”

“Have you ever come, ‘Nonna?”

Wynonna stared at her little sister. “I... um...” She froze, unsure of how to get her little sister to drop the question. Waverly had always been the curious type of child, constantly seeking knowledge. Which was cool and all, but not when it pertained to her 15-year-old sister’s sex life. “Ask me that when you’re my age and I’ll tell you.” Wynonna finally said, hoping that by the time Waverly was 15 she would not care to know anymore.

Waverly nodded before scrunching up her face as she processed all of the information she had just received. “I don’t think I’m ever having sex. It sounds so gross. Penises look too weird and I don’t want them anywhere near my vagina.”

Wynonna laughed as she patted her sister’s leg. “Just wait until you hit puberty. You won’t be saying that anymore.” She continued laughing for a few more seconds until the reality of this all had hit her. She stopped laughing and looked at her little sister. Waverly had hit puberty. She got her
period, she could have a baby. Her chest was starting to look like a woman’s chest. Her sister was becoming a woman, and she was only 9 years old.

“So, what’s a period then?” Waverly questioned, shaking Wynonna from her thoughts.

“Oh yeah. Okay, so babies aren’t made in your belly, they’re made in something called your uterus. It’s below your belly. And every month an egg goes into your uterus and the uterus prepares to have a baby by lining the walls with nutrients and stuff for the baby to grow strong.”

“Like food?”

“Well, no...I don’t know exactly what it is, but it’s just some kind of lining on the walls of the uterus that helps the baby.”

“Oh. Okay.” Waverly nodded, processing the information.

“So that happens every month, and if the egg doesn’t get fertilized—“

“By sperm.” Waverly stated matter-of-factly with a huge smile, showing off one of her missing front teeth.

“Right, by sperm, then the uterus doesn’t need that lining. ”

“Because there’s no baby.” Waverly added.

“Mhm. And so it sheds the lining and it comes out of the vagina, which is why there’s blood and sometimes other stuff. That other stuff is the lining. And that’s what’s happening to you right now, kid.” Wynonna gave Waverly a heavy pat on her shoulder blade.

“Does the egg come out too?”

“Yep. But you can’t see it.”

“Is the egg a baby?” Waverly asked, worried that she was killing a baby.

“No, no.” Wynonna chuckled. “The egg isn’t fertilized so it’s not a baby yet, remember? Kind of like the eggs we eat for breakfast. Those aren’t chickens, because they’re not fertilized.”

“Oh.” Waverly sighed in relief.

“Does all of this make sense?”

Waverly nodded. “Basically, a boy and a girl have sex by the boy putting his penis in the girl’s vagina, he comes out sperm which fertilizes the woman’s egg and makes a baby. If there’s no sperm, the egg doesn’t get fertilized and comes out of the vagina along with blood and the lining of the uterus, which is what a period is. Did I miss anything?”

“Nope, that’s pretty much it.” Wynonna wasn’t even surprised that Waverly had picked up the information so quickly. She had always been the smartest one in the family. “Do you have any questions?”

“Where do the eggs come from?”

“They’re in your ovaries, which are kind of like egg sacs. You have two of them, one on each side of your uterus.”
Waverly nodded. “And is sperm in a boy’s penis?”

Wynonna flinched. “Um, no, it comes from somewhere else.”

“Where?”

“Um, something called testicles? Most people call them balls.”

Waverly’s eyes widened in realization. “I’ve heard of them before! A kid in my class had to go to the nurse because he got hit in the balls while playing soccer. I was confused about it before because I didn’t know what balls were.”

Wynonna chuckled. “Yep. Those are them. Do you know where they are?”

“Between a boy’s legs?”

“Mhm. And if a boy ever gives you any trouble, just kick him as hard as you can there and he’ll be on his knees. That’s a boy’s weak spot. Got it?”

“Um, okay. Got it.” Waverly nodded.

“Good. Any other questions?”

Waverly shook her head.

“Does it still hurt?” Wynonna asked as she nodded towards Waverly’s stomach.

Waverly nodded as she pointed a few inches below her belly button. “Hurts here. Like a stomach ache. Is that because of the uterus getting rid of the lining?”

Wynonna smiled sympathetically as she nodded. “Those are called cramps. You’ll get your period once a month, and you’ll get cramps. Sometimes they’ll be okay, and sometimes they’ll hurt really bad. But it usually only hurts the first couple of days if you’re like me and Willa.

Waverly’s eyes widened. “Couple of days?! How long does this last?”

“Oh, forgot to mention that part. Your period lasts about a week.”

“A week?!” Waverly exclaimed.

“Yeah, it sucks. But you can take medicine for it and it won’t hurt as bad.”

“I wish boys got periods too.” Waverly pouted as she pushed her fists against her cheeks with her elbows rested on the inside of her knees.

“Tell me about it sister.” Wynonna stood up and held out a hand to help Waverly up. “Now come on, let’s get you cleaned up, and I’ll show you how to put on a pad. Oh, do you know what a clitoris is?”

Present day

Waverly chuckled at the memory as she drove her Jeep over to Nicole’s house. They had originally planned on having some intimate time together, but that was now off the table since she didn’t feel like doing anything other than changing into comfy clothes and eating a gallon of ice cream.

When she got to the house, she walked up the front porch and unlocked the door. After taking a
couple of steps into the house, she tripped over one of Nicole’s boots, causing her to stumble.

“What the fuck!” She yelled in surprise before kicking the boot out of frustration. “Nicole!”

“Up here baby!” Nicole responded from her bedroom. She was lighting some candles, wanting to put in a little extra effort to make the night special.

Waverly stomped up the stairs and into the bedroom. “I tripped over your fucking boots!”

Nicole dropped the lighter and spun around in concern. “Are you okay?!”

“I’m fine, but I could have gotten hurt!” She barked.

Nicole held her hands up in defense. “Okay, I’m sorry. Jeez, you don’t have to yell at me.”

“I’m not yelling. All I’m saying is can you please not leave your shoes lying around the house like a death trap? I nearly twisted my ankle on the stupid things!”

“Look, I’m sorry you almost got hurt, but this is my house, Waverly. I can leave my boots wherever I want.”

Waverly dramatically nodded as she sucked on her tooth. “Oh, okay. I’m sorry, Jeez, you don’t have to yell at me.”

See, I thought that when you gave me this key it meant that I was welcome over here at any time, and to make myself feel at home. But I didn’t realize that in reality, I’m still a guest in your house.”

Nicole sighed. “That’s not what I meant.”

“No, you know what? Here.” Waverly took out her keys and began to take the painted house key Nicole gave her off of the key ring. “Take your stupid key back!” As soon as it came off, she threw it at Nicole, causing it to fumble a bit in the redhead’s hands before she had caught it.

“What is your problem?!?” Nicole yelled. “I don’t understand why you’re being so-“ she paused, suddenly realizing why Waverly had been so pissy the past couple of days. “Oh.”

“Oh? What do you mean oh?” Waverly demanded with her arms folded across her chest and her left hip jutting out.

Nicole softened her voice, trying to be nicer. “No, nothing! It’s just, I forgot that around this time of the month is when you get your-”

“Don’t you dare finish that sentence Nicole.” Waverly warned, cutting off the redhead before she had made her mistake. “Don’t you dare try to invalidate my feelings like that.”

“I wasn’t!”

“You were! You were about to blame my period, like that’s the reason why I’m mad at you right now, and not because of your stupid fucking shoes!”

“So...you did get your period then?”

Waverly opened her mouth, and then closed it, unsure of how to respond. She glared at her girlfriend for a moment before finally saying, “Are you serious right now?”

“Well I just wanted to know so that I can prepare for this week.”

“Prepare? God, you are un-fucking-believable!” Waverly stormed into the bathroom and slammed it
shut, causing the house to shake, and Nicole to wince.

Nicole sighed as she sulked over to the door. “Waves, I meant prepare as in like, do stuff for you and make you feel better. Not stuff like this.”

“And what is ‘stuff like this’ Nicole?” Waverly yelled from the other side of the door.

“You know…” Nicole sighed and rolled her eyes as she began to gesticulate her hands wildly in the air as she continued. “C’mon, I mean, don’t you think that you’re overreacting just a little? You tripped over a shoe, and you’re acting like I committed a felony. I’m not saying your feelings are invalid, but I think they’re a little heightened right now from the hormones. I get it, I get extra annoyed when I’m on my period too.”

Suddenly the door swung open, causing Nicole to jump back, and revealed a very angry Waverly. “I’m not you Nicole, and me being pissed off at you has nothing to do with the fact that I’m bleeding out of my vagina right now! God, I would expect this from Champ, but I never expected you to be such a jackass.”

“Waves…” Nicole said in an apologetic tone as she took a step forward, but only received a door slam in the face.

Nicole blew out a puff of air as she pressed her palms against the door and lightly rested her forehead on the wood between them. She waited a few moments before softly saying through the door, “I’m going to get some takeout for dinner. Any preferences?”

She waited, but no response.

“Okay, I’ll pick something for us. Do you need me to pick up some tampons while I’m out?”

Still no response.

“I’ll pick some up anyways just in case.” She mumbled before walking away from the bathroom door and sauntering down the stairs. She walked over to the front door to put on her boots and sighed when she saw one standing up where she had left it, and the other one a couple of feet away laying on its side. She snatched the boots up and shoved her feet into them before walking out the door.

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About an hour and a half later, Nicole returned with an extra large pizza, a gallon of chocolate ice cream - both vegan - and a box of tampons. She set the stuff down on the table and walked into the living room, where Waverly was sitting with her back against the armrest and knees bent towards her chest reading a book. She was wearing her navy blue baggy sweatpants, oversized pink hoodie, and her hair up in a messy bun - which has been her ‘first day of shark week’ outfit for the past three years. Her makeup from the day had been wiped completely off, and yet Nicole thought she still looked like the most beautiful woman in the world.

“Hey, um, I got some vegan pizza from that place you like near the city. And I got some vegan ice cream as well…and some more tampons if you need them.” Nicole awkwardly rubbed the back of her neck.

“Okay.” Waverly said dryly as she turned the page of her book.

Nicole sighed and sat on the couch next to Waverly’s feet. She turned around and lowered Waverly’s book, urging the brunette to look at her, but Waverly just continued to stare down at the
page she was on.

“Hey, I’m sorry for earlier.” Nicole tilted her head down and looked up at Waverly, trying once again to make eye contact.

Waverly sighed and rolled her eyes as she closed the book and dropped it in her lap. She folded her arms and glared at Nicole, waiting for her to continue.

“I’m sorry I tried to blame your period for you being mad. And I shouldn’t have left my shoes in front of the door when I knew you were coming over, I’m sorry about that too. You had every right to be angry with me. Can you forgive me?” She poked her bottom lip out as she pushed her eyebrows together.

Waverly pursed her lips. She didn’t want to give in so easily, but how could she not when Nicole was pouting like that? She sighed and bit her bottom lip. “You can’t do that!” She unwillingly smiled as she pushed Nicole’s shoulder. “You can’t be cute like that when I’m still mad at you.”

Nicole dropped her playful pout and nodded. Waverly sighed.

“I may have overreacted a little...” she mumbled before letting out a short breath. “I just hate it when people invalidate my feelings just because I’m sensitive. It’s not even just when I’m PMSing or on my period, but anytime I cry or get really upset about something people just roll their eyes at me like, ‘oh there she goes again’. I know I’m overly dramatic sometimes and I know I have a tendency to wear my emotions on my sleeve, but that doesn’t mean that my feelings aren’t real!” She began to raise her voice, anger and frustration taking over. She threw the book out of her lap and jumped off of the couch and began pacing around the living room floor. “Champ used to do that to me all the time and I hated it. Every time I would get mad at him for something, even if he completely deserved it, he would just say ‘Oh, is it your time of the month?’ as if I wasn’t allowed to have any negative emotions! And then you go and do the exact same thing! That was completely unfair, Nicole.”

Nicole lowered her head in shame. She was doing the same thing as Champ, and she was disappointed in herself for it. “Baby, I’m so sorry.” She finally said, looking up at Waverly, who had momentarily paused her pacing to look at the redhead.

“You know what’s even worse?”

Nicole shook her head.

“You actually have a period, Nicole. I mean, Champ was just ignorant and probably thinks that ‘uterus’ is the name of a planet.” She snorted, thinking back to all of the dumb stuff Champ ever said to her. “But you...you get it. You go through the same thing and you _still_ tried to blame me and my hormones for my anger instead of accepting that I was just angry that you left your fucking shoes in front of the door!”

With apologetic eyes, Nicole stood up and moved in front of the brunette. “You’re right, I’m sorry. I guess because I know what it’s like I was too busy thinking about how we are affected by our hormones, and not about how we actually feel when we’re affected by them. If someone said that to me, I would be pissed.” She sighed as she took Waverly’s hands in her own. “Waves, I really am sorry. It was wrong of me to try to invalidate your feelings, and I shouldn’t have left my shoes in front of the door.”

Waverly looked down at Nicole holding her hands as she sighed. She then looked up into soft, loving brown eyes. “Okay. I forgive you. Just please, don’t do that again.”
“I won’t. I promise.”

“Okay.” Waverly said with a curt nod before plopping back down onto the couch. Nicole sat down next to her, and they both stared at the empty fireplace in front of them. It was only a few seconds later when Waverly broke the silence. “Did you say something about vegan pizza and ice cream?”

Nicole smiled as she turned her head to look at the brunette. “It’s on the kitchen table.”

Waverly grinned before her smile turned into a blush. “And uh, thank you for getting some tampons. I forgot to grab some from home and you’re almost out.”

“I remembered that I was.” Nicole chuckled. “Oh, and I know we were going to have sex tonight…I mean, did you still want to do that?”

Waverly scrunched up her nose and shook her head.

“Didn’t think so, but I didn’t want to assume. Are you cramping? Do you need the heating pad or anything?”

“I’m okay. I had some pain reliever in my purse so I took some of that before I left work. But I just feel kind of bleh, you know?”

Nicole nodded as she gave a sympathetic smile. “Well, if you want, I can light those candles again and give you a full body massage to make you feel better? I mean, not a full body massage…everywhere but…well, you know what I mean.” She chuckled awkwardly.

“Yeah, I know what you mean.” Waverly laughed. “And I would love that, because my back is killing me right now, and I’ve been on my feet all day. But pizza and ice cream first?”

Nicole nodded as she brushed a strand of hair behind Waverly’s ear. “Deal.”

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Nicole had never seen Waverly eat six slices of an extra large pizza, and she had no idea how she was able to scarf down a huge bowl of ice cream after doing so, but she didn’t dare ask nor did she comment on it. She was too smart for that, something she knew Champ Hardy was not, and that made her feel a little bit better about before. They watched an episode of *Supergirl* as they ate before heading up to Nicole’s room for that massage she had promised earlier.

“Did you know that Wynonna was the one who gave me the sex talk?” Waverly said randomly as she laid in the bed wearing nothing but her underwear. Nicole was standing on the side of the bed, massaging her calves.

“No way! Wynonna?!” Nicole laughed at the thought of a teenage Wynonna telling Waverly about how sex works.

“You were 9?!” Nicole asked in disbelief.

“Yeah.” Waverly chuckled awkwardly. “Well, 9 and a half technically.”

“That’s so young though.”

Waverly nodded in agreement. “I was only in grade 3.”
“Seriously?! Wow, did you even know what was happening to you?” Nicole had moved up to massage the backs of her thighs.

The brunette shook her head. “Nope. Which was why Wynonna had to explain everything to me. She did a pretty good job though, all things considered.”

“Wow, I can’t imagine. I got mine at the beginning of grade 6, and I thought that was a young age.” Nicole shook her head. “Now that’s an embarrassing story.”

“Can I hear it?” Waverly asked with hopeful eyes as she rested her cheek on the backs of her hands, intrigued to hear all about a little Nicole getting her first period.

Nicole chuckled as she lightly shook her head. “Why not. Okay, so I was 11, but it was a little over a month before my 12th birthday. And everything just felt off from the moment I woke up…”

**15 years ago**

“Nicole, wake up.” Her mother said sternly as she shook the sleeping 11-year-old.

Nicole groaned into her pillow. “I don’t want to go to school today. I don’t feel good.” She yanked the covers up over her head, hoping her mom would take the hint and just go away.

“Oh for heaven’s sake, Nicole.” Her mom sighed as she lifted her arms up and let them fall by her side. She looked at her watch and shook her head. “I don’t have time for this nonsense. You’re going to school today.”

Nicole pushed the covers back, revealing just her face with her messy red hair spread across it. “But I don’t feel good.”

Her mom reached down and felt her forehead. “You don’t feel warm to me.”

“Well my stomach hurts.” She rolled her eyes at the knowing look her mom was giving her. “Mom, I’m not making this up.”

“Well, stomach ache or not, you don’t have a fever so you’re going to school. Just take some antacid, it’s probably just gas anyways.”

“Oh, Mom.” Nicole groaned as she pulled the covers back over her head, but her mom immediately yanked them down.

“Get up, Nicole. The bus will be here in ten minutes and you better be on it, because I have to get to work and I don’t have time to drive you. Besides, you have a basketball game today and I’m definitely not letting you miss that. Especially since you begged your father and I to shell out $200 just so that you could play that ridiculous sport.” The older redheaded woman rolled her eyes.

Nicole sat up. “Are you and Dad coming to the game?”

“I don’t know about your father, but I’ll still be at work.”

“Come on Mom. You and dad have never even been to a game.” She whined.

“We just don’t get the sport. All you do is throw a ball into a basket.” Her mom scoffed.

“Well I know it’s not horseback riding like you and dad wanted, but I’m really good at it. Coach even said he might have me start a game soon if I keep it up this season.”
“I don’t know. I’m really busy tonight.”

Nicole groaned. “But Mom, you never have time for me! All you and Dad do is work, work, work, and I’m sick of it! It’s like you don’t even care about me at all!”

“Natalie, please!” The woman shouted, but immediately froze.

Nicole glared at her mom for a moment as her look of surprise changed into a scowl. “Nice.” She said as she jumped out of bed and walked over to her dresser to pull out some clothes for school.

“Nicole, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to–”

“Just forget it, it doesn’t matter. And don’t bother coming to my game tonight. I don’t even want you or Dad there anyways.” Nicole stormed off to the bathroom and slammed the door shut before changing her clothes and getting ready for school.

Nicole had spent the whole day with her weird stomach pain. She even had to ask the teacher if she could lay her head down for most of art class – her favorite class – because of how bad she was feeling. She had asked to go to the bathroom at some point earlier in the day to see if she had eaten something bad, but everything seemed fine.

After school, she headed straight for the gym to change for basketball practice.

“Hey, Nicole!” One of her teammates, Jamie Schaffer, called out from the locker room. The team was for girls grade 6-8, and Jamie was in grade 8, as most of the girls were. There were a couple of girls in grade 7, but Nicole was the only girl in grade 6 to play on the varsity team, which made her a bit of an outcast to the other girls. But Jamie was always nice to her, and she wasn’t afraid to admit that Nicole was one of the best players on that team, eleven years old or not. “You ready for the game tonight?”

“Yeah, I guess so.” Nicole shrugged apathetically.

“What do you mean you guess so? You’re one of our best players!”

“I know, but I don’t feel good. My stomach hurts.” Nicole shook her head as she began to change into her basketball uniform. She pushed down her jeans and grabbed her green basketball shorts from her gym bag, but stopped when she noticed Jamie looking at her with wide eyes. “What’s wrong?”

“I think you got your period.” Jamie explained as she pointed to a giant red spot that was clearly visible on Nicole’s underwear and the inside crotch of her jeans that were now sitting on the bench next to her bag.

“What?!” Nicole exclaimed as she bent over and looked between her legs. When she saw the red patch, she began to panic. “No. No, no, no! This can’t be happening!”

“Relax, I’ve got a tampon you can use.” Jamie reached into her bag and pulled out a tampon to hand to Nicole, which she just stared at.

“But that’s not...I mean, I don’t know how to use that thing. We only learned how to use pads in health class, and I haven’t even used one of those yet!”

Jamie retracted her hand with the tampon as she drew her eyebrows together. “Wait. You mean, this is your first period?”
“Jamie, I’m not even 12 years old yet! Of course it is!”

Jamie’s eyes widened, suddenly remembering that Nicole wasn’t 13 and 14 years old like most of the team was. And sure, it was pretty common for a girl to be even that age and still not get her period yet, but most of them at least knew the general idea of how to put a tampon in by then just from going to the bathroom with the rest of the girls during class bathroom breaks. But since Nicole was only in grade 6, her classmates didn’t really talk about it like the grade 8 girls did. “Oh, shit! I completely forgot. Well in that case, congratulations!”

Nicole groaned as she slammed her forehead against her locker door.

Jamie grabbed Nicole’s shoulders and pulled her back. “Okay, first of all, put your shorts on before the rest of the girls come in and start to make fun of you.” Nicole quickly put her basketball shorts on. “Second, I don’t have any pads, so right now your options are to either try to use this tampon, or tell Coach Brown that you got your period and can’t play today.”

“Are you kidding me? I can’t tell him that! I don’t even want to tell my mom about this!”

“Okay, then I guess your only option is to put this in.” She held the tampon back out to Nicole.

Nicole eyed it cautiously. “What if I just wait until I get home after the game? I’m sure my mom has some pads lying around the house.”

“Nicole, it’s not just going to stop coming out just because you ignore it. If anything, it’s going to get worse from all the running around and sweating. And then you’ll be that girl with the huge period stain on her shorts. Is that really what you want?”

Nicole sighed. “No.”

“Okay then, take the tampon. And you might want to take off your underwear too, because that stain might get on your shorts as you’re playing.”

“You want me to go commando during the basketball game?! What if someone yanks on my shorts and pulls them down?!”

Jamie rolled her eyes. “That won’t happen. And trust me, that’s better than bleeding everywhere.” She shoved the tampon in Nicole’s hand and watched amusedly as the redhead looked it over, as if it were some sort of foreign object.

“Okay, so how do I use this?” Nicole quirked an eyebrow.

“Well, first you unwrap it.” Jamie chuckled. Nicole began to take the wrapper off, but Jamie stopped her. “Wait!”

“What?” Nicole froze, slightly frightened that she had already done something wrong.

“Wash your hands first. You don’t want to touch something going up your vag with dirty hands.”

“Oh. Right.” Nicole thoroughly washed her hands before unwrapping the tampon. When she saw it, she looked even more confused than before. “But this is plastic! Won’t it hurt having this in there while moving around?!"

Jamie stifled her laughter behind her hand. “That’s the applicator, silly. The actual tampon is inside of it.” She rolled her eyes when Nicole just gave her a confused look. “Okay, so you put this part inside you, and then you push here.” She pointed to the parts of the tampon. “When you push on
“this, it’ll push the cotton out of this end and into your hole. Then once it’s out, you pull out the applicator, and all that’ll be left is a string. When you’re ready to take the tampon out, you just pull on the string and it’ll come out. Simple.”

“Uh, sounds terrifying.”

“It’s not. Trust me. You’ll be fine.”

“Okay. If you’re sure.” Nicole said hesitantly as she began to make her way over to a stall.

“And Haught, don’t mess up. That’s my only one.”

Present day

“So, did you get it in?” Waverly asked as she reveled in the feeling of Nicole massaging her lower back.

“Yep. Felt really weird at first. I must’ve looked like a crazy person the way I was walking around, but once the game started I didn’t even notice that it was in there. And nobody pantsed me.” Nicole laughed.

“Wow. That sounds super embarrassing.”

“I think I was too freaked out at the time to be embarrassed. Jamie was cool though. She even gave me something to help my cramps. If it had been anyone else on the team, I would’ve been teased for sure, so I was lucky. And better her help me than a teacher.”

“Did you tell your mom?”

“Actually, I didn’t tell her for a few months. She only found out when she realized her tampons were only lasting through one cycle instead of two. She asked me about it, and I told her the truth. She was kind of pissed that I didn’t tell her right away, but I think she understood why. We never really talked very much about stuff like that.”

Waverly nodded. “I can’t believe you used a tampon. I didn’t even start using them until I joined the cheerleading squad in high school.”

“Yeah well, I didn’t have a choice. But it wasn’t all that bad.” She shrugged before looking at Waverly with a smirk. “So, since I told you my first period story, does that mean that now I get to hear yours?”

Waverly chuckled. “Only if you keep up the amazing massage.”

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The next day

Waverly sighed as she laid on Nicole’s bed, waiting for the officer to get home. She was horny, and she wanted sex. Not just any sex, but some good, passionate, rough, strap-on sex. She just hoped that Nicole would do it for her with her being on her period and all. Sure, she had given Nicole sex when she was on her period just a little over a week prior, but that didn’t mean that the redhead would automatically be down to be the giver while Waverly was on hers. She just hoped that Nicole would be down for it, because otherwise she would have to make a trip to the homestead to grab that vibrator Wynonna had given her for her birthday – which actually did end up being a pretty good gift.
“Baby?” Nicole asked as she walked through the front door of her house after work. Waverly had texted her saying she’d be waiting for her there.

Waverly sat up and smiled before yelling, “Up here!” Her smile grew wider as she heard heavy footsteps coming up the stairs.

“Hey baby.” Nicole grinned as she walked over to Waverly and leaned down to give her a kiss. It was only meant to be a quick one, but when she tried to pull back Waverly had stopped her and instead deepened the kiss as she pulled Nicole down on top of her, wrapping her legs around the officer and effectively trapping her.

Nicole giggled against Waverly’s mouth. “Someone’s in a good mood.”

Waverly nodded as she sighed. “Baby, can we have sex tonight?” She asked with a pout as she played with the collar of Nicole’s uniform shirt.

“Whatever you want baby.” Nicole smiled before leaning back down to kiss her girlfriend.

“And you’re okay with that?”

Nicole chuckled as she furrowed her brow. “Uh, have you seen you? Of course I’m okay with that. Why wouldn’t I–” And then she suddenly remembered that Waverly was on her period. “Oh. I mean, yeah. Yeah, that’s okay.” She gave Waverly a warm smile.

“Are you sure? I don’t want you to say yes if it’s not something you want to do.”

“No, Waves, really it’s okay. I want to make you feel good. And more importantly, I want to give you orgasms. I mean, I hear those are good for relieving cramps. And also...have you seen you?” The officer smirked as she leaned down and gave the younger woman a passionate kiss.

After a few seconds, Waverly pulled out of the kiss. “Are you okay with using the strap-on?”

“Whatever you want baby. I’ll do it all.” Nicole replied reassuringly.

Waverly grinned as she hustled over to the closet and took out the strap-on. She excitedly tossed it on the bed before making her way towards the bathroom. “Put that on. I’ll be out in a couple of minutes. And put out the towel.” She shut the door as soon as she finished her sentence.

Nicole chuckled at her girlfriend’s eagerness as she shook her head. She stripped off her uniform and slid the strap-on up and over her bare hips before walking over to the hall closet and pulling out the brown towel - which they had dubbed the period towel after last time. She placed the towel on the bed and sat waiting on the edge with her arms bracing herself behind her back, showing off her toned abs, and her legs outstretched in front of her and crossed at the ankles.

It wasn’t long before Waverly had opened the door wearing nothing but a silk robe. She strutted over to the bed, biting her lip as she looked over the redhead’s body. She hummed in approval before untying the robe and dropping it to the floor, exposing her completely bare skin from head to toe.

As the robe dropped, so did Nicole’s jaw. She had seen Waverly Earp naked plenty of times, but for some reason it was like seeing her body for the first time. Maybe it was her rare boldness, or the sheer confidence that radiated from her tanned skin. Whatever it was, it made it impossible for Nicole to tear her eyes away from the woman in front of her.

Waverly couldn’t help the blush creeping into her face. She never felt particularly attractive when she was on her period...if anything she always felt fat, and the giant pimple on her chin - she always got
a huge pimple somewhere on her face due to the hormone changes - wasn’t making her feel any better. But Nicole was; more specifically, the way Nicole was looking at her was. In that moment, Waverly felt like a model, and it was all because of her girlfriend’s reaction.

“Like what you see?” Waverly smirked.

“Waverly,” Nicole breathed out in awe. “You are extraordinary, do you know that? God, how is it that I get to look at someone as beautiful as you?”

Waverly blushed as a smile crept onto her face. She bit it back, trying to keep her seductive demeanor, but it was difficult when her girlfriend was complimenting her like that.

“Play your cards right, and you’ll get to do more than just look, Officer.” Waverly teased as she crawled onto Nicole’s lap.

She placed her knees on either side of Nicole and kneeled above her, being sure not to touch any part of the redhead’s body other than her shoulders. Waverly smiled at the way the officer was looking down at her abs. They weren’t as visible as usual due to the bloating, but Nicole didn’t seem to notice, and if she did then she didn’t seem to mind. Waverly pushed a breast closer to Nicole’s mouth, hinting at what she wanted. The redhead cupped the outside of the breast and hovered her lips over the nipple as she looked up for approval.

Waverly nodded before adding, “Um, they’re a little sore right now, so just be extra careful. No teeth.”

Nicole nodded in understanding before gently guiding the fleshy mound closer to her mouth and placing delicate kisses around Waverly’s nipple. She slowly swirled her tongue around, lightly licking the bud.

“That’s perfect baby,” Waverly panted as she threw her head back in pleasure.

Once Nicole was satisfied, she moved on to the other breast and did the same thing.

“Baby? Can you fuck me now?” Waverly was basically panting. She didn’t want to wait anymore. Her center was aching to be touched.

The redhead smiled as she gently brushed her hands down her girlfriend’s back. “Of course baby, whatever you want.”

“I want to feel you on top of me.”

Nicole leaned forward and gave Waverly another kiss before moving off the bed. She waited for Waverly to get situated the way she wanted to as she put on a condom and grabbed the lube.

“Any specific instructions for me?” Nicole asked as she coated the dildo.

“Just...don’t be too gentle.”

Nicole paused as she quirked an eyebrow. That was the opposite of what she was expecting.

“Right now I’m really craving rough, passionate, almost desperate sex, you know what I mean? Like, we can’t get enough of each other.” Waverly elaborated.

The redhead nodded as a smirk formed on her face. This wasn’t exactly the way she had pictured their lovemaking to go tonight, but she wasn’t complaining. If Waverly wanted rough sex, then
Waverly was going to get rough sex. Nicole situated herself between Waverly’s legs and let her body rest on top of the smaller woman’s as she began kissing her neck.

“Oh, and still be careful with my boobs. Just rough down there. Like, rough fucking but not rough foreplay?” Waverly hoped that she was explaining this properly, because she was sure that she was being confusing right now.

Nicole lifted her lips up from Waverly’s neck and hovered over her face as she gave a warm smile. “Got it.” She reassured before leaning down and capturing soft lips in a heated kiss.

Bracing her weight on her left hand next to Waverly’s head, the redhead lifted her body up so that it hovered over Waverly’s as she guided the dildo into her center with her right hand, all while looking deeply into wanting eyes. She studied Waverly’s reaction, and was pleased to see dilated pupils as she pushed all the way in. She gave a few gentle thrusts for Waverly’s walls to adjust before thrusting her hips harder.

A loud moan escaped Waverly’s lips as she wrapped her legs around Nicole, pulling her in deeper. Nicole instinctively began thrusting her hips harder, pounding her erection into Waverly.

“Oh Nicole!” Waverly yelled out in pleasure. This was exactly what she wanted. She was afraid that Nicole wouldn’t have it in her, that she would be too protective to fuck her like that. But their trust in each other gave Nicole the confidence to perform the way Waverly wanted her to.

They were moving so much that the bed was shaking and pounding against the wall. Nicole was thankful that she wasn’t in an apartment, or they would surely receive some complaints. Nicole looked down and noticed that they had moved up the bed a bit and the top of Waverly’s head was now hitting the wooden headboard. She wrapped her hand around the top of Waverly’s head, providing a cushion that she knew the brunette would need as she grabbed onto the headboard with her other hand and began slamming her hips into Waverly as hard as she could.

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck...” Waverly repeated, each time getting louder and louder, until...

“FUCK!” Waverly’s body shook as she frantically rocked her hips against Nicole, who at this point was just pushing her hips forward, allowing Waverly to control all of the movements as she rode out her orgasm.

Nicole’s eyes roamed over Waverly’s face as the girl dropped down onto the mattress, completely spent. She dropped her hand from the headboard to the mattress as she slowly and gently lowered herself down on top of Waverly. With her hand still cradling the top of Waverly’s head, she began to lightly brush the soft light brown hair with her thumb.

“Are you okay?” Nicole whispered as she continued to study Waverly’s face.

Waverly’s eyes slowly opened, and a smile formed on her face as soon as the blurry vision of red hair, brown eyes, and dimples came into focus. She reached up and cupped Nicole’s cheeks as she whispered back, “That was perfect. Thank you.”

Nicole leaned down for a chaste kiss before nuzzling Waverly’s nose. “I want to make sure you feel safe with me.”

Waverly chuckled. “I do feel safe with you.” She stated, as if it were obvious.

“No, but I mean, I want you to feel like you can express your feelings to me. I don’t want you to feel like you did with Champ. I want to be someone you feel safe talking to.”
Waverly drew her eyebrows together as she looked at her girlfriend, trying to figure out what was going through her mind. “Is this about the thing with the boots yesterday? Because I thought we worked through that.”

“Well, yeah I still feel a little guilty about that, but it’s not just that. It’s also...the threesome.” She said hesitantly. She paused for a moment before lifting her torso up. She knew this wasn’t a conversation they should be having with their dildo inside Waverly. “I’m going to pull out, okay?”

Waverly nodded, and Nicole moved her body so that she was now laying on her back next to Waverly. Both of them ignored the small blotches of red on the condom. Waverly laid still as she waited for Nicole to continue, slightly afraid of where this conversation was going.

Nicole sighed as she collected her thoughts. “You were afraid to tell me about the threesome because you were scared of how I would react, and I don’t ever want you to feel that way. I want you to be able to tell me things, anything, everything. I want us to have this open communication with each other where no matter what it is we’re thinking or feeling, we’re not afraid to say it.”

Waverly grabbed Nicole’s hand. “I know, and I want that too. And I do feel like I can tell you things. The threesome thing was just me being dumb thinking that you would give me crap for it, and I know that yesterday you were just reacting to me overreacting. Nicole, I feel safer with you than with anyone in my entire life, even Wynonna.”

“Really?”

“Really. I mean, I’ve never had period sex with anyone before because I was too afraid, but I’m so comfortable with it now because of you. And I gave you that awkward lap dance that one time, which I’ve never given anyone by the way.” She chuckled. “If that’s not a true testament of how safe you make me feel, then I don’t know what is.”

Nicole let out a short laugh. “Fair point.”

“Now, if we’ve gotten all the mushy feelings out of the way, can we please go back to fucking? Because I’ve done some research on must-do sex positions while on your period, and doggy style was one of the top recommended.”

Nicole chuckled at the fact that Waverly had done research, not that she was surprised. “Okay then, let’s not waste any more time.” She smirked as she stood up, grabbing the bottle of lube and reapplying it over the condom. She flitted her eyes from Waverly’s down to the dildo as she rubbed her hand up and down the shaft, showing her girlfriend that she was not afraid to touch her blood.

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The next morning

Wynonna was sprawled on the couch watching reruns of NCIS, a two liter of diet soda on the coffee table and a giant mixing bowl of extra buttery popcorn resting on her belly. She didn’t bother moving when she heard the door open and close. She looked over and saw Waverly walk into the living room to greet her, and took in the sight of her well-known hoodie and sweatpants.

“Uh oh, you’ve got your period outfit on. First day?”

“Actually, the third. I just ran out of clean clothes at Nicole’s.”

“Oh. You know, I remember when I used to get a period...” Wynonna trailed off, clearly trying to brag to her sister.
Waverly rolled her eyes. “Yeah, yeah. So you’ve said every time I’ve gotten my period over the past four months.”

“Is this what men feel like?” Wynonna asked curiously.

“Yeah, sure. Except for, you know, the morning sickness, and the weird cravings, and the back pain, and the having to pee every five seconds, and the actual growing a baby inside them. But other than that, I think you’re onto something.” Waverly said sarcastically, not even bothering to hide her eye roll.

“Ha ha, okay, I get it. No need to be snarky, period lady.”

“Don’t, okay. I’ve had enough people tell me about the inevitable mood I’ve been in this week.”

“Wanna talk about it?”

“Nope. I just want to enjoy my day off, relaxing on the couch doing absolutely nothing productive.” She stated as she walked past Wynonna and plopped down next to her sister.

“Well I’ve got the day off too. Want to do nothing together?” Wynonna grinned as she threw some popcorn at her sister.

Waverly just laughed and ate the popcorn off of her shirt. “Only if you share.”

“I just gave you some, didn’t I?”

Waverly rolled her eyes and reached into the bowl, pulling out a giant fistful of popcorn and tossing a piece into her mouth. “Hey, do you remember when I got my first period?”

“Oh god.” Wynonna dramatically rolled the back of her head against the couch. “I gave you that horrible sex talk. Please tell me that’s not what turned you gay.”

Waverly lightly shoved her sister. “Ha ha, very funny. You did a pretty good job for only being 15. Besides, if it weren’t for you, I never would’ve known about my clitoris.” Waverly mocked as she drew out the word.

The older Earp shook her head as she laughed. “I can’t believe I walked in on you flicking the bean. I mean, you didn’t even think to shut the door first? You’re supposed to be the smart one.”

“I was 9! And it’s your fault, you’re the one who told me about how good it felt.”

“Yeah but I didn’t think you were going to do it while everyone was home with your door open!” The sisters laughed in amusement at the memory, until the laughter died down and all that was left was silence. “Daddy was livid when he found out everything I had told you. He said that if you ever got yourself unexpectedly pregnant he would blame me for it.”

“I think that was just his usual drunkenness.”

“True.”

“Willa told me that getting my period meant that I should stay away from boys forever, and that they wouldn’t want me anyways because I was so unlikeable.”

“Ha. Guess her plan worked after all.” Wynonna winked as she tilted her glass towards her sister before taking a sip. “Speaking of lesbians, where’s Haughtstuff?”
“She’s working today.”

“Boo.”

“Why, were you actually wanting to hang out with your little sister and her girlfriend?” Waverly quirked an eyebrow.

“I mean, a girl’s day sounds kind of nice. We could relax, eat doughnuts, maybe have some sort of spa day...” She paused as she noticed her sister staring at her with raised eyebrows. “What?”

“Okay, you really need to get laid. Is this what you turn into without sex?”

Wynonna rolled her eyes. “I’m doing just fine in that department thank you very much.”

“Oh yeah? When was the last time you had sex?”

“When was the last time you had sex?” Wynonna quipped.

“Last night.” Waverly folded her arms confidently across her chest.

“Dammit.” Wynonna hissed in defeat. “Hold up...” her eyes widened and her jaw dropped into an open-mouthed grin as she pointed a finger at her sister. “Red did the red?! Well damn! Anyone who swims in the Red Sea during shark week is a keeper, little sister.”

Waverly held up a hand. “Okay, stop trying to change the subject.” Waverly tried to hold back her dopey smile, but her blush was still obvious. “I answered your question, now you answer mine.”

Wynonna groaned as she gave a dramatic eye roll. “Ugh, you’re so annoying. Your birthday party.”

“That was almost a month ago...have you ever even gone that long without sex?”

“Okay, no need for the slut shaming.” Wynonna shoved a handful of popcorn into her mouth.

“No, I wasn’t trying to...I just mean, why wait so long?”

“Because I’m ignoring Doc and Dolls has been acting weird ever since my infamous speech about my sex life at your party. I think he knows I slept with Doc.”

“Well probably. I mean, he is a police officer. He’s kind of trained to put puzzle pieces together.”

“Good point.” Wynonna sighed as she set the bowl of popcorn on the coffee table. She leaned forward and rested her forearms on her thighs as she clasped her hands together. “There’s not a good selection of man candy in this town. I mean, you know how it is. You were stuck with Chump for years.”

“Yeah but that was more about deflecting...”

“Not the point.”

“Okay, well what is the point? Because the only person stopping you from going after what you want is yourself.”

“And what is it that I want?” Wynonna quirked an eyebrow.

“Doc. Duh. But you’re too stubborn to admit that, so instead you’re sitting around the house sulking and pretending like nobody wants you.”
“I am not!”

“Are too!”

The older Earp paused as she pursed her lips together. “Well, maybe I am. But I’m definitely not into Doc. That ship has sailed and crashed into an iceberg.”

“Whatever, keep telling yourself that, Rose.” Waverly rolled her eyes as she hopped off the couch.

“Wait, where are you going?”

“To get some of my DVDs. If we’re going to sulk on the couch watching TV together, it’s going to be a Rom-Com, not boring reruns of cop shows.”

“Why do you get to pick?” Wynonna complained.

“Because, I’m on my period, and you’re not.” Waverly stuck her tongue out at her older sister before trotting up the stairs.

Chapter End Notes

As always, please PLEASE leave a comment! I love reading them and interacting with you guys! Comments truly brighten my day :)}
Halloween

Chapter Summary

It's Halloween! We find out the sex of Wynonna's baby, and then the gang goes to Chrissy's Halloween party, where Waverly runs into some trouble.

TW: There is attempted rape and sexual assault in this chapter. If this is something that may trigger you, then please do not read this chapter! Or at least don’t read the part where they’re at the party.

Chapter Notes

I know this took a bit of a dark turn, and I debated whether or not to go for this storyline, but this is a very real thing that happens way too often. I decided to include it for those of you who may relate to it. If this bothers you, then please know that this will not consume the story and there will be more happy stuff soon enough, I promise! But I wanted to show this and how Waverly (and Nicole) eventually handles it because it may help someone out there.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Okay, it’s Halloween.” Waverly said as she looked down at Wynonna sitting at the kitchen table, as if waiting for something.

“Uh, okay? Congratulations, you can read a calendar…” Wynonna shot back in a sarcastic tone. She took a sip of her coffee as she continued to read the comics on the back of the folded newspaper in her hand.

“Come on, Wynonna! You said by Halloween you would find out the sex of the baby!”

“I did?” Wynonna said, slightly confused.

“Yes, you did.”

“Why would I say that?”

“Because you’re bad at getting stuff done, so you gave yourself a timeline. Which is why last week you made a doctor’s appointment for this morning to hold yourself accountable.”

“Huh. That doesn’t sound like me.” Wynonna shrugged before focusing her attention back on the comic strip.

Waverly leaned over the table and slapped the newspaper down, catching her sister’s undivided attention. “Wynonna, come on!” Waverly whined. “Your appointment is in less than half an hour and you’re still in boxer shorts and a t-shirt!” She waved her hand up and down her sister’s attire for emphasis.
“Speaking of which, does your girlfriend wear boxers? These feel different, and I don’t remember owning any plaid ones in green…”

“Wynonna!” Waverly whined again.

“Okay, okay. Relax, kid. We’re not going to miss any appointment, because I cancelled it.” She stated nonchalantly.

“You what?!"

“I cancelled the appointment.” Wynonna repeated.

“Yes, I heard what you said. Why did you cancel it?”

“Oh. Because I went to see my doctor yesterday while you were at work, and she told me the sex of the baby already.” Wynonna grinned.

Waverly’s eyes nearly popped out of her eye sockets. “You know the sex of the baby?!” She yelled so loudly that the loose hairs that weren’t secured in Wynonna’s messy ponytail moved as if caught in the middle of a breeze.

“Yes. I sure do.” Her grin was even wider.

“Oh my god! Tell me!” Waverly shrieked as she fell into the chair next to her sister and violently shook the older woman’s arm.

“Oh, okay. I was going to do one of those cheesy gender reveal things, but your neediness has convinced me.” She shook her little sister’s hands off of her, and Waverly immediately clasped them against her chest in anticipation as she impatiently waited for her sister to give up the information. “Okay, so I was getting the ultrasound done, when the doctor said, ‘there’s your baby’s head, and there are the legs, and…looks like it’s a boy!’”

Waverly’s eyes filled up with tears at the idea of having a little nephew. She had hoped it would be a girl, but she couldn’t be mad that Wynonna was having a boy. In fact, she was more thrilled than she thought she’d be. She thought about how amazing this child would turn out being raised by a bunch of women. He wouldn’t be an asshole like Champ or any of those other boys she knew in high school. No, he was going to grow up to be a good man. The kind of man that this world needed.

Wynonna chuckled at her sister processing the information before continuing with the story. “…But then she said, ‘Oh, oops. That was just an arm. It’s actually a girl!’”

Waverly froze as she stared at her sister in confusion. “Wait. So…it’s a girl?”

“Mhmm” Wynonna hummed as she smiled. “Waves, I’m having a little girl. You’re going to have a niece. And I called it!”

The tears that were in Waverly’s eyes were now spilling down her cheeks as her heart swelled with happiness. She lurched forward and wrapped her arms around her older sister, who was also crying with joy. After a few moments of tears and laughter, Waverly wiped her tears from her face and kneeled down in front of Wynonna. She placed both hands on her sister’s baby bump as she leaned her face towards it.

“You are one lucky little girl to have such a badass Mama. And your Auntie Waverly loves you so much.” She lifted the black shirt Wynonna was wearing and kissed the soft skin of her belly before pulling it back down and giving it a single pat as she looked up at Wynonna with a wide grin. The
older Earp wiped a tear from her cheek and smiled as she grabbed Waverly’s hand resting on her belly and gave it a gentle squeeze.

“I love our little family.” Wynonna whispered before sniffling.

“Speaking of which, can I go with you when you tell Gus? She’s been telling me for weeks that she thinks it’s a boy, and I can’t wait to see the look on her face when she finds out that she was wrong for once.”

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Later that night, Nicole waited on the couch at the Homestead for Waverly to finish getting her costume on. They were getting ready to go to Chrissy Nedley’s annual Halloween bash, which always ended up being a huge rager. Chrissy had finally moved out of her father’s house and into a cheap house with Rosita on the outskirts of Purgatory, which Nicole was happy about. She really wasn’t too excited to go to a party being held at her boss’s home, but now she could have a good time without feeling like she had to completely police the place.

Nicole and Waverly had decided to go as Jack and Rose from Titanic – Waverly’s idea. Nicole wore a loose white long-sleeved Henley with slim fitting khakis, light brown oxfords, and of course, khaki colored suspenders. She had gotten her hair trimmed from her shoulders to her chin, which she knew Waverly had been wanting her to do since the girl had been hinting at for weeks now. She couldn’t wait to see the look on her girlfriend’s face when she saw the new look. But more importantly, she couldn’t wait to see Waverly’s dress. All she knew was that it was going to be a more modern take on the famous red and black gown, because that’s all Waverly had told her before they ended up having a full-blown makeout session in the police cruiser...which may or may not have led to a teenage-style hands-in-pants scenario.

The redhead was deep in thought of that memory when she heard a creak come from the top of the stairs. She jumped up from the couch and made her way towards the steps as she watched her girlfriend emerge from the second floor with attentive eyes and her hands in the pockets of her khakis. Her jaw nearly hit the floor when she took in the tight mid-thigh deep red dress with a black lace pattern going across the off-shoulder neckline. The black heels weren’t helping either. Realizing that she was practically drooling, Nicole shut her mouth so hard that she nearly bit her tongue.

“Oh my god! You cut your hair!” Waverly shrieked from the bottom step as she reached out and touched the neatly-trimmed edges of the woman’s auburn waves. Nicole was pulled out of her trance.

“Oh, you like it?” The older woman asked coyly as she zhooshed the back of her hair.

“Oh, I love it. You know I think you look super sexy with short hair, babe.” Waverly smirked as she wrapped her arms around the redhead’s neck and pulled her in for a kiss. They were equal heights since she was on the bottom step and Nicole was still on the floor, which was a nice change. She smiled against Nicole’s lips when she felt strong arms wrap around her waist. She was lost in the moment for only a second before she remembered why she had originally come down the stairs. She pulled out of the kiss and stepped down onto the floor and backed away so that Nicole could fully see her. “So, thoughts?” Waverly asked as she spun around, showing off every angle of her dress and ending with a sexy pose.

“Damn.” Nicole breathed out as she looked up and down the woman’s attire, taking in every little detail of the ensemble.

“You like?” Waverly smirked.
“I think if Kate Winslet’s dress looked more like that, it wouldn’t have taken me as long to figure out my sexuality.” Nicole chuckled as she wrapped her arms around Waverly and pulled her into a hug. She exhaled longingly as she rested her chin on top of soft, light brown hair.

“Well, if Leonardo DiCaprio looked more like you, it definitely wouldn’t have taken me as long to figure out my sexuality.” Waverly replied as she pressed her right cheek against Nicole’s collarbone, melting into the hug.

Nicole pulled back to look at her girlfriend with a quirked eyebrow. “You never had a crush on Leo?”

“No, I did.” Waverly giggled as she placed a flat hand on Nicole’s chest and gave it a couple of soft pats. “But I’ve never touched myself while thinking about Leo.” Waverly winked and gave a hearty laugh in reaction to the redhead’s wide eyes.

“Waverly Earp! That’s so inappropriate!” Nicole feigned surprise as she gasped, but Waverly just shrugged as she began to walk away. Nicole caught her by the wrist and pulled her back, effectively spinning the shorter girl back against her body. The sudden action caused Waverly to giggle, which caused Nicole to let out a cheery laugh. Her favorite sound was the sound Waverly’s laughter.

“I hear a lot of giggling in here. Are you two banging? I feel like girl-on-girl sex is just a lot of giggling…” Wynonna said as she entered the room with her hand over her eyes.

“Ha ha, very funny.” Waverly replied sarcastically.

“But not as funny as your costume!” Nicole blurted out as she doubled over in laughter.

Wynonna glared at the redhead as she folded her arms across her chest…or at least tried to, before giving up and letting her arms fall by her side. “I can’t believe I let you convince me to wear this thing. Betrayed by my own flesh and blood.”

“You said you wanted to be a part of our costume theme this year!” Waverly raised her voice in defense.

“But did I have to be the fucking door?!”

Waverly stifled her laughter as Nicole took a step towards Wynonna and examined the cardboard box she was wearing with intricate designs painted on it. “Personally, I think it’s poetic. You’re the thing that saved Rose, which is who your sister is dressed as. I think it’s metaphoric for how you’re always there for Waverly when she needs you the most.” Nicole smiled.

“Wow. That’s actually really sweet, Red.” Wynonna said with raised eyebrows. “What’s your costume a metaphor for? Sucking at staying alive?”

Nicole scowled at the elder Earp laughing at the top of her lungs.

“I think she looks cute in those suspenders.” Waverly popped Nicole on the butt as she gave the redhead a once over, suggestively biting her bottom lip as she did so. The look Waverly was giving Nicole caused the redhead’s cheeks to match the color of her hair.

“Gross.” Wynonna said before fake gagging.

“Look, it took me forever to make that costume for you. Can you just appreciate my work?” Waverly pleaded.
“Fine.” Wynonna sighed as she rolled her eyes. “Can we just hurry up and get to this party already before I decide to glue on some red cups and turn this thing into a classy beer pong table costume?”

“Yes, we can go. But I have to pee first.” Waverly gave the women an apologetic look as she ran off to the bathroom.

“I can’t believe I’m actually wearing this thing.” Wynonna shook her head as she let out a breathy chuckle.

“Hey, a bet’s a bet.” Nicole shrugged with cockiness. “And the stakes were that if you lost, you would have to be a part of our costume theme and wear the first thing Waverly suggested.”

“That’s not fair! You failed to disclose that you two had already decided to go as Jack and Rose. I mean, there’s not really a significant third person in that movie. You knew Waverly would have picked an inanimate object.” Wynonna grumbled as she tried to fold her arms again, but failed… again.

“Personally, I was hoping that she was going to suggest the iceberg. Seems more fitting for your personality.” Nicole grinned, but quickly dropped her smile when she had to defend herself from being punched in the arm.

“And what if I decide to not wear this stupid thing?”

“Do you really want Waverly to know that you were sparring while being 21 weeks pregnant?” Nicole asked with a raised eyebrow and her hands on her hips.

“No. Which is why you’re wearing that costume and Waverly never knows the truth, because I won fair and square.”

“Fine. But you only won because I really had to pee and couldn’t stay focused. As soon as I pop out this little Pop-Tart, I want a re-match.”

“Fine with me.” Nicole shrugged. “Oh, and by the way, girl-on-girl sex does not involve giggling.” Nicole stated with confidence as a look of something that resembled pride took over her features.

“Yeah, I know that dipshit. I was just making a joke. These walls aren’t thick you know. And neither am I.” Wynonna flicked Nicole hard on the forehead with her middle finger.

“Ow! What the hell was that for?!” Nicole yelped as she rubbed the red spot on her forehead.

“For all the times I had to listen to you and my baby sister doing god knows what in her bedroom.” Wynonna said with a scowl on her face as she poked Nicole in the chest with a firm finger.

“I think you know what we were doing in there, Wynonna…”

“Hence the flick on the forehead.” She stated matter-of-factly. “Now help me get out of this thing.”

“What for?!”

“Because, now I have to pee.”

Nicole groaned as she helped Wynonna out of the oddly-shaped 3-dimensional piece of cardboard. “I hope your daughter is as annoying as you are, so that you know what it’s like to have to deal with
yourself.”

“I think we both know she’s probably going to end up being more of a Waverly.”

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Nicole, Waverly, and Wynonna rolled up to Chrissy and Rosita’s house in Waverly’s red Jeep. The party had clearly already started, as evidenced by the pumping house music and flashing lights coming from inside the house. Not to mention the fact that there were several people on the front porch, which usually meant that it was slightly crowded inside.

“Uh, I thought the party was supposed to start at 9?” Nicole queried.

“That’s what they said.” Waverly shrugged as she pulled up against the curb and parked.

“I’m just glad we’re not early like a bunch of losers.” Wynonna scoffed as she jumped out of the car and walked around the back to get her costume out – Upon getting in the car, she had quickly realized that it would be impossible to sit down with the costume on, so she had to take it off and stuff it in the trunk.

The three of them walked up the front porch and inside the house, where they were immediately greeted by a buzzed Chrissy.

“Ladies!” The blonde drew out as she slung both arms around Waverly and Nicole. She looked over their costumes and smirked. “Jack and Rose? Sexy. You look totally hot in that dress Waves!” She then took in Wynonna’s costume and held her hand over her mouth as she laughed.

Wynonna rolled her eyes. “Yeah yeah, whatever. The only reason I’m wearing this thing is because…” She looked over at Nicole, who was giving her a warning look. “Because my favorite sister made it for me.” Wynonna continued as she pulled Waverly into an uncomfortable embrace against the cardboard costume.

“I’m your only sister, Wynonna.” Waverly rolled her eyes. “But I’m glad you like it.”

“Hey, you two look fancy.” Rosita said as she walked up to the group.

Nicole nodded in response to the compliment. “And you look…sober.”

“I drew the short straw. I have to stay sober and make sure nothing gets destroyed.” Rosita explained, clearly a little bummed.

“So, you told us to get here at 9, and now it’s…” Waverly grabbed Nicole’s arm and looked at the large quartz watch on her wrist. “9. Why are there so many people here already? I know that not everyone is as punctual as we are…”

Wynonna grimaced at the thought of being referred to as punctual.

Rosita rolled her eyes and shook her head. “Darren showed up early with some of his college buddies to pre-game. Ended up drawing in a huge crowd before the actual invited guests even showed up.”

“That makes so much sense.” Waverly chuckled, unsurprised by the information.

The group continued to chat for a couple of minutes, when they noticed Jeremy and Robin walk up, Dolls trailing behind them.
“Did you three drive here together?” Wynonna questioned with a quirked eyebrow.

“Figured we’d save gas.” Dolls shrugged. He was dressed in a black suit with dark sunglasses.

“Let me guess, Men in Black?” Wynonna asked as she pointed at his getup.

“Well you know what they say, once you go black you don’t go back.” Dolls smirked as he leaned closer to Wynonna, who playfully pushed him away with a blush and a coy smile.

“And you’re a…door?” He drew his eyebrows together in confusion.

“I’m the thing that saves her.” Wynonna pointed to Waverly.

“And I’m the one who dies.” Nicole joked.

“Ah, Titanic. Classic.” Dolls nodded as he took in the trio’s costume theme.

“We’re Batman and Robin!” Jeremy exclaimed enthusiastically. “Robin is Batman, and I’m Robin…well, Robin as in like, the sidekick. Not as in my boyfriend. It would be really weird if I dressed up as my boyfriend.”

“I almost dressed up as Nicole.” Waverly shrugged.

“No you didn’t. Did you really?” Nicole asked incredulously.

“Yep. Almost wore the uniform, too.” She smirked as she wrapped her arms around the redhead.

“Oh that would’ve been beyond sexy.” Nicole admitted as her eyes roamend over her girlfriend’s body, picturing the petite woman in a police uniform.

Wynonna waved her hand in the air. “Um, hello, sister present. Can you guys stop eye humping each other in front of me? It’s grossing me out.”

Waverly and Nicole pulled away, slightly blushing at the looks everyone was giving them.

“Jeremy insisted I dress up as Batman, even though he’s more of the superhero than I am.” Robin smiled as he wrapped his arm around Jeremy’s shoulders, causing the shorter man to blush.

“Well, I’m gonna go find Darren. Make yourselves at home and drink up!” Chrissy winked before dancing off into the living room.

“I’m going to get a drink. You want anything, babe?” Waverly asked as she rubbed Nicole’s lower back.

“Just a beer.”

“Wynonna?”

“Something fruity…and virgin.”

Waverly looked at her sister waiting for her to make some dumb joke, but just nodded when she realized she wasn’t going to. “Anyone else?”

Jeremy and Robin politely shook their heads as Dolls replied, “Not yet. I want a beer pong rematch against Haught. And this time, I want to do it sober.”
“Fair enough. But you’re going to get your ass whooped again.” Nicole smirked as she led them towards the back door and to the back yard where there was a large crowd surrounding the beer pong table.

Waverly went to the kitchen to get the drinks. She rummaged through the refrigerator to find something to make a virgin cocktail for Wynonna. When she closed the door, she jumped back at the unexpected sight of a person standing there.

“Jesus Christ!” She gasped as she grabbed her chest.

Champ lifted the hockey mask off of his face that went the rest of his hockey costume. “Waves, it’s me.” He grinned, as if she should be happy about that.

“What the hell Champ?! You scared the living daylights out of me!” She berated as she smacked him on the arm.

“Ow! Okay, I’m sorry. I just wanted to say hey.”

“Okay, you’ve made your presence known. You can leave now.” She rolled her eyes as she turned around to make the cocktail.

“That ginger butch has made you mean.” He scoffed. Before Waverly could even make a comeback, he was leaving the kitchen. She sighed, figuring he wasn’t worth the time anyways.

She made her way to the back porch where everyone was watching Nicole and Dolls battle each other at beer pong. She held the three drinks skillfully in her hands before setting them down on a nearby table.

“Thanks sis.” Wynonna said as she gratefully took her drink.

Waverly sat Nicole’s beer down, knowing better than to distract her girlfriend in the middle of a game, even with alcohol. The redhead had a competitive streak. “Who’s winning?”

“It’s a tie so far.”

“I just hope they don’t spend the whole time playing.” Waverly sighed.

“They said they would play just one game.” Wynonna shrugged as she sipped the fruity beverage.

“Yeah, they said that last time too.” Waverly rolled her eyes.

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A couple hours later, the party was really in full swing. The place was nearly packed, and the entire downstairs was full of people dancing and having fun. Wynonna had ditched her costume a long time ago and was now happily dancing with Dolls, thankful that she could now freely move her limbs around. Jeremy was busting some awkward dance moves – he had stated to everyone that The Robot was his go-to move, but nobody actually believed him – as Robin watched him with amused eyes. Chrissy and Darren were dancing together next to Rosita and one of Darren’s friends, who she admitted she thought was really cute earlier. Everyone in their friend group was taking bets on whether or not they would hook up. Nicole and Waverly were off in their own little bubble, slow dancing. Nicole had her hands wrapped around Waverly’s waist and Waverly had her arms around the redhead’s neck as they looked at each other attentively, smiling at one another as they swayed back and forth.
“You know this isn’t a slow song, right?” Waverly giggled.

“I know. I just like dancing with you like this.” Nicole smiled. The redhead had only had the one beer, and she was enjoying the time with her girlfriend, even if they were spending it with the drunkenness of practically all of the early to mid 20’s population of Purgatory. Waverly had a few more drinks than Nicole, but she wasn’t completely wasted. Although, she did really have to pee. She had been holding off for a while, not wanting to break the golden seal, but she was at the point where she couldn’t wait anymore.

“I’ll be right back.” Waverly smiled as she pulled away from the taller woman.

“Where are you going?” Nicole pouted as she held onto the smaller girl’s hand and tried to keep her there.

Waverly giggled as she gave Nicole’s hand a reassuring squeeze. “I’ll be right back. Just wait here for me.”

As soon as Waverly reached the bathroom she swung the door shut and went straight for the toilet. She sighed in relief when she was finally able to relieve herself of all the alcohol she had been drinking. She flushed the toilet and went to the sink to wash her hands. As she did so, she heard the creaking of the door opening behind her. She quickly looked up into the mirror with a smile expecting to see Nicole, but when she saw who it was, her smile dropped. She spun around and glared at Champ, who had shut the door and locked it behind him.

“What the hell do you want?” Waverly barked as she folded her arms across her chest.

“Come on Waves. I just wanna talk.” He slurred as he staggered over to the brunette, clearly hammered. Waverly couldn’t remember a time when she had seen him this drunk. He was barely able to keep his eyes open. She was surprised he had actually managed to get up the stairs on his own.

“I have nothing to say to you anymore, so please leave me alone.” Waverly replied calmly as she tried to walk past him, but he stopped her and pushed her back in front of him.

“Okay, you win. It worked.” He stepped closer to her.

“What worked?” She quirked an eyebrow as she took a step back, creating a more comfortable distance between them.

“This whole lesbian thing. You trying to get me to be a better boyfriend by making me jealous. You win, I’ll be better. You can cut the shit now. I want you back.” He smiled, as if he actually truly believed that that’s what all of this was about. He almost looked proud of himself for figuring it out, but little did he know how idiotic he sounded.

Waverly looked at him incredulously as she shook her head. “Champ, this isn’t some game. This isn’t some extravagant plan to try to make you be a better boyfriend. I love Nicole. I love her more than I’ve ever loved anyone, even you. Especially you. I’m gay, and nothing you can say or do can change that. Why can’t you just accept that this is who I am? I’m happy. Don’t you care about that at all?” She folded her arms across her chest and looked at him in a way that she hoped would make him see her, the real her. Not this image of her he had in his head for his own sake. All she wanted was for him to accept that they were truly done, and that there was no fixing this.

Champ growled as he lurched forward and pinned Waverly to the wall behind her.

“What the fuck! Get off of me!” She tried to push him away, but he grabbed her arms and held them
to the wall on either side of her body to where she couldn’t move them.

“Because, look at you! You’re super hot! You’re girly and you wear makeup and dresses, and you’re into normal girl things like cheerleading. There’s no way that you’re gay. And there’s no way you can be happy with her!” Suddenly, a thought came across his mind. “Is she blackmailing you or something? Is she threatening you to be with her?”

Waverly grunted as she continued to try to free her arms, but he was too strong. She knew she had to weaken him somehow. She tried to knee him in the groin, but he was pushed up against her body and she couldn’t get a knee between his legs.

When he realized what she was trying to do, he pushed his body even harder against her to protect himself. His face turned serious as he blew a piece of hair out of her face, knowing that it was probably bothering her and he didn’t want to let her hands go just yet. “What does she do to you?”

“What are you talking about?” Waverly continued to struggle to free herself from his grasp.

“Don’t play dumb with me! The dyke cop. What does she do to you in bed that you love so much?” There was a chilling bite in his voice.

Waverly froze. She scrunched her nose in disgust as the pungent smell of an array of alcoholic drinks on his breath took over her sense of smell. She wished that he would just breathe through his nose like a normal person instead of through his mouth, but he was probably too drunk to even know the difference. “Everything. I love everything she does to me, because she’s actually good at it. Better than you ever were.” She literally spat in his face, hoping that it would cause him to pull away in disgust and she would have a chance to free herself, but he just froze.

He looked into her eyes with a blank expression. She stopped struggling and looked at him with raised eyebrows as she stood there, still pinned against the wall. His eyes were glossed over and they were completely dilated. It was as if he was looking straight through her instead of at her. For a second, she actually thought she had broken him. That is, until he smashed his lips against hers in a forceful kiss.

“Champ, what are you doing!” Waverly yelled against his mouth as she tried to push him off, but he was persistent.

“I’m reminding you of how good I am. Please baby, I know you still love me. You’ve been brainwashed. I can help you. Let me help you.” His words were slurring even more than before.

“You’re fucking delusional!” She yelled as she tried to wriggle herself from his grasp. He tightened his grip around her wrists and moved them so that they were both in his left hand before raising her arms up and pinning them to the wall above her head. As he held her wrists tightly in his hand, he covered her mouth with the other hand. Her eyes went wide as she realized what was happening. She looked at his drunken face, anger and hurt painted all over it. There was something in his eyes that she had never seen before. She didn’t know if it was the alcohol or what, but whatever it was it sent a chill down her spine. This wasn’t the Champ she once knew.

“Shh, just relax.” He persuaded as he canted his hips forward.

Waverly could feel his bulge in his pants rubbing against her between her legs. She could feel that he was semi-hard, and it infuriated her to no end, knowing that he was turned on by her right now. Her dress had ridden up at this point exposing her black-laced thong, and she chastised herself for not wearing a dress that was longer and less tight; something that would have protected her a little better; something that he would find less attractive. She also wished that she had worn different underwear,
but she hadn’t chosen them with him in mind. She tried to pull her body as far back from him as possible, but it was no use. The wall behind her made it impossible.

“I’m going to remind you that you love me. I’m going to help you be Waverly again.” He whispered in her ear before sloppily kissing her neck as he continued to hump her.

Waverly shook her head and repeatedly yelled “no” over and over to try and get him to listen, but it only came out as muffled whimpers against his rough, calloused hand. She tried to release her wrists from his grasp, but it was no use. He was much physically stronger than her, but she didn’t stop trying. She continued to wriggle around and move away from him; She wasn’t going to give up that easily.

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“Hey, have you seen Waverly?” Nicole asked Jeremy and Robin, who both shook their heads.

“She’s probably hooking up with Champ by now.” Pete said from behind her. He laughed as he knocked back his beer, slightly missing his mouth as some dribbled down his chin. It was obvious that he was wasted by the way he stumbled.

Nicole looked him over and grimaced at the worst Jack Sparrow costume she had ever seen. Although, he had the walk down. She drew her eyebrows together. “What are you talking about?”

“Said something about winning her back. My guess is she’s already come to her senses. Pun intended.” He chuckled and shook his head as he brought the beer can up to his mouth to take another sip, but dropped it when he felt two hands grab him by the collar and brutally shove him up against the wall. “Ow! What the fuck!”

“Where are they?!” Nicole demanded as she clenched her fists so tightly around his shirt that her knuckles were turning white. She was pushing him as hard as she could against the wall to the point where she could actually feel his rapid heartbeat thud against his chest.

“Last I saw he followed her upstairs! I think they went into the bathroom!” He pointed up the stairs as he looked at the redhead in terror.

Nicole released him so quickly that he fell to the ground. She jumped over him and ran up the stairs, taking three at a time until she reached the bathroom. She tried to open the door, but it was locked. Without even thinking, she took a step back and with as much force as possible, kicked the door as hard as she could, grunting in the process. It swung open, revealing Champ pressed up against Waverly with his lips on her neck. Nicole could hear Waverly calling her name in a muffled voice with wide eyes.

“Get off her!” Nicole shouted as she pulled Champ’s burly body away from the brunette. He stumbled a bit before catching himself on the sink. He was so drunk that he looked like he was about to pass out. He shook his head as he took in the sight of the redhead.

“You make an ugly ass dude.” He said as he looked over Nicole’s costume with disgust.

“That’s because I’m not one. What’s your excuse?” Nicole didn’t even give him a chance to answer before she decked him right under his left eye, knocking him out cold.

Waverly covered her mouth in shock as she looked at an unconscious Champ laying on the floor. She was shaking from the adrenaline rush and the flood of emotions that were coursing through her body, from confusion to terror to relief. It was like she couldn’t pick one emotion, so her body was just feeling them all.
“Are you okay? Did he hurt you?” Nicole asked as she frantically looked over her girlfriend for any injuries.

Waverly shook her head. “I’m fine. He just tried to kiss me.”

Nicole took a step back and looked at her girlfriend with a quirked eyebrow. “Waverly, it looked like he was trying to do more than just kiss you. It looked like he was trying to-“

“Well he wasn’t.” Waverly abruptly cut her off. “He was just drunk. He didn’t know what he was doing.”

“Yes, he did. He knew exactly what he was doing, Waverly.” Nicole scolded. She looked down at Waverly’s ex and glared at his inert body, thinking of all the ways she was going to get him back for this.

“You don’t know him like I do Nicole! He would never do that to me!” Waverly said, bringing Nicole out of her thoughts and causing her to look back at Waverly.

“Why are you defending him?” Nicole’s voice was a little bit louder than she had intended.

“I’m not defending him. I’m just telling you what happened. He was just trying to kiss me, that’s all. Nothing else happened.” She folded her arms tightly across her chest as her eyes began to water. She tried to blink the tears away, but instead they ended up falling down her cheeks.

Nicole’s demeanor changed from angry to sympathetic when she saw the state of her girlfriend. She finally noticed that the girl was trembling, and she cursed herself for raising her voice. Her face softened and her clenched muscles were now more relaxed. “Waves...” She cooed as she took a step forward with outstretched arms, but when Waverly smacked her hands away, she retreated with concern.

“I’m fine. I just...I don’t want to be here anymore. I’m going home.” Waverly said as she brushed past Nicole.

“Well, wait a minute. At least let me drive you home. You’ve been drinking.”

“No.” She waved her girlfriend off. “I’ll call a cab or something. I just want to be by myself.”

“Waverly-“

“Don’t follow me.” She warned before storming out of the bathroom, leaving Nicole standing there dumbstruck next to Champ’s unconscious body.

Chapter End Notes

To be continued!
Aftermath (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

*Summary and notes pertain to these next TWO (2) chapters, since this was super long and I had to break it up into two parts*

The aftermath of what happened to Waverly at the Halloween party. This is the most raw and emotional chapter I’ve ever written, so be prepared for that.

TW: Discussion about the assault, and Waverly goes into details about her feelings in the next part.

P.S. I’m not a lawyer so I’m not the most knowledgeable when it comes to the law, so please be gentle when criticizing that stuff! This is the story I’ve written, so even if something is incorrect in real life just go with the mindset that it makes since in this fictional world.

Chapter Notes

Some of you may not agree with the “punishment” I’ve decided on for Champ, and that’s okay. But I hope most of you do!

Nicole sighed as she stared at Champ. She wasn’t exactly prepared for an arrest, which meant that she’d have to call someone else to come and pick him up. She pulled out her phone and dialed Waverly’s number. After a couple of rings, it went straight to voicemail. Thinking the call might have been dropped, she tried again, but this time it only rang once before going straight to voicemail. At this point, she knew that Waverly was declining her calls, so she decided to go the texting route.

Nicole: I don’t have my handcuffs on me so I can’t arrest him. I’m calling Sheriff Nedley to come pick him up. Just wanted to let you know.

She hit send and sighed. Just when she had opened up her contacts to call Nedley, Waverly’s picture popped up on the screen. Nicole immediately hit the green answer button.

“Waverly?”

“Don’t arrest him. Don’t call anyone.” Waverly said without missing a beat. Her voice was demanding.

“Waverly, he committed a crime. I can’t just stand by and do nothing.”

“Yes you can. I’m not pressing charges. If you arrest him, I’ll just deny it and he’ll be let go anyways.”

Nicole took a deep breath as she pinched the bridge of her nose. She was trying not to get frustrated...
at Waverly, but the girl wasn’t letting her help. She figured the best thing she should do right now is to just give her some time to think it over and then try to convince her in the morning. “So what do you want me to do with him?”

“Just...I don’t know. Tell his friends he passed out or something. Or leave him there, I don’t care. But don’t tell anyone what happened. Please.”

The shakiness of Waverly’s voice was breaking Nicole’s heart. She wanted more than anything to be there with her, but she knew that the girl needed space. “Okay. I won’t tell anyone. But baby, please text me when you’re home so I know that you’ve made it safely.”

“I will.” Before Nicole could even say ‘I love you’ Waverly ended the call.

Nicole shoved her phone into her pocket and stared at Champ. She really, really wanted to kick his ass, but she couldn’t. She couldn’t in good conscious beat an unconscious man, and she knew it wasn’t what Waverly would have wanted right now. It wouldn’t change anything.

“Dammit, Champ.” Nicole muttered under her breath. She ran her hands through her hair as she inhaled through her nose, trying to compose herself.

“Okay.” She whispered to herself before walking out of the bathroom and down the stairs. She looked around until she found Pete. When she noticed him sleeping on the couch - and snoring quite loudly - she rolled her eyes. He wasn’t going to be much help. She looked around the room and spotted Darren standing with Chrissy, Rosita, and Darren’s friend that Rosita had been hanging over all night.

“Hey,” Nicole said as she reached the group, getting their attention. “Champ is passed out upstairs in your bathroom, but he’s fine. Looks like he got into a fight with someone…” She shifted her eyes as she shoved her hands into her pockets, effectively hiding the red knuckles of her right hand. “Just make sure he gets home okay.”

“On it.” Darren gave a curt nod as he lightly backhanded his friend in the chest, signaling for him to follow as they made their way towards the stairs.

Rosita sighed as she shook her head. “I should probably do a quick sweep of the place anyways, just to make sure everyone is okay.” She started to walk off, but Nicole grabbed her arm and pulled her aside.

“Hey, um, I kind of broke your bathroom door, but I’ll come back tomorrow morning with a new knob and some tools to fix it.”

Rosita looked at her quizzically. “How did you break the door?”

“It was locked and I kicked it in.” Nicole admitted as she rubbed the back of her neck, sounding slightly guilty.

“And you couldn’t have asked me for the key?” The dark-haired woman crossed her arms. She sounded slightly annoyed.

“Look, please don’t ask any more questions, but I had to. Just trust me.”

She looked at Nicole for a moment with a furrowed brow before figuring it was something important. “Okay. If you’re going to fix it then it’s not a big deal.”

“I will. Thank you.”
As Rosita walked off, Nicole went outside to find Wynonna. Thankfully she didn’t have to look too long, because the older Earp was sitting on the patio furniture next to Dolls and across from Jeremy and Robin.

“Hey, I’m leaving. You coming with me or are you catching a ride with them?” Nicole asked Wynonna as she nodded towards the rest of the gang. Her pulse was racing and it was hard for her to stand still as the adrenaline rushed through her body from what had just happened to her girlfriend.

“If you and Waves are leaving to have some alone time, then I’m definitely staying here.” Wynonna scoffed.

“She left.”

Wynonna drew her eyebrows together. “Left where? Where did she go?”

“She left.”

Wynonna stood up and pulled Nicole aside. She instantly noticed how jittery the redhead was. “What happened? Did you two get into an argument? Did you upset her?”

Nicole could see Wynonna shifting into big sister mode. “No, nothing like that. I can’t talk about it, but she said she’d text me when she got home. She should be there soon.”

“So, there’s something to talk about?” The brunette quirked an eyebrow.

“Wynonna, please.” Nicole implored.

“Okay, fine. I’m going to hang here a little longer so I’ll just catch a ride home with these goons. You take the Jeep back to the homestead.”

Nicole nodded before heading back inside the house and making her way to the Jeep, thankful that Waverly had given her the keys to hold onto for the night. As soon as she started the ignition, her phone chimed.

Waverly: Home. Going to sleep, good night.

Nicole sighed in relief, but also in concern. She typed out a quick reply.

Nicole: Glad you made it safely. Good night. I love you. I’ll check on you tomorrow.

Knowing that Waverly wouldn’t reply, she tossed her phone in the passenger seat and drove down the street as she headed towards the homestead to pick up her car.

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The next morning, Nicole pulled up to the homestead in her police cruiser. She took a deep breath before stepping out of the car and trudging up to the door. She hadn’t heard from Waverly since her good night text, and she wasn’t sure what exactly she was about to walk into. She wasn’t even sure if Waverly wanted her there right now, but she had to find out if her girlfriend was okay. She knocked on the door and waited, hoping that Waverly would answer it, but instead saw Wynonna in her pajamas and disheveled hair. Clearly, she hadn’t been up for too long.

“Hey Haughtstuff. I was just making some coffee.” Wynonna said as she walked back into the kitchen leaving the door open, which was an invitation to come inside.
“Is she up?” Nicole asked as she shut the door and followed the older Earp.

“I don’t think so. Haven’t seen her yet. She probably has a hangover.” Wynonna shrugged as she set up the coffee maker. “She drank a little more than she’s used to last night.”

Nicole nodded. “Did she tell you about the other thing?” Nicole tried to be vague in case Waverly hadn’t said anything to Wynonna.

The brunette turned around and looked at the full-uniformed officer in confusion. “What other thing? Is this about your fight or whatever? The reason why she left early?”

Before Nicole had answered, they heard footsteps coming down the stairs and looked to see Waverly walk into the kitchen. She was wearing a sweatshirt and some sweatpants with her hair up in a loose ponytail. They looked at her red eyes and puffy face.

“Jesus, you look awful.” Wynonna blurted out, earning a glare from Nicole.

“I just came to get some Aspirin.” Waverly said barely above a whisper as she walked between the two women, briefly glancing at Nicole, before focusing her attention on reaching the medicine bottle on the top shelf.

“Let me help you.” Nicole offered as she took a step towards the petite brunette, but she was quickly shut down.

“I can do it myself.” Waverly snapped as she jumped up and successfully snatched the bottle before pouring a couple of pills into her hand, giving Nicole a warning look.

Wynonna looked at the couple with a raised eyebrow and remembered what she and Nicole were talking about before Waverly had walked in and distracted her. “So, what happened last night?” Wynonna asked, directing the question towards her younger sister. Clearly something was up.

Waverly froze for a moment before looking at Nicole. “You told her?” There was a bit of betrayal in her voice.

The officer held her hands up in defense. “I didn’t, I swear! I just asked how you were doing and she just kind of guessed that something was up.”

“Tell me what?” Wynonna asked, concern painted on her face. She had a feeling that this was something more than just an argument between girlfiends, especially if they were being cryptic like this.

Waverly threw the bottle on the counter and sighed as she plopped down into a kitchen chair. She pulled one leg up to her chest and rested her chin down on her knee as she shook her head with her eyes closed.

Wynonna grabbed the back of the chair next to Waverly and stared at her sister, waiting for her to say something. When she didn’t, Wynonna threw her hands up in the air. “Okay, I’m waiting. Tell me what happened!” She could tell something was wrong, and the gut feeling that something bad had happened caused her words to come out a little more passionately than she had intended.

“Don’t raise your voice at her like that.” Nicole defended. “If she doesn’t want to tell you, she doesn’t have to.”

“How about you let Waverly speak for herself.” Wynonna shot back.
“Will you two stop it!” Waverly yelled. Both of the women looked at her, Nicole apologetically and Wynonna with concern. The younger Earp sighed. “Sit down. I don’t like the way you’re both standing over me. Feels like you’re hovering.”

Nicole and Wynonna sat down in the chairs on either side of Waverly and silently looked at her, allowing her to continue.

Waverly let out a shaky breath as she closed her eyes and shook her head. She really didn’t want to cry, because crying would make this a big deal. And she didn’t want this to be a big deal. So she held back any tears as best as she could, focusing on the skin of her hands as she rubbed them together. After a couple of deep breaths, she opened her eyes and looked at her sister.

“At the party, I went to the bathroom. Champ followed me in and he tried to…you know…” she trailed off.

Wynonna furrowed her brow and shook her head. “Tried to what?” She had a feeling she knew what the answer was based on how Waverly was acting, but she didn’t want to believe it. Not until somebody spelled it out for her.

Nicole could see that Waverly was struggling to talk about it, so she stepped in. “He tried to have sex with her.”

“He what?!” Wynonna shot up from her chair.

“He didn’t succeed though. I walked in on him kissing her and stopped him before he could do anything more.” Nicole continued, trying to reassure Wynonna that he hadn’t actually done whatever worst scenario was running through her mind.

“Please tell me you arrested that son of a bitch.” Wynonna pointed at the table for emphasis as she spoke.

Nicole opened her mouth, but quickly closed it. She looked over at Waverly, then back at Wynonna and just shook her head.

“You mean to tell me that you witnessed that shithead forcing himself on my baby sister, and you didn’t arrest him?!! What the fuck is wrong with you!”

“I asked her not to.” Waverly said quietly as she looked at the table, her chin still on her knee as she hugged her leg closer to her body. She didn’t want to look either of them in the eye right now.

“Why not?” Wynonna demanded.

“Because, he was drunk, and he didn’t do more than kiss me. Nicole stopped him and punched him in the face, knocking him out cold. He got what he deserved.”

“Waverly, he tried to rape you! He deserves so much more than just a punch in the face!”

Waverly grimaced at the word. She felt like it was too strong of a word for what had actually happened. “Can you please not say that?”

“Well what else should I call it then?” Wynonna asked with her hands held up in question.

“How about you call it nothing, because nothing happened!” Waverly shot back as she stood up from her chair. The loud scrape of the wooden legs against the floor as the chair scooted back caused both Nicole and Wynonna to wince. “Can you both please just stop making such a big deal about
this and just let me move on?” She ran up the stairs, slamming her bedroom door behind her.

“Does she seriously think we’re going to just let this go?” Wynonna asked with wide eyes as she looked at Nicole.

“I don’t know.” Nicole replied softly as she looked down at the table, sitting still in her chair.

“Please tell me you’re going to arrest him anyways.”

Nicole sighed. “I don’t know.”

Wynonna scoffed. “You’re a police officer, Nicole! Didn’t you take some oath about integrity or some shit? Don’t you have morals? What happened to those, huh?”

Nicole leaned forward in her chair and rested her forearms on the table as she began to speak a little louder. “Waverly doesn’t want me to. What am I supposed to do? She’s not pressing charges.”

“She doesn’t have to press charges. You’re a witness. You saw everything that happened with your own eyes.” The brunette was gesticulating wildly in the air at this point as she continued to get even more worked up.

“I was drinking, Wynonna. Even if I did arrest him, he would just get out on bail and then be taken to trial, where he’ll probably win. All I saw was him kissing her neck and holding his hand over her mouth. Do you seriously think a jury is going to convict Champ Hardy for that? Do you really think they’re going to give him jail time for that, when the only eye witness was an off-duty cop who was drinking and partying and who also happens to be in a relationship with the person accusing him, who just so happens to be his ex-girlfriend? I’m a police officer, I’ve seen how these types of situations tend to go. All they’re going to see is a messy love triangle with two lesbians, and a straight white man who shouldn’t have his name tarnished over something the law says is a minor offense. Do you really want to put Waverly through all of that when clearly it’s not what she wants right now?”

“I don’t know Nicole, but you have to at least try.” Wynonna walked around the table and stood closer to Nicole as she folded her arms across her chest. “She’s my little sister, and she’s your girlfriend. We can’t just let him get away with this. What if he does it to someone else? What if he goes after her again and actually succeeds next time? Would you really be able to live with yourself?”

“Oh.” Nicole said forcefully as she stood up from her chair and held her hands out in defeat. She continued a little softer. “Okay, you’re right.” She sighed as she brushed her right hand through her hair and stood with her left hand on her belt buckle. “Just let me talk to her first, okay? I want to see if I can get her to make a statement. Holding Champ will be easier if she doesn’t deny anything. Just give me until tonight, and then I’ll go and pick him up.”

“Fine. But only until tonight. If you don’t do it then I’m calling Dolls to do it.”

Nicole nodded in understanding as she trudged towards the stairs and up to Waverly’s room. She stood outside the door and took a deep breath before softly knocking. “Baby, it’s me. Can I come in?”

She waited a few seconds, but there was no answer. Just when she was about to knock again, the door handle turned and the door opened a few inches. She peered inside and saw Waverly walking back towards her bed before slumping back down on it. She took the open door as a sign to enter, and slowly pushed it open, giving Waverly time to change her mind before walking in and closing it
behind her.

“Leave it open.” Waverly said as she laid on her side and stared out the window.

Nicole opened the door back before walking over to Waverly. She slowly sat down on the bed next to her.

“Can we talk?”

The brunette didn’t answer. Nicole placed her hand on Waverly’s shoulder, but she pulled away from her touch, leaving Nicole’s hand to drop onto the mattress as she sighed.

“Waverly, talk to me.”

“I don’t want to talk about it.” She instantly replied without looking at Nicole.

“Well, I need you to talk about it. Because tonight I’m arresting Champ.”

Waverly rolled over and looked at Nicole with a furrowed brow. “I told you not to.”

“I know.” Nicole sighed.

“I’m not pressing charges.”

“Waverly, it doesn’t matter. I saw it. I witnessed it. You don’t have to press charges for me to pick him up and try to prosecute him.”

Waverly sat up. “But I told you no!” She was now raising her voice, causing Nicole to wince. Especially at the words that were just said; words that she knew were important to Waverly now more than ever.

“Why? Why don’t you want him to be arrested?”

“Because...” Waverly closed her eyes and let out a deep breath. “Because I don’t want to be this person.”

Nicole had a puzzled look on her face. “What person?”

Waverly groaned in frustration. “You know, this person. Someone with one of those stories to tell. Someone who’s treated like a victim. I don’t want to be just another statistic. I wasn’t raped, he didn’t do anything besides kiss me. He didn’t touch me anywhere other than my arms, my neck, and my mouth. That’s it. It’s not like he touched me...there.”

“He still assaulted you.”

“But he didn’t rape me. So it’s not a big deal.”

“It is a big deal, Waverly. Rape or not, he forced you to do something that you didn’t want to do. And he needs to be punished for that.”

“But why do I need to be punished for it?”

Nicole shook her head as she drew her eyebrows together. “Sweetheart, nobody’s punishing you.”

“You are! If you arrest him, everyone will know. Everyone will know that I was stupid enough to date him for four years without even knowing what he was capable of, that I was stupid to not lock
the bathroom door, that I was too stupid to get away from him before he held me down...everyone will know.”

Nicole’s face softened in realization. “Are you embarrassed?”

“I’m not embarrassed. I just...I don’t want to make a big deal about this! God, I just want to forget this ever happened. Can’t you just let me forget about it?!”

Nicole looked at her girlfriend with sympathetic eyes.

Waverly stood up from the bed and backed away as she pointed at Nicole. “Don’t do that. Don’t look at me like I’m some sort of victim. I’m not some poor pathetic little girl. I’m a strong, intelligent, grown woman. I’m fluent in four different languages. I can do fifty pushups in a row on my toes without even breaking a sweat.” She sighed as she folded her arms across her chest and turned to look out the window to collect her thoughts and regain her composure. She shook her head for a moment before turning back to face her girlfriend. “I’m fine, okay? Nothing happened. I’m completely fine.”

“I’m sorry.” Nicole looked down at her hands, trying to change her facial expression to a more neutral one before looking back at the brunette. “Waverly, I really wish we could just forget about it. But the thing is, he might try to do it again. And I would never forgive myself if he actually did that to you. I barely got there in time last night.”

“But if you arrest him, then there are two ways the people in this town are going to look at me. They’ll either look at me like you just did with sad eyes and pity, or they’re going to look at me with judgement for having him arrested for just kissing me, something everyone knows we’ve already done before. Something less sexual than the things we’ve done before. They’ll think I’m weak and can’t handle a stupid kiss! So either way, I lose. And I won’t just be Waverly, nicest girl in Purgatory that everybody loves, anymore. I’ll be Waverly, that lesbian who had her ex-boyfriend, Purgatory’s rodeo star, arrested at a house party for a simple drunken kiss.” Waverly knew it was so much more than just a kiss, and she knew that it wasn’t simple. But she also knew that most people wouldn’t see it that way, especially in such a small, close-minded town like Purgatory.

Nicole sighed. She wished there was some other way she could do this without it getting out to the public, but that was impossible. News spread like wildfire in this town, and people would inevitably find out, especially with someone as well-known as Champ Hardy. She wished there was some other way she could punish Champ. She knew that the odds of him actually getting convicted were slim to none in a biased town like this. And even though everyone loved Waverly, they didn’t hate Champ enough to send him to jail over a kiss. Rape, maybe, but attempted rape, not likely.

“Look, I don’t want to talk about it anymore.” Waverly finally said, breaking Nicole’s train of thought. The redhead knew that Waverly was subtly asking her to leave.

“Okay.” Nicole nodded as she stood up from the bed. “I’ll, uh, call you tonight then.”

Waverly just nodded as she laid back down on the bed and stared out the window. Nicole took a deep breath and walked out of the bedroom, closing the door behind her to give Waverly some privacy.

She went back down the stairs to the kitchen where Wynonna was pacing back and forth.

“So?” The older Earp impatiently asked.

Nicole shook her head and sighed. “There has to be some better way to punish him. Something that
won’t put Waverly through a trial that he’ll more than likely win.”

“Oh, I know a good punishment.” Wynonna growled as she walked over to the hall closet. She rummaged through it for a few seconds before coming back into the kitchen with a loaded shotgun. She cocked it as she looked at Nicole with intent.

Nicole rolled her eyes. “Wynonna, you can’t kill him.”

“Why not? Seems fitting enough. Death penalty for assaulting my baby sister.”

“Because, then I’ll have to arrest you. And that definitely won’t do any good for Waverly. Or your unborn child.”

Wynonna grumbled as she dramatically rolled her head around. “What if I just shoot him in the dick? That’ll guarantee he won’t do this ever again.”

“I’d still have to arrest you.” Nicole said as if it were obvious. “Here, just, give me that.” She took the gun from Wynonna and unloaded it before setting it down on the table. “No shooting. There’s a better way to handle this, we just have to figure it out. But in the meantime, we have to be here for Waverly. She wants space right now, but eventually she’s going to need us. And we can’t help her if we’re behind bars, so don’t do something stupid, okay?”

Wynonna sighed. “Okay, fine.”

“I have to go over to Chrissy and Rosita’s to fix their bathroom door before work. Are you going to work today?”

“No. Jeremy’s covering my shift. Told him it was important, but didn’t tell him what.”

“Oh, good. I don’t think she’s going in to work today, so just don’t leave the house in case she needs you for something.”

“I won’t.”

---

Nicole went over to Chrissy and Rosita’s house, which was still messy from the party. There were cups and empty beer cans everywhere, and Rosita was scrubbing a patch of vomit out of the carpet. Chrissy was laying on the couch, complaining about her hangover headache.

“Uh, you want any help cleaning up around here?” Nicole asked as she looked around, taking in the state of the place.

Rosita sighed as she stood up from the floor and wiped the sweat from her brow with the part of her arm that wasn’t covered by the yellow rubber glove. “No, it’s fine. I’ll clean it up. Or at least half of it...I’m leaving the other half for Chrissy to get later.” The blonde groaned in response from the couch. “You can go ahead and start working on that door you busted.”

Nicole gave Rosita an apologetic smile before making her way up the stairs with her toolbox and a new doorknob. She was almost finished fixing it when Rosita walked up to check on her.

“Need any help?”

Nicole shook her head. “I just have to put a couple of screws in and then it’ll be good as new.” She grabbed a screw and began to finger tighten it before bringing the screwdriver up to finish the job.
“So, why did you kick the door down again? Because you knew Champ was in here, so I figured it had something to do with him. And something tells me you didn’t kick down the door for his sake… was he in here with someone?”

“It’s…complicated.” Nicole said as she focused her attention on the next screw.

“Complicated as in complicated, or complicated as in you don’t wanna tell me?” She waited for a response, but Nicole didn’t answer. “Does this have something to do with Waverly? Chrissy told me he was her ex and a real douchebag. Are you the one who did that to his face?” She waited again, but still no answer. “Look, Nicole, if something happened at a party that we were hosting—”

“Look, whatever happened is not your fault.” Nicole said as she stood up and faced the tan-skinned woman.

“So, something did happen?” A look of worry spread across her face.

Nicole sighed. “Look, I can’t talk about it. But it’s not any of your concern.” She threw her screwdriver in the toolbox before kicking the lid shut and slamming the latch down. “Your door is fixed. I have to get to work. Tell Chrissy I hope she feels better.” Nicole quickly pushed past Rosita before she could ask any more questions and headed straight for the exit.

When she reached the cruiser, she received a new text.

Wynonna: Waverly went to work. Said she needed to get out of the house. Couldn’t stop her, but she seemed fine.

Nicole sighed as she put her phone away. She should’ve known Waverly wasn’t going to take the day off. She just hoped that work would be a positive distraction for the girl.

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Later that morning, Waverly and Darren were in the back room taking inventory when they heard the bell over the door ding.

“Sounds like a customer. You wanna take it?” Darren asked.

Waverly shook her head. “I don’t feel like talking to strangers today. You get it.”

“Alright then.” Daren shrugged as he set down the stack of coffee cup sleeves he was holding and made his way out into the shop.

Waverly continued to count the supplies in her hand as Darren took the customer’s order. When she finished, she sighed. It was the last thing on the list. She decided to focus her attention on the conversation out in the shop, not wanting to let her mind wander to anything other than what was happening in the present.

“Thank you, sir. Have a good day!” Waverly heard Darren say before she heard the bell ding again. When she heard Darren’s footsteps coming towards the back room, she grabbed the sleeves he had before and counted them.

“There are 20 sleeves here.” She brandished the stack as Darren sat back down next to her on the floor.

“Cool. Plus the 80 I counted before makes 100. Did you finish counting the filters?”
Waverly nodded as Darren grabbed the clipboard and put a check mark next to the sleeves. “Well, I think we’re finished with inventory.” He smiled as he placed the clipboard and pen down on top of the cardboard box.

“I’ll double check everything.” Waverly quickly said, not wanting it to be over.

Darren chuckled. “You’ve counted everything three times already. I think it’s safe to say that everything checks out.”

“Oh.” Waverly paused. “Then I’ll go clean.” She quickly stood up and grabbed a rag and a spray bottle of cleaner as she went out into the shop.

Darren wanted to say something about how she already cleaned everything an hour ago, but decided against it. He could tell she was being a little squirrely, so he decided to make casual conversation.

“So, that was some party last night, right?”

Waverly froze for a brief moment before continuing to scrub down the countertop even harder.

“You’re lucky you left when you did. Everything started to get pretty crazy.”

She clenched her jaw and moved her arm faster with more pressure. If she were using something rougher than a cloth rag she would surely be burning a hole in the granite countertop by now.

“Champ Hardy drank so much he ended up passing out in the bathroom.” Darren chuckled. “Had a nice shiner on his face, too. Said he got into it with one of the locals that showed up uninvited and that the other guy looked worse, but I’m sure the other dude walked away unscathed.” Darren laughed, but quickly stopped and jumped when he heard the loud sound of the spray bottle being slammed down onto the counter. He looked at Waverly with a furrowed brow as she threw off her apron and stormed off towards the door. “Where are you going?”

“Lunch break.” She said shortly without looking back.

“It’s not even eleven o’clock yet?” He replied as he held his wrist out and tapped it for her to see, but she didn’t turn around and just continued walking out the door and to her car.

Waverly mindlessly drove around for a while. She didn’t really have a destination in mind, and was just turning onto roads as she pleased as thoughts of the night before invaded her mind. She lightly scratched at her neck where she remembered feeling Champ’s chapped lips. She bent her wrists back and forth, trying to shake off the feeling of his hands there, restraining her. She closed her legs as she remembered feeling his bulge pressed up against her. The memory of the pungent smell of the alcohol on his breath filled her nose, as if she could smell it right now. She shook her head and exhaled deeply as she pulled over and into the nearest parking space, putting her car in park as she rubbed herself all over her body. She felt gross.

“Get it together, Waverly.” She whispered to herself as she tried to shake away the thoughts.

She took a deep breath as she looked up. Her eyes landed on the big “Shorty’s Saloon” sign above the large, brown doors in front of her. She hadn’t planned on coming here, but she assumed her subconscious had other plans in mind. She turned off the ignition and stepped out of the car. She could use a drink anyways. As she walked in, she went straight for the bar, pulling her phone out of her back pocket to set on the counter before slipping into the stool in front of Jeremy.

“Get me some vodka.” She demanded without even bothering to greet her friend.
Jeremy looked up and noticed Waverly sitting there. “Oh, hey Waves.” He waved before furrowing his brow, hand paused in mid-wave. “Wait, did you just say you wanted vodka?”

Waverly nodded with her arms folded firmly across her chest.

“The hard stuff, huh? Everything okay?” He meant it as a joke, but Waverly didn’t seem to take it that way.

“I’m fine! Can everyone stop asking me that! For fuck’s sake!” She barked, causing Jeremy to retreat.

“Whoa, I’m sorry. I was just kidding.” He backed away slowly as he held his hands up in defense.

Suddenly they both heard a phone ringing from the table – Waverly’s phone. Jeremy looked down at the screen and saw that it was Nicole. Waverly declined it and put her phone on silent before flipping it over face down so that she couldn’t see the screen anymore.

Based on that, Jeremy figured her sour mood had something to do with the red-haired police officer. A lover’s quarrel, perhaps.

“One shot of vodka coming right up.” He gave a curt nod.

“Make it three…for now.” Waverly quickly added.

He gave her a sympathetic smile before grabbing the bottle of vodka from the shelf behind him.

Waverly sat on the stool, mindlessly drumming her fingers on the countertop as she patiently waited for Jeremy to serve her drinks when she heard a familiar laugh from across the bar. She glanced over and noticed Champ playing pool with Pete and Kyle. She silently cursed herself for looking when she knew it was him from his stupid, annoying laugh. She wasn’t sure how she was expecting him to be today, but she sure as hell wasn’t expecting him to be having a good time with his friends like nothing had ever happened. Like he hadn’t pinned her against the wall saying horrible things to her while taking whatever he wanted from her just less than 24 hours ago. She wasn’t expecting him to be totally okay with himself; not when she was a total mess. She growled as she shot up from her stool and stormed across the bar.

“Would you have done it?” She shouted as she walked towards him.

Champ looked around the bar, pretending like he wasn’t sure if she was talking to him. “Excuse me?”

“If she hadn’t come in and kicked your ass, would you have done it?!” Waverly shouted even louder as she got closer to him.

Champ looked at the York brothers and chuckled awkwardly, not wanting his friends to know that his black eye was because of a girl, when that was most definitely not the story that he had been spinning. He looked back at Waverly. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Waves.” He looked over at his friends across from the pool table and looped his pointer finger in circles next to his ear as he mouthed “she’s crazy”, causing the other guys to laugh.

“Don’t call me that!” Waverly seethed as she stepped closer to him. She gritted her teeth and growled as she pushed him as hard as she could in the chest, effectively shoving him over a chair. As he went down, he tried to grab onto the table close to him but ended up knocking over a few glasses of beer, spilling them all over himself as he landed on the floor. The sound of smashing glass broke the chatter of the bar and the place went silent.
“Answer the fucking question!” Waverly yelled in demand as she stood over his body with fire in her eyes.

“Waverly Earp!” Gus yelled from the bar next to Jeremy, who looked just as shocked and confused as everyone else.

Waverly looked around the saloon and noticed that everyone was staring at her. She looked down at Champ and saw that he was looking up at her with wide eyes, like she was some sort of monster. The anger in her body was quickly replaced with embarrassment and she ran out of the establishment as quickly as she could.

“What’s gotten into her?” Gus asked Jeremy with concern, hoping that he would know what was going on with Waverly, since the girl was more likely to talk to her friends than her aunt.

He shrugged and frantically shook his head. “I don’t know. I thought she had gotten into a fight with Nicole maybe. But now I’m...not so sure.” He said as he looked over at Champ, who was being helped up by Pete and Kyle as he brushed his hands over his clothes, groaning about being covered in beer and glass.

“Uh, sorry about that, everyone. Everything is fine! Nothing to see here.” Gus announced, and the patrons just shrugged before continuing their prior conversations. “Jeremy, get those people at that table some more beer. And close their tab, on the house. Keep an eye on this place, will ya? I’m goin’ out for a bit.”

“Yes ma’am.” Jeremy said as he saluted the older woman.

Gus gave him a firm pat on the back before rushing out of the bar to try and catch up with her niece.
Nicole sat at the front desk of the station, stacking some papers she had just put in order when Gus strolled in through the front doors. She looked slightly perturbed.

“Is everything okay?” Nicole immediately asked as she stood up from her chair and leaned over the desk. Gus had never shown up at her place of work like that. She wasn’t sure if she was walking into the police station for legal matters or specifically to see Nicole, but the look on her face had the redhead worried for either.

“Have you seen Waverly?”

The officer drew her eyebrows together. “She should be at work.”

“She’s not. I just went by and Darren said she went out for lunch and hasn’t come back.”

“Well, I’m sure she just went to get something to eat and got caught up.” Nicole tried to feign confidence in hopes of not worrying the older woman, but she knew that wherever Waverly was right now, she didn’t want to be found. Especially if the way she quickly declined Nicole’s call earlier was anything to go off of.

Gus shook her head. “She came by the bar about half an hour ago. Caused a commotion that scared damn near all of my customers!”

Nicole raised an eyebrow. “What happened?”

“You tell me! One minute I was grabbin’ some supplies from the back, next thing I know she’s gone out guns blazin’ yelling at her ex and knockin’ him into tables, spillin’ beers and smashin’ glasses everywhere! Do you know what that’s all about?”

Nicole clenched her jaw. She didn’t want to tell Waverly’s aunt what was going on with her, since it wasn’t her place to tell.

“We’re just going through a rough patch.” Nicole lied, hoping that it would keep the woman from interrogating her any further.

Gus nodded in understanding. She relaxed a little that the explanation wasn’t something more serious.

“Well figure out your damn shit. I can’t have her frightenin’ my customers like that.”

“Yes ma’am.” Nicole nodded in understanding. “Won’t happen again.”

“Good.” Gus gave a curt nod before leaning in towards Nicole. “And Officer Haught, whatever you two are fightin’ about, I’m sure it’ll blow over soon enough.” She gave a wink and a reassuring smile. Nicole smiled back weakly, feeling a little guilty for lying to the woman, but she was also appreciative that she had that much faith in the couple.

Gus said her goodbyes and left the station, leaving Nicole to worry about her girlfriend, who had just had an altercation with the last person she should be seeing today. She had dealt with enough sexual assault cases to know that the worst thing for the victims – survivors? – was to see their attacker too soon after the incident. She was worried about this happening, which was why she was hoping that Waverly would have stayed home today, but it wasn’t like the younger woman to sit at home.
twiddling her thumbs. She thought she’d be safe at work though, but she didn’t account for the 
brunette leaving and going to Shorty’s, the one place Champ could always be found. She pulled out 
her phone and dialed Waverly’s number, but of course it just went straight to voicemail. The brunette 
probably turned her phone off. She quickly hung up the phone, not even bothering to leave a voice 
message. She knew that she had to go looking for the girl.

Nicole straightened up the front desk a bit, grabbed her winter coat and made her way towards the 
back where Dolls was sitting at his desk, head buried in work.

“Hey, tell Nedley I’m going on lunch break.”

Dolls just hummed in acknowledgment as he continued to read over a document.

Nicole made her way out to the police cruiser and immediately pulled her phone back out to call 
Wynonna.

“Hey, is Waverly there?” She asked as soon as the older Earp picked up.

“No, she went to work, remember?”

“She went on lunch break and never went back.” Nicole sighed as she pinched the bridge of her 
nose. “Apparently she ran into Champ at Shorty’s and then ran off somewhere. I was hoping that she 
would’ve gone back home.”

“Son of a bitch.” Wynonna cursed before pausing. Nicole could hear the brunette pacing, and it was 
obvious that she was trying to calm herself down. “She’s not here.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll find her. I think I know where she might’ve gone.”

“Do you think Champ is still at Shorty’s?”

“I don’t know, maybe.” Nicole scoffed. Then she realized why Wynonna was probably asking. 
“Don’t do something stupid Wynonna.”

“I won’t.”

She had a feeling that the brunette was lying, but had more important matters to attend to. “Okay. I’ll 
let you know when I find her. Call me if you see her.” She hung up the phone.

Nicole started the car and sped off towards her destination, driving about 20 mph over the speed 
limit. About 20 minutes later, she pulled up to an overlook that she and Waverly had discovered a 
couple of months ago that had a perfect view of all of Purgatory. She remembered Waverly saying 
something about starting to come here whenever she needed to clear her head since it was peaceful. 
Sure enough, she saw a small figure sitting on the flat makeshift wooden railing. The long, wavy 
brunette hair was unmistakable – it was Waverly. Nicole parked the cruiser and stepped out of the 
car, sighing in relief that the woman was okay. …well, physically okay, at least. Emotionally was 
another issue entirely, and she wasn’t sure what she was going to find. But she prepared herself for 
the worst just in case, and silently promised herself to be there for Waverly no matter what. She was 
thankful that her police training had prepared her for stuff like this.

She slowly walked up to the brunette, being sure to make noise in the snow so that she didn’t sneak 
up on the woman.

“Hey.” She called out when she was a few feet away from Waverly. The brunette didn’t respond, 
but briefly turned her head to the side, signaling that she had heard the redhead’s greeting, before
turning back to face the view of the town. “Can I sit down?” Nicole asked when she reached the railing and stood a couple of feet down from Waverly.

Waverly shrugged. “It’s a free country.”

“I mean, can I sit next to you?”

Waverly shrugged again. “If you want.”

Nicole stepped up onto the lower part of the railing and swung a leg over the top before shifting into a sitting position. She mirrored Waverly’s stance and looked out over the view.

“Do you remember when we first found this place?” Nicole asked after a moment of silence.

Waverly nodded. “We fucked in the backseat of my Jeep.”

Nicole blushed at the bluntness of the statement. She let out a short laugh, but quickly stopped when she realized Waverly wasn’t laughing, or even smiling for that matter. Suddenly, she wasn’t so sure if it was a joke or just a statement. She nervously cleared her throat. “I meant the first part of that day. When we had the picnic on the ground and forgot utensils, so we had to do everything by hand.”

Waverly smiled at the memory. “You tried to cut the tomatoes with your pocket knife.”

Nicole chuckled. “That was a disaster waiting to happen.”

The brunette smiled briefly before letting out a deep breath. Her face was neutral again, and the two fell into an awkward silence. Waverly wished that Nicole would stop stalling and just say whatever it was she wanted to say, but at the same time she was hoping she would just skip the conversation all together and sit there with her, not saying anything while they enjoyed the view together. Waverly picked this location because of the way she towered over the town. She could see every house, every store, every car…she could barely see the people, but occasionally she would catch a moving spec and knew it was one of the citizens of Purgatory. She felt big, and that was something she needed right now, especially at a time when she was feeling so incredibly small.

“How are you doing?” Nicole turned her head to look at Waverly, but the brunette continued to look out into distance. The redhead quickly turned her head and looked at her lap, silently cursing herself. That was a stupid question.

She regrouped and thought of a better way to word her question. “I know we haven’t actually talked about how you’re feeling about all of this. We’ve only talked about the legal stuff, and I wanted to know how you were doing with it all.”

Waverly didn’t move for a few seconds, but then she shrugged. It wasn’t exactly an answer, but Nicole was glad that the girl was at least acknowledging her words, which was progress.

“Gus said you went to Shorty’s. She said you yelled at Champ.”

Waverly turned her head so quickly to look at Nicole that the redhead thought that she would get whiplash. “Don’t say his name.” Waverly said sharply.

Progress. Waverly was saying words, which was progress. Nicole knew she was getting somewhere. “Okay. I won’t say his name.” She said calmly, and Waverly turned back to face the front. “Did he say something to you to upset you?”

Waverly shook her head. She sat there for a full minute and a half without saying anything. Nicole had assumed that the conversation was over, and that was all that she was going to get out of the girl, before the brunette unexpectedly broke the silence. “I went up to him. Asked him if he would’ve
done it if you hadn’t knocked him out.” She chuckled as she shook her head. “Didn’t get an answer. Probably for the best. Not really sure if I wanted to hear it anyways, because I think I already know.”

Nicole nodded as she looked at her girlfriend’s face. She could see that she was struggling with how to feel about all of this. “You know, whatever you’re feeling right now, it’s okay.”

Waverly let out a short laugh. Not because anything was funny, but because she felt the opposite. “How can I? How can I be so broken up about this when there are women out there who have been through way worse? Women are being raped every day, and I was just almost raped.” She froze, taking in the words. She was almost raped. Her heart began racing, and all of the emotions that she was feeling last night, while it was happening, came flooding back.

Nicole shook her head in disagreement. “Waverly, it’s all relative. You can’t compare this to other people. That’s like breaking an arm and saying you can’t react negatively to the pain because there are people out there who have broken their whole body. You may not have been raped, but you were sexually assaulted. He held you down to where you couldn’t move and forced himself on you, and that is a horrible thing for anyone to have to experience.”

That was it. That was the thing that got through to Waverly; that broke down the wall that she had put up to protect herself from feeling everything. She dropped her head into her hands and began to sob. Nicole looked at her girlfriend, unsure if it was okay to touch her or not. She reached out a delicate hand and placed it ever so lightly on Waverly’s back. She expected the girl to shrug it off, but she didn’t. Instead, she leaned closer into Nicole, and Nicole quickly wrapped her arms around the girl and held her tight as she continued to weep. Nicole didn’t say anything. She knew that no words would be more powerful than holding her girlfriend, so she remained silent. They sat like that for about five minutes as Waverly continued to cry, before the younger woman pulled away and wiped her face off with the backs of her hands as she sniffled.

“He pressed himself up against me.” Waverly croaked as more tears spilled down her cheeks. “I could feel his…through his pants. I could feel it touching me, between my legs, as he humped himself against me. I could feel him getting turned on. I couldn’t move, and I couldn’t get away from him.”

Nicole swallowed hard as she clenched her jaw and curled her toes in her boots. It was difficult for her to hear this and not get angry, but she had to remain neutral for Waverly. She had to make sure the girl knew that it was okay to talk about it, and that she was there to listen.

Waverly sniffled a few more times and wiped away more stray tears before continuing. “I just stood there and thought, ‘This is it. He’s actually going to force himself inside me.’ And all I could think about was all of the times we had sex, and how I hoped to God that it would be like that, because then it wouldn’t be so bad. He may not have been the most attentive boyfriend, but he was at least understanding. He always listened to my requests, and he was gentle.” She buried her face in her hands and shook her head, sobbing some more. A few seconds later she lifted her head up and continued, but she was still slowly shaking her head. “But then he said that you were brainwashing me into thinking that I was gay, and that he was going to help me. He said he was going to remind me that I loved him. As soon as he said that, I knew that it wasn’t going to be like all the other times. It was going to be rough, and it was going to hurt. And I…I didn’t want him to do that to me!”

She was crying so hard that Nicole could barely make out her words, but she knew exactly what Waverly had said, and it infuriated her to no end. This wasn’t just Waverly’s ex-boyfriend trying to have sex with her again…this was a hate crime. This was him trying to fuck her straight. Suddenly Wynonna’s idea of shooting him in the dick didn’t seem so terrible anymore.

Nicole reached out and soothingly rubbed Waverly’s back as the girl sobbed into her hands again. “I
know, baby.” Was all she could say.

“How can he do that to me? He said he loved me. For four years, he said he loved me. How could he want to hurt me like that?”

Nicole didn’t say anything. What could she even say? She didn’t have the answers for Champ’s actions; she couldn’t speak for him.

“He ruined it for me. He didn’t have sex with me, but he got just close enough to where I can still feel him on me. I feel gross, and violated, and like…” She sighed. “Like I can never enjoy sex again.” She dropped her head as she stared at her lap. She was too afraid to look at Nicole. She felt ashamed, and guilty. The woman deserved much better than this; than someone who couldn’t even enjoy having sex.

“Hey.” Nicole quickly said. “Waverly, don’t you ever feel like this is your fault. This is not your fault, he’s the one who did something wrong. And whatever you’re feeling right now is completely valid. And I love you, no matter what. And I will always want to be with you.” She rubbed Waverly’s back as the girl wiped new tears away and nodded.

“Can we just sit here for a little bit longer?” Waverly asked without looking up as she sniffled.

“Of course.” Nicole said as she dropped her hand and rested it on the railing between them before looking out into the distance with the brunette. Waverly placed her hand next to Nicole’s and touched their pinkies together before wrapping it around Nicole’s as they sat in silence.

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It was almost 5 p.m. when Champ finally left Shorty’s. He gave Pete and Kyle a couple of high fives before walking out to his truck. As soon as he shut the driver’s door, Wynonna appeared behind him in his rear-view mirror.

“What the-” He yelled in surprise, but before he could even finish his sentence, he was hit in the back of the head and knocked out cold.

Champ groggily opened his eyes as he began to wake up. “What- Where am I?” He grumbled as he looked around the barn. He suddenly recognized it as the barn at the Earp homestead. He tried to move, but he was tied to a chair. He saw a woman standing in front of him with long, dark hair.

“Wynonna?” The name was followed by a grunt as he was hit in the face with something solid - the butt of a shotgun.

“Champ Hardy. I’ve got some beef with you.” She said as she aimed the gun at him.

He groaned as he rolled his head around in pain. Blood dropped from a fresh cut on his cheekbone on top of his day-old bruise that Nicole had given him.

“You tried to rape my baby sister.”

He opened his eyes and saw Wynonna pointing the gun at his chest. His eyes widened as he frantically shook his head. “No, I didn’t! She wanted it! She just needed help remembering.”

Wynonna gritted her teeth and tightened her grip around the shotgun in her hands. She wasn’t sure what she was angrier about, the words that were coming out of his mouth, or the fact that he seemed to truly believe them. “You imbecile! She’s a les-bi-an. That means she doesn’t want anything to do with you or your tiny ass dick. Therefore, you tried to rape her. And in the process, you assaulted her. You held her against the fucking wall and trapped her so she couldn’t get away from you,
asshole!

“I’ll admit that I could have been a little less forceful about it, but I was super drunk. I didn’t know what I was—”

Before he could even finish his sentence, she smashed the butt of the gun in between his legs, causing his eyeballs to nearly pop out of his head as he gasped and doubled over in pain.

“Don’t you fucking dare! You knew exactly what you were doing to her and you knew she didn’t want it! But you covered her mouth so that you wouldn’t hear her telling you no, because you can’t handle the fact that you dated her for four years and was too self-involved to realize that you were never what she really wanted, you ignorant piece of shit!”

He coughed as he tried to move his limbs, but he couldn’t. His arms were tied behind his back, and his ankles were tied together behind the back legs of the chair, leaving his legs wide open around the seat. He tried to close them, but he couldn’t. He was left with his most sensitive body part exposed, and unable to protect himself.

Wynonna saw him trying to close his legs but unable to do so, and she took great joy in it. “Now you know how Waverly felt. Trapped, unable to move, unable to breathe, exposed, violated. All of her power was taken away from her. And I’m going to make sure you feel that too.”

“Wynonna, please.” He begged, his voice hoarse from coughing so much.

The older Earp scowled as she lifted her foot and jammed it as hard as she could into his groin. She kicked him so hard that the chair fell backwards onto the concrete floor. He wheezed in pain. He was in so much pain that tears formed in the corners of his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. She slowly lifted him and the chair back up, struggling a little bit before succeeding. As soon as he was upright, he turned his head and vomited on the floor.

“Doesn’t feel good, does it.”

He didn’t answer. Instead, he continued to groan in pain and coughed a few more times.

She aimed the shotgun at his head. “You’re going to leave this town and never come back.”

He panted and blinked away the tears as he grimaced at the insufferable pain he was still feeling throughout his entire body. “But where will I go?” He finally managed to croak out. “All of my friends and family are here. My whole life is here!” He explained, trying to earn some sympathy.

“I don’t give a fuck! Get a job, rent an apartment...or don’t and live on the streets where you get your ass kicked every day by thugs, I really don’t care. You’re going to leave Purgatory, and you’re never going to come back. Because if I ever see your face here again, I swear on my daughter’s life that I will kill you.”

He gulped.

“Do you know who I am?” She asked as she pressed the barrel of the shotgun against his temple.

“Wy-Wynonna.” He stuttered.

“Wynonna what?”

“Earp?”
“That’s right. I’m Wynonna Earp. And do you know what that means?”

He shook his head as he looked at her with wide eyes.

“That means that I’m one crazy bitch. So you know I’ll do it, Champ. You know I’ll kill you. Do you know that?”

He nodded fervently.

“Good. Do you know who Bobo Del Rey is?”

“That crazy gangster?”

“Mhm” Wynonna hummed with her lips pursed as she slowly nodded. “The father of my child works with him, Doc Holliday. You may have heard of him too. Holds the current record for fastest gunslinger in the world.”

Champ swallowed thickly as he nodded. The boy was a terrible shot, which was why he stuck to roping cattle. He wouldn’t stand a chance against Doc or Bobo, and he knew it.

“And as it turns out, Bobo seems to have quite a soft spot for Waverly. I’m going to make sure he and his gang are always watching you, for the rest of your life. You won’t know that they’re there, but you’ll feel it. Eyes watching you, like a hawk.” She pressed the gun harder into his skull and he winced. “And if I find out that you’ve assaulted anyone else, I’ll make sure you have ten times worse done to you by every single member of that gang before they shred you to pieces. Understand?”

He nodded again with wide eyes. None of that was true though. She didn’t have ties to Bobo and his gang, nor did she ever want to, but Champ didn’t have to know that. And she could tell by the immense fear in his eyes that her persuasiveness was more effective than she had ever hoped for.

“Good.” She dropped the gun down by her side. “Now, I’m going to let you go, Champ. And when I do, you’re going to run as far away from Purgatory as possible. And if you tell anyone about this, you know what’s gonna happen?”

“You’ll kill me?” He guessed as he trembled in the chair.

“That’s right.” She pointed the gun in between his legs, causing him to squirm around. “But it wouldn’t be a quick death. I would shoot you in the balls; each one. Make sure you feel pain there and watch you bleed out until you die a slow and painful death. Is that what you want?”

He frantically shook his head. “No. No, please!”

“So are you going to tell anyone?”

“No!”

“And what are you going to do?”

“I’m going to leave town and never come back.”

“Or?”

“Or, you’ll kill me!”

“Good boy.” She kicked him one last time in the groin, causing him to cry out in pain as she untied him. Once he was free, he immediately dropped to his knees and held his crotch as he writhed in
pain on the ground.

“Now get out of here, Hardy.”

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Wynonna finally got back to the homestead at around 10 p.m. after she had tailed Champ from the barn to his house to pack his stuff, then all the way to the city line as she watched him drive off into the distance, and then to Shorty’s for a little bit just to show her face in case she needed an alibi. She was thankful that Nicole and Waverly weren’t at the homestead when she kidnapped Champ and held him captive in the barn, or else the ginger narc would have surely stopped her.

When she walked in, she noticed Nicole downstairs in the kitchen making some tea.

“How is she?” She asked as she put her shotgun back in the hall closet.

Nicole raised an eyebrow at the older Earp stashing away the gun. “She’s asleep right now. Said she didn’t sleep at all last night so we stopped at the store and got her some sleep aids. Knocked her right out.” She stared at Wynonna, who was now rummaging through the pantry, as she waited for an explanation. When she realized she wasn’t going to get one without instigating, she proceeded with the question. “What’s with the gun?”

Wynonna shrugged as she sat down at the table with a bag of kale chips – Waverly had replaced all of their junk foods with healthier versions for her pregnant sister. “Went to the shooting range. Needed to let out some steam.” She popped a chip into her mouth and grimaced at the taste.

Nicole looked at her in question, unsure of whether or not to believe her, but just shrugged it off. She sat down with her steaming mug across from the older Earp. “I think I convinced her to make a statement.”

Wynonna shook her head. “You don’t have to worry about that anymore. We won’t be seeing Champ Hardy ever again.” She said nonchalantly.

Nicole gave Wynonna a stern look. “And why is that?”

“I took care of that shithead.”

Nicole’s heart skipped a beat. She thought back to the gun. “Wynonna, what did you do?” The officer asked worriedly as she leaned closer to the brunette and stared at her attentively.

“I can’t tell you. Just know that he’s alive, alone, and he’s left Purgatory for good. And believe me when I say that he’ll spend the rest of his life looking over his shoulder in fear.” She folded her arms across her chest as a feeling of pride washed over her.

Nicole gave her a look of hesitation. Part of her really wanted to know what Wynonna did, but she also knew that if the brunette told her, she would probably have to arrest her. She thought about it for a moment. “And you’re sure about this?”

Wynonna sat up and looked Nicole dead in the eyes. “100% positive. Champ Hardy is never coming back to Purgatory. Waverly will never have to see that asshole’s face again, and he’s never going to hurt anyone ever again. And she gets to control who knows what he did.”

Nicole slowly nodded, trepidation still showing in her body language.

“Nicole, just trust me on this. This was the best thing for her.”
The redhead sighed as she shook her head before finally saying, “Okay. I trust you.”

“Good.” Wynonna leaned back in her chair and tossed another chip into her mouth as they fell into a comfortable silence.

Nicole nursed her tea as she thought back to her conversation with Waverly earlier. Her blood began to boil as she thought of all the things Champ took away from her. “He seriously messed her up, Wynonna.”

Wynonna paused as she drew her eyebrows together. “How so?”

“Just…everything. She’s different. I know before she kept saying it wasn’t a big deal, but she’s completely traumatized. She’ll barely let me touch her.”

“Shit.” Wynonna breathed out in concern.

“I didn’t know this before, but she told me that he rubbed himself off against her. He had pants on, but she could still feel it.” She let out a shaky breath as she rubbed her eyes. “And she said he told her that she wasn’t actually gay and that he was going to help her remember that, which scared her shitless. God, if I hadn’t walked in when I did…” Nicole’s eyes began to water as she pursed her lips and slowly shook her head, staring down at her tea. Her hands were gripped tightly around the warm mug as she tried not to let her mind wander to what could have happened to her girlfriend had she not gotten there in time.

Wynonna stared at Nicole for what seemed like an eternity before she stood up from her chair. She wished she had actually shot him in the balls and watched him bleed out when she had the chance, but she was too busy thinking about not getting arrested and sticking around for her sister and her daughter. Now that she knew it was so much worse than Waverly had led them to believe, the whole thing seemed more worth it. She began to make her way towards the stairs, but she was stopped by a hand on her arm, holding her back.

“Where are you going?” Nicole asked.

“To talk to my baby sister. She needs me. She needs to know that everything is going to be okay and that he can’t hurt her ever again.” She tried to continue forward, but Nicole was still holding her back.

“She’s asleep right now. You can talk to her when she wakes up.” Nicole explained.

“Nicole, let me go.” Wynonna demanded.

The redhead urged Wynonna to sit down next to her, but Wynonna pulled back. “Wynonna, she’s sleeping for the first time in two days. Don’t ruin that for her. Sit.”

Wynonna sighed as she slumped down into the chair. She rested one hand on the table as she rubbed her belly with the other one. She felt Nicole grab her hand that was on the table and squeeze it as the redhead started crying. She covered her face with her free hand as she wept, still holding onto the brunette for support. Wynonna instantly placed her other hand in Nicole’s as she moved the hand closest to the woman to the back of her head.

“Hey, she’s going to get through this.” Wynonna consoled. “She’s strong. And she has the most caring girlfriend in the entire world, and a badass sister, and Gus, and lots of friends who will help her get through this. She’s going to be okay, Nicole.”

“I just don’t want to lose her.” Nicole confessed between sobs. “I don’t want her to spiral into this
deep depression that she can’t get out of. I don’t want her to lose that spark that makes her Waverly. I know this sounds completely selfish, but I don’t want to lose my Waverly. I need her. I can’t live without her.”

Wynonna continued to calm down the woman as she rubbed her thumb on the back of her hand while simultaneously stroking her other hand through the back of the woman’s auburn hair. “We’re not going to lose her, okay? I’ll make sure of it. She’ll still be Waverly. Nicole, I promise, she’s going to be okay. I know it. I feel it in my gut, and I know you do too. So just keep listening to that, okay?”

Nicole nodded as she held her hand over her face and shook her head. “I just can’t help but think, if only I had watched out for her. If only I had started looking for her sooner, then–”

“Hey, don’t do that.” Wynonna said with a firm voice. “Don’t blame yourself. This isn’t your fault any more than it is Waverly’s. The only person to blame here is Champ, and he’s halfway to a life of hell right now.”

Nicole nodded as fresh tears spilled down her cheeks.

“Come here.” Wynonna stood up and wrapped her arms around her sister’s girlfriend and held her as close as her baby bump would allow.

“Your daughter is trying to come between us.” Nicole chortled as she wiped her wet face.

Wynonna pulled back and laughed. “Yeah, she does that every time I try to hug someone. It’s the weirdest thing.” She joked as she sat back down in her chair.

“Have you thought of any names yet?”

“I’m thinking Edna, or maybe Ursula.” Wynonna shrugged with a straight face.

Nicole laughed at the names. “You’re messing with me.”

“I am.” Wynonna replied with a smile.

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The next morning, Waverly woke up feeling a little sore from not having moved the entire night, but at the same time she felt completely well-rested, which she was thankful for. She wasn’t sure if she’d ever be able to sleep again, but those sleeping pills really did the trick. She slowly sat up and stretched out her stiff muscles before making her way down the stairs. When she got to the bottom, she saw Wynonna sitting on the couch watching TV. She noticed a pillow and blanket folded up on the opposite end.

“Did you sleep on the couch?” Waverly questioned as she pointed to the bedding.

“Nicole did. She wasn’t sure if you wanted her to sleep in bed with you, so she slept down here just in case.”

“Oh. Where is she?”

“She had an early shift. Left a couple of hours ago.”

Waverly checked her phone and saw that it was only 7 a.m. “You’re up early.”

Wynonna patted her stomach. “It’s starting to get harder to sleep with this little spaghetti squash.”
She smiled.

Waverly nodded as she continued to stand in the middle of the living room. She folded her arms and awkwardly looked around. She didn’t want to disturb her sister.

The older brunette noticed Waverly’s hesitation and paused the TV. “Hey, come sit.” She patted the empty spot next to her.

Waverly made her way over to the couch and sat next to her sister.

“I need to tell you something.” Wynonna said in a serious tone.

“Okay?” Waverly quirked an eyebrow.

“I kidnapped and threatened Champ. Tied him up and held a gun to his face, told him to leave town and that I would kill him if I ever saw his ugly face ever again. Also told him that Doc worked with Bobo and that he and his gang would be watching him for the rest of his life, and that if he ever did to anyone else what he did to you, he would have way worse done to him and then he’d die a slow and painful death. He looked like he was about to shit his pants, so he definitely believed it. I also kicked him in the nuts a few times while he was tied to the chair and couldn’t move. I think I bruised his junk. I followed him to his house and watched him pack his truck and leave the city limits. He’s never coming back here ever again Waverly. We’re not putting him through a trial where he’ll have any chances of winning. You won’t have to go through that. Nobody has to know unless you tell them. He’s somewhere out there in the world, alone and afraid. Probably slept in his truck last night. He’ll probably get a shitty job and live in a shitty apartment with shitty friends from said job. And the whole time, he’ll be looking over his shoulder for Bobo and his gang. He got a way better punishment than anything the judicial system could ever give him, and now you can focus on healing without having to worry about him.”

Waverly stared at her sister as she processed all of the information. After what finally felt like an eternity, she let out a sigh of relief. She knew she shouldn’t feel happy about anyone being tortured like that, but she felt relieved. She cried as she leaned her head into her sister’s side and wrapped her arms around her waist. “Thank you. I love you.” She breathed out.

Wynonna could hear the relief in her sister’s voice and she smiled as she held her little sister. “You can’t tell Nicole though. She’ll be all conflicted and stuff with arresting me for kidnapping and torturing the son of a bitch.”

Waverly nodded and slid down and rested her head on her sister’s lap as she curled up on the couch. She closed her eyes and took in the feeling of Wynonna running her hands through her hair and massaging her scalp – something the older Earp used to do when she was a small child.

“I love you so much, Waverly. And I’m here for you, you know. Whatever you need from me, I’m here. And Nicole is too. She loves you, and she’s patient. And she’s completely devoted to you. So just…take whatever time you need, okay? There’s no rush. But just know that we’re here for you.”

The lighter brunette squeezed her sister’s lap, signaling that she understood, and that she was grateful. “Can we watch something funny?” Waverly asked in a voice barely above a whisper as she looked at the TV.

“Sure.” Wynonna smiled as she exited out of the NCIS episode that she was watching and put on an episode of Friends.
This chapter is pretty short compared to my previous ones, but I'm already working on the next one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It’s been a week since the Halloween party, and Waverly has had nightmares every night since. Even though Nicole has been sleeping in Waverly’s bedroom with her, she doesn’t actually sleep in the bed with her. It’s too much for Waverly to have someone next to her in the dark room when she’s abruptly woken up from her dream. They learned that the hard way when Waverly had woken up from one of her nightmares to find a body lying next to her and frantically began hitting and kicking Nicole, yelling at her to “get away”. Nicole had quickly turned on the light and eventually Waverly realized it was her, but ever since then Nicole had been sleeping on the floor in her sleeping bag. And even though her back had been extremely sore and her neck had been stiff for the past week, she’d much rather sleep on the wooden floor where she can keep an eye out for Waverly and wake her up from her nightmares than downstairs on the cushiony couch.

There hasn’t been much physical contact between the two, understandably. Occasionally Waverly will curl up on the couch next to Nicole as they watch TV, and sometimes she’ll give the redhead a side hug or hold her hand for a few seconds, but everything is always instigated by Waverly, and the occasions have been few and far apart. They haven’t kissed, and they definitely haven’t been intimate, which was what Nicole had expected.

But overall, life for Waverly had been work, food, hang out with her sister and girlfriend at the homestead, and then sleep. She hasn’t seen any of her friends, nor has she had a day off from the coffee shop. She was supposed to have one today, but she insisted on going in anyways. Nicole and Wynonna both had work, and she really didn’t want to stay at the house by herself all day. And she definitely wasn’t feeling like going out and doing anything recreational, so work seemed like the best option.

After locking up the shop at closing time that evening, she finally made it home to find Wynonna and Nicole in the kitchen. Wynonna was stirring some sauce in a skillet and Nicole was draining some spaghetti noodles over the sink.

“Are you two…cooking together?” Waverly asked with a quirked eyebrow as she slowly set her purse down on the table. She looked at them suspiciously.

“Of course we are! I’m a top-notch chef.” The older Earp stated proudly as she exaggeratedly stirred.

“Yeah right.” Nicole rolled her eyes. “I just asked Wynonna to stir the sauce so that it didn’t stick to the pan while I got the noodles. She literally picked up that wooden spoon 20 seconds ago…”

Wynonna scowled at the redhead. “Boo. You’re no fun.”

“That makes a lot more sense though.” Waverly chortled.

“Well, it may not have been made by me, but I hope you’re in the mood for spaghetti and vegan
meatballs, because Haughtstuff here made enough to feed a village.” There was a bit of judgement in her voice as she gave Nicole a look.

Nicole glared at the darker brunette. “For the last time, the extra large packages of spaghetti noodles were on sale, and it was easier to just go ahead and cook the whole thing.”

Waverly shook her head. “That is a lot of pasta, babe.” She giggled as she took in the sight of the giant pot of noodles.

“I know.” Nicole chuckled lightly as she looked lovingly at her girlfriend.

The older Earp threw her hands in the air. “Hey! How come when she says it you laugh and give heart eyes, but when I say it you look at me like I’ve robbed a bank?”

“Because, she’s really cute.” Nicole gave Waverly a quick wink, causing the brunette to smile and blush at her girlfriend.

“And I’m not?” Wynonna folded her arms across her chest.

“Eh.” Nicole shrugged, causing Wynonna to playfully hit the woman on the back of the head. Waverly just laughed, finding the whole thing amusing.

“Well, either way, I hope you’re hungry.” Wynonna said as she sat down at the kitchen table.

“Um, actually, I don’t really feel like eating right now. Started my period today and I’m cramping a bit. I think I’m just going to lay down for a little while. But you two can go ahead and eat.”

“Do you need anything?” Nicole asked.

Waverly shook her head. “I’m okay. I might come down later.”

“Okay. Well let me know if you need anything.” Nicole said before turning her attention back to the food.

“I will.” Waverly gave a weak smile before toeing off her shoes and softly padding up the stairs.

“Do you think that was really about her period, or the other thing?” Wynonna asked in concern.

Nicole shrugged as she scooped some pasta and vegan meatballs onto a plate and handed it to Wynonna. “No idea, but we shouldn’t hover. Either way, she made it pretty clear that she wants to be alone right now.”

“I haven’t seen her eat much lately. Does she look like she’s lost weight to you?”

Nicole shrugged as she sat down at the table across from Wynonna with her own plate. “I mean, she looks the same to me. But she weighs like 110 pounds, so I doubt I’d notice if she lost a couple pounds.”

“Yeah, I guess.” Wynonna looked at the stairs where Waverly had disappeared. She had a worried expression painted on her face.

“Hey, I’m sure she’s fine. She said she might come down later and eat so try not to worry about it too much.”

The brunette sighed. “Okay, fine. I’ll try not to worry so much.”
“Good. Now eat your vegan meatballs before they get cold. It took me a lot of time and effort to prepare this meal, and I won’t let it go to waste.” Nicole winced as she picked up her fork. “God, I’m starting to sound like my mother.”

“Yeah, that was pretty housewife of you. Remind me to never sound like that when I actually start raising this baby.” Wynonna stated as she rubbed her belly.

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*A couple days later*

“No, no, no…” Waverly mumbled in her sleep as she writhed around the bed. Her body was covered in a cold sweat. Suddenly, her alarm went off. She gasped as she jumped out of bed, flailing around in the dark. “Get off me! Get away!” She screamed.

Nicole quickly flipped on the lights and silenced the alarm. “Waverly, baby, it’s okay. You’re okay. You were having a bad dream. You’re safe now. It’s just me in here with you. You’re in your bedroom. Look, the door is wide open, okay? You’re safe.” She stood on the opposite side of the bed as she tried to calm the girl down; something she had gotten used to.

Waverly slowly realized where she was as her heartrate began to slow down. She briefly held her hand to her chest and then rubbed it through her damp hair as she sat on the bed and focused on her breathing.

“Another nightmare?” Nicole finally asked, even though she already knew the obvious answer. But she didn’t know what else to say.

Waverly nodded. “I don’t really want to talk about it though.”

The redhead nodded in response. “Can I sit down next to you?”

“Mhm.” Waverly hummed as she picked at the bedsheets, attempting to focus her attention on something tangible. Lately that’s been her go-to form of relaxation – focus on a present task, something tactile.

Nicole slowly sat down on the edge of the bed, putting a good two feet between her and the smaller woman. “Have you thought about talking to someone?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, you know, like a professional?”

Waverly drew her eyebrows together. “You mean, like a therapist?”

Nicole nodded. “I think it’ll help.”

“I don’t really feel like sharing my personal experiences with a random stranger.” There was a bit of bite in Waverly’s tone.

“Okay, but they wouldn’t just be a random stranger. They’d be a professional who’s trained to deal with this kind of stuff.”

“I talk to you and Wynonna. Isn’t that enough?”

“Waves, you barely talk to us. You haven’t really talked about it since that day out on the overlook, and I’m starting to get worried. I don’t want you to bottle this up and have it come out in harmful
Waverly stood up from the bed. “Look, I’m just not ready to talk about it. Not to you, not to Wynonna, not to anyone. Okay?”

Nicole held her hands up in surrender. “Okay. But will you at least consider it? I’ve dealt with many sexual assault victims, and I’ve seen how not talking about it can–”

“Nicole, please don’t push me on this.” Waverly said firmly. “I’m sorry you have to ‘deal with me’, but I’m going to do this my way and on my own time.”

The redhead shook her head as her face shifted from concern to guilt. “No, Waverly, that’s not what I meant–”

“I’m going to take a shower.” Waverly cut off the redhead before she could even finish her sentence. “I’m already running late for work.” She snatched the clean towel she had laid out on the chair by the door the night before as she tramped towards the hall bathroom.

Nicole sat on the bed as she sighed and rubbed her hands over her face. She had a lot of slip ups like that lately. There were a few times where she had shifted into Officer Haught when Waverly really just wanted her to be Nicole…when she needed her to be Nicole. She really had to think about the way she worded things to Waverly, but she was learning, and she was trying.

Waverly hadn’t talked to Nicole that whole day. The redhead tried sending her a text while she was at work, but didn’t receive a response. She took the hint and decided to give the girl some space. While on break, she did some research on nightmares and some prevention strategies, but most of what she found were actions that had to be done by the person having the nightmares – yoga, medication, cognitive behavioral therapy, etc. – which frustrated the officer a little bit. She wanted to do something for Waverly. Something Waverly wouldn’t have to do herself. She found one remedy that could help, but it was a longshot. She even laughed a little when she came across the idea, but decided it couldn’t hurt to try; she was desperate. Which was why when her early shift ended at 5 p.m., she made her way downtown to a little antique shop. The owner, Margaret, was pretty well-known around Purgatory. She had owned that shop for over fifty years and was probably the sweetest woman Nicole had ever met. She reminded her of those grandmothers you saw on TV; the ones that seem too perfect to be real. But Margaret was real, and she talked to everyone as if they were her grandchild.

“Oh, Officer Haught! Hello my dear! What brings you to my little shop this evening?”

“Margaret, I’ve told you several times to call me Nicole.” The redhead smiled as she gave the woman a hug.

“Oh pish posh,” the graying woman waved her hand in dismissal. “You’re in uniform, so I’m going to refer to you by your respectful title.”

“I’m actually off duty right now. Just on my way home from work, actually.”

Margaret smiled. “Did you have a good day at work, dear?”

“It was pretty good…for a Monday.” Nicole joked lightly.

“Mondays offer new beginnings.” The woman stated matter-of-factly.

“Well you’ve always been much wiser than the rest of us.” Nicole smiled.
The woman rubbed up and down the sleeves of Nicole’s uniform as she gave her a warm smile so big that it caused the corners of her eyes to crinkle. It reminded Nicole of the way Waverly smiled when something made her genuinely happy; a smile she hadn’t seen in too long. She missed it.

“So, are you looking for anything in particular?” The older woman asked as she walked around the shop.

“Um, yes, actually. I’m looking for a dreamcatcher?” Nicole stated with trepidation as she held her Stetson in one hand while awkwardly rubbing the back of her neck with the other.

The older woman paused as she looked up. “Bad dreams?”

“Not me, Waverly. She’s been having some nightmares lately.”

Margaret tutted her tongue as she shook her head sympathetically. “Poor thing. Come, I have a small selection over here in the back corner.” She led them over to the back of the store, passing by a few knick-knacks along the way that caught Nicole’s eye. “These are all hand-made by a friend of mine. They’re all really good quality. Not like those cheap factory-made ones that you see in the superstores.” She peered at Nicole, who was mesmerized by all of the rich colors. “See any that catch your eye?”

Nicole gently grazed her fingers over one that had a brown hoop with white netting and beautiful blue and teal feathers hanging from it. “This one is gorgeous.”

“That one is my favorite one.” The woman smiled as she took it down from where it was hanging. “And lucky for you, it just went on sale.” She winked at the officer as she made her way over to the cash register, Nicole following behind.

“Oh, you really don’t have to do that.”

“Nonsense. You do so much for this town and its people, officer. I think the least I can do in return is give you a discount.” She rang up the item and gave Nicole her change as she handed over the paper bag.

“Thank you for this.” Nicole smiled as she held up the bag holding the dreamcatcher.

“It’s my pleasure. You tell Waverly that I hope she has better dreams tonight.”

“I will. Have a good one, Margaret.”

“You too, sweetie.”

Nicole walked out of the store and into her car before making her way over to the homestead. When she got there, she found Waverly on the couch watching Friends – something she did in her spare time lately – by herself. They had given Nicole a key to the house since she had been staying there lately. She would go over to her own house to check on Calamity Jane either in the mornings or during lunch break, but for the most part the orange tabby was not too happy with her for being MIA (missing in action).

As Nicole shut the door behind her, Waverly spun around to see who was there.

“Hey, sorry, it’s just me.” Nicole reassured as she locked the door behind her.

Waverly sighed in relief as she relaxed back into the couch and turned her eyes back towards the screen. She had been a bit jumpy lately when it came to sudden noises and people coming in and out
“Is Wynonna still at work?”

“Yeah. She’ll be home in about an hour.” Waverly said as she looked up at the redhead, who had sat down next to her on the couch.

“Have you been here too long?”

“About 10 minutes.” Waverly shrugged before pausing the TV.

Nicole nodded. “Look, I uh, I feel really bad about this morning. I wasn’t trying to say that you were a burden or anything, and I’m sorry if I made you feel that way, because you’re not. I just worry about you.”

Waverly shifted her position on the couch to face her girlfriend. “I know you do. I’m sorry I overreacted. It’s just so frustrating.”

“What is?” Nicole wasn’t sure if the brunette was talking about her specifically, or everything in general.

“Just, this whole thing. Everything feels different now. I just want my life back to the way it was before.” Waverly sighed as she picked at the couch cushion in her lap.

“I know baby.” Nicole began to reach a hand out to console the brunette, but quickly decided against it, unsure if she wanted to be touched right now. “I know it’s difficult for you to talk about it, but I’m here for you whenever you’re ready. And Wynonna is too.”

Waverly nodded. “I know.”

“And it’s your decision if you want to try talking to a therapist or not. But in the meantime, I got you something that might help…” She reached behind her on the floor and picked up the bag before handing it over to the brunette.

Waverly took the paper bag with a raised eyebrow and looked inside. Her eyebrows drew together as she pulled out the item. “A…dreamcatcher?” She queried.

“I know it sounds lame, but it might help. I hope you don’t think it’s stupid.”

“No, no I don’t! I love it. It’s so thoughtful. And it totally fits in with the color scheme of my room.” She winked.

Nicole laughed at the light humor. “Good, I had hoped so. But seriously Waves, I don’t want you having anymore nightmares.”

“Me neither.” Waverly sighed. “We’ll see if this helps.” She put the dreamcatcher back in the bag and set it on the coffee table. “Um, you wanna watch Friends with me?”

“Sure.” Nicole smiled as she made herself comfortable on the couch.

Waverly looked at the redhead and took a deep breath. “Hey.” She breathed out, getting Nicole’s attention. As soon as she turned her head, Waverly cupped her face with a hand and gave her a quick peck on the lips, surprising the officer. “Thank you.” She said with a smile, her hand still on Nicole’s cheek.

The redhead grinned. This was the first time since that night that Waverly had kissed her, and it filled
her heart with hope.

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The next morning Waverly woke up feeling well-rested and relaxed. She looked over and saw Nicole ironing her uniform.

“Sorry, I hope I didn’t wake you.” The redhead said as she set the iron down, steam blowing out from the soleplate.

“No, I woke up on my own.” Waverly stated as she sat up and leaned against the headboard. She looked up at her bedpost where the dreamcatcher was hanging and smiled as she ran her fingers through the feathers. She looked back at Nicole, who was giving her questioning eyes. “I think it worked.”

“No nightmares?” Nicole asked with a hopeful voice.

Waverly shook her head. “Not last night.”

Nicole rushed over and hugged the girl, but quickly pulled away as soon as she had wrapped her arms around her. “Sorry, sorry.”

“No.” Waverly shook her head as she pulled Nicole into a hug. She was starting to miss the woman’s touch. She missed the way the woman’s strong arms felt around her small frame. She hugged Nicole, and she didn’t feel overwhelmed. Instead, she felt protected; safe. Waverly sighed as she melted into the embrace. “I’ve missed this.” She whispered.

Nicole’s eyes began to water slightly as she smiled and held her girlfriend as close to her as possible. “Me too.”

They sat there on the bed for what felt like hours, but in reality was only a couple of minutes, before Waverly pulled away. She smiled at the redhead, and the corners of her eyes crinkled. There it was, the smile Nicole had been missing. Her breath was nearly taken away as she took in the sight of the beautiful woman. There was a light to her. A light she hadn’t realized was absent.

“Okay, I have to get ready for work.” She gave Nicole a chaste kiss, surprising the woman again, before trotting out of the room while humming. It was the first little glimpse Nicole had seen of the old Waverly in 11 days, and her heart swelled with happiness and hope.

Nicole heard Wynonna grumble out in the hallway as Waverly gave her a cheery ‘good morning’ before going into the bathroom. The redhead walked out of Waverly’s bedroom and down the stairs, where she saw the older Earp heading straight for the coffee maker. She looked like a zombie.

“Waverly kissed me. She kissed me last night and again this morning.” Nicole confessed. The way she said it with so much enthusiasm sounded like a teenager talking about being kissed for the first time.

Wynonna groaned. It was clear that she hadn’t fully woken up yet. “Gross.” The brunette replied groggily.

Nicole rolled her eyes. “Wynonna, this is the first time since the assault that she’s kissed me. And she let me hug her this morning, like fully hug her. She’s starting to come back to us.”

Wynonna’s eyes widened as she realized what this meant. The corners of her mouth turned up into a grin. “She’s coming back to us.”
Chapter End Notes

Waverly's journey to healing is far from over, but she's taking some initial steps towards progress! We'll see some more of her progress, and a bit of angst in the next chapter.
So, my approach to this chapter was a little different from all the others. Normally when I write chapters I have an outline drawn up with general ideas of the plot before adding in the dialogue, but I decided to change it up a bit. Instead, I just began writing and took everything one sentence at a time, taking whatever came to my brain on the spot. This is what I came up with.

TW: There is discussion of rape. If that might trigger you, please don’t read.

The past week since Waverly had first kissed Nicole had been nothing but small steps in the right direction. She had only had a couple of nightmares since hanging up the dreamcatcher, and she was starting to get her appetite back. She took a day off from work, and even though she spent it at the police station with Nicole working on some recreational research in the break room – Nedley had let her hang out there without question, since he had a soft spot for the girl – She was proud of herself for at least getting out of the house and going somewhere other than The Grind for the first time since that horrible night.

She found that she was beginning to enjoy Nicole’s touches again. She would give a few chaste kisses here and there, and instead of feeling uneasy, she felt butterflies in her stomach at the feeling of the redhead’s soft lips against hers. It almost felt like their first kiss again. She often found herself daydreaming about the sexy red-haired police officer, which gave her an abundance of hope to hold on to. She even allowed the redhead to sleep with her in bed, as it now made her feel safe instead of dismayed.

The biggest sign of progress, though, was when she masturbated for the first time a couple of days ago. She had been taking a shower and was rinsing soap off of her bare body, when her mind drifted to a particular memory of when she and Nicole had sex in that shower. Most of their shower sex had been in Nicole’s bathroom at her house, but one time they did it in the shower at the homestead, and Waverly smiled at the memory. She quickly found herself getting aroused as warm water trickled between her legs and over the outside of her vulva, and her mind wandered to thoughts of Nicole. She thought of her strong arms and defined abs, the feminine curve of her body, her gorgeous pink breasts…Waverly hesitated for a moment, but found her fingers making their way between her folds. She gasped at the initial contact before stroking her hardened clit. It wasn’t long before she had reached her orgasm, and she sighed in relief as a feeling of euphoria washed over her. She was happy with the way things were going for her, and she began to think of being intimate with Nicole again. The thought scared her a little, but it excited her more than anything.

That particular morning, Waverly found herself waking up from a good dream. Not just any good dream though, a sex dream, about Nicole. As she slowly opened her eyes, she smiled. Maybe she was ready to have sex again after all. Maybe all of this was finally over and she was back to her normal self again. She rolled over in her bed and saw Nicole looking at her attentively. The redhead smiled, showing off her adorable dimples, which made the brunette blush.

“Were you watching me sleep?” Waverly asked with a smile.

“Only for a little bit.”
“That’s creepy.” Waverly teased.

Nicole shook her head. “You’re beautiful when you sleep.”

“Really? Even when I drool?”

“Oh, especially when you drool. Drooling is kind of my thing.” Nicole smirked.

Waverly giggled as she shook her head. “You’re such a dork.” She unexpectedly rolled on top of the older woman and connected their lips as they glided together.

Nicole returned the kiss, slightly hesitant. This was the first time since that night Waverly had kissed her like this. Sure, they had given quick kisses here and there recently, but they were chaste. This kiss was different. This one was filled with passion and desire, and more surprisingly, sexual intention. Nicole didn’t know what to do with her hands. She didn’t know if it was okay to touch the brunette or not, so she just laid there with her arms firmly by her side and kissed her girlfriend.

Waverly could sense Nicole’s hesitation, and grabbed the redhead’s hands and placed them around her waist under her shirt before bringing her own hands up to cup Nicole’s cheeks. Nicole pulled back and looked at her with questioning eyes as her breath hitched.

“It’s okay.” Waverly whispered with a smile before continuing the kiss. As their lips reconnected, Waverly simultaneously grounded her hips down into Nicole’s, causing the older woman to gasp.

Waverly sat up and took off her shirt, exposing her bare torso. She grabbed the hem of Nicole’s shirt, urging the redhead to sit up, which she did, allowing Waverly to take off her shirt as well. Waverly immediately leaned down and ran a tongue over one of Nicole’s nipples.

The redhead moaned at the touch as she gently placed a delicate hand on the back of Waverly’s head. She watched the brunette suck on her hard, pink nipple, and drew her eyebrows together as her breathing became more rapid. She bucked her hips up into Waverly, wanting more.

“God you’re so sexy, Nicole.” Waverly moaned as she kissed down Nicole’s stomach before trailing her kisses back up to Nicole’s neck, lingering there for a moment before kissing up to her mouth. “I am so, totally, undeniably attracted to you.” The way she said it made it sound almost as if she had something to prove, but Nicole shrugged it off. Waverly darted a tongue and searched out Nicole’s. They massaged each other’s tongues for a moment until Waverly couldn’t take it anymore, and she smashed her lips into Nicole’s. She pulled the redhead’s bottom lip between her teeth and tugged it back before letting it slip out.

“I want you so bad.” Waverly began rocking her hips against Nicole, letting out tiny whimpers at the friction against her aching center. “I want you to make me come.”

Nicole paused and looked into Waverly’s eyes. “Are you sure?”

The brunette nodded fervently. “Yes.”

The redhead grinned as she instinctively flipped them over and began nipping and kissing at Waverly’s neck, smiling at the way the brunette was gasping and moaning. She slid her hand between their bodies and into the waistband of Waverly’s cotton sleep shorts, pausing when she felt something she had never felt there before – pubic hair. She was going to comment on it, but quickly stopped herself. She wasn’t sure if the reason for the hair was because the process of waxing was too much for Waverly right now, or because she was reinventing herself, or simply because she just wanted the change. But either way, she didn’t want to bring up any bad thoughts, so she continued her fingers further south, where she was pleased to find the brunette’s center slick with arousal. She
ran her fingers through the wet folds and simultaneously thrusted against Waverly’s thigh, sighing at the pressure against her own clit.

“Do you want me inside?” Nicole asked as she continued to run her fingers up, gently circling at the top over Waverly’s hood before dropping them back down, just the way she knew her girlfriend liked it. She punctuated her question with a few kisses on the girl’s neck.

Waverly froze. Her mind began to flash back to that night at the party. She remembered the feeling of Champ’s mouth on her neck, exactly where Nicole’s was right now. She remembered his body pressed up against hers, thrusting the way Nicole’s was right now. She remembered how powerless she felt, and suddenly she couldn’t breathe. Suddenly Nicole’s hand touching her between her legs didn’t feel good anymore. She knew it was Nicole on top of her right now, but her mind was trying to convince her that it was Champ. She felt violated. Her heartbeat raced as fear coursed through her entire body.

“Waverly?” Nicole asked in concern when the brunette had stopped breathing. She felt the woman’s body go stiff beneath her. Nicole pulled back and looked at her girlfriend.

“No! Get off of me!” Waverly finally said once she found her voice and pushed Nicole so hard that she fell off of the bed and onto the floor.

Waverly grabbed the covers and pulled them up to her neck, covering her body as she began to hyperventilate. She backed away as far as possible from the side of the bed where she heard a person trying to get up, and hugged knees tightly against the front of her body, curling up as she tried to protect herself. She expected to see Champ, but instead she saw Nicole stand up from the floor, looking at her with worried eyes.

“Waverly, are you okay?!”

Guilt began to wash over her as she shook her head. She couldn’t believe the trick her mind had just played on her. “I...I’m sorry. I thought you were...” She trailed off as she closed her eyes. She focused on slowing her breathing down since she was quickly becoming lightheaded.

“Thought I was what?” Nicole asked in confusion.

Waverly opened her eyes as she took a deep breath. “I thought you were him.”

Nicole didn’t know what to say. She knew Waverly wouldn’t want her to look at her with pity, so she just nodded at the confession. “Waverly, I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have touched you like that without asking first. I should’ve been more careful.” She tried to keep her voice soft and soothing.

Waverly shook her head as she continued to hold the comforter over her body. “No, baby, don’t feel bad. It’s okay to not know...” She paused when she noticed Waverly retreating away from her the closer she got. She quickly stood up from the bed, not wanting to invade her girlfriend’s personal space any further.

“I’m sorry.” Waverly apologized when she realized Nicole had noticed what she was doing. “I just need a minute.”

Nicole nodded and gave Waverly a weak smile before throwing her shirt back on. “I’ll just uh...I’ll go brush my teeth.” She gave Waverly a quick smile and nod before walking out of Waverly’s bedroom and into the hall bathroom, closing the door behind her to give the girl some privacy.
Waverly sighed as she slid down onto the mattress, covering her face with her hands and shaking her head. She wiped away the frustrated tears in her eyes and slammed a fist into the mattress. “God dammit!” She hissed before letting out another deep breath and regaining her composure.

When Nicole walked into the bathroom, she quickly shut the door behind her and rested her hands on the sink as she took a deep breath. She was still unbearably aroused from before, and she hated herself for it. Her girlfriend was going through something traumatic and here she was, clit throbbing and desperate for attention. She knew why though; they hadn’t been intimate in a couple of weeks and she hadn’t even touched herself during that time because she was too busy worrying about Waverly. She had built up sexual frustration, and her body craved that release. She wasn’t even aware of it until she had gotten a little taste, and now her sex felt like it was on fire. She shook her head and sighed as she shoved her hand down the front of her red plaid boxer shorts, gasping at the pool she found down there. She figured she would just give herself a quick one. It’s not like she was doing anything wrong.

She frantically circled her fingers around her clit as she gripped the counter with her free hand, rocking her hips simultaneously against her hand. She bit her bottom lip as she tried to keep herself from making any noises. The last thing she wanted was for Waverly to know what she was doing, but boy did it feel good. She turned on the faucet for good measure, letting the sound of the running water drown out her quiet moans and heavy breathing.

Suddenly, the door swung open.

“Hey, I don’t want you to feel like–” Waverly froze when she saw Nicole yank her hand out of her shorts and whisper a harsh ‘shit’ in surprise at being caught.

“Waverly, I–”

“Sorry.” Waverly mumbled before quickly shutting the door.

Nicole stood there, staring at the closed door for a few seconds before facing the sink. She turned off the water before resting her hands on the white countertop and dropped her head, shaking it in embarrassment and anger. “Fuck!” She yelled as she slammed her palms down on the countertop. She rubbed a hand over her face as she looked at herself in the mirror, trying to steady her breathing. She wanted to calm herself down before seeing Waverly again. Part of her just wanted to hide in there forever, but she knew she couldn’t. She cleaned herself up and splashed some water on her face before taking a few deep breaths. After a few moments, she opened the bathroom door and walked back into the bedroom, but Waverly wasn’t there. She saw her dresser drawers open and the clothes that she had on before laying on the floor. When she realized Waverly was probably leaving, she rushed out of the room.

“Waverly!” Nicole pleaded as she ran down the stairs.

“I have to run some errands.” The brunette said as she put on her winter coat before grabbing her satchel that contained some books she had packed. She was obviously avoiding eye contact, which made the redhead feel even more embarrassed. “I’ll see you later.” She walked out of the house and into the chilly snow before shutting the door behind her.

Nicole growled in frustration as she slammed a fist on the door. She took a deep breath through her nose as she ran her hands through her hair and closed her eyes, trying to calm herself down.

“What happened?” Wynonna asked from where she was sitting on the couch.

“I fucked up.” Nicole trudged over to the couch and slumped down next to the older Earp.
Wynonna nodded as she took in the sight of the distraught redhead. “She’ll come around.”

“When?”

Wynonna shrugged. “When she’s ready.” She turned more to face Nicole. “Does she still have nightmares?”

“Not as often.” Nicole sighed as she bent forward and rested her elbows on her knees. She rubbed her eyes and shook her head. She hated not being able to help Waverly. She wished she could just snap her fingers and everything would be back to the way it was before, but she knew she needed to be patient.

Wynonna reassuringly rubbed Nicole’s shoulders in an attempt to console her sister’s girlfriend. “Don’t beat yourself up. She knows you love her. Just don’t push her and let her come to you.”

Nicole nodded and grabbed Wynonna’s hand, giving it a light squeeze as a silent ‘thank you’ before standing up from the couch. “I have to go home and feed Calamity before getting ready for work.” She went up the stairs to change back into the casual and warmer clothes she had on the night before and descended back down the stairs. “Later.” She briefly said to Wynonna as she grabbed her jacket from the coat rack and without even putting it on, walked out the door.

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Waverly had initially gone off to the library to read the books she had rented a few days ago on the history of Purgatory – something she used to do frequently before she met Nicole, and had been doing again lately to ease her mind. She sat down at one of the tables in the nearly-empty building, but the intense quiet made her anxious. So she packed up her books again and made her way to the ‘rivalry’ coffee shop that all the college kids studied at. She smiled when she saw how packed the place was, and took a seat at the only empty table as she put her earbuds in, took out her books and an empty notepad, and began taking some notes of interesting facts she hadn’t known before. After about 10 minutes of reading, she unexpectedly felt a hand on her shoulder, and she jumped as she yanked the headphones out of her ears.

“Jesus! Jumpy much?!” Chrissy snapped in reaction to being frightened by Waverly’s dramatic reaction.

Waverly held a hand over her chest as her heart rate began to slow back down to a normal pace. “Sorry. You snuck up on me.” She mumbled before focusing her attention back on her books.

“I called your name a few times, but I guess you didn’t hear me because of the headphones.” Chrissy explained as she sat down in the empty chair across from the brunette.

Waverly didn’t look up, or respond to her friend. Instead, she just continued writing. This was the first time in a few days that she had a reaction like that to someone touching her, and she quickly became frustrated. She felt like she was back at square one.

“Um, hello?” Chrissy waved a hand in front of the brunette’s face, finally catching Waverly’s attention. “What’s up with you?”

“Nothing.” Waverly said shortly, obvious annoyance in her voice, as she buried her face in her books. She really just wanted to be left alone, but didn’t want to be rude.

“You’re in a bit of a mood...” Chrissy scoffed as she sipped her coffee.

“Sorry. I just...have cramps.” Waverly shrugged, hoping the blonde would accept the explanation.
and move on. It was true when she had said it to Nicole and Wynonna over a week ago, but Chrissy
didn’t need to know that.

Chrissy quirked an eyebrow. She knew it was bullshit, because Waverly had been acting weird since
the party a couple of weeks ago. “Oh? Well you should see your gynecologist, because you’ve been
‘having cramps’ for two weeks now.” She sarcastically used air quotes around the two words.
“ Seriously Waves, what’s up with you? You’ve been acting weird ever since the party. Every time I
try to invite you over, you find an excuse. Do you not like my new place or something?”

“No.” Waverly shook her head.

“How is Rosita? Do you feel weird that we hooked up that one time? Because we’re just roommates…”

“No, of course not.”

“Well, is it me then? Did I do something wrong?”

“No. God, Chrissy, nothing it wrong, okay? I’m just really busy.”

“Doing... research?” The blonde furrowed her brow as she pointed to the books.

“Yes Chrissy. I’m doing research. You know why? Because I fucking want to! And if you have a
problem with that, then you don’t have to be here.”

“Okay, whoa, I wasn’t trying to attack you or anything. Just relax.”

Waverly froze as a chill went up her spine. She heard Champ’s voice whispering in her ear. “ Shh,
just relax.” Goosebumps spread all over her body.

“Hey, are you okay?” Chrissy asked as she placed a hand on Waverly’s forearm, causing Waverly to
quickly yank her arm back.

“Don’t touch me!” She yelled as she jumped out of her chair and backed away from the blonde.

Chrissy held her hands up in defense as she looked at her friend with a worried expression.

“Waverly, I’m just trying to help.”

The frantic brunette looked around the room and noticed that everyone was staring at her. She tucked
her hair behind her blushing red ear as she leaned over the table and quickly collected her things. “I
have to go.” She mumbled as she rushed out of the coffee shop and ran to her Jeep.

Waverly was completely distraught. She needed to talk to someone, and she really didn’t want to talk
to Nicole, since the redhead had a tendency to go into police officer mode whenever she got worried.
And finding out about this after her freak-out this morning would definitely worry the redhead. The
person she really wanted to talk to right now was Wynonna. She headed straight for the homestead,
and when she saw that her sister wasn’t home, she started crying as she remembered that the older
woman had work today. She really needed to talk to her sister, but she didn’t want to go to Shorty’s.
It reminded her too much of Champ. She hadn’t been in there since she confronted him and ran out
of there. She could feel herself getting worked up and she began pacing around the room as she
closed her eyes and focused on her breathing.

“Okay, you’re okay. Just breathe. Everything is okay. One, two, three, four, five…” She whispered
out loud.

She counted all the way to one hundred as she felt herself calm down. She let out a deep breath and
wiped her face before pulling out her phone.

**Waverly:** Can you take a break and come home? I need to talk to someone.

A few minutes later she received a reply.

**Wynonna:** On my way.

Waverly sighed in relief at the text and held her phone to her chest as she slowly took a seat on the couch. She sat on the edge as she didn’t want to get too comfortable there, since her mind was still racing.

“What’s wrong? What happened?” Wynonna asked worriedly as soon as she saw Waverly sitting on the couch.

Waverly opened her mouth to say something, but instantly broke down. Wynonna sat next to her sister and wrapped her arms around her as Waverly leaned into her side and wept.

“It’s okay, you’re okay.” Wynonna consoled as she rested her chin on top of Waverly’s head and stroked her hair. She noticed that the action was effective in calming her sister down lately.

“I thought it was over. I thought I was okay now.” Waverly croaked between sobs as she wiped her face with the back of her hand.

Wynonna pulled back and looked at her baby sister. “Is this about this morning, with Nicole?” She asked softly as she continued to brush a hand though Waverly’s hair.

Waverly sniffled as she nodded. “Kind of. That’s part of it too, I guess.”

“What happened?” Wynonna asked.

Waverly took a deep breath and wiped a few more tears from her face. “I walked in on Nicole touching herself in the bathroom this morning.”

Wynonna shifted her eyes uncomfortably. “Uh, are you sure I should be hearing this?” She wanted to be there for her sister, but she wasn’t sure if she wanted to hear about her sister’s girlfriend Jillin’ off. The two had gotten close lately, but not that close.

Waverly nodded. “It’s okay. This morning, I thought I was ready. I mean, I’ve been thinking about being intimate with her for the past few days, and I thought it was what I wanted. But as soon as she started touching me, I froze. I felt him all over me, and I freaked out on her and pushed her onto the floor. She said she was going to brush her teeth, but when I went into the bathroom to talk to her, she had her hand down her pants.” Waverly shook her head as she sighed. “I just feel so guilty. It’s obvious that she wants to have sex, but I’m just not sure when I’ll be ready again.” She looked up at her sister. “Do you think she’s going to leave me if I can’t have sex?”

Wynonna confidentially shook her head. “I think she’d wait forever for you to be ready. And you finding her, you know…” Wynonna paused for a moment, needing to collect herself. “I don’t think that what you walked in on has anything to do with you. She was probably just all hot and bothered and needed to get off. We’ve all had moments like that. But I don’t think she’s mad or upset with you for not being ready yet. In fact, I know she’s not. She’s Nicole Haught. She’s like the epitome of a frickin’ perfect girlfriend. It’s kind of annoying, actually…”

“Really?” Waverly queried.
Wynonna nodded. “You know, she was pretty upset with herself this morning. Felt like she really fucked things up with you.”

Waverly frantically shook her head. “She didn’t! I only left so quickly because I was feeling guilty and embarrassed that I freaked out on her when I was the one who had initiated it. I got her all worked up and pushed her away and she had to finish the job herself.”

“Well I’m sure she was embarrassed too. I mean, she probably feels super guilty for doing it solo while you’re going through a tough time. I know I sure would.”

Waverly sighed, realizing how Nicole was probably feeling right now. And she was sure that ignoring the redhead’s texts weren’t helping her either. “I should talk to her.”

Wynonna nodded. “So, uh, you said that was part of it. Did something else happen today?”

Before Waverly could even answer, there was a knock on the door, causing the younger woman to jump. Wynonna placed a reassuring hand on her sister’s shoulder.

“I’ll get it. Stay here.” Wynonna cracked the door open and saw Chrissy Nedley standing on the porch before opening it all the way.

“Hey. Is Waverly here?” The blonde asked. She had a worried expression.

“Uh…” Wynonna looked over at Waverly with questioning eyes, who was already making her way towards the door.

“It’s okay.” Waverly signaled for Wynonna to step aside as she stood in front of the door and looked at her friend. “You can come in.” Waverly looked at her sister with reassuring eyes, signaling that she was okay now.

“Well, I have to get back to work. Text me if you need anything, Waverly.” Wynonna gave Chrissy a curt nod before making her way out the door, leaving the two girls standing in the living room in awkward silence.

“Um, I just came by to see how you were doing.” Chrissy said, not wanting to intrude, but she was concerned about her friend.

“Yeah, I’m okay.” Waverly gave a weak smile.

“Waverly…” Chrissy said her name softly. “It’s me. Your best friend since grade 6. You don’t have to pretend. I can tell you’re not okay.”

“I know. It’s just, um…” Waverly shook her head. She didn’t know how to explain to her friend that it was difficult for her to talk about what was wrong, without actually telling her what was wrong.

“Hey, come here. Sit down.” Chrissy led them over to the couch, and Waverly blew out a shaky puff of air after sitting down next to the blonde. She fervently shook her leg as the nerves began to creep up.

“Before you decide whether or not you want to tell me about this, I think it’s only fair that I tell you something first.” Chrissy said as she gave Waverly a weird look.

“Okay?” Waverly quirked an eyebrow. She had an unsettling feeling that Chrissy knew what was going on; that she could see right through the front she had put up. If Chrissy knew, did that mean everybody could see? Could everybody just look at her and know what had happened? The thought
of her being exposed terrified her.

Chrissy took a moment to compose herself before speaking. “Do you remember that guy I went on a couple of dates with a few years ago? Right after we graduated?”

“The older guy with that tattoo on his forearm?”

Chrissy nodded. “Well, the first date with him went fine. He was a pretty nice guy. But the second one…” Chrissy trailed off as she looked off into the distance. She took a couple of deep breaths before continuing. “He picked me up in his car for the second one. We went out to a nice restaurant, had a good time, talked about random things. I was beginning to really like him. Talking to him was easy.” She paused and took another deep breath. “As he was driving me home, he asked me if I wanted to have sex. I lightheartedly teased that I didn’t hook up until the third date, and his whole demeanor changed. He got…angry. He pulled over to the side of the road and hopped over to my side, slammed my seat back into a reclining position as he proceeded to force himself on me…in me. He said he would kill me if I screamed or tried to fight him. I froze. Didn’t know what to do, so I just laid there. I couldn’t believe what was happening. I wasn’t even sure if it was real.” She shook her head as she wiped away a single tear that had escaped. “After he was finished, he drove me home. I never saw him again, and I didn’t tell anyone for months.”

Waverly looked at her friend with wide eyes and mouth slightly agape. She didn’t know what to say. She had no idea that any of this had happened, but looking back, it made sense. After that guy, Chrissy had kind of fallen off the Earth for a while. Waverly just assumed that was what happened to friends after high school, and they didn’t reconnect for almost a year.

“Chrissy…” Waverly breathed out. She just sat there and continued to look at her friend, taking in the information. The first thing people usually say after hearing a story like this is ‘sorry’. Waverly didn’t want to say that, because she knew first-hand how much saying sorry didn’t help. No words helped, really. Which was why Waverly just sat there in silence, waiting for her friend to continue as she gave all of her attention.

“After it happened, I didn’t feel like going anywhere. I was terrified of seeing him again. So I locked myself in my room and became this hermit. I hated riding in cars with people. Only got in a car if I was the one driving; the one in control. I hated being touched by anyone. Suddenly friendly touches on my shoulder became terrifying, and I freaked out every time.” She gave Waverly a knowing look, and the brunette looked away.

Waverly let out a shaky breath. She knew that Chrissy knew. Her deepest secret was exposed, and she felt extremely vulnerable. She shifted uncomfortably in silence.

“Look, I know it’s hard to talk about. And if I’m right, if something like that did happen to you… then just know that I’m here to listen. I’ve been there, and I know what it’s like. And I want you to know that you’ll get through this. It gets easier, and the pain doesn’t last forever.”

Waverly nodded as a couple of tears dropped down her cheeks. She quickly wiped them away. That was all the confirmation Chrissy needed to know that she was right.

“Can I hug you?” The blonde asked.

Waverly nodded as she leaned into her friend and fell into her warm embrace. They sat there for a few seconds before Waverly pulled back. More tears were flowing from her eyes at this point, and she wiped them with the back of her hand as she sniffled.

“Um, it happened at the Halloween party.” Waverly said softly.
Chrissy nodded. This wasn’t surprising information. She knew that if something did happen to her friend, it was at the party. It made sense. Waverly had been ignoring her since then and wouldn’t go over to her house. She remembered everything about Nicole kicking down their bathroom door, and Champ being passed out in there with a black eye and it didn’t take her long to put two and two together.

“Was it Champ?” Chrissy asked. She tried to keep a neutral tone and not get angry. This was now about Waverly, and it wasn’t for Chrissy to get angry over. It was Waverly’s story, not hers.

Without making eye contact, Waverly nodded. She flitted her eyes up to Chrissy’s for a brief second before looking back down at her lap.

“He pushed me against the wall and covered my mouth so I couldn’t scream. He didn’t…I mean, we still had clothes on. He didn’t get far enough to…it was nothing like what you went through. But it still–“

“But it still fucks you up. Having someone take away all of your control over your own body. Treating you like anything less than a human being. It’s not sex. They think it is, but it’s not. It’s just them using your body to get off.” Chrissy interrupted. There was unmistakable anger and frustration in her voice.

Waverly silently nodded. She couldn’t even begin to imagine what Chrissy went through. She began to feel guilty again. Like her feelings weren’t valid because in comparison, her experience was nothing.

Chrissy looked away, realizing that she was taking away the attention. “Does anybody else know besides Nicole?”

“Wynonna does.”

Chrissy nodded. “And I’m assuming Nicole arrested him? Since I haven’t seen him around town since the party…”

Waverly shook her head. “No, um– Wynonna…convinced him to leave town and never come back.”

Chrissy quirked an eyebrow as she slowly nodded her head. The look on Waverly’s face made it obvious that ‘convinced’ wasn’t the correct word. But she never liked the guy, especially not now after knowing what he had done to Waverly. So she didn’t question it and accepted the information.

“You’re lucky you have them. I wish I had a sister to convince Todd to leave town.” The blonde grimaced. She hadn’t said his name in a while.

Waverly reached out and held her friend’s hand.

“Look, Waverly, I don’t want you to ever feel ashamed or like what happened is your fault. I know how easy it is to feel that way, and I want to make sure you know that Champ is the only person who did anything wrong.”

The sound of Waverly swallowing hard cut through the silence. She hadn’t heard his name in a while, and honestly she thought it would affect her way more than it did. It made her feel a little uneasy, but it didn’t make her feel like completely falling apart the way it had last week. The fact that this was a victory was not completely lost on her, but she still felt like she had a long way to go.

“I don’t feel like it was my fault. At least, not anymore. I did though. After it happened, I felt like it was my fault for not locking the door. Like I should have been more careful and looked out for
Chrissy inhaled sharply and nodded in agreement as her breathing quivered a bit. She related to Waverly’s confession, as she too had blamed herself for getting into the car with her attacker and not seeing the signs before, but she kept the thoughts to herself as she let her friend continue.

“But, I realize now that what happened to me, what Champ did to me, isn’t my fault.” A crease formed between her eyebrows as she drew them together, and she gritted her teeth. “I really hate him. And this is going to sound so horrible Chrissy, but most days, I wish he was dead. I wish Wynonna had actually killed him. And I hate him for turning me into that kind of person, because I never would have wished that on anybody before.”

The blonde nodded as she took Waverly’s hands. “That’s not horrible, that’s completely normal.”

Waverly sighed as she slid her hands out of Chrissy’s grasp. She stood up from the couch and began pacing, unable to sit still any longer as rage coursed through her body. “You know what the worst part is? I still feel like what happened to me wasn’t that bad. When Nicole came in and saved me, I thought to myself, ‘Oh, thank God. She got here just in time.’ And I never let myself take in the fact that, she kind of didn’t. He still forced himself on me. And even as I’m saying all of this, the only thing running through my mind is the fact that we didn’t have intercourse, so it’s not that bad.” The brunette sat back down and let out a shaky breath as she ran her hands through her hair. “I wasn’t raped. He held me down, kissed me…he may have grinded himself against me, but it wasn’t rape. I mean, you were...” Waverly waved her hand up and down at Chrissy before she froze. She quickly realized that Chrissy hadn’t used that word, and suddenly she wasn’t sure if it was okay to.

Chrissy stepped in when she realized Waverly’s hesitation. “It’s okay, I’m not ashamed of it anymore. I was raped. He raped me. And even though Champ didn’t rape you, he sexually assaulted you. And that is just as bad.” Waverly nodded as she took in her friend’s words before Chrissy continued. “Do you have nightmares?”

Waverly paused for a moment before nodding.

“And do you freak out when people touch you?”

She nodded again.

“And do you fear being intimate?”

Another nod.

“That’s PTSD. And that only happens when something bad has happened to you. Waverly…” Chrissy grabbed Waverly’s hands with both of hers. “Something really terrible happened to you. And it doesn’t matter what happened to me, or what happened to anyone else. You went through something really traumatizing. And now you have to work through recovering from it.”

Waverly let out a deep breath as she barely nodded her head. She pulled her hands away from Chrissy’s and rubbed her palms over her jeans along her thighs. All of these things had been said to her before, but now that they were being said by someone who, in Waverly’s opinion, had been through so much worse, she felt validated. “Um, can I ask how long it took you to be able to...you know, to have sex again?”

“Well, for me it took a while. But the timing is different for everyone. Like I said, I didn’t tell anyone for months. The way you’re talking about it right now took me much longer to do. So the amount of time it took me to trust people again won’t be exactly the same for you.”
Waverly nodded. It made sense.

“Plus, I wasn’t in a relationship when it happened so I didn’t have anyone else to think about. And I’m not gay. I can imagine it’s different trusting a woman to touch you than it is trying to trust a man to touch you again.”

“Oh god. I can’t even imagine having sex with a man ever again. I mean, before it just seemed subpar in comparison. But now, even the thought of being with a man makes me feel sick.”

“See, it’s already different for you.” Chrissy gestured. “But I started going to therapy, and that helped me get through it and reclaim myself and my sexuality again.”

Waverly nodded as she let out a short laugh. “Nicole has been trying to get me to go to therapy. She says it might help.”

“It definitely helped me. It was hard at first, talking to someone about it. But she really did help me in ways I never thought possible.”

With a sigh, Waverly nodded her head. “So, you think it’ll help me be able to be intimate with Nicole again?”

“I think it’ll help you with that, plus everything else. I don’t jump when people unexpectedly touch me anymore. I’m not afraid to ride in a car with someone, and I’m not scared to go out on dates and hook up with people. I’m more cautious now, but I’m not afraid.”

Waverly nodded as she took in the information. Maybe therapy wasn’t so bad after all.

“But Waverly, it’s completely up to you. You’re the only one who can decide if it’s what’s right for you. But I think it would be good for you to at least try it.”

“I think…I think I’m going to try it. I don’t want my life to be like this anymore. I want to move on.”

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Later that evening, Waverly made her way over to the police station to talk to Nicole. She turned the corner of the lobby into the back and headed straight for Nicole’s desk.

“Hey. Can we talk?” She said as big brown eyes looked up at her.

Nicole paused, surprised that Waverly was there, before answering. “Yeah. The break room is empty if you want to go in there.”

Waverly nodded as she made her way into the room. She set her purse down on the table before she began pacing. Nicole followed a few paces behind her.

“Is it okay if I shut the door?” The redhead asked. Shut doors had been a trigger for Waverly. She was starting to not get so unnerved by them, but after this morning the officer wasn’t taking any chances.

Waverly nodded. “Yeah, that’s okay.”

As soon as Nicole had shut the door to give them some privacy, she stepped towards Waverly. “I’m really sorry about this morning.” She was cut off by Waverly holding a hand up.

“Don’t apologize. You didn’t do anything wrong.”
“I just…I feel really guilty that you’re struggling with this, and here I am getting off in your fucking bathroom. I mean, who does that?” She bit her bottom lip and shook her head, feeling disappointed in herself.

“I know. And really, it’s okay Nicole. I don’t expect your sex drive to disappear just because I’m going through something.”

“Waverly, I don’t ever want you to think that I can’t handle us not having sex. Even if it takes you months, years even, I’ll wait. I love you more than anyone and anything, and I would never give up on you.”

“I know.” Waverly nodded as she stepped closer to Nicole and grabbed her hands. “And I don’t want you to think that this is me going backwards, because it’s not. It’s me figuring out exactly where I’m at with this. I just went a little bit too fast this morning. I jumped the gun. But I want to keep trying. I want to keep trying with you, because I do trust you, and you’re so important to me.”

Nicole shook her head. “But you don’t have to.”

“But I want to.” She cupped Nicole’s cheeks. “We just have to go a little bit slower.”

The officer leaned into her girlfriend’s touch. She wrapped her hands around Waverly’s on her face and nodded. “I can do that.”

The brunette smiled as she leaned in and gave Nicole a slow, tender kiss. It lasted about three seconds before she pulled away and rested her forehead against Nicole’s. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Waverly. So, so much.”

“I’m going to look for a therapist.” Waverly confessed as she looked into Nicole’s eyes.

Nicole smiled as relief washed over her. Waverly was ready to seek help, and she was so relieved. “That’s great, Waves. I’ll be here, by your side, every step of the way.”
Therapy Thanksgiving

Chapter Summary

Waverly has her first therapy session. Then, the gang celebrates American Thanksgiving!

It was Waverly’s first session with the therapist, and to say that she was nervous was an understatement. When she entered the bright office, she reached out a hand and introduced herself to the doctor, who asked her to call her by her first name, Amy. Waverly thought that it was strange that the therapist had asked her to call her by her first name instead of ‘Dr. Jennings’, but went with it nonetheless. She didn’t want to come off as disrespectful and unable to follow simple instructions. She had taken a seat on the solid gray couch and looked around the room, taking in her surroundings. There were little knick-knacks on the shelves, a couple of degrees hanging on the wall, pictures of her with a man and two kids, which Waverly presumed was her family. The woman herself seemed pretty cool. She had short, brown hair, was 35 years old – according to the research Waverly had done on the woman beforehand – and specialized in sexual assault, trauma and PTSD, which Waverly figured she should look for in a professional. She told Waverly a little bit about herself to make the brunette feel a little more comfortable and like this wasn’t completely one-sided. Waverly figured she had used this tactic with all of her patients.

“So, Waverly, would you like to tell me something about yourself, now that you know a bit about me?” Amy asked. She sat in her leather chair with a pen and a notepad, clearly to take notes on Waverly. This unnerved the brunette a little.

Waverly sat with her knees up to her chest. She had taken off her shoes first so that she didn’t get the couch dirty. She probably should be sitting like a normal adult instead of a small child, which was what she was sure she looked like right now, but the position made her feel safe. And that’s what this whole thing was about, right? It’s not like the woman asked her not to when she put her feet up a couple of minutes ago, so she assumed it was okay.

“Um, I have a sister.” Waverly said after a few moments. It was something technically about herself, but took the focus off of her.

Amy smiled and nodded. “And what’s her name?”

“Wynonna.”

“That’s a pretty name. And so is Waverly. Do you have any other siblings?”

Waverly froze. What was she supposed to say? I used to have another sister, but she was killed in a car accident along with my father. My mother left us when I was a baby, so I don’t have one of those either. We were raised by my aunt and uncle, but my uncle died last year, so, you know… No, she couldn’t say that. It was way too personal, and she wasn’t ready to get personal with this stranger yet.

“That’s a pretty name. And so is Waverly. Do you have any other siblings?”

Waverly froze. What was she supposed to say? I used to have another sister, but she was killed in a car accident along with my father. My mother left us when I was a baby, so I don’t have one of those either. We were raised by my aunt and uncle, but my uncle died last year, so, you know… No, she couldn’t say that. It was way too personal, and she wasn’t ready to get personal with this stranger yet.

“I used to have another sister, but she was killed in a car accident along with my father. My mother left us when I was a baby, so I don’t have one of those either. We were raised by my aunt and uncle, but my uncle died last year, so, you know… No, she couldn’t say that. It was way too personal, and she wasn’t ready to get personal with this stranger yet.

“IIs that your family?” Waverly asked as she nodded towards the picture frame, changing the subject and taking the focus off of her.
Amy looked behind her at the picture on her desk and smiled. “Yes. That’s my husband, Kyle, and my two kids, Lauren and Jacob.”

“They seem nice. You all look so happy.” Waverly stated. There was something in her voice that resembled jealousy. She wished she could have had a happy family like that. She loved Wynonna and her Aunt Gus, and she loved her Uncle Curtis, but it always made her jealous whenever she saw her classmates with more ‘normal’ families growing up. She hadn’t had a ‘normal’ family since her mom left, and then everything just spiraled from there. An alcoholic father that never even gave her the time of day wasn’t that much better than a dead one. As she looked at the picture of this perfect family, she realized that this woman had everything going for her. Happy family, great job, gorgeous woman…how could she possibly understand what Waverly was going through when her life was clearly struggle-free?

“Everyone looks happy in family photos. The goal is to show off your smiles and look like you have it all put together, so that nobody can see any pain.” The older woman said with a warm smile.

Waverly’s eyes widened. She wasn’t expecting her to be so blunt about that. Maybe this woman wasn’t so bad after all.

“Um, I have a girlfriend, Nicole.” Waverly said, letting the woman in a little more. “She’s amazing. I don’t deserve her.”

“Why do you think that?” Amy asked. She didn’t even flinch at the confession that Waverly was in a relationship with another woman.

Waverly looked up at her briefly, and then looked down at the floor. She sat there for what seemed like hours as she fidgeted with the rings on her fingers. She was hoping that the woman would say something else, fill the uncomfortable silence with a different question. But instead, she just sat there, waiting for Waverly to say something. Waverly sighed at the realization that she was going to have to speak in order for the awkward silence to go away.

“Because, I’m a mess. I have too many flaws.”

“Everyone has flaws.”

“But I have a lot.”

“Like what?”

Waverly froze. She wasn’t expecting such a direct question.

“Like…stuff.” She answered. As soon as she said it, she realized how stupid she sounded. She sighed as she dropped her legs to the floor and leaned forward. “I’m sorry, I’m just not good at this.”

“Not good at what?”

“Talking. Talking about myself. Talking about…about it. I know that’s the whole point of me being here, but I just don’t think I can.”

Amy looked at her with understanding eyes. “Waverly, that’s perfectly okay. You talk whenever you’re ready. And we can just sit here until you are.” She set her pen down on her notebook as she smiled at the brunette.

Waverly had expected that to make her feel uneasy, just sitting in silence, but it actually helped her. It helped her to collect her thoughts; to compose herself. To remind herself that this wasn’t someone
who was going to judge her, but someone who was there to help her. This woman has probably heard all kinds of stories, and Waverly’s wouldn’t be hard for her to take. That was one reason why she found it hard to tell people about what happened – she didn’t want to upset anyone. She didn’t want to make anyone feel uneasy or uncomfortable. She sat there for about half an hour, letting her train of thought run through her before she had plucked up the courage to say something.

“I have nightmares.” She said, still looking down at the floor, still fidgeting with her rings.

“Nightmares of what?”

“Of being trapped. Sometimes I’m trapped in a box. Sometimes I’m trapped in a small room. And sometimes…sometimes it’s not just me being trapped. Sometimes it’s like it’s happening all over again. I’m in the bathroom, he locks the door behind him and pushes me up against the wall. Holds my wrists above my head like he did that night, and covers my mouth so I can’t speak. He can’t hear me begging him to get off me; screaming for help. I can feel him pushing up against me, and kissing my neck, and telling me to relax and that he’s going to help me remember. Only this time, Nicole doesn’t come in and stop him. He actually goes through with it. He actually…” She closed her eyes and let out a shaky breath as a couple of tears ran down her cheeks. She wiped them away before opening her eyes again. She didn’t look at Amy though. She hadn’t looked at her for the past half hour. She focused on the intricate patterns and colors of the rug beneath her feet. She followed her eyes over the lines as she focused on bringing herself back to the present and not get sucked into that mindset of being trapped.

“How do these nightmares make you feel afterwards?” Amy asked.

Waverly slowly shook her head as she gritted her teeth. “Angry. Guilty. Embarrassed. He took something from me, without even asking. Against my will, he took something from me. And now I have nightmares. Now I jump whenever someone touches me. Now I can’t enjoy being intimate with Nicole. Now I tense up and start to panic whenever I’m in a room with a locked door. I used to see locked doors as something that kept bad things out; that kept me safe. Now I only see them as something that traps me in.”

Waverly continued to talk for the rest of the session. Amy would ask her questions here and there that provoked critical thinking, which kept Waverly talking. By the end of the session, she was able to talk about exactly what had happened. She had shared her story, every little detail of it – even details she hadn’t shared with Nicole or Wynonna. She explained how he grinded his erect penis against her between her legs, and how she felt like since he wasn’t exposed, she didn’t really feel like she could call it sexual assault. Amy reassured her that it was sexual assault, and explained to her exactly why. She also explained why it wasn’t her fault, and why it’s normal for her to be having nightmares and issues with intimacy after going through trauma like that. She asked Waverly what she wanted to achieve with therapy, and Waverly explained how she wanted to be able to be intimate with her girlfriend again, and how she didn’t want to have nightmares anymore. She didn’t want to be jumpy, and she wanted to be that happy girl she once was. Amy gave her some tips and tricks to help her with her anxiety, and some things that she and Nicole could try together in the bedroom to help her feel more in control.

Before she knew it, the session was over, and she found herself wishing that it wasn’t.

“Would you like to make another appointment?” Amy asked as she pulled out her schedule.

Waverly smiled and nodded as she set up a time, thrilled that she was finally able to talk about everything so comfortably. She was afraid that she would end up wasting the woman’s time.

“I’ll see you next week, Waverly. Have a good rest of your week.” Amy smiled as she walked
Waverly out of her office.

As soon as Waverly entered the waiting room, she saw Nicole drop a magazine onto the table beside her and quickly stand up from the chair she was sitting in. She had offered to drive Waverly there and wait for her outside, and Waverly took the redhead up on the offer. She knew having her there would put her a little bit more at ease, even if she couldn’t actually be in the room with her. Without Nicole there waiting with her for her name to be called, holding her hand and softly caressing the back of it to keep her relaxed, she probably would have chickened out and left as soon as she had signed in.

“So? How did it go?” Nicole asked as she held Waverly’s winter coat up and helped the brunette into it.

Waverly grinned. “It was really good. The first half was basically just small talk and me sitting there working up the courage to talk, but eventually I was able to talk about it. I told her everything, and she listened to me. She made me feel a lot better. I made another appointment for next week.”

“Baby, that’s wonderful!” Nicole beamed.

“I really think this is going to help, Nicole. I think it’s going to help me be able to move forward with this.”

The pair walked to the car and began to make their way back to Purgatory as Waverly told Nicole all about her session and about Amy.

“So, are you ready to see everyone on Thursday?” Nicole asked once the conversation had died down.

The Earp clan had always celebrated American Thanksgiving, since Wyatt Earp was American. It had been a family tradition of theirs, one that was hosted every year at Gus’s house. This year, Waverly had invited Jeremy and Robin to join them. She had sent Jeremy a text asking if the couple wanted to join them, and of course they said yes. She hadn’t seen them since the Halloween party almost four weeks ago. It’s not like they were too torn up about it though, since their relationship was still pretty new and they spent most of their time with each other anyways. If Jeremy didn’t have Robin to occupy his time, he’d probably be a little more adamant to find out why Waverly hadn’t been around, but the truth was that he had been just as bad about reaching out to her. And after what had happened between her and Champ at Shorty’s, he figured it was best to let the girl come to him.

“Yeah, I think I am.” Waverly replied. “Haven’t had the gang together in a while.”

Nicole nodded with a smile.

“Is Dols coming?”

“He has to work. He’s covering my shift so I can make it to dinner on time. What about Chrissy, Rosita, and Darren?”

“They all have to work. So it’ll just be us, Wynonna, Gus, Jeremy and Robin.”

“That’ll be fun.”

Waverly nodded. She was excited, but also a little nervous. She hadn’t been around too many people since the party, and she wasn’t sure how she would feel about it. Suddenly, she wished that she had brought that up in her session today. But like everything else, it was a learning curve and the only way to find out was to actually put herself in the situation.
Thursday

Knock knock knock

Waverly walked up to the front door of Gus’s house and opened it. “Jeremy! Robin! I’m so glad you guys could make it!” She wrapped them both in each arm and squeezed tightly.

“It feels like forever!” Jeremy said as the brunette released them. “How have you been?”

“Yeah I’ve been…pretty good.” She gave a smile, but it didn’t quite touch her eyes. Jeremy noticed, but decided not to say anything. He was really good at reading his friends, and he knew Waverly would come to him if she wanted to talk about whatever was wrong.

“That’s good!” Robin replied.

Waverly waved her hands around. “How about you guys? What have you been up to?”

Jeremy and Robin looked at each other. “Oh you know, just stuff. Work, chilling out, the yoozh.” Jeremy shrugged.

“Oh huh, the yoozh…right.” Waverly shook her head as she smirked and gave them a knowing look. “I think we all know that means that you two have been—”

“Hey guys!” Nicole interrupted as she walked into the small foyer from the kitchen, and Jeremy and Robin were more than accepting of the opportunity to change the subject.

“Nicole! Nicky! Nick-o-mania! How’s my favorite red-headed Purgatory police officer?” Jeremy asked as he chuckled awkwardly.

Nicole furrowed her brow. “Uh, okay? Why are you acting all weird? Well, weirder than usual. And why is your face all red?”

“We were just discussing how he and Robin have been chilling.” Waverly said with a wink after putting air quotes around the word ‘chilling’.

“Ohhh chilling eh? Have you guys chilled today yet, or is that more of an after-dinner plan?” Nicole teased, and Waverly had to cover her mouth with her hand to stifle her laughter.

“Why pick just one?” Robin smirked.

“Oh God…” Jeremy mumbled as he crossed one arm across his chest and tucked his hand under his armpit, resting the other elbow on it and covering his face.

“I like him.” Nicole said to Jeremy as she pointed at Robin.

“Thank you.” Robin grinned as he shoved his hands into the pockets of his neatly-pressed khakis.

“But I’m sure not as much as Jeremy does.” Waverly teased.

Jeremy waved his arms around as he said, “Yeah yeah, okay. I think we’ve all established that we’ve been spending a lot of time together.”

“Alone time.” Waverly stated matter-of-factly.

Nicole and Waverly gave each other awkward looks. Their sex life was definitely not something that Waverly wanted to talk about, so she decided to quickly change the subject to something else. “So, Robin, how’s it going at work? I’d imagine with being Purgatory’s only park ranger and all you’d see some interesting things on the job.”

“Oh, you don’t know? I quit that job.”

“You did?” Waverly asked, surprised.

“Yep. Turns out I was pretty terrible at it. Now I’m working at the library. They were pretty excited. I tried to explain that I majored in jazz history, but all they heard was the ‘history’ part and just ran with it. But I like it. I don’t have to trudge through the snow and I actually have co-workers…well, co-worker. But Martha’s pretty cool.”

Waverly thought back to last week when she went to the library and was thankful that she didn’t see him working there at the time. She wasn’t sure if she could handle seeing a familiar face and having to engage in conversation with her emotions running all over the place.

“That’s good. I’m happy for you.” Nicole smiled as she rubbed Robin on the arm.

“Alright kids, Gus says to tell you that dinner is ready.” Wynonna said as she looked at the group. “Wow, I feel like I’m at Purgatory pride right now.”

Nicole rolled her eyes. “We have you outnumbered, you know.”

“Whatever. I’m not complaining about it. You know, I’ve kissed a girl before…”

“Yeah, I don’t think that really counts…especially since you were drunk and did it to get Pete’s attention. You’re still really straight.” Waverly chuckled.

“Okay yes, I’m a girl who likes dick. Crucify me why dontcha.” She folded her arms across her chest.

“Aww don’t worry Wyn.” Nicole slung her arm around Wynonna’s shoulders. “We still love you. Even if you are one of those heterosexuals.”

“Yeah, it’s not your fault!” Jeremy joined in.

Waverly grinned. “Yeah, I mean, I have lots of straight friends!”

“Personally, I understand the sex appeal.” Robin stated matter-of-factly.

“Ha ha, very funny you guys. Real comedians.” The dark brunette shrugged Nicole’s arm off, causing it to drop by her side. “Are you dorks coming or do I have to eat all of the mashed potatoes myself? Because I’m six months pregnant, so you know I will.” She yelled over her shoulder as she strolled back into the kitchen, everyone else laughing as they followed behind.

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“I’m glad you all were able to join us for dinner. It always was Curtis’s favorite tradition, even if it was started by the Earps.” Gus stated with a curt nod as she traced her fingertips along the side her
Waverly reached across the table and wrapped a comforting hand around her aunt’s forearm. “Uncle Curtis would have loved this. Everything is delicious, Gus. I mean, I haven’t had any of the turkey for obvious reasons, but I’m sure it’s perfect.”

“It’s a lil’ dry…” Wynonna said with a mouth full of turkey as she held up a piece in front of her face and closely inspected it. Waverly roughly nudged her in her side with her elbow, causing her to drop the piece of turkey onto her plate. “But uh, still very good. Top-notch.”

“I too wish I could try the turkey…and the mac and cheese…but everything else is really good!” Robin complimented.

Wynonna shook her head. “Vegans…” She mumbled as she shoveled a forkful of potatoes into her mouth.

“Well, I can attest that everything is in fact delicious. Thank you, Gus.” Nicole smiled. She had been eating vegan lately, but couldn’t pass up on any of the dishes Gus had cooked.

“I’m already looking forward to seconds!” Jeremy exclaimed.

“Okay, okay. I wasn’t fishin’ for compliments.” Gus waved her hands in the air. “Eat your damn dinner.” She hid her grin behind her wine glass as she took a sip.

Knock knock knock

“Who’s that interruptin’ my dinner?” Gus asked, slightly concerned. She started to get up, but Wynonna quickly stood up.

“I’ll get it!” The older Earp rushed to the front door and opened it.

Doc stood on the front porch with an awkward smile. His hair was freshly washed and his mustache obviously combed. He sported his signature gray frock coat and solid blue button up. He quickly took his black Stetson off and placed it over his chest when he saw Wynonna open the door.

“Hope I’m not too late.” He said with a small smile.

Wynonna shook her hand and smiled. “No, you’re right on time. You know, for being Doc Holliday. Come on in.” She beckoned.

As soon as they walked into the kitchen, Waverly stood up, but was quickly encouraged to sit back down by a wave of Wynonna’s hand, which she reluctantly did.

“It’s okay. I invited him.” Wynonna explained.

Everyone quietly stared for a few seconds, unsure of whether or not to greet the former outcast, until Gus finally stood up from her seat. “Oh, for Heaven’s sake. Get yourself a plate and join us Henry, before it gets too cold for you to enjoy it.”

“I appreciate it, ma’am.” He smiled and gave a curt nod before walking over to the counter and fixing himself a plate of food.

“Um, Wynonna…can I speak with you for a second?” Waverly whispered before dragging the older Earp into the living room.

As soon as they got there, Waverly gave her sister an inquisitive look, to which Wynonna just raised
her eyebrows, waiting for her to say whatever it was she wanted to say.

“So, are we pro-Doc again now? Or is this some sort of desperate pregnancy hormones hook-up…”

“Okay, I’m actually very offended that you would use my pregnancy hormones as an excuse to want sex. You know I’d be desperate with or without being knocked up.” Waverly was just looking at her, waiting for her to explain. Wynonna sighed as she rolled her eyes. “I’ve realized, he’s not a bad guy. He may have made some mistakes…like, over and over and over again, but he’s not a bad guy.”

“Like I’ve been trying to tell you for the past four months.” Waverly stated matter-of-factly.

“Yeah yeah, you were right.” Wynonna groaned.

“So, what changed your mind?”

Wynonna shrugged, unsure of whether or not to bring it up. Waverly noticed her sister’s hesitation.

“Oh come on. You can tell me. Spill.”

“No, it’s just that…after what happened to you, I realize that Doc isn’t a bad guy.” She studied her little sister’s face. Waverly didn’t flinch like Wynonna had thought she would, so she continued. “I mean…Hardy, he’s a bad guy.” She decided to use his first name in fear that saying the name ‘Champ’ would set Waverly off. “And Bobo, he’s a bad guy. But Doc? Well, he’s just an idiot, and a bit of an asshole…but he’s not a bad guy. He actually has good intentions. And all he ever wanted was to do the right thing for me, and for our daughter. I can’t keep being mad at him for that. Not when this little girl has a chance to grow up with both of her parents. He wanted to be involved, and that’s more than some pregnant women can say. Might as well give him a second chance.” She shrugged.

Waverly nodded as she smiled. She understood why Wynonna had pushed him away, but she was glad that she had finally come to her senses, despite hearing about the reason why. She was a sucker for a happy ending. She wrapped her arms around her sister and pulled her into a tight hug. “I’m happy you’re getting back together.”

Wynonna quickly pulled away. “Whoa whoa whoa, I never said we were getting back together. I just said I was giving him a second chance. I’m letting him in on the pregnancy, but as far as a relationship, he has to prove himself.”

Waverly’s excitement faltered. “Well, how is he doing so far?”

Wynonna shrugged. “We talked. Said he would do whatever it takes. He got a job at the local hardware store last week to help make money for baby stuff, so that’s a start.”

“Is he, like, using the cash register and stuff?” Waverly asked, slightly surprised. Doc had just learned how to use his cell phone not too long ago, which he still refers to as his ‘cellular device’. She couldn’t imagine him trying to handle a computer.

The older Earp laughed as she shook her head. “Yeah right. He’s stocking shelves.”

“Oh. That makes much more sense.” Waverly chuckled.

“Oh, and just a heads up, we’re going out for dinner this Saturday. I’ll probably end up spending the night at his apartment, if you catch my drift.” She winked.
“So, I’ll have the house to myself that night?” She asked curiously.

“So, think you’ll be okay by yourself?”

“I think I’ll manage. I’ll probably ask Nicole to come over.” Waverly smiled.

“Alright then.” Wynonna shrugged, not thinking anything of it. “So, uh, are we done in here? Because I still have like half a plate of food left.” She asked as she pointed over her shoulder with her thumb.

“Yeah, we’re done.” Waverly grinned before walking back into the kitchen with her arm looped around Wynonna’s.
New Again

Chapter Summary

It's Saturday night! And the night you've all been waiting for :) Waverly and Nicole have sex for the first time since before the Halloween party.

Chapter Notes

For those of you who get notifications when I upload, I accidentally deleted the chapter when I first posted it and then had to re-upload it. I also changed the name because I didn’t like the original one, but this is still that same chapter (Chapter 45), just a different title. Sorry for any confusion!

Saturday

Waverly knew that she was ready to try having sex with Nicole again. For the past week, they had been having make out sessions in Waverly’s bed. Each time they got further and further, touching more skin, taking off more clothes. Last night they had gotten as far as making out with nothing on but underwear. But even then, Nicole hadn’t touched Waverly’s breasts. Waverly had touched Nicole’s though, but that was it. There was no retaliation, because Waverly hadn’t asked for it. She was going to, but she was too focused on Nicole and trying to get her to moan some more. But that was as far as they’d gotten. Today, Waverly felt fully ready. She wanted to try going further with Nicole tonight. She wanted to try having sex.

After making coffee for a customer during her usual late morning shift, Waverly pulled out her phone and texted Nicole.

Waverly: Hey!

She received a reply a few minutes later.

Nicole: Hey cutie ;) How’s work?

Waverly: Same as it is every day. How about you?

They engaged in some casual conversation before Waverly had worked up the courage to talk about what she really wanted to talk about.

Waverly: So, do you want to come over after work tonight?

Nicole: I’ve been staying over every night! I just assumed I would...

Waverly had no idea why she was feeling so nervous to ask directly for sex. It was just Nicole. It’s not like they haven’t had sex before, and it’s not like they hadn’t talked about having sex before. But things weren’t like before; things were new again. Maybe it was because she was trying not to make
such a big deal about something that was absolutely a big deal, or maybe it was because they were texting so it felt too impersonal. Either way, Waverly just couldn’t find the confidence to blatantly say the words ‘I want to have sex’, so she typed out something else instead...

Waverly: Yeah, but I mean, I want to try it tonight

Nicole: Try what?

Waverly: You know…sleeping together

When Nicole read the text, she quirked an eyebrow. She wasn’t exactly sure what Waverly was asking for here. Was she wanting to have sex? No, she would have specifically said she was ready to have sex. She would have talked about it with Nicole in person, not through text, right? She probably just wanted another exploratory make out session, and Nicole wasn’t complaining.

Nicole: Of course baby. I’ll be home at around 8 tonight. See you then!

Waverly: See you then :) 

Waverly grinned at her phone before shoving it back into her pocket and continuing to re-stock the pastry display. Nicole referred to her house as home. The more Nicole spent the night with her, the more she thought about what it would be like to officially live together, but she knew it was way too soon for that. She shook the thought from her head and focused on tonight. Tonight. They were going to have sex tonight. Waverly was nervous, but she knew she was ready for it. She trusted Nicole. They had been taking baby steps all week, and now she was ready to be with her again.

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Waverly walked over to her phone charging on the night stand to check the time. 7:49 p.m. Nicole would be there soon. She grabbed the candles she had bought earlier and began to place them deliberately throughout the room, changing a few spots here and there as she went along. Once she was satisfied, she picked up the lighter and began to flame the wicks.

“Jesus, it smells like a Yankee Candle store in here.” Wynonna complained as she waved the air around her scrunched-up nose.

Waverly turned around to find her sister standing at her bedroom door.

“Wynonna, what are you doing here? You’re supposed to be having dinner with Doc!”

“We had to reschedule. Doc’s shift at the hardware store got changed. Looks like you’re stuck with me tonight!”

Waverly sighed as she dropped the lighter onto her bed. “This can’t be happening.” She whispered to herself as she rubbed her hands over her face.

“What’s the big deal?”

Waverly dropped her hands and waved them around as if it were obvious. “Because, Nicole is supposed to be coming over tonight.”

“So? Nicole is here every night. Why don’t we have a girls’ nigh? Maybe watch a movie together?” She furrowed her brow as she finally noticed Waverly’s pink satin robe. Her hair was obviously done up and she had a face full of makeup. Wynonna pointed a finger at her sister. “Why do you look like that?” When she finally put the puzzle pieces together, it dawned on her. “Oh. Oh.” Her
eyes widened in realization. **Nicole was coming over.**

Waverly awkwardly rubbed the back of her neck as she rested her free hand on her lower back. “Yeah...”

Wynonna waved her hands in the air as she slowly backed away. “Say no more. I’ll leave.”

Waverly sighed. “No, you don’t have to do that. I’d feel bad for kicking you out. Nicole and I can just reschedule.”

“No!” Wynonna said a little too quickly. She knew how big of a deal this was for her sister. She and Nicole hadn’t tried having sex since that one morning - according to Nicole, which Wynonna only squirmed a little when giving the redhead advice - and she knew Waverly had her therapy session earlier in the week. If Waverly was ready for intimacy again, she sure as hell wasn’t going to get in the way of that. It was too important. “I actually just remembered that I promised Gus that I would go over to her house and help her with something.”

Waverly quirked an eyebrow. “Are you sure?”

“Completely sure.” Wynonna walked over to her sister and gave her a big hug. “I probably won’t be back until tomorrow, so you two will have the house to yourselves all night.” She kissed Waverly’s cheek and winked at her. “Enjoy your night.” With one last reassuring smile, she left the room.

As Wynonna trotted towards her truck, she saw Nicole getting out of her squad car. She was wearing her police uniform, which had brown stains all over it, and looked exhausted. Wynonna paused as she looked the redhead over with a raised eyebrow.

“Had to get a kitten out of a tree. There were a lot of mud puddles around said tree. One of the branches broke...I really don’t want to talk about it.” Nicole said dryly as she walked past the older Earp.

“Um, please tell me you brought a change of clothes. Preferably something sexy that’ll make me want to kick your ass for being so obvious about getting into my baby sister’s pants.”

Nicole turned around and drew her eyebrows together. “No? Why? I figured I’d just recycle the pajamas I wore last night.”

"Oh, you mean the ratty old t-shirt with the hole in the right armpit and track pants that make you look like a ginger David Beckham wannabe?"

"The very ones." Nicole grinned, not taking any offense to the comment.

Wynonna smacked her palm against her forehead.

The officer scoffed. "What's your problem? Why are do you care so much what pajamas I'm wearing tonight?"

“Because, doofus, Waverly is upstairs all dolled up for you looking like a movie star in a gorgeous satin robe, and you look and smell like shit.”

“Gee, thanks.” Nicole said sarcastically before registering what Wynonna had said. “Wait, why is she dressed up for me? Do we have a date planned or something tonight?”

“Dude, aren’t you two gonna...” Wynonna gave Nicole a knowing look, but only received a confused one back. “You know...” She made each hand into scissors and jammed them together
between her index and middle fingers a few times, referencing two women scissoring.

Nicole’s eyes widened. “Wait, what are you talking about?!”

“Waverly’s ready to have sex with you, and apparently tonight’s the big night...didn’t you know?”

“No! She never said anything!” Nicole thought back to their conversation from earlier, and suddenly realized her mistake. “Shit.” Nicole exhaled as she dropped her head into her hands and shook it from side to side.

“You get your wires crossed or something?”

Nicole dramatically dropped her arms. “No, I’m apparently just a big idiot who didn’t understand that ‘sleeping together’ meant sex, kind of like it usually does. Ugh, she was texting me and I just thought that if she had actually wanted to go that far, she would be talking to me about it in person!”

“Okay, don’t panic. Just tell her that you have to stop by your house and feed your cat or something. Go home, take a quick shower, and put on something attractive. I’ll go back in and keep her occupied. Just text me when you’re almost here and I’ll disappear.”

“Okay.” Nicole took a deep breath as she exhaled.

“Just, don’t take too long. She’s got some candles lit for ya.”

“Right. I’m on it.”

“And Haught...clip your nails. I’m no expert, but even I can tell that it’s been a while.”

Nicole briefly looked at her fingers and gave an awkward nod of ‘thanks’ before rushing back into her car as she pulled out her phone to call Waverly. “Hey baby, I’m going to be just a little bit late tonight...”

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Nicole had made it back to the house in record time. She had taken a quick five-minute shower and threw on her brand new set of black lace underwear – she had bought it last week specifically for this moment – before dressing up in a nice button up and dark blue jeans that Waverly loved. She took a deep breath before walking up to the door.

“Don’t fuck this up, Haught.” She whispered to herself before ringing the doorbell. After what seemed like forever, Waverly answered it with a quirked eyebrow.

“Hey, uh, did you lose your key?”

“Oh, no. I just thought it would be more romantic if I rang the doorbell instead of just walking in.” Nicole smiled, hoping that didn’t sound stupid.

“Oh.” Waverly giggled before waving her hand in a big gesture. “Come on in.”

Nicole looked the brunette up and down as she followed her inside and up the stairs. Her robe clung to her in all the right places, and was just short enough to send a shot of arousal straight to Nicole’s core. She always was a sucker for Waverly’s legs.

When they got to Waverly’s bedroom, the brunette started to close the door, but then decided to leave it open. They had the house to themselves tonight, so it’s not like they needed to close it. She sat on the bed as she looked up at Nicole, who was standing awkwardly in front of her as she
nervously rubbed the back of her neck.

“Are you nervous?” Nicole finally asked, realizing how ridiculous it was that she was feeling awkward around Waverly.

Waverly nodded as she gave a weak smile.

“Me too.” Nicole admitted as she sat on the bed next to her girlfriend and let out a deep breath.

“Why are you nervous?”

“Because, I don’t want to mess this up.”

Waverly shook her head. “You won’t. It’s not possible.”

“How do you know?”

“Because, I love you. And there’s nobody else in the entire world that I’d rather be with right now.”

Nicole smiled as she sighed. She knew she didn’t have to worry. They were good at communication – despite the mix up earlier, but Waverly didn’t need to know about that. But at the same time, everything was different. This was like having sex for the first time again, and she would have to learn what Waverly liked and didn’t like, which did scare her a little. She turned her body to face Waverly and laid one leg in front of her on the mattress as the other dangled over the edge.

“You have to tell me if there’s something you want or don’t want, okay?” Nicole said as she reached over and took Waverly’s hand that was sitting in her lap.

Waverly cupped Nicole’s cheek with her free hand. “I will. Promise.” She replied before leaning in and capturing Nicole’s lips.

Waverly urged the redhead to lay down on the bed, and Nicole scooted back and fluffed the pillows behind her to make herself comfortable. Once she was situated, Waverly crawled on top of her and continued their kiss. She lifted one hand and cupped Nicole’s cheek as she hovered over her, balancing on one hand and both knees. Without breaking the kiss, she slid her hand down from Nicole’s face to her shirt and pulled it up, exposing the woman’s creamy skin of her abdomen. She lightly tugged on it, and Nicole sat up, allowing her to dispose of the garment. Waverly leaned back in to reconnect their lips, but pulled back when Nicole’s bra caught her eye. She sat back on her heels and looked it over.

“Oh my god!” She exclaimed as she ran her hands over the black lace. “This is gorgeous! Where did you get it!?”

Nicole smiled at the overly-ecstatic brunette. “Um, Victoria’s Secret.” Nicole blushed.

“Do you think they have more? I’ve been looking for something like this but in maroon…” She stopped when she heard Nicole chuckle, and then remembered why she was currently looking at Nicole’s bra. “Sorry, that was really girly of me.” Waverly shook her head as she chuckled.

“It’s okay. We can go this weekend if you want to look around.”

Waverly nodded as she stared down at her girlfriend. The redhead was propping herself up on her elbows, involuntarily showing off her abs. Waverly took in the sight, paired with how plump the bra made her breasts look, and suddenly she wasn’t thinking about the fashionable aspect of the garment anymore…
“You really do look sexy in this.” Waverly stated as she cupped her hands over Nicole’s breasts and gave a gentle squeeze before lightly running her palms up and down.

Nicole threw her head back and closed her eyes as she pushed her chest up against Waverly’s hands. She let out a breathy moan before lifting her head back up. Her hair fell beautifully around her face. “Wait until you see the matching thong.” She winked.

Waverly’s mouth fell open. She couldn’t even recall ever seeing Nicole in a thong. Sure, she wore more feminine styles of underwear from time to time in addition to her boy shorts, but a thong? She was sure her mouth was watering. She quickly reached down to undo the button of Nicole’s jeans and pulled them down her long, smooth legs. It was obvious that she had just shaved them, but Waverly decided not to comment on that. As soon as Nicole had kicked her pants off, she crossed her legs at the ankles, still propping herself up on her elbows. Waverly’s eyes immediately darted to the “V” shape at the junction of Nicole’s thighs, and she was a goner.

“You like?” Nicole asked with a smirk and a quirked eyebrow.

“Holy…” Was all Waverly had managed to breathe out. She had never told Nicole this – or anyone for that matter – but when Champ had told her that she wasn’t really gay, he had planted this tiny seed of doubt. Of course, deep down she knew that it was ridiculous and she was of course in love with Nicole and attracted to her, but there was still this little voice in the back of her head telling her what if. What if she actually was being brain washed? What if she just liked the idea of being with another woman because it was exciting, but she wasn’t actually attracted to Nicole? She hadn’t been super worried about it, but the thought came to the forefront from time to time, and she wasn’t sure what to do with it. But now…with the way her clitoris was throbbing and her walls ached with the desire to clench around something – preferably Nicole’s perfect fingers – she knew that she was one hundred percent into women; And more specifically, into Nicole. As she looked up and down Nicole’s body, she thought of all the things she wanted to do to the woman. She wanted to play with her breasts, kiss the soft skin of her neck, run her tongue along the lines of her flexing abdominals. She wanted to taste her, and feel her walls clenching around her fingers. She wanted to do everything with this woman; to this woman.

“What are you thinking about?” Nicole asked curiously. It was obvious that the brunette was deep in thought about something. She had hoped that her choice of underwear had sparked something in Waverly, since that was the plan. She knew that all of this would be a lot easier for her girlfriend if her arousal was at peak performance level.

“I want to touch you.” Waverly said. She wasn’t being specific, because she didn’t know where she wanted to start.

“You can do whatever you want with me. I’m all yours.” Nicole said as she laid down fully against the mattress, putting herself on display for Waverly. Like a blank canvas, just waiting to be painted on.

Waverly reached her hands down to Nicole’s breasts and began to fondle them over her bra. She pulled the garment down, watching the mounds as they fell out and immediately rolled Nicole’s hardened nipples between her index finger and thumb of each hand simultaneously. Nicole gasped at the unexpected act. She didn’t think Waverly would go straight for it right away – not that she was complaining. Waverly continued to move her fingers and palms around Nicole’s breasts as she pleased, being sure to repeat acts that got the best responses, before leaning down and pressing her lips against Nicole’s warm neck. She inhaled through her nose and sighed.

“Vanilla-dipped doughnuts.” Waverly whispered as she ran a pointed tongue all the way up the side of Nicole’s neck to her ear before gently nipping just below the silver stud earrings the redhead
always wore.

“Fuck, Waverly,” Nicole panted as she began rocking her hips against nothing, since Waverly was hovering over her. She had to internally calm herself down, reminding her to let Waverly explore. She let out a deep breath from her mouth before swallowing.

Waverly chuckled at the redhead’s obvious desperation. “Someone’s turned on.” She teased.

“Can you blame me? You’re wearing, like, a super sexy robe while touching my nipples and kissing my neck!”

Waverly stood off of the bed. “What, you mean this robe?” She said as she turned her back to Nicole, untied the knot of the satin belt, and dropped the top of the baby pink robe just passed her shoulder blades, all while throwing a sexy smirk over her shoulders. Nicole bolted right up into a sitting position as she sat on the edge of the bed.

“Holy Jesus, Mary, and Joseph…” Nicole’s eyes were nearly popping out of her head as she studied the muscles of Waverly’s back and the way her recently-washed and obviously blow-dried hair fell over her shoulders. She watched attentively as the brunette dropped the robe, releasing it all the way to the floor. It pooled around her ankles before she turned around and strutted towards the redhead, stepping over the garment in the process.

Nicole’s breath hitched. Waverly was wearing…nothing. Absolutely nothing, and she was not ready for it. She was honestly so aroused right now that all Waverly had to do was blow on her and she would tumble over the edge.

“You are, the most captivating woman I have ever met. Wow.” Nicole said as she took in the sight of her girlfriend, causing Waverly to blush.

Waverly followed Nicole’s line of sight to between her legs, and when she looked down she suddenly remembered that this was the first time Nicole was seeing her with hair there. Of course, it was on purpose. She had thought about waxing, but as soon as she was going to do it she remembered how Champ used to always tell her how much he loved that she kept herself bare down there for him, and she instantly decided against it. She hated that he thought it was for him, no matter how many times she explained to him that it was for herself. She didn’t want to do anything that he loved anymore, so instead she just trimmed it up. And even though Nicole had reassured her from time and time again that it was all the same to her, she couldn’t help but feel self-conscious. She moved her hands to cover herself up as she shifted her eyes uncomfortably.

“Hey, don’t hide. I want to see you.” Nicole said lovingly as she reached her hand out for Waverly to grab.

The brunette hesitated for a brief moment, but then removed her hand from between her legs and slid it into Nicole’s. Nicole tugged on her hand, urging Waverly to step closer to her, which she did.

“I love it.” Nicole smiled as she moved her gaze from Waverly’s sex up to her eyes.

“Really?” The question was coated in relief.

Nicole nodded as she smiled. “You’re so beautiful. All of you. And this is another part of you. It’s just another thing for me to love about you. Thank you for letting me see it.”

Waverly couldn’t believe that Nicole was actually thanking her for letting her see her with pubic hair. Just when she thought the redhead couldn’t be any more perfect.
“Want to see mine?” Nicole asked with a smile, and Waverly nodded.

Nicole stood up and slid her thong down her legs, exposing her entire body to Waverly. With a big grin on her face, the brunette took a step forward and brushed her fingertips along Nicole’s thick red curls over her pubic bone. She ushered the redhead back to sit on the edge of the bed and knelt down in front of Nicole.

“Can I touch you?” Waverly asked as she rested her hands on the redhead’s knees.

Nicole nodded as she leaned back on her hands behind her and spread her legs, revealing every bit of her dark pink, slick sex to Waverly. The brunette brought her hands up and ran two fingers along Nicole’s folds before bringing the wet digits up to her lips. She hummed, closing her eyes in an attempt to heighten her sense of taste.

“God I’ve missed this.” Waverly stated.

“Yes? Do I taste good?” Nicole asked curiously. It had been a while since Waverly had ventured down there, and she wondered if everything was still the same.

“You taste exactly like you, and I love it.” Waverly said before she dipped her head forward and ran her tongue up between Nicole’s folds.

“Oh fuuuck” Nicole half-moaned as she dropped her head back to her shoulder blades and closed her eyes. She too had missed this. A lot.

“Jesus Christ, Waverly. God that’s so fucking good. Shit.” She slowly shook her head in disbelief as she raised it up to look down at her girlfriend. Waverly looked beautiful from that angle, not because she was sexually pleasing her, but because she genuinely looked beautiful. The way she sat back on her heels gave her thighs a little more volume, exaggerating Waverly’s curves. Her hair was draped over one shoulder, exposing one side of her neck. Nicole couldn’t wait to get her mouth on the soft skin. Occasionally she would feel the vein pop out in Waverly’s neck as her tongue explored and it turned her on way more than it should. She wished she could leave her marks like she used to - albeit, in less conspicuous places - but she knew she couldn’t, at least not yet. She had to be gentle with Waverly tonight. And she would, when the brunette was ready to have her needs taken care of by the redhead, but right now Waverly was taking care of Nicole. She dipped a couple of fingers deep inside Nicole’s entrance and continued to pump the curled digits at a quick and steady pace, earning a few positive reactions from the redhead.

“Oh yeah baby...keep doing that...don’t stop.” Nicole panted as she rocked her hips.

She really wanted to just thread her fingers through Waverly’s silky brunette curls and push the girl into her center as she fucked her face, but she was afraid that the act would be too much, and opted to just clench her fingers around the bedsheets as she came. As Waverly’s name fell from her lips, she canted her hips up against the brunette, completely lifting herself off the bed as the intense contractions of her climax took over her center before falling down onto the mattress and continuing with gentle thrusts against Waverly’s lips as her orgasm began to die down. When she was completely finished, she dropped her back onto the mattress and covered her face with her hands as she shook her head in disbelief.

“That was unreal.”

“So, it was good then?” Waverly asked hopefully as she laid on the bed next to Nicole and draped an arm over the woman’s abdomen, tracing her ribcage with a delicate finger.
Nicole dropped her hands from her face and pursed her lips as she gave Waverly a knowing look. “Oh, shut up. You know it was good. I think the whole town heard me screaming your name.” Nicole playfully hit Waverly’s arm before dropping her hands to the sides of her head, still in disbelief. “Man, I forgot how amazing that felt.”

“Have you not had an orgasm since we...you know, since we last had sex?” Waverly asked curiously. She remembered that when she walked in on Nicole that one time she had interrupted before the redhead could finish. She had hoped she hadn’t completely turned her off from masturbating.

“Um, no, I have.” Nicole stated, feeling just a little bit awkward. “But I mean, it doesn’t compare to the orgasms you give me. Not ever. It doesn’t matter what I do to myself, it’s not nearly as good as this - as you.”

Waverly smiled as she rested her head down onto Nicole’s chest and squeezed her arm around the circumference of her torso. She let her thoughts wander a bit, before deciding to share them.

“I’ve masturbated since. I mean, I’ve been doing it pretty much every day in the shower lately.”

Nicole looked down at Waverly’s eyes focused on the patterns she was tracing in the skin of Nicole’s abdomen. “Yeah?”

“Mhm.” Waverly hummed without looking up. “I’ve been trying to get used to being touched. And, you know, see what I like and if it’s all still the same. It’s been going really well. I think it’s helped me prepare for tonight.”

Picking up on the fact that Waverly had said it more just to share the progress than to start a conversation, Nicole just smiled as she ran her fingers through Waverly’s hair. “That’s really good, Waves. Do you think you’ll want me to touch you tonight?”

Waverly looked up at Nicole and nodded with a smile. “I think I want you to touch me now.”

Caught off guard by the immediacy of the request, Nicole swallowed hard. “Oh, okay. Um, do you want me on top or bottom?”

“Top.” Waverly answered as she turned so that she was laying lengthwise on the mattress.

Nicole laid down next to Waverly, slightly on top of her as she began to kiss her lips. She moved her lips to her neck and massaged her breasts with her hand for a few moments, getting the girl worked up before moving her hand south. Nicole began running her palm along Waverly’s pubic bone, feeling her thick curls as she looked attentively into brown eyes, silently asking if this was okay. Waverly nodded, and Nicole continued. She slowly dipped a cold finger into Waverly’s wet folds, and the brunette gasped as she instantly grabbed onto Nicole’s wrist, stilling her motions. Nicole froze as she stared at Waverly, feeling the woman go rigid beneath her. She waited patiently, being sure not to move a single muscle until she felt Waverly loosen her grip on Nicole’s wrist and her tight muscles slacken. When she did, Nicole gently pulled her hand away from Waverly’s center and rested it on the bedsheets next to her, not touching her but close enough to where she was within reach just in case.

“Um, can you use your tongue?” Waverly asked softly as she steadied her breathing.

Nicole smiled and nodded as she leaned down and pressed her lips gently against Waverly’s. The kiss was innocent at first, more of an act to show Waverly that she cared, but it quickly became heated. The brunette moaned against soft lips as she wrapped her arms around Nicole’s neck, feeling
herself relax more and more as she melted into the redhead’s kisses. Nicole gently brought a hand up to Waverly’s neck and caressed the warm skin with her thumb, smiling at the way Waverly seemed to have relaxed completely. She slid her hand past Waverly’s collarbone and towards her right breast, slow enough so that the brunette had plenty of time to protest. Nicole cupped her hand underneath the soft mound and brushed her thumb just below Waverly’s nipple as she looked into staring eyes for confirmation. Waverly nodded, and Nicole moved her thumb up so that it was gliding across the dark nipple. She watched it as it hardened beneath her touch before stroking a gentle tongue across.

“I like that,” Waverly breathed out as she held onto one of Nicole’s hands with her own and used the other to play with the free nipple.

“Yeah?” Nicole whispered as she looked attentively into Waverly’s eyes while continuing to lick the bud.

Waverly nodded and bit her bottom lip as she cupped the breast she was playing with. She continued to watch Nicole closely as the redhead wrapped her lips around the taut nipple and lightly sucked, slowly pulling it in and out of her mouth. Unexpectedly, Waverly felt an intense surge of arousal shoot straight through her and between her legs, causing her to involuntarily buck her hips up against Nicole’s.

Nicole had taken her eyes off Waverly’s face for just a second, but when they returned she saw the brunette intensely staring with her mouth slightly agape and pupils blown. Her breathing was becoming more ragged and she was all too aware of the way Waverly was slightly rocking her hips in search of pressure against her wanting parts.

“Are you ready?” Nicole asked as she slowly circled Waverly’s breast with her tongue. She knew she wouldn’t have to elaborate since she was insinuating enough with her broad licks.

Waverly swallowed thickly as she nodded and ran a hand through Nicole’s soft, red hair before giving her scalp another stroke. The sudden act made Nicole’s heart jump and she felt a warmth spreading throughout her body at the tenderness of it. It gave her a boost of confidence and helped her to relax the muscles she hadn’t even realized she was clenching. This entire time she was so focused on Waverly and hadn’t realized how nervous she actually was herself. Waverly noticed though, which was why she had brushed Nicole’s hair like that in the first place. It was something that had helped Waverly lately, and she hoped it would do the same for the redhead. And judging by the way Nicole had loosened herself and leaned more into Waverly’s body, she knew it had.

Nicole placed a delicate kiss on each of Waverly’s breasts before trailing her lips down to her stomach. She took her time on Waverly’s abdomen, running her tongue along the grooves of her muscles as she simultaneously caressed the outsides of Waverly’s waist with her hands. She felt a gush of arousal between her own legs at the sight of the gorgeous brunette, but ignored it. She was determined to keep her focus on Waverly, no matter how good the woman looked in that position, and no matter how absolutely gay Nicole was – and she was very gay. When she was struggling with her sexuality as a teenager, she never thought in a million years that she would end up with a woman so stunning and absolutely magnetic. She couldn’t hold back her goofy smile as she let the thought run through her head for a quick second. It was so brief that almost as soon as it was on her face it was gone, and she continued to move down Waverly’s body.

The further down she went the more Waverly spread her legs open for Nicole. She trusted the woman, there was no doubt about it. This was the most intimate act a couple could do, in her opinion, and she was excited to let Nicole taste her again. She had wondered if Nicole had forgotten what she had tasted like, but didn’t linger on the thought for too long. She tried to stay focused on Nicole’s touches on her body and knew that if she didn’t reign in her thoughts that she would end up
distracting herself.

Nicole finally made it to Waverly’s pubic bone and kissed the coarse hair, running her nose along the softness as she smiled. This was something that was completely new…not that she hadn’t had sex with a woman with pubic hair, but she had never had sex with Waverly with pubic hair. She let herself enjoy the new sensation before kissing the brunette right above her slit. Waverly jumped at the contact, and Nicole placed a firm yet gentle hand over Waverly’s hips, steadying the girl against the mattress. She was careful not to hold Waverly down too strongly. She didn’t want her to feel trapped or like she was being forced down in any way, but rather grounded and protected. She kept a close eye on the brunette’s facial expressions, looking out for any signs of hesitancy as she ran her tongue along the outside of Waverly’s swollen folds. She watched as Waverly slowly rocked her hips and rested her head against the pillow, face flushed and breathing heavy. Her eyes were closed, but not squeezed shut. Her muscles were flexing, but not in a way that signaled any kind of tension, but rather impatient desire. Nicole knew that it was okay to proceed, and she slowly dipped a tongue between Waverly’s folds, moving it from side to side to part them before licking in short, gentle strokes.

Waverly’s mouth opened and she pressed her head back into the pillow as her legs dropped down as wide as they would go. Nicole’s warm, soft tongue felt good against her sex. No, good wasn’t the right word…it felt phenomenal. She had forgotten what it felt like to have her girlfriend’s skilled tongue running along her center, and she almost wished it could stay there forever. This must be Heaven, she thought to herself…at least, until Nicole dragged her tongue up to her swollen clit and drew slow, broad circles. That was Heaven.

Waverly continued to squirm and writhe beneath Nicole’s exploration. She gripped the bedsheets, then the pillow, then Nicole’s hair, then her breasts, and then back to the bedsheets as intense pleasure coursed through her body. It was as close to an orgasm as you could get without actually falling over the edge yet. She could feel her arousal cascade out of her as Nicole worked her magic. There was so much that she felt like she was actually peeing herself, but Nicole had managed to collect every drop that flowed out of Waverly and used it to lubricate her sensitive bundle of nerves as she swirled intricate patterns. It was so intense that Waverly almost couldn’t take it. Her mind began to drift to random thoughts; What if I actually pass out from being too turned on? What if I take too long to come and her tongue starts to get tired? What if I can’t finish at all?

She was brought out of her thought by a strong, single contraction of her walls in response to Nicole flicking her tongue in just the right spot with just the right pressure against her clit, and she let out a guttural moan. Nicole took this as a sign that Waverly was getting closer to climax, and began to pick up her pace as she continued to hold down Waverly’s hips. Despite Nicole’s expert tongue feeling really good…like, really good, between her legs, Waverly just couldn’t stop the random thoughts that were now flooding through her mind...

What if she wants me to go down on her too and I don’t remember how to do it? What if I start thinking about him again? No, don’t even think about that…don’t think about it. Don’t think about it. Quick, think of something else. …Did Wynonna really go over to Gus’s house, or was that just an excuse so that I could have sex with Nicole? Is she expecting me to tell her how it went? Should I tell her how it went? No, this is just something between Nicole and I…but she does worry a lot, and she is my sister. Oh god, I’m literally thinking about my sister while my girlfriend is eating me out…can she tell? Waverly glanced down at Nicole before looking back up at the ceiling. Nope, but she does look like she’s enjoying herself. God, she’s so sexy. Do I look that sexy when I’m giving oral? Knowing me, I probably just look like a four-year-old eating ice cream. Oh god, I hope I didn’t look like that earlier… Okay, why am I taking so long? Come on Waverly, you can do this.

It had been about five minutes, and Waverly just could not shut her brain up. At that point, she knew
it wasn’t going to happen. She was thinking about it way too much. She probably could finish at some point, but it would take far too long and she thought that wasn’t fair to Nicole. Her tongue was probably already getting tired. Waverly let out a deep sigh as she pressed her palms into her eyes and Nicole immediately stopped her ministrations and lifted her head up to look at her girlfriend.

“Are you okay?” Nicole asked as she wiped Waverly’s arousal off her chin with the back of her hand.

Waverly silently shook her head.

“Is this triggering you? Do you want me to stop?”

Waverly could see the worry in Nicole’s eyes. She reached down with one hand and entwined her fingers with Nicole’s beside her on the mattress as she rested the other on her stomach. “No, it’s not that. It feels really good, actually. I’m just thinking too much. My brain is running at a million miles a minute and I can’t relax because I’m too busy focusing on letting this feel good, that I don’t think that I can...” she trailed off, hoping Nicole would get the gist so that she wouldn’t have to actually say it.

“Orgasm?”

Waverly nodded. “I’m sorry.”

The guilt on Waverly’s face broke Nicole’s heart. She never wanted Waverly to ever feel bad for not being able to climax, not before and definitely not now. “Hey.” She said softly as she sat up, sitting between Waverly’s legs and looked at her with reassuring eyes. “That’s not the goal here. Sex doesn’t have to include orgasms, it’s not what’s important. What’s important is how close I feel to you right now; how much I love you, and how much I feel that you love me. Sex is about connecting, and we’re already doing that, with or without orgasms. Okay?”

Waverly exhaled in relief as she nodded. “Okay.”

Nicole gave her a warm smile before leaning down to kiss each of her hipbones, before giving loving strokes with each of her thumbs. “Do you want me to keep going? I mean, if it feels good to you, I don’t mind if you want me to keep doing it.” Nicole clenched her jaw. I don’t mind. Yeah, that was not the right way to word that, but it was too late now.

“Actually, can we just kiss some more? It’s not that you’re not doing a good job. I just want to make out with you for a bit. That’s all I want right now.”

Nicole held up a hand and shook her head. “You don’t have to explain yourself. We can do whatever you want. I’m happy to do anything with you.” She smiled before crawling up Waverly’s body and slowly laid down on top of her. She traced a finger over Waverly’s jawline as she studied her face. “Have I ever told you how beautiful you are?”

Waverly smiled and slightly blushed at the compliment. “Once or twice.”

“Well, Waverly Earp, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Seriously, I’m so lucky to have you. Thank you for letting me in tonight.”

Waverly lightly bit her bottom lip and shook her head incredulously as she studied her girlfriend’s face. “Thank you for being you.” She wrapped her arms around the back of Nicole’s neck and pulled her into a greedy kiss as their lips glided perfectly together, like two puzzle pieces.

Next time, Waverly thought to herself. Even though she didn’t finish, she knew that it was still a big step that they had taken together, and she was so incredibly ecstatic at the accomplishment. And she
knew that next time, it would be even better.
“Workin’ hard or hardly workin’?” Nicole asked with a giddy smile as she approached the counter of the coffee shop. It was her lunch break, and she decided to spend it with her girlfriend.

“On the record? Working hard. Off the record?” Waverly looked around to make sure nobody was looking – of course, that was only for dramatic effect since they were currently the only ones there – before grabbing Nicole by the collar and pulling her in for a searing kiss. “Hardly working.” She winked and smiled amusedly at the dumbfounded police officer.

“Well, I wasn’t expecting that.” Nicole cleared her throat before straightening up her uniform.

Waverly giggled. “I can tell by the way your eyes are nearly popping out of your head.” She booped Nicole’s nose with her index finger before leaning over the counter, unintentionally giving the redhead a perfect view of her cleavage. Nicole’s eyes flitted down to the girl’s chest for a brief moment before looking back up to find that she had been completely caught. “Officer Haught, were you looking at my breasts?” Waverly feigned shock.

“I plead the fifth.” The brunette shook her head and laughed, and Nicole joined in. “Hey, do you want to go out on a date with me tonight?”

“Tonight? But it’s Wednesday? We hardly ever go out on a week night.” Waverly stated with a quirked eyebrow.

“We hardly ever go out anymore in general! Come on, I want to take you out on a date. Show you off. Maybe even check you out while you’re not looking.” Nicole leaned over the counter and looked up at the Brunette with a cocky smile.

Waverly shook her head and bit her bottom lip. “Why are you so damn cute?”

“Because you love me.”

“I do.” She kissed Nicole’s forehead. “Okay, I’ll go out on a date with you.”

“Yes.” Nicole fist pumped, as if there was actually a chance that Waverly would say no. Waverly shook her head and laughed.

“Where are you taking me?”

“I was thinking we could see a movie tonight. You in?”

“Oh! I’ve been dying to see that new one about the star-crossed lovers who found each other again after thirteen years.”

“The chick flick?”
Waverly rolled her eyes. “It’s not a chick flick, it’s a romantic drama.”

Nicole shrugged. “Whatever. The main girl is hot, so I’m in!”

Waverly folded her arms tightly across her chest as she glared at Nicole across the counter, and the redhead chuckled in response.

“Baby, I’m totally kidding. Nobody’s hotter than you. If that’s the one you want to see, then I would be happy to take you.”

“You better be kidding! And just for that mean joke, you’re buying me the extra-large popcorn.”

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Nicole opened the glass door for Waverly and waved her arm out for her to enter first, and the brunette smiled.

“You’re so chivalrous.” Waverly stated as she walked through the door.

“I really just wanted to check out your ass.” Nicole teased, earning her a slap in the arm from her girlfriend. “Hey, do you have any gum in your purse?”

“Nicole, we’re literally on our way to buy popcorn. You’re only going to end up chewing it for two minutes before spitting it out.”

“Please?” Nicole pouted, hoping Waverly would find her cute enough to give in.

Nicole loved chewing on gum, even if it was for only two minutes. It calmed her down whenever she got nervous or excited about something, and even though she and Waverly had been together for nearly six months now, being on a date with her made her feel a little bit like her stomach was in knots. She had no idea why though. Maybe it was because Waverly looked really good in the tight jeans and low-cut sweater she was wearing, or maybe it was because they haven’t been out on a date in weeks…or maybe it was just because Nicole was excited to go to a movie theater for the first time in over a year. Whatever it was, she enjoyed the butterflies that were currently fluttering around in the pit of her stomach. It made their relationship feel new and exciting again.

Waverly shook her head as she sighed. “Fine. But I’m going to start buying you your own gum so that you’re not always wasting mine.” Waverly said half-jokingly.

“Hey, I’m not opposed.”

As they walked through the theater lobby towards the snack counter, Waverly rummaging through her purse for some gum, they heard the sound of a wolf whistle coming from behind them. When they turned around, they noticed a thickset man with a big bushy beard who looked like he was in his mid 30s making his way towards them. He had on a baseball cap and sported a few tattoos on his arms. Waverly froze as she noticed him looking at her like an animal hunting its prey, but Nicole quickly stepped in the way of his line of sight.

“Got something to say?” Nicole demanded.

The man peered around Nicole and smirked as his eyes drifted from Waverly’s chest down to her jeans. “That is one fine piece of ass.”

“Excuse me?” Nicole nearly snarled as she stepped closer to him, completely blocking his view of the brunette.
“Oh don’t be jealous now, sweetheart. You’re a looker too, just not so much my type. I like ‘em much shorter than me, if you catch my drift.” He winked.

The redhead clenched her fists and scowled at him, looking like she was ready to fight if need be, but Waverly just cowered and slowly began to back away. She used to fight back whenever she was catcalled, but that was before. Before she was made aware of how much weaker she was against men. Sure, she was always aware of the biology of it all, but it never stopped her from sticking up for herself before. But now, it wasn’t even worth the risk, because now she knew what the consequences could be. Her heart began racing as she thought about this big, brawny guy punching out Nicole and making his way towards Waverly to do whatever he wanted with her. Sure, there were a few people around, but would they even be able to help? Would they even notice if he had dragged her off into an empty theater? Or worse, out into his car? She thought about Chrissy’s story, and how that was a very real possibility. What if he had a gun?

As Nicole proceeded to scold the stranger with harsh words, Waverly felt her extremities start to tingle and slowly become numb as her breathing came out short and harsh. With a clenched fist around the fabric of her sweater over the left side of her collarbone, she gasped for air and desperately looked around for anywhere to hide. She spotted the bathrooms and immediately ran towards them.

“Waverly!” Nicole called out, worried about her girlfriend leaving her sight.

“Looks like it’s just you and me, princess.” The man took a step forward as he bit his bottom lip and made grunting noises while his eyes roamed all around Nicole’s body.

Nicole whipped out her badge and brandished it in his unsuspecting face. “You really don’t want to cross me, so how about you do yourself a favor and make yourself scarce, Chewbacca.” She flitted her eyes down to his beard before looking back up into his eyes, attempting to burn a hole in them.

The man scoffed as he threw his hands out in front of him in dismissal. “Whatever. Gingers aren’t my type anyways. You’re not worth the hassle.” He turned and walked away.

“Yeah, and pigs aren’t mine!” She called out, but he didn’t bother turning around to acknowledge her. “Asshole.” She hissed under her breath as she made her way towards the bathroom.

“Waves?” Nicole called out softly as she lightly treaded over to the only stall with a closed door. She gently knocked on it. “Hey, it’s me. Are you okay?”

This was the one time Waverly wished her girlfriend couldn’t actually follow her into the bathroom. Sure, for the most part it was an advantage, but right now she just wanted to be left alone.

“I just need a minute.” She replied. Her voice was weak and cracked a little, and it broke Nicole’s heart.

“Okay. Um, I’ll be in that little lounge area then.” Nicole walked out the first door and sat on the padded bench in the small waiting area that separated the theater lobby from the restrooms. She pulled out her phone and read over a few articles on PTSD after sexual assault before Waverly finally came out of the bathroom. Before Nicole even had a chance to stand up, Waverly sat down next to her.

“Sorry. I just needed to get out of there.”

Nicole shook her as she grabbed Waverly’s hand resting in her lap. “It’s not your fault. That guy was being an asshole, and he had no right to talk to you or even look at you like that. Fucking
entitled...men.” Nicole trailed off, clearly still upset about the whole thing as she huffed. Of course, she knew that not all men were like this, but the ratio in Purgatory was getting more and more disappointing each day.

“It’s fine. I just want to forget about it.”

“Are you sure?”

“We’ve only got a few minutes left before the previews start, and I know how much you love watching those.” She said as she rummaged through her purse, finally finding that piece of gum and holding it out for Nicole to take.

Nicole looked at the gum and then up at Waverly. Her entire demeanor had completely shifted from before that guy showed up. Before, she was relaxed. Her posture was tall and the atmosphere around her was bright. Now, her muscles were tense and she slumped a little. Her beaming smile was long gone. Nicole wrapped her hand around Waverly’s holding the gum and dropped it down between them.

“It’s okay if you’re still upset. I know how difficult it is for you to—”

“No, you don’t know, Nicole.” Waverly interrupted in a stern tone as she pulled her hand away. “You don’t know until it’s happened to you. Have you ever been physically forced to do something you didn’t want to? Have you ever had a man hold you down to where you couldn’t move so that he could do whatever he wanted with you, reminding you of just how much weaker you are? Reminding you of how cruel and unfair it is that you’re at a disadvantage because you were born as a woman?”

Nicole assumed the question was rhetorical, so she just sat there and looked at her girlfriend with apologetic eyes. But apparently, the question wasn’t rhetorical.

“Well, have you?” Waverly asked more firmly.

Nicole shook her head. “No, I haven’t.” Her voice was barely above a whisper.

“So then how can you possibly know what I’m going through right now?”

“You’re right, I don’t. I can only imagine, and empathize. But Waverly, I want to help you.”

“That’s what my therapist is for.” Waverly replied sharply as she looked down at the floor. She paused for a moment before continuing a little softer. “You shouldn’t have to deal with this.”

Nicole was initially hurt by the statement, but realized that Waverly said it not because she didn’t want Nicole’s help, but because she didn’t want to be a burden. Nicole turned to face Waverly as she draped an arm over the back of the bench.

“Hey, I know I’m no professional and I’m just some local cop who spends most of her day sitting at a desk doing paperwork or in a squad car writing traffic tickets, but I’m also your girlfriend, which means that I’m not going anywhere. You’re the love of my life, Waverly. And it may be too soon to even say that, but I don’t care, because it’s true.” She gently placed a hand on Waverly’s knee, half-expecting Waverly to jerk it away, but instead she seemed to relax a little more. “What happened to you is unfair, and it’s going to take some time for you to feel strong again, but until then I have enough strength for the both of us. So let me carry some of the load for you.”

Waverly nodded and gave a brief smile before slowly leaning into Nicole’s side. The redhead wrapped her arms around Waverly and held her tight as she rested her chin on top of her head.
“I just want to go one day without thinking about it.” Waverly sighed.

“And you will, soon. But for right now, we can just sit here like this until you’re ready to go see the movie.”

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About halfway through the movie, Waverly and Nicole found themselves less paying attention to the screen, and more paying attention to each other’s lips. They had been making out for a solid ten minutes with the kiss getting even more heated with each passing second. Nicole pulled back, needing a moment to catch her breath.

“Um, should we move to the back?” Nicole asked in a hushed tone, practically panting as she threw her thumb over her shoulder.

“Shh! This is a movie theater, not a hotel room!” A woman hissed from in front of them. She looked like she was about Gus’s age.

“Sorry!” Nicole whisper-yelled as she gave an apologetic wave.

“Teenagers...” The woman turned back around to face the screen and shook her head.

Waverly giggled and covered her blushing face at being caught. “She thinks we’re teenagers.”

“Well, that makes me feel a little bit better about turning 27 next month.” Nicole chuckled. “I do kinda feel like a teenager right now though. Haven’t made out in a movie theater in years.”

“Me neither. I forgot how sexy it was.” Waverly replied as she slowly leaned back in towards Nicole’s lips.

“SHH!”

The loud shushing of the woman startled them and caused them to quickly jump apart before their lips had even touched.

Waverly and Nicole gave the woman another apologetic look before turning to look at each other amusedly. Nicole was biting on her bottom lip in a desperate attempt to hold back her laughter.

Waverly leaned into Nicole and whispered into her ear, “How about we focus on watching the rest of the movie, and have some fun when we get home.” She punctuated her question with a slow and gentle kiss just behind Nicole’s ear as she slowly trailed a finger up the inside of the redhead’s thigh, stopping just below her crotch. The redhead shuttered as she tightened her grip around the edges of the armrests and swallowed down a moan. “Would you like that, baby?”

Nicole simply nodded her head. Her jaw was basically on the floor at this point, and she jumped when she felt a couple of fingers brush against the crotch of her jeans. Waverly giggled as she moved her hand to Nicole’s on the armrest between them and interlocked their fingers. Before, Nicole had really hated that the armrests didn’t come up in this old theater, but now she was slightly grateful for the barrier, seeing as all she could think about right now was getting into her girlfriend’s pants.

“I hate you.” Nicole whispered as she shifted uncomfortably and tugged at her crotch, all too aware of just how damp her boyshorts were right now.

Waverly just smiled and gave Nicole a peck on the cheek before leaning down to rest her head on the redhead’s shoulder.
It was four days ago when they had sex for the first time since before Halloween. They had sex again Sunday, and Monday, and again Tuesday morning, but Waverly still hadn’t been able to have an orgasm. She had brought it up in her therapy session yesterday, even if she felt a little awkward about it...

“So, Nicole and I had sex for the first time a few days ago. I mean, first time since...you know.” Waverly said as she hastily bounced her leg up and down while playing with her fingernails.

“And how did that go?” Amy asked with a smile after she had finished writing down some notes she started before Waverly had changed the topic.

“It was good. I mean, it was really good. I felt comfortable with her. Safe.” She nodded as she glanced at Amy and then back at her nails.

“That’s good.” The older woman smiled. The fact that Waverly was still nervously nodding and avoiding eye contact meant that she had more to say, and hadn’t gotten to the point yet. So, Amy waited patiently as she rested her hands on top of her notepad.

“Yeah. But, um...I had a little trouble...I mean, I couldn’t...um...” she could feel her face getting redder by the second as the heat of her embarrassment crept up her chest and all the way to her hairline.

It was at this point that Waverly realized just how in sync she and Nicole were. Nicole would understand right away what she was trying to say, and she wouldn’t even have to finish her sentence - just like she had proved Saturday. Amy, on the other hand, did not know what Waverly was trying to say, according to the way she was just sitting there smiling and nodding as she patiently waited for Waverly to finish her sentence. ....or maybe she did know and she just wasn’t going to make this easy for her. Whatever the reason, Waverly knew she was going to have to just come out with it.

She sighed. “I couldn’t finish. Like, climax...I couldn’t get there. So I just told her to stop, and that was the end of it.”

“I see...” Amy trailed off as she quickly wrote something down on her notepad before clasping her hands together again and looking back at Waverly. “Did you two talk about it?”

Waverly nodded. “She said that sex isn’t about having orgasms, but about connecting.”

“She sounds like a smart woman.” The older woman smiled.

“She is. Super smart.” A small smile formed on Waverly’s face as quickly as it vanished. “But I still feel guilty. We’ve had sex every day since then and I still haven’t been able to have an orgasm.”

“Have you had one at all since the assault?”

Waverly nodded as she lightly bit her tongue before continuing barely above a whisper. “I mean, not with Nicole though.” She anxiously played with her nails some more.

“So, you’re able to orgasm through self-stimulation then? I’m assuming that’s what you mean.”

Waverly nodded without looking up. She rolled up the sleeves of her knit sweater as the heat spread throughout her entire body. “Um, this is okay, right? We can talk about this kind of stuff?”

“We can talk about anything you want, Waverly. Nothing you’re struggling with is off-limits, and that includes sex. In your last session, you told me that one of your goals is to be able to enjoy intimacy with Nicole again, and that’s exactly what we’re working on here. So there’s no need to
feel embarrassed."

The corners of Waverly’s mouth turned up into a smile as relief washed over her. She felt herself relax a little bit and nodded her head in understanding. She had to keep reminding herself that this was a safe space where she wouldn’t be judged for anything. And it was just sex, a natural part of life.

“I just don’t get it. Why can I have orgasms by myself but not with Nicole? It’s not like she doesn’t know how to please me, because she does. Sometimes better than I do. So why is it that every time she’s touching me, I get so close, but then I just get stuck there until the moment is gone?”

“Well, orgasms are linked to the body and mind. Since you’re able to achieve an orgasm yourself, I’m going to say there’s nothing physically wrong with your body.”

“So, you think it’s my mind?”

Amy leaned forward a little as she uncrossed her legs. “Maybe you’re subconsciously keeping yourself from having an orgasm with Nicole.”

Waverly let out a short, breathy laugh. “Why would I do that? I like having orgasms. They’re pretty awesome.” She folded her arms across her chest and leaned back into the couch, slightly slouching as she crossed a leg over the opposite knee.

Amy chuckled. “Yes, having an orgasm is very enjoyable. But it’s also an extremely vulnerable experience. Maybe you’re not ready to let anyone back in just yet.”

Waverly straightened up on the couch. “I trust Nicole. I trust her more than anybody on this entire planet. Even more than my own sister. I want to let her back in… I am letting her back in. That’s not the problem.”

“Then what do you think is the problem?”

Waverly shook her head as she leaned back into the couch again. “It’s stupid.”

Amy nodded shortly, not because she agreed, but because she understood Waverly’s hesitation. She looked Waverly directly in the eyes as she spoke, “Your brain is like one big puzzle, and everything you tell me about yourself is a small puzzle piece that gets us closer to understanding the finished product. Nothing you say is stupid. Everything is important and crucial to me helping you, and to you helping yourself.”

Waverly sighed and swallowed thickly as she collected her thoughts. “I just can’t stop overthinking it. I focus so much on having an orgasm that I get distracted and can’t have an orgasm. I mean, does that even make sense?”

Amy nodded. “It makes perfect sense. Sounds like you’re so focused on Nicole’s needs that you’re neglecting your own.” Waverly furrowed her brow as Amy continued. “You’re able to give yourself orgasms because you’re not focused on performance. But when you’re with Nicole, you want to give that to her because you feel like you owe it to her, and then it becomes a task. That’s when you start overthinking everything, and you block yourself from the actual stimulation of everything, and thus an orgasm becomes nearly impossible to achieve.”

Waverly pondered for a moment as she let the words sink in. “I guess that makes sense. I just don’t want her to think that she’s not doing a good job. Or that I’m not, like, satisfied or something.”

“From what you’re telling me about her, I don’t think you have to worry about that.”
“So then, what do I do?”

“Don’t focus so much on making it happen and just let it happen. If your mind starts to drift, try to focus on the things that Nicole is doing to you and put it into words. Maybe something like, ‘right now she’s stimulating my clitoris, and squeezing my breasts.’ Sometimes verbalizing what you’re physically feeling, even if it’s just verbalizing it in your head, can add an extra layer of stimulation and keep your mind on track.”

Waverly sunk into the couch and nodded as a blush formed on her cheeks, feeling only a little embarrassed and awkward at the bluntness.

“Another thing that can help is to fantasize while she’s touching you. Think up some of your favorite fantasies and pick one beforehand that you can utilize. Create as many details as you can and really try to immerse yourself in that fantasy. Maybe discuss it with Nicole and ask her to participate in a specific role, such as dressing a certain way or saying certain things. Anything that you think will help make it more realistic. These things can definitely keep your mind engaged during sex, which is what seems to be the issue right now.”

A nervous smile formed on Waverly’s face. Sure, she had talked about sex with her friends and Wynonna, but never with someone she has only met once before, and definitely not in such a clinical way. So, naturally she felt a little bit uncomfortable, but everything her therapist was saying made sense.

“Just remember that your mind is extremely powerful, and right now it’s keeping you from reaching an orgasm. Next time you and Nicole have sex, I want you to try these things and see where they take you...”

Now, Waverly was ready to try her therapist’s advice. As soon as the movie was over, Nicole grabbed Waverly’s hand and dragged her out of the theater. Normally the redhead would stay until the end of the credits out of respect for all of the people who worked on the film, but she was so turned on that she barely waited for the ending scene to fade out before jumping out of her seat.

“Nicole, you’re speeding.” Waverly pointed out with an amused smile on her face as she glanced over at the speedometer.

“Huh? Oh, sorry.” Nicole released her foot from the gas pedal.

“We’ve got all night, babe. Wynonna is staying at Doc’s apartment tonight. We’ve got plenty of time. No need to rush.” She grabbed her girlfriend’s hand and entwined their fingers.

“I know, I know. I just got a little carried away. Ever since Saturday, I just want to be with you all the time. I didn’t realize how much I missed being with you.”

“You’re with me every day.” Waverly knew what Nicole had meant, but she enjoyed having a little fun with the officer from time to time.

“Yeah, but I mean like, with you with you. Romantically.”

“Like, on a date?” She bit the inside of her cheek to hold back her smile.

“No, I mean...being intimate with you.”

“So, you just want to get into my pants.” Waverly stated dryly, although she was teasing.

Nicole’s eyes widened. “What? No! No, I just meant that I missed it. But I don’t need that to enjoy
spending time with you! God, Waverly, we don’t even have to have sex tonight. We can just cuddle on the couch, or play a game, or—"

Waverly held up her hand to cut off the redhead before she malfunctioned and giggled. “Nicole, I’m completely messing with you.”

The redhead let out a sigh of relief as she loosened her grip on the steering wheel. “You’re not funny.”

“Then why am I laughing?”

“Because you’re evil.” Nicole chuckled when she felt a smack on her arm. “But seriously, everything I said was true. We don’t have to tonight if you don’t want to.”

“Oh, no. We’re going to have sex tonight. I want to. Plus, my therapist gave me some tips in my session yesterday that I think will help me achieve an orgasm.”

“Oh yeah? Like what?” Nicole asked curiously, but Waverly wagged a finger at her.

“Uh uh, I’m not giving away my secrets. Get your own therapist.”

“Okay, fair enough.” Nicole chuckled.

Waverly was teasing, but honestly she was afraid that if she had told Nicole what she was planning on doing, then she would feel some added pressure and would end up failing again. At that thought, Waverly had an epiphany. No, not fail. It’s not failing. Orgasms aren’t an end-goal of sex, and it’s okay to not always have them. Waverly knew that the sooner she understood that, the easier it would be to climax.

Noticing how quiet it got, Nicole glanced over at her girlfriend and found her deep in thought. She gently squeezed her hand to get her attention, and Waverly looked at her. “Hey, it’s okay if you don’t get it tonight. I don’t want you to stress out about it, okay?”

Waverly nodded as she gave a small smile.

“I mean, we can just keep practicing. Really, I don’t mind.” Nicole smirked before turning her head forward to face the road.

Waverly shook her head and chuckled. “Horndog.”

When they got to the Homestead, Waverly and Nicole noticed Wynonna’s truck parked out front.

“I thought you said she was staying at Doc’s tonight?” Nicole asked as she shut the car door.

Waverly furrowed her brow. “Yeah, that’s what she told me.” She shrugged. “She’s probably just picking up some things.”

When they opened the front door, their eyes landed directly on Wynonna’s naked body sitting on the couch with a shirtless Doc’s face between her legs. Nicole and Waverly immediately covered their eyes and walked back out the door, abruptly shutting it behind them.

“Nope, nope, did not want to see that. Erasing that from my memory forever. Oh God, it burns.” Waverly paced around the porch as she rubbed the palms of her hands into her eyes. Nicole just stood there with wide eyes, staring at a spot on the porch. The door swung open and they turned around to find Wynonna in Doc’s flannel shirt, pulling a pair of sweatpants up over her hipbones.
“Well, I guess that’s what I get for interrupting you two all the time.” Wynonna said teasingly after shutting the door behind her.

“Oh no, this is so much worse. I’m the one who drew the short straw here.” Waverly stated as she stepped towards her sister, unable to look at her anywhere below her face.

Wynonna rolled her eyes. “It’s not like you’ve never seen a naked woman before...or a pregnant woman.”

“Yeah but not my sister! I don’t want to see you two doing it!”

“Oh, come on, we weren’t doing anything you haven’t done before! We’re all adults here, right Haught?”

Nicole continued to stare at the ground with her face scrunched up, slowly shaking her head. “I just don’t get the mustache and the chin stubble. I mean, how is that at all comfortable?”

Wynonna glared at her with hooded eyes and pursed lips. “Gee, thanks for the support.”

Waverly sighed and shook off the rest of her shock before she continued in a much calmer tone. “I thought you said you guys were going to be at Doc’s place tonight?”

“No, I said Doc and I were spending the night together...at the Homestead. But you probably missed that last part because as soon as I said the first part you were fantasizing about ripping Officer Haught-to-trot’s clothes off.” Waverly lowered her head at how completely true that was. “Look, now that we’re all getting laid again, I think we should reinstate a ‘knickers on the door’ policy.”

“Oh, which door? The front door? Because apparently your private bedroom isn’t good enough for you to get laid in.” The annoyance was apparent in Waverly’s tone.

“Oh, don’t act like you and Nicole don’t get your freak on on that couch. I’m a witness.”

“That was one time!” Waverly defended. “And I had warned you beforehand. And it was make-up sex!”

“Guys...” Nicole tried to interject, but they ignored her.

“Well Doc and I are having make-up sex.” Wynonna stated matter-of-factly as she folded her arms across her chest.

“You’ve been making up since last week! What, are you on round five now?”

“Round seven, actually. The first three rounds were us breaking in his new apartment.” Wynonna smirked

“Guys...” Nicole tried again a bit louder, but was still ignored.

“Well good, then you can break it in some more this round.”

Wynonna shook her head. “We were here first! Besides, all he has is a twin mattress, and we need a full-size bed for what I’ve got planned.” She winked.

“And yet the couch is good enough...”

“We were warming up!”
“GUYS!” Nicole shouted.

“What!?” Wynonna and Waverly snapped in unison.

Nicole stood with her hands out at them in defense as she continued a little softer. “Look, obviously there was a misunderstanding here, so Waverly and I will just go back to my house. Problem solved, right Waves?” She gave the younger Earp a knowing look.

Waverly sighed. “Okay, fine. I haven’t seen Calamity Jane in a while anyways.” She folded her arms across her chest. “Just let me grab a few things...” She glared at Wynonna once more before hesitantly entering the house.

When she walked in, she noticed Doc sitting awkwardly on the couch in a white undershirt and jeans. He stood up as soon as he noticed Waverly. “Uh, Waverly! Doin’ well?” He chuckled nervously as he reached up to tip the hat that wasn’t on his head and shifted his eyes awkwardly when he only caught air.

“I am. And I suppose you are too?” She gave him a knowing look and he let out a short, breathy laugh.

“Well uh, things have been much better for me since your sister decided to take me back.”

“Just...don’t screw it up this time, okay? She really needs you, but she’ll never admit that. So don’t give her a reason to cut you loose again. Got it?”

He nodded firmly. “I understand.”

Waverly gave him a small smile before trotting up the stairs.

After Waverly packed a bag - and gave Wynonna a mean look for kicking them out of the house - she and Nicole made their way over to Nicole’s house, where they were happily greeted by Calamity Jane.

“Did you miss me?” Waverly asked in a high-pitched tone as she squeezed the plump cat, who was purring in her arms and nuzzling her face.

Nicole took Waverly’s book bag from her and slung it over her own shoulder to carry for her. “I think she hates me for never being around anymore.” Nicole let out a breathy chuckle as she scratched Calamity’s head between her ears. When the cat jumped out of Waverly’s arms to sashay into the living room, Nicole took Waverly’s hand and tugged on it with a warm smile. “Come on. Let’s go up to my room.”

Waverly happily followed Nicole up the stairs. As soon as they got to the bedroom, Waverly sat on the edge of the bed and ran her hands along the bedspread with a nostalgic look on her face as she smiled. “I almost forgot what it felt like being here.”

Nicole set the bag down in the corner chair and slowly walked over to sit down next to Waverly on the bed. “You know, we don’t have to do this here if you don’t want to.”

Waverly turned to look at Nicole with concerning eyes. “That’s twice tonight that you’ve tried to talk me out of having sex with you. Do you not want to?”

“No, no! I’m not trying to talk you out of it. I just want to make sure you know your options, and that I’m okay with whatever you decide.” She grabbed one of Waverly’s hands and pulled it into her own lap. “We haven’t done anything here since...”
“Since the assault.” Waverly answered. She was getting better about saying it out loud.

Nicole nodded. “Since the assault. I know you’ve been more comfortable being intimate in your own bed, so if you don’t feel comfortable doing anything in mine, we don’t have to.”

“No, I do. I mean, yeah, my bed gives me this extra layer of security. But yours does too. We’ve done a lot in this bed, and I feel safe in it. I feel safe with you.” She smiled as she tuck a couple of stray locks behind Nicole’s ear.

“So, being here isn’t going to mess up whatever tips your therapist gave you?”

Waverly shook her head. “Nope. Location doesn’t matter. All that matters is that I’m with you.” She leaned in and gave Nicole a quick kiss on the lips.

“Good. Because you really worked me up earlier.”

“Oh really?” Waverly dragged a finger down the side of Nicole’s neck and continued at a painfully slow pace down the front of her shirt in between her breasts and batted her eyelashes. “How so?”

Nicole shook her head as she gave Waverly a warning look. “You know how so.”

“I want you to tell me.” Waverly continued her finger further down until she reached Nicole’s pubic bone over her jeans, at which point she immediately changed direction and moved diagonally towards her inner thigh. She bit her lip and looked back up at Nicole through thick lashes. “What is this doing to you?”

Nicole leaned back on her hands as she spread her legs slightly. “It’s turning me on.” She replied in a breathy tone.

Waverly shook her head. “More specifically.” She moved her finger in between Nicole’s legs and put pressure on what she presumed to be the right spot.

Nicole jerked her hips as a shaky breath escaped her lips. “It’s...making me wet.”

Waverly nodded her head as she gave Nicole a warning look. “You know how so.”

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Waverly nodded her head and smirked as she slowly circled her finger around the spot, pleased to see Nicole’s breathing pick up. “Uh huh. What else?”

Nicole threw her head back as a moan escaped her lips before lifting it back up. “It’s making my clit hard.”

“And?”

“And...ohhh.” She began rocking her hips against Waverly’s hand, trying to add more pressure against the brunette’s finger. “And it’s making me want to screw you senseless.”

Waverly nodded as she moved her hands to Nicole’s belt buckle. “Good.” She said before crashing her lips against the redhead’s and undoing the buckle. She hastily unbuttoned and unzipped Nicole’s jeans and slid her hand inside the waistband of her boyshorts.

Both Waverly and Nicole inhaled sharply when Waverly ran her fingers through slick folds.

“Jesus” Waverly breathed and rested her forehead against Nicole’s as she closed her eyes. She continued to slowly move her fingers, feeling the arousal between them as she explored. She would never get tired of feeling just how wet Nicole got for her.

Nicole whined when Waverly’s hand disappeared, but when she realized that Waverly was
discarding her clothes, she quickly did the same. After tossing her last article of clothing aside, Waverly immediately crawled back on top of Nicole and laid down with their thighs between each other’s legs.

“Oh, fuck.” Nicole moaned when they made contact, and she instantly flipped them over. She leaned down and stole a greedy kiss as she hovered over the smaller woman.

Realizing that she had taken the control away from Waverly without asking, she pulled back and paused as she looked down at the brunette with questioning eyes. Waverly gave her a nod of approval, and they continued to rock against each other. They easily slid against each other’s thighs, coating each other in arousal. With each thrust, Nicole moved closer and closer to Waverly’s center, until she was rubbing herself against Waverly’s sex and mixing their arousal together. With a furrowed brow, Waverly lifted her head up and looked down between their bodies before dropping her head back down onto the pillow.

“I can feel you.” The brunette whispered with a smile as she ran her hands through her own hair on her head. “God that’s so hot.”

As Nicole continued thrusting against her center, Waverly’s mind began to drift to thoughts of that night at the party. She quickly shook her head and thought about what her therapist had told her. If your mind starts to drift, try to focus on the things that Nicole is doing to you and put it into words. She took the advice, and began to put it into practice. Nicole is currently rubbing her clit against mine. As soon as she said that to herself, she felt her stomach drop as a fresh wave of arousal coated her center.

“Unghh” Waverly moaned as she began thrusting harder against Nicole. She felt so close, and yet so far away from her. She wanted to get even closer, which she knew wasn’t possible since their bodies were pressed together, so she wrapped her arms around Nicole and buried her face in the crook of her neck as she hugged her tight.

Nicole began kissing and nipping at Waverly’s neck, attempting to spur the girl on even more. She trailed her kisses down to Waverly’s breasts and lingered there for a moment. The brunette let out a frustrated groan when she felt Nicole’s center disconnect from hers, but she also reveled in the feeling of Nicole touching her nipples. The redhead greedily kissed down Waverly’s torso towards her thick curls, and when Waverly realized what Nicole was doing, she quickly sat up.

“No, I want to feel you on top of me. I don’t want to do it this way.”

Nicole froze and looked up into dark, brown eyes. “Are you sure?” Over the past few days she had only given Waverly oral, nothing else, since that was all she was comfortable with.

The brunette nodded. “I want to feel your body on top of mine. I want us to do this together.”

Nicole smiled and crawled back up Waverly’s body and as she stared down into lust-filled eyes, she slowly dropped her center down against Waverly’s. The way Waverly’s eyes fluttered shut triggered something in Nicole, and she began rocking her hips at a moderate pace.

They continued to rock against each other’s bodies, a sheet of sweat building between them as gasps and whimpers filled the room, until Waverly couldn’t take it anymore. She loved feeling Nicole’s sex against hers, but her walls ached to hold onto something.

“I want you to touch me.” Waverly whispered as she grabbed Nicole’s hand and guided it through her folds, making sure there was no mistake or hesitation.
Nicole happily accepted the request, and ran her fingers through Waverly’s arousal, humming at the slickness. She already knew how wet Waverly was because their bodies were pressed up against each other, but it was different feeling it between her fingers. It was something she hadn’t felt in a long time, and she smiled at the feeling.

Waverly furrowed her brow and dug her nails into the skin of Nicole’s biceps as she felt skilled fingers exploring her sex. Nicole had only touched her like this twice since the party – once the morning Waverly walked in on Nicole touching herself, and again on Saturday, but both times it had been brief, and both times it had brought up thoughts of Champ. But this time, all she thought about was Nicole, and how good her fingers felt touching her like that. Nicole hadn’t been inside her since before that night, though. Waverly wasn’t sure what would happen if she went there, but she was willing to find out if it meant getting to feel her walls clenching around Nicole’s fingers.

“Can you go inside?” Waverly asked with trepidation.

Nicole teased her finger’s around Waverly’s entrance as she looked at the girl, trying to soften her face as much as possible in order to provide extra comfort. “Are you sure?”

Waverly nodded. “Please.”

“Okay. But you can change your mind at any time, okay?”

Waverly nodded again. She gripped Nicole’s biceps tighter and inhaled sharply when she felt a finger slide inside her.

“Good?” Nicole asked for reassurance.

Waverly nodded and slowly began to rock her hips, wanting to feel more movement. “Can you add another?”

Nicole added an extra digit, and licked her lips at the way Waverly was stretching around her. Sure, sometimes she wished she could feel inside Waverly with her own genitals, but she couldn’t complain. Feeling Waverly around her fingers was a gift, and she was thankful that she could focus all of her attention on Waverly’s needs instead of getting distracted by her own…and if she were penetrating Waverly with her genitals instead of her fingers right now, she would definitely get distracted.

Waverly grabbed onto Nicole’s rear end and squeezed her cheeks before giving a light spank with one hand, causing Nicole to buck her hips forward. The way her clit rubbed against Waverly’s thigh felt really good, and she decided to take advantage of it. Without changing the pace of her fingers, she began rocking her hips, gliding her sex along Waverly’s thigh. She quickly brought her thumb up to Waverly’s hood and began drawing circles.

After a few minutes, Waverly began to get sidetracked by distracting thoughts again, so she focused on what was happening in the moment. Waverly is fucking me with her fingers, and she’s circling my clit with her thumb. Waverly felt Nicole begin to grind faster. And she’s rubbing her own clit against my thigh. Fuck she’s so sexy. I can feel her wetness all over my leg. Waverly let out a loud moan when Nicole curled her fingers as she continued pumping, purposely hitting just the right spot. Oh fuck, she’s hitting my G-spot. Holy shit that feels good.

As Nicole began to pick up the pace of her thrusting hips, her fingers naturally did the same. She pumped faster inside Waverly and thumbed quicker over her clit. She began panting, and Waverly knew that she was close.
Oh fuck. She’s going to come. She’s going to come all over my leg. Oh shit. Her fingers feel so good touching me. She’s going to make me fucking come. Waverly felt the pressure building up inside and she smiled. This was it.

Nicole felt Waverly’s walls get tighter around her fingers, and she looked down at the brunette. Her eyebrows were drawn tight together and she had her bottom lip pulled between her teeth.

“Fuck, Nicole. Don’t stop.” Waverly choked out when the redhead was thumbing her clit on the perfect spot, sending jolts through her legs with each swipe.

“Are you gonna…?” Nicole panted.

Waverly nodded as she squeezed her eyes shut and dug her fingers deep into Nicole’s shoulder blades.

“Me too.” Nicole felt herself getting extremely close, and could easily push herself into her climax if she wanted to, but she held off. She wanted to wait for Waverly. “I want us to come together. Can I come with you?”

Waverly nodded, and Nicole stilled her pumping fingers inside Waverly and curled her fingertips back and forth against her spot as she fervently massaged her clit, knowing that it would push the brunette over the edge.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck…” Waverly repeated as she felt all of the tension coiling tightly around her entire body, until… “FUCK!” Her walls contracted passionately around Nicole’s fingers as her orgasm exploded throughout her entire body. For a second, she felt like she was literally seeing stars. This orgasm was nothing like the ones she had been giving herself lately. This one was more intense than she could ever imagine, and she felt like she was floating on cloud nine.

Nicole was thankful for the timing because she couldn’t hold off her own orgasm any longer. She had waited until the very last possible second, and came as soon as she felt Waverly clenching around her fingers. “Unghhh” Nicole moaned as she released her arousal all over Waverly’s thigh.

She felt her own contractions as she continued stimulating her sensitive bud against Waverly’s strong thigh, before collapsing on top of the girl.

The pair laid there, gasping for air as they held on to each other tightly. Waverly would feel an occasional aftershock, to which she would slightly twitch her legs. As their panting died down and they came back down to Earth, Nicole lifted herself up and looked down at Waverly, studying her face. When her eyelids slowly lifted open, Nicole smiled.

“I’m guessing your therapist’s tips worked then?”

Waverly let out a short, breathy laugh as she covered her face with her hands. “God, that was so good.” She said through her hands before moving them to wrap around Nicole’s neck. “I think you’re going to have to wash your sheets, because I just made a mess all over them.”

Nicole chuckled. “I think you’re going to have to wash your leg, because I just came all over it.”

The sound of Waverly’s laughter filling the room warmed Nicole’s heart to no end. Even though she was laughing a lot more since starting therapy, it still didn’t happen nearly as often as it used to. She wished she could just play the sound on repeat, because it honestly was her favorite sound in the world… well, her second favorite sound. Her first favorite sound was Waverly’s angelic singing voice.

“What are you thinking about?” Waverly asked as she dragged her nails up and down Nicole’s back.
“How much I love you.” Nicole leaned down and gently captured Waverly’s soft lips with her own before pulling back. “I’m so proud of you, you know.”

“For what?” Waverly lightly giggled.

“For going to therapy, and for putting yourself out there, and for letting me in. You’re doing so much, and I see how much you’re progressing, and it just amazes me how strong you are.”

Tears began to form in the corners of Waverly’s eyes as she smiled at her girlfriend. “I wouldn’t be able to do any of this without you, you know. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Waverly wrapped her arms around Nicole’s neck and pulled her down before passionately kissing her and smiling at the dragons she felt flitting about in the pit of her stomach.
Originally this chapter intended to be solely about the strap-on thing mentioned later in this chapter, but ended up being a Wynonna and Waverly chapter. It may seem a bit random, but I know some people will really enjoy this! Also, we haven’t seen a lot of Waverly and Wynonna bonding time in a while, so it seemed fitting to add this in. I’ll save the strap-on stuff for the next chapter ;) Some interesting stuff ahead…enjoy! As always, please leave a comment since it’s my only way to engage with you all!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Waverly fell back onto the mattress as she panted heavily, attempting to catch her breath. She let out a heavy sigh of ecstasy as she chuckled lightly and shook her head, feeling like she was floating. Nicole sucked on her fingers and wiped Waverly’s arousal off of her mouth with the back of her hand as she crawled up from underneath the covers and laid beside Waverly. She pushed off the strands of auburn hair that were stuck to her sweaty forehead from being completely underneath both the sheet and comforter while going down on Waverly. The brunette was cold with it being winter in the old house and Nicole wasn’t about to let ‘Miss bonus blanket’ go without any cover, no matter how easily heated the redhead got. She snuck her arm underneath Waverly and urged the smaller woman to cuddle up into her side, which she did. Waverly rested her head on Nicole’s chest as she played with her fingers resting on her stomach – the same fingers that had just aided her tongue in making Waverly come undone – and smiled as she felt Nicole’s cheek rest against the top of her head.

“I’m so glad I’m having orgasms with you again.” Waverly’s voice was barely above a whisper as she continued to watch their fingers dance with one another.

Nicole kissed the top of Waverly’s head before nuzzling back against her. “Me too baby.”

“Can you believe we’re already halfway into December?”

“I know. It’s already almost Christmas.” Nicole stated as she shook her head in disbelief. Time had always seemed to move fast, but it definitely moved a whole lot faster since she started dating Waverly. “You still haven’t told me what you want for Christmas.”

Waverly wrapped her arm around Nicole’s waist and hugged her tightly as she closed her eyes and smiled. “I just want you. And sex. Lots of sex. Maybe you can just show up naked with a bow on top of your head.”

Nicole chuckled as she brushed Waverly’s hair back out of her face before wrapping her arms around the girl’s shoulders. “I can’t just give you sex as your Christmas gift.”

“Why not?” Waverly pouted.

“Because I’m already giving you sex. It wouldn’t be much of a gift if it’s something we do all the time.”
“Oh, trust me, what you just did to me was a gift. A gift from the lesbian gods above.” She turned her head upwards towards the ceiling. “Thank you, lesbian gods!”

A breathy laugh escaped Nicole’s lips. “You’re going to make me have to find you a gift on my own, aren’t you?”

“Mhm.” Waverly nodded as she rested her head back down onto the redhead’s chest.

Nicole sighed. “Okay, fine.”

They laid there in comfortable silence as a thought crossed Nicole’s mind. “Hey, do you know what the 24th is?”

“Christmas Eve, duh.”

“Well…yeah. But I mean, do you know what else it is?”

“Hmm…” Waverly tapped her finger on her chin, pretending to think. She knew exactly what day it was, because she had been thinking about it for a while now. It was a huge milestone in their relationship. “Let me see…” She continued to think some more. “Is it…” She paused. “Our…” She paused again as she looked at Nicole, trying to hold back her smile. “Six-month anniversary?”

“Ding ding ding! We have a winner!”

“Oooh, what do I win?” Waverly asked excitedly.

“A kiss.” Nicole leaned down and captured Waverly’s smiling lips in a chaste kiss.

“Mmm, my favorite kind of prize.” Waverly grinned.

“So, I was thinking…what if for our anniversary, we recreated our first date? You know, go back to that fancy restaurant. We can order different things, obviously, especially since you’re a vegan now. But I thought it would be nice to do that date over again. Go back to where it all first started.”

Waverly abruptly leaned up on her elbow and looked down at Nicole with wide eyes. “What?” Nicole asked, slightly startled by the unexpected movement.

“I was going to suggest the exact same thing.” Waverly stated incredulously.

Nicole drew her eyebrows together as a faint smile spread on her face. “Were you really?”

“Yes!” The pair laughed simultaneously as Waverly plopped back down onto the mattress. “God, we’re so gay.”

“Literally the gayest.” Nicole teased. “So, I’m assuming that’s a yes?”

“It’s definitely a yes.” Waverly smiled as she pulled Nicole in for another kiss. After a few seconds, she pulled back and pouted as she groaned.

“What’s wrong?”

“We have to wait almost two weeks to go on our again-date.”

Nicole chuckled as she cupped Waverly’s cheek with one hand. “It’ll go by fast.”
Nicole and Waverly walked down the stairs hand-in-hand that morning, trying to hide their grins from Wynonna as they approached her in the kitchen. The older Earp turned around from the pan she was attending to and grimaced at the sight before her.

“Gross. I don’t know what’s worse, having to hear you two banging all morning or seeing you two all lovey-dovey afterwards…”

Waverly squinted her eyes and shook her head in a playful manner as she sat down at the kitchen table. Nicole stood behind her with one hand in the pocket of her uniform slacks, and the other on the back of Waverly’s chair, smirking proudly at the older Earp.

“I honestly don’t even care if you heard any of that because I’m too blissfully relaxed from all of that incredible sex.” Waverly sighed as Nicole immediately and lovingly began massaging the back of Waverly’s neck.

“Oh really? Because I heard all of it.” Wynonna waved the wooden spoon around at her sister as she rested the other hand on her hip.

“Don’t care.” Waverly shook her head.

A devilish grin spread across Wynonna’s face as she began to mock her sister. “Oh, fuck, Nicole. God you’re so good at this. Jesus, your tongue is like a–”

“Okay, please stop talking.” Waverly stated with a raised hand and closed eyes. A blush formed on both hers and Nicole’s face.

“That’s what I thought.” Wynonna chuckled and turned around to avoid the impending glare from her younger sister.

“Hey, I’ve got to get to work.” Nicole said sweetly as she leaned down to kiss Waverly. It was meant to be a quick kiss, but their lips were like incredibly strong magnets pulling each other in deeper and deeper, making it impossible to pull away.

“Gross.” Wynonna said, still facing the pan with her back to the couple. She didn’t see them kissing, but the smacking noises and lack of talking was unmistakable.

They finally pulled away at the sound of Wynonna’s complaining, and Nicole leaned down to hug Waverly while resting her chin on top of the brunette’s head. “I’ll see you later tonight.”

“What time do you get off work today?”

“Midnight.” The redhead pulled out of the hug to see her girlfriend giving her an unfairly adorable pout. “I know. But I’ll come back to you. I promise.”

“Okay.” Waverly sighed. She closed her eyes and smiled when she felt Nicole’s lips linger on her skin above her eyes as she placed a delicate kiss on the brunette’s forehead.

“Bye baby.” She began to back away from Waverly and towards the door. They held each other’s hand for as long as possible until their fingertips slipped apart from the distance. “Bye Wynonna.” Nicole stated less enthusiastically.

“Later Haughtcakes.”
Waverly sighed, thinking about how boring the day was going to be without her girlfriend, when she realized that Wynonna was actually cooking. She quirked an eyebrow.

“Are you making eggs?”

“Yep!” Wynonna stated enthusiastically as she turned off the burner and scooped the browned scrambled eggs into a bowl. “You want some?”

“Oh, depends…how many eggshells are in them?”

The older Earp set the bowl down along with two plates and glasses of water as she sat down in the chair across from her sister. “Ha ha, very funny. No eggshells, promise.”

”Either way, I don’t eat eggs anymore, remember?” She said as she grabbed an orange from the fruit bowl in the center of the table, ignoring the eyeroll from Wynonna. “Since when do you cook anyways? Trying to impress Doc?” She wiggled her eyebrows and immediately began peeling the orange.

“No. I figured that if I’m going to be a mom, I might as well learn how to cook food.” She smiled down at her 27-week baby bump and gently rubbed her hand across it before speaking in a high-pitched baby voice, “I don’t want my baby to grow up on fast food and alcohol like we did.”

“Um, you mean like you did.”

Wynonna rolled her eyes and continued in a normal voice. “Okay fine, whatever. The point is, I’m learning to cook so that she can have at least a semi-normal life.”

“Hey, she’s going to have a completely normal life!”

“Oh yeah? With two non-committal parents who are addicted to sex and alcohol, two lesbian aunts, and a great aunt who barely shows any affection and routinely pulls a shotgun on any customers who causes any sort of ruckus? Yeah, all the kids will be jealous of her.” Wynonna stated sarcastically as she bit into her banana.

Waverly’s smile dropped at the pang of pain she felt from her sister’s words. She was fully aware that being gay wasn’t ‘normal’ according to most of society’s standards, but to hear her sister say it stung a little.

“Ouch. Didn’t realize Nicole and I would be such an embarrassment to your daughter.” Her voice was dripping with sadness.

Wynonna’s eyes widened when she realized what she had said. “No, Waverly, I didn’t mean it like that—”

“It’s true though. I think about it sometimes, you know. When Nicole and I have kids, will they be bullied for having two moms? Will they be picked on or chosen last to be on the kickball team, or always be that one person left without a partner in science class because of something they didn’t choose?”

“Waves, the world is constantly changing. People are becoming more accepting of it. I’m sure that by the time your kids are in school it won’t be a big deal. Hell, half of their classmates will probably have gay parents…”

“I hope so.” Waverly sighed as she rested her elbows on the table and rubbed her face.
“Just don’t worry about that unless you have to.” She reassuringly rubbed her younger sister’s arm. “And they’ll be chosen last in kickball because they got your genes, not because you’re gay. You’re shit at sports…ironically.” Wynonna chuckled.

“Hey! You don’t know, they might get Nicole’s genes. She was point guard on the varsity basketball team, you know.”

“Of course she was.” Wynonna rolled her eyes at the stereotype, and quirked an eyebrow when she picked up on another one. “So you and Nicole are already thinking about kids, huh? Damn, you lesbians really do move fast.” Wynonna brought her fork up to her mouth and Waverly playfully pushed it out of the way, causing the eggs to drop back onto the plate. Wynonna just laughed, too amused by her joke to be at all upset.

“Shut up! You’re the one who said Nicole and I would be aunts…together!”

“Yeah, because it’s obvious that you two are going to get married.” Wynonna rolled her eyes. “You two complete each other so much that it’s actually so gay. Like a freaking romance movie.”

“Yeah…” Waverly sighed with a smile as she dreamily twisted her fork around.

The two fell into a comfortable silence for a few moments, enjoying the rest of their breakfast, until Wynonna had to get something off her chest.

“Can I get personal with you about sex for a moment?” The older Earp asked.

“Depends. Are you going to ask me about scissoring again?”

Wynonna shook her head. “Nope. I watched that informative YouTube video you directed me to the last time I asked, and I am now a connoisseur.”

“Then yes.”

Wynonna quickly set her fork down on the table. “Okay, so ever since Doc and I have gotten back together, he hasn’t been very…how should I say this…” She scrunched her face up in thought as she moved her hands around in the air, waiting for the word to come back to her. “Keen.”

“You mean he’s not interested in having sex?”

“No, he is. He’s just not as rough with it? He’s just too gentle.”

“Oh.” Waverly nodded her head in understanding as she stared at Wynonna, trying her best not to visualize Doc having sex with her sister.

“I think he’s worried about hurting the baby maybe? But I’ve told him several times that he won’t. My doctor told me that if anything it might rock the baby to sleep. But even with me reassuring him, he’s still very cautious. I don’t know what to do. I just need rough sex, you know?”

“Maybe you should take him with you to your next doctor’s appointment and have her explain it to him? Maybe he just needs to hear a professional say that it’s okay in order for him to feel comfortable doing it.” Wynonna sighed as she nodded. “When is your next appointment?”

“Next Monday.” Wynonna whined as she placed her forehead down on the table and rolled it back and forth. “I have to wait almost a week to get rough sex.”

Waverly patted the hair on the back of Wynonna’s head, slightly amused by how impatient she was.
She honestly expected her sister to have a low sex drive around this part of the pregnancy, but nope. Wynonna was still super horny all the time. Not that it was a bad thing though, just unexpected…but at the same time, completely expected from Wynonna.

The older Earp puffed out some air as she lifted her head up. “I guess I can’t complain. I should be grateful that I’m at least riding the train to boner town again.” She smirked at her sister. “And I’m happy that you are too.”

Waverly blushed as she tried to hide her smile behind her glass of water.

“Well, can you really call it boner town when you’re banging someone with a vag?” Wynonna questioned as her face scrunches up in curiosity, before shrugging. “I guess that strap-on you guys have counts either way.”

Waverly’s smile dropped as she felt uneasiness wash over her. She averted her gaze down to the table and brought her fingers up to the back of her neck to play with the baby hairs that resided there. “We haven’t used it in a while. I’m not…I don’t think I can. I mean, I’m not sure if I’d still like it?”

Wynonna quickly realized that having any sort of phallic object around Waverly’s body was probably not something she wanted yet, or maybe ever again. It’s not that she had forgotten what happened, she just wasn’t thinking about it.

Wynonna furrowed her brow and shook her head as she waved her hand. “Hey, that’s okay. You guys didn’t necessarily need it before, and you don’t need it now. Sounds like your sex life is going well either way.” She stated with a smile and a playful wink, attempting to lighten the mood.

Waverly gave a forced smile as she dropped the elbow of the hand that was still fidgeting with the back of her neck onto the table and leaned into her arm. The thought of using their strap-on hadn’t even crossed her mind, and now she couldn’t stop worrying that maybe Nicole missed using it. Waverly knew that even if she had, she wouldn’t dare ask Waverly for it. Nicole had spent this entire process waiting for Waverly to make the first moves, and although Waverly strongly appreciated the control that was given to her, it made her worry that Nicole wasn’t getting the things she wanted.

“Hey.” Wynonna said with a nudge to Waverly’s forearm, effectively bringing the younger brunette out of her thoughts. She noticed that the girl was starting to spiral into some negative thoughts and wanted to change the subject to something that would take her mind off of it. “What are your plans for today?”

Waverly sat up and shrugged. “I was going to take a warm bubble bath. Maybe read a book, watch some Friends…”

“Ew. Okay, no. We’re going out.” The older Earp grinned.

Waverly groaned. “Out where?”

“Out to the mall!” Wynonna stated enthusiastically.

The younger Earp quirked an eyebrow. “Since when do you like going to the mall?”

“Since I’ve needed to buy some new maternity clothes…and since Doc started working and I can now actually afford to buy something that doesn’t come with a bill in the mail.” She grinned.

Waverly looked at her sister skeptically. Being excited to shop wasn’t like Wynonna, and being excited to shop for clothes definitely wasn’t like Wynonna. “What’s the real reason?”
“I just gave you the real reason.” Wynonna shrugged.

Waverly folded her arms across her chest and leaned back into her chair as she gave her sister a pointed look.

Wynonna rolled her eyes and groaned. “Okay, fine. But you can’t tell anyone I said this. Not even Nicole, okay?”

“Okay.” Waverly nodded as she leaned forward, obviously intrigued.

“Ever since we decided last week to turn Daddy’s old room into a nursery, I’ve been dying to start decorating. I’ve looked up wallpaper, paint samples, furniture…even decorative pillows!” Wynonna dropped her face into her hands in embarrassment. “What have I become?”

Waverly had to hold back her squeal at the thought of her and Wynonna decorating the nursery together. Waverly absolutely loved decorating, and the thought of sharing that with her sister, who usually hated decorating, excited her. She grabbed her sister’s hands from her face and enthusiastically shook them, forcing Wynonna to look at her. “You’re nesting!”

Wynonna groaned. “Ugh. Can you please not call it that? It’s bad enough that I feel like Martha Stewart…”

“I’m going to run upstairs and take a quick shower, and then we can go to the mall.” Waverly said before immediately jumping out of her chair and running up the stairs. Before Wynonna could remind her that it was her turn to do the dishes, she had already disappeared.

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Wynonna and Waverly had been at the mall for over three hours and managed to responsibly stick to purchasing only a couple of pillows and a baby blanket – as opposed to the entire store like they wanted to. Wynonna eventually dragged Waverly over to Victoria’s Secret, much to Waverly’s reluctance, but Wynonna had promised to buy her a pretzel afterwards.

“Do you ever get turned on by all the pictures of half-naked ladies in here?” Wynonna stated curiously as she ruffled through a drawer of lace underwear.

“No. And it’s super weird looking at sexy underwear with my sister. Pregnant you is starting to freak me out.” Waverly said as she stood uncomfortably with her arms folded stiffly across her chest, staying at least two feet away from her sister.

“Relax. I’m thinking something in here could help me with my Doc problem.” She held up a pair of red cheeky panties and evaluated them.

“Still creepy.” Waverly shuddered.

Wynonna clicked her tongue and rolled her eyes as she dropped the panties back in the drawer. She pulled one of Waverly’s arms out of its folded position and tugged. “Come on. Let’s go look over there.”

When they reached the new section, Waverly’s eyes immediately landed on the exact lace underwear that Nicole had bought recently, and that she had been wanting to buy for herself. “Oh my god! I’ve been looking for these!” She quickly sifted through the panties.

Wynonna quirked an eyebrow and rested her hands on her hips. “Thought this was too creepy?”
“Shut up. Help me find some maroon ones.” Waverly said without pausing her search.

“Ugh, fine. But then you’re helping me find mine.”

After a couple of minutes of four hands ruffling through different colored fabrics, Wynonna finally pulled out the pair Waverly was looking for. “Here!”

Waverly snatched the panties out of her sister’s hand and held them up, grinning. She then brought them down to her hipbones to at least somewhat gage how they would look on her. “Do you think this color looks good with my skin tone?”

“I think every color looks good with your skin tone.” Wynonna rolled her eyes in jealousy before they landed on a pair of dark blue ones. She quickly snatched them up. “What do you think about these for me? Is this sexy enough for a pregnant woman? You can answer that as someone who’s into chicks, or as my sister…”

“Okay, definitely not going to imagine those on you as anything other than your sister. But yes, those look super sexy. Doc is going to flip!”

“But is he going to flip me over and pound me senseless? The whole point is to get him to want to rock me like a hurricane…”

A woman who looked like she was in her thirties quickly covered her 10-year-old daughter’s ears as she scowled at Wynonna.

“Oops. My bad.” Wynonna said as somewhat of an apology, but the woman just scoffed and rushed her daughter away. “What? I used euphemisms!” Wynonna called out, but the woman just walked away even faster. “It’s not like your daughter doesn’t know what sex is! She’s probably already started double clicking the mouse by now!”

Waverly dropped her head into one of her hands as the entire store went quiet and stared at the two of them. “Oh God.” Waverly mumbled in total embarrassment.

Wynonna looked around at the customers staring at her. “What? Don’t act like you’re not all in here buying underwear that’ll get you laid…even you.” She looked pointedly at the only man in the store who was obviously buying something for his female partner. “If you just wanted to buy some knickers just for the sake of covering your lady parts, you’d all be at Target.”

Waverly threw the maroon garment in her hand back onto the table and grabbed Wynonna’s arm to pull her aside, away from the other customers who had now turned their attention back to their shopping.

“What are you doing?!” Waverly hissed.

“Sticking up for myself.” Wynonna stated proudly.

“Um, no, you’re causing a scene!”

“That woman started it! Did you see the stink eye she gave me? The nerve.” The older Earp folded her arms across her chest and huffed.

“All of that for a look?”

Wynonna dropped her arms as she realized that she had overreacted. “Okay, maybe I shouldn’t have yelled across the entire store about her daughter masturbating…”
“Uh, ya think? You’re going to get us kicked out! …I’ve never gotten kicked out anywhere before!”

“Relax. I’ll just tell them it’s the pregnancy hormones.” She said confidently as she rubbed her belly. Just then, Wynonna felt a pat on her shoulder.

“Um, excuse me.” The stranger said.

“It’s the pregnancy hormones, I swear!” Wynonna yelled defensively as she whipped around to face the woman.

“Um, okay? I was just bringing you back your shopping bags. You left them on the floor in front of that table over there…” She held up the bags.

“Oh. Thanks.” Wynonna took the bags and gave an awkward smile as the woman walked away before turning back around to face Waverly. “See? All handled.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “Come on, let’s go get those panties. That was the only maroon pair and I want to grab them before they’re gone.” She walked back over the table, not really caring if her sister was following behind her or not.

Wynonna snorted. “What are the odds that somebody’s going to take the exact pair of underwear you were looking for?”

As soon as Waverly reached the table, her eyes widened. “They’re gone! I set them down right here!” She frantically searched through the table, only to come up empty handed.

“Holy shit! What are the odds?” Wynonna queried in surprise.

Waverly whipped around and jabbed a pointer finger at her sister. “This is all your fault!”

“Me?! What did I do?”

Waverly waved her hands around in the air. “You mocked the universe and it accepted the challenge!”

“Okay, I don’t think the universe took your sexy underwear.”

“Well somebody did, because they’re not here anymore!” Waverly huffed in frustration.

Wynonna looked around the store and noticed a brunette girl who looked about in her late-teens holding a basket containing the precious maroon lace panties. “She did.”

Waverly whipped her head around and rushed over to the girl, slightly startling her.

“Hi, sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. I just…” She looked down at the basket, and it was indeed the exact pair she had been holding earlier. She looked back up at the girl. “Sorry, I was looking at those earlier, and I was going to purchase them, but I had to set them down for a second, and when I came back to get them they were gone. Is there any chance I can have them back?”

The woman looked at her quizzically. “If you wanted them so badly, why did you set them down?”

“Because my sister here was yelling inappropriate things around the store and apparently I’m the only mature one in the family.” She side-eyed her sister.

“It’s the pregnancy hormones.” Wynonna stated matter-of-factly.
The girl gave them a puzzling look before shaking her head. “Whatever. You put them down, so they were up for fair game. Sorry.” The girl shrugged as she began to walk away.

“Quick, work your lesbian magic on her! Bat your eyelashes and compliment her shoes!” Wynonna whispered, earning a nudge in the ribs from Waverly.

“I know, it’s just…” Waverly started as she pulled the girl back. “I’ve been looking for that exact pair of underwear for a long time, and they don’t sell them online in that color, and we live about 40 minutes away…and my sister’s pregnant, so you know…”

The girl drew her eyebrows together as she looked between Waverly and Wynonna like they were crazy. “Um, okay? I’m sure your boyfriend won’t notice the difference between these and the red ones over there…”

“Girlfriend, actually.” Waverly corrected. She didn’t know why she got easily offended whenever someone assumed she was straight, especially when she often did that to other people.

The girl raised her eyebrows in surprise. “Wait, seriously?”

“Is that really so shocking?”

“Yeah, kind of. I don’t usually meet other queer people around here.”

Waverly was taken aback. “Wait, you mean you’re gay too?”

“Well, pansexual.”

Wynonna snorted. “What does that mean? You got the hots for pots?” She quickly realized she was the only one laughing. Waverly stood there, hoping that this girl had a sense of humor and Wynonna didn’t just absolutely offend her. Especially since she was still gunning for the underwear.

“No, pans. But mostly cast iron.” The girl deadpanned.

“Wait, really?” Wynonna asked incredulously, and the girl burst out laughing.

“No! It means I’m attracted to people regardless of their sex or gender identity.”

Wynonna quirked an eyebrow. “Uh, isn’t that just bisexual?”

The girl shook her head. “Bisexuality often implies that there are only two genders.”

The older Earp looked at her with wide eyes. “There’s more than two?!”

The girl shook her head as she looked at Waverly while pointing towards Wynonna. “Educate her, please.”

Waverly just chuckled awkwardly. She honestly wasn’t all that informed on different genders or sexual orientations either. She had never heard of pansexuality, and she certainly had never heard of there being more than two genders.

“No or you can just bring her to one of the bi-weekly LGBTQ Mixers.” The girl shrugged.

Waverly’s eyes widened. “They have those?”

“Yep, we meet downtown. You should come. Bring your girlfriend. You’ll meet some pretty cool people, and maybe even find yourselves a gay squad.” The girl laughed.
“Oh, she already has a gay squad.” Wynonna pointed out.

“Well, then you can bring your gay squad. We’re always looking to meet new queer folks.” She smiled.

“Yeah, I’ll talk to my girlfriend and my friends about it. Let them know.”

The girl looked down at her basket and pulled out the panties. “Tell you what, I’ll give you these if you promise to come to a mixer sometime.”

“Really?!?” Waverly asked excitedly.

The girl nodded, and handed the garment over. “Oh, and uh, the matching bra is on that table over there.” She winked as she pointed towards a separate table. “It was nice meeting you…”

“Waverly.” Waverly stated as she held her hand over her chest.

“I’m Sarah. It was nice meeting you Waverly. I better see you at a mixer soon!” She waved as she walked off towards the cash register to pay for her other stuff.

“Huh. Looks like you didn’t need to use your lesbian magic after all.” Wynonna shrugged, and Waverly rolled her eyes.

“You’re making it really difficult for me to want to help you pick out sexy underwear for your baby daddy.”

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Wynonna and Waverly sat down at a table in the middle of the food court with their pretzels…well, Waverly sat. Wynonna just kind of plopped down as she dropped her shopping bags onto the floor.

“God, my back is killing me.” The older Earp whined.

“I offered to hold those bags for you.” Waverly shrugged as she happily bit into her pretzel, moaning and fluttering her eyelids at the taste of salt and carbs.

“Okay, can you please not make sex noises while eating? I heard enough this morning…”

Waverly just rolled her eyes and continued to stuff her face. She was too enthralled by the pretzel she was devouring.

“And I don’t need anybody to carry my bags. I may be pregnant, but I’m not disabled!”

“Okay, okay. You don’t have to convince me.”

They sat there quietly enjoying their pretzels for a while, relishing in the comfortable silence. Waverly’s mind wandered back to their conversation earlier about the strap-on. She may not have been ready to have Nicole use it on her, but she considered using it on Nicole. She remembered that when she used it, it gave her a feeling of empowerment. Maybe that was something she could really use right now.

“What’s going on in that big brain of yours?” Wynonna asked as soon as she noticed Waverly was deep in thought.

“It’s nothing.” Waverly shook her head.
“You sure?”

Waverly paused, weighing out the pros and cons of telling her sister, before figuring it couldn’t hurt. “I was just thinking…about maybe using the strap-on again.”

Wynonna’s forehead slightly creased in worry. “I thought you weren’t ready for that yet?”

“Yeah, not ready for Nicole to use it on me. But I was thinking, maybe if I used it on Nicole then it would be okay.”

The older Earp shrugged, trying to maintain and exterior of coolness. She wanted to know if Waverly had worn it before so that she could ask her burning questions about what it was like, but at the same time didn’t really want to know. It was obvious that Nicole was the more dominant one in the relationship, but she never considered Waverly to be the one on top at times. She shook the thoughts from her head. “Is that something you want?”

“I think so? I don’t know, I mean what if I’m not even ready to handle that? Or what if Nicole doesn’t want to?”

Wynonna shook her head. “I don’t think you’re giving Haughtpants enough credit. Just talk to her. You’re worrying about stuff that might happen when you haven’t even opened up that dialogue yet.”

Waverly let out a sigh as she pressed her hands against her forehead. “I know, I know. I should just talk to her.”

“Yeah, dummy.” Wynonna took the last bite of her pretzel. “So, uh, how have things been with…you know, all that?”

Waverly never really talked to Wynonna about her therapy sessions or the assault since she was always talking to Nicole about it. And of course Nicole reassured Wynonna that Waverly was doing okay, but she really just wanted to hear it from her younger sister. Wynonna was a bit jealous that she wasn’t the one that Waverly was leaning on for support anymore, but she couldn’t be upset about her having Nicole to help her work through it.

Waverly scrunched her eyebrows together. “You mean, sex?”

“No, no. I mean…you know…since Halloween. How have you been doing?”

Waverly immediately knew what Wynonna was asking about, and suddenly she realized that she hadn’t been doing a great job of keeping her sister in the loop with her progress. “Oh. Yeah, I’ve been pretty good. A lot better. Therapy is helping so much. I’m still working through some issues, but I don’t think about it nearly as often as I used to.”

“That’s great!” Wynonna beamed, happy to hear about how well her sister was doing.

“Yeah. Although, I have to give you most of the credit. It would be a lot more difficult to move on with having to see Champ’s stupid face around town.” Waverly noticed Wynonna was giving her a weird look. “What?”

“You said his name.”

“Oh…yeah, I guess I did. That’s becoming easier too I guess.”

Wynonna smiled at nodded at how far her sister had come since that terrible night. She never told Nicole this, but she too was slightly worried that Waverly would never be the same person again, but
here she was, Waverly Earp. Sure, she would never be *exactly* the same, but she was pretty damn close. And that was all Wynonna could ask for.

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Nicole sighed as she trudged up the stairs after what felt like an incredibly long shift, and quickly noticed Waverly’s bedroom door cracked open with the lamp on. “Waves?” She called quietly from outside the door, not wanting to just suddenly open the door without Waverly knowing she was there and scare her…which wasn’t happening as often, but still happened occasionally.

“I’m up.” Waverly replied, and Nicole pushed the door open before proceeding to walk in. “Hey, what are you still doing up? It’s nearly 12:30.” Nicole asked as she took off her utility belt and laid it across the chair.

“Reading a book.” Waverly said with a smile as she brandished the book around.

Nicole continued to strip down to her underwear, hanging her uniform up in the process. “Well yeah, I can see that, but why? I figured you’d be asleep by now.”

Waverly shrugged as she closed the book and placed it on her night stand. “I couldn’t fall asleep without you here next to me.”

Nicole chuckled as she slipped under the covers next to Waverly and sighed in content as she hugged the brunette’s warm body. “Is this what we’ve become? Codependent like some kind of boring old married couple?”

“Hey, we’re not boring or old! …well, at least *I*’m not old. I’m still barely in my twenties.” Nicole glared up at her girlfriend. “Gee, thanks for that reminder.”

Waverly giggled as she rested her head on top of Nicole’s as she stroked her red hair. “But yeah, it’s hard to fall asleep without you now.” Nicole just hummed in response as Waverly’s soothing strokes along her scalp was putting her to sleep. Waverly swallowed thickly. “But also, I wanted to talk to you about something.”

“Oh?” Nicole said barely above a whisper. Her eyes were still closed, even though Waverly had stilled her hand.

“Something important.”

Nicole opened her eyes and scooted back so that she was laying on her side, facing Waverly. The brunette positioned herself so that they were mirroring each other. “Okay?” Nicole replied.

“How would you feel about using our strap-on?”

Nicole simply looked at her girlfriend, processing the information. She had thought about it a bit, missed it even. But she didn’t want to put any pressure on Waverly to use it. She definitely wasn’t expecting her to be ready to use it so soon after what had happened though.

“Are you sure you’re ready for that?”

Waverly nodded. “Well, I don’t think I’m ready to have it used on me yet.”

“Oh.” Nicole nodded before realizing exactly what Waverly was asking. “*Oh.* You want to use it on me?”
“I mean, only if you want to. I know we’ve only done it a couple of times, but I was thinking that maybe being in a dominant position like that would be beneficial for me?”

Nicole nodded as she visualized it. It’s not that she didn’t enjoy Waverly penetrating her with their strap-on, she just wasn’t in the mood for it too often. But it’s been a reasonable amount of time since they last did it where she could easily be in the mood for it. “Yeah, okay. Let’s do it.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I think it would be hot. Honestly, I’m kind of getting turned on just thinking about it.” The redhead grinned as she scooted her torso forward on the bed and kissed the brunette, but Waverly pulled away after only a second.

“Wait, there’s something else.”

“Okay.” Nicole pulled back, giving Waverly her full attention.

“My therapist has been talking to me about how fantasizing and possibly role playing during sex can sometimes add an extra layer of stimulation.”

“I really like your therapist.” Nicole smirked as Waverly giggled and shook her head. “So what’s your fantasy?”

“Um, I was thinking…oh god, this is going to sound so dumb.” Waverly let out a nervous laugh as she buried her red cheeks into her hand.

“No way! That’s not possible Waverly.” Nicole reassured as she eventually succeeded to pull Waverly’s hands away from her face. “Tell me, I won’t laugh. Promise.”

“Oh.” Waverly took a deep breath to compose herself. “I was thinking that maybe I could…um, wear your uniform maybe?”

Nicole drew her eyebrows together. “My police uniform?”

Waverly nodded.

“You want to role play as a cop?”

She nodded again. “And maybe, you could be a civilian, and I could pull you over to write you a ticket, and you could try to seduce me to get out of the ticket, and then we could have sex on the hood of the car…and this all sounds so much more ridiculous as I’m saying it out loud.”

“No! No, I love it!” Nicole beamed as she reached out for Waverly’s hand that was tucked against her chest and entwined their fingers.

“You do?”

“Yes, it sounds super sexy. The only thing is, there’s snow everywhere. Won’t we get cold having sex outside?”

“Hmm. I’ll wear a thick coat and leg warmers underneath.”

Nicole nodded, enjoying the visual she was getting of Waverly in a Purgatory police uniform. Maybe she’d unzip the neckline a little bit lower than Nicole usually did. “Okay. And is there anything specific you want me to wear?”
“A dress.”

“A dress? But we just said it was super cold outside.” Nicole pouted.

“I know, but we need something with easy access if we’re going to use the strap-on. It’s either a dress or you wear pants and have to take them completely off…”

“Okay, fine. I’ll wear a dress.”

“If you want you can borrow my knee high boots. That’ll help keep your legs warm.”

Nicole nodded. “With the boots and a warm jacket, I should be fine. Not to mention how heated we’ll get with the actual sex part.” Nicole looked at her seductively, and Waverly lightly smacked her arm in warning. “When do you want to do it?”

“Is tomorrow night good?” Waverly asked.

“I’m supposed to be working another late shift, but I’m sure I could get Dolls to cover for me the last couple of hours. So, tomorrow it is.”

“Great! It’s a date.” Waverly beamed.

“A sex date.” Nicole corrected with a smirk.

Waverly giggled as she shook her head. “It’s a sex date.”

Chapter End Notes

Just to let you guys know, the girl at Victoria’s Secret was NOT flirting with Waverly. She was just being friendly. So don’t go starting drama people in the comments sections, people! :P
“Hey, can I ask you for a favor?” Nicole asked as she approached Doll’s desk.

He spun his chair around so that his slouching body was facing Nicole and clasped his hands together atop his chest. “Depends on what it is and what’s in it for me?”

“I need you to cover my shift tonight, just a few hours. I work until midnight, but I need to be out of here by nine at the latest.”

“And what’s in it for me?” He quirked an eyebrow.

“I’ll cover for you next time you need me to.”

“…And?”

Nicole rolled her eyes. “And I’ll take desk duty on your designated days this week.”

Dolls grinned. “There’s one more thing I want.”

“What?”

He leaned forward in his chair as he waved his index finger at her. “Tell me what you’re doing tonight.”

“Just some plans with Waverly.”

He pursed his lips in disappointment as he slouched back into his chair. “Boo. That’s not as intriguing as I thought it would be.” He pondered for a moment before his frown was replaced by a shit-eating grin. “Unless it’s plans that involve you getting laid…”

“Like I’d blow off work to have sex?” She scoffed as she held a hand up in the air. “Please. I’m more responsible than that.”

“Then what are you doing?”

Nicole shrugged. “Just stuff with Wynonna. Baby stuff. Girl stuff.” She folded her arms across her chest. She was doing so well holding her poker face, until her eyes slightly shifted. It was only for a brief moment, but it was enough for her to know that she had just blown her cover with her fellow police officer, who’s trained to be able to detect when someone is lying.

He perked up in his chair. “Bullshit.”

Nicole groaned as she rolled her eyes. “Can you just cover for me please?”

“Sure, as soon as you admit that you’re blowing off your duties to have sex with your girlfriend.” He grinned.

“Dolls…” She warned.

“Not until you admit it.” Dolls waved his hand around his ear, waiting for her to say it. She always
gloated about how responsible and sensible she was – much to his annoyance – so hearing this would completely make his day.

Nicole rolled her eyes as she groaned. “Okay, fine! Yes, I’m going to fuck my girlfriend. Waverly and I are going to bang all night long, and have some incredible, mind-blowing, kinky sex until we can’t walk anymore. Satisfied?”

The sound of a man clearing his throat behind Nicole startled her, and she whipped around to find Nedley standing at his office door no more than ten feet behind them. She felt her entire face turn red. He knew about her and Waverly, everybody did, but they had never actually talked about it. And now he had just heard her say unmistakably inappropriate words about defiling his former boss’s daughter who had become like a daughter of his own.

“Officer Haught, may I speak with you for a moment?”

“Uh, y-yes sir.” Nicole stammered.

Nedley turned around to walk into his office, and Nicole glanced down at Dolls to find him stifling his laughter with the back of his fist.

“Okay, I’ll cover your shift. But not because of your amazing night with Waverly, but because of that.” He pointed to the office as he began laughing, and continued to do so even as Nicole smacked him in the back of the head before walking into the office.

Nicole traipsed into the room with worried eyes.

“Close the door and have a seat.” Nedley said as he slouched in his desk chair.

She quietly shut the door and guiltily slid down into the chair across from his desk, much like a student who had been sent to the principal’s office.

“Sir, I am so sorry about that. It was completely inappropriate and unprofessional, and I swear it won’t happen ever again.” Nicole gesticulated as she rambled.

“Oh, that’s not what this is about. In fact, why don’t we just forget that ever happened.”

“I would like nothing more, sir.” Nicole let out a sigh of relief.

He gave a curt nod before continuing. “The reason I brought you in here is because I’m planning on retiring soon, and I want to make sure this place is passed on to someone who truly cares for it; who truly cares for this town.”

Nicole’s eyes widened. “And you want me to take over?” She couldn’t believe it. She had only been here for a few months. She didn’t ever think she’d be promoted to sheriff so quickly.

“Well, I’m considering between you and Officer Dolls. We both know Lonnie would never make it as sheriff.” Nedley shook his head as he let out a huff of amusement. “I’m going to be keeping my eye on both of you in order to make the right decision, and I just wanted to make sure this was something you wanted. I know you haven’t been here for very long, but you’re a strong candidate. This place could really use someone with your passion and skillset, and I want to make sure you planned on staying.”

“Oh, absolutely sir. I have no plans to leave whatsoever. I would be honored to take over as sheriff, and I am extremely grateful to even be considered for the job.” She tried to maintain a professional demeanor, but she couldn’t hold back her grin.
Nedley nodded as he pursed his lips. He was never one to show much emotion. “Alright, well I just wanted to check in. Keep up the could work, deputy.”

“Yes sir, thank you sir.” Nicole held out her hand for Nedley to shake, which he did, before practically bouncing out of the office. She strolled past Dolls, ignoring the confused look he was giving her, as she sat down at her desk and hummed cheerily.

“I’m guessing that went over better than expected?” Dolls asked curiously.

Nicole spun around in her chair. “Oh, that wasn’t about Waverly.”

“Oh. Then what was it about?”

Just then, the office door swung open. “Dolls, I want to speak with you for a moment.” Nedley said quickly before walking back into his office like he had done with Nicole.

Dolls nodded at the sheriff before looking at Nicole with a quirked eyebrow.

“You’re about to find out.” Nicole smiled, finally answering Doll’s question.

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Nicole pulled up to the homestead a few hours later, excited to give her girlfriend the good news. “Guess what?” She said excitedly as soon as she saw her girlfriend.

“What?” Waverly asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Nedley is retiring soon, and he’s considering me for the position!”

Waverly’s eyes widened. “Wait, really?!”

Nicole nodded enthusiastically, and practically threw herself into the hug that Waverly was clearly going for.

“Oh my god, I’m so proud of you!” Waverly squealed as she and Nicole swayed back and forth as they held each other in a slight embrace before Nicole finally pulled back.

“It just really makes me feel like I’m actually good at being a police officer. Especially after basically being demoted at my last job, and not being taken seriously by those guys. I mean, to go from fetching coffee and doing desk work after six years of working there, to being considered for sheriff after nine months of working here is just so validating and encouraging.”

“You are a good police officer. And you’re going to be an even better Sherriff.” Waverly beamed.

Nicole chuckled. “Well, I haven’t gotten the job yet. He’s considering both me and Dolls. But still, the fact that I’m even in the running just feels so incredible.”

“As much as I love Dolls, I think you’d make a much better Sheriff than him.”

“You’re just being biased.” Nicole teased.

Waverly wrapped her arms around Nicole’s back and pulled her close. “Can you blame me? ‘Sheriff Haught’ sounds super sexy.”

“Mmm, not as sexy as ‘Officer Earp’, which is what I’ll be calling you tonight.” Nicole smirked as she leaned down towards Waverly’s lips, but Waverly pulled back slightly and let the redhead’s hot
“How about you just call me Officer? I won’t even give you my name tonight, so that you can’t report me when I solicit you for sex.” Waverly winked.

“Even better.” Nicole darted forward before Waverly could pull back again and gave her a searing kiss. She whined and furrowed her brow when Waverly ended it way earlier than she had anticipated.

“How about we save it for tonight.” Waverly smiled as she tapped her forefinger against Nicole’s pouting lips.

“Fine. That reminds me, I brought you something…” She walked over to her work duffel and pulled out a folded uniform before handing it out to Waverly. “Mine was going to be way too big on you, so I took one of the extras we have. These should fit you much better.”

Waverly grinned as she took the uniform and held the black long-sleeved shirt up in front of her on display to inspect. “It’s perfect! Thank you.” She folded the clothes back up and hugged them against her chest. “Did you bring the strap-on?”

“I brought everything.” Nicole gave a cocky half smile that sent a burst of heat straight between Waverly’s legs.

“Perfect. I’m going to go get ready. Are you going to change here?”

Nicole nodded as she smiled. “I’ll change in the hall bathroom.”

Waverly had no idea what Nicole was going to be wearing. She knew she was going to be wearing a dress, but she didn’t know which dress. And Nicole could not wait to see her reaction. On the flipside, Nicole had no idea what Waverly would look like in a uniform, but she already knew that it was going to be ten times better than what she imagined. They both planned ahead of time on not seeing each other in ‘costume’ until they met up in their separate cars. Seeing each other for the first time during the role-play would only add to their arousal.

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“Do you remember how to work the lights in the squad car?”

Waverly nodded. “And do you remember where we’re meeting?”

Nicole nodded. “Saved the pin as ‘sex date’”

Waverly covered her hand over her mouth as she giggled. “You’re so cute.”

“I know.” Nicole said as she did a dramatic hair flip. “Just remember, no sirens.”

“Got it.” Waverly nodded before leaning in for one last kiss before gathering up the things she needed and went to her room to get ready.

The first thing Waverly did was put on the strap-on. She giggled a little as she twisted her hips slightly, watching it wiggle back and forth before putting the uniform on. She unzipped the top of the shirt as far as it would go, smiling at how good the tightness made her cleavage look. She reached inside the shirt and adjusted her boobs a bit to get an even fuller look before sliding her hands down her torso and cupping the bulge in her pants. She smiled as she looked at herself in the mirror. She thrilled her hips a few times, smiling at how empowered she felt. She then placed Nicole’s Stetson over her brunette waves before sliding on a leather belt. She didn’t put on the utility belt, since she didn’t really need it. She looked herself over and smiled as she rested her hands on the buckle of her
standard belt, just like Nicole usually did.

“Perfect.” She whispered to herself.

As soon as Waverly heard Nicole leaving, she made her way downstairs and grabbed a bag with everything she needed – condoms, lube, hand warmers to put in her shoes. When she double checked that she was ready, she put on her thick black winter jacket that was lined with faux wool and grabbed the key to the cruiser that Nicole had left for her on the key hook. The plan was for Nicole to leave first and drive towards an old backroad that nobody ever went on, since there was nothing on it and the parallel road next to it was a much quicker route. As soon as Waverly started the car, she pulled up her tracking app on her phone and tracked Nicole’s location before making her way over to her.

It took her about 15 minutes to catch up to Nicole, giving her plenty of time to build up the anticipation. She squeezed her thighs together, occasionally letting out light moans at the pressure she felt against the base of the dildo. There were a few times where she would cup the bulge and rub it against her, wanting to get herself worked up and excited to use it, which she succeeded in. When she finally saw the red Jeep in the distance, she grinned and flipped on the police lights before speeding up. The Jeep pulled over onto the side of the road, and Waverly parked behind it. As soon as she turned the engine off, she cut off the lights, not wanting to draw any attention to them in case somebody did happen to drive down that road. She reached over into her bag and pulled out the small bottle of lube and a condom to shove into her pockets. She pressed her hand firmly against her chest as she closed her eyes and took a deep breath, wanting to get out all of her nerves and get into character. The last thing she wanted was to break out into a nervous fit of giggles. Once she was calm, she grabbed the flashlight next to her on the front seat and with a look of confidence, stepped out of the car.

As Waverly took her time getting out of the car, Nicole had checked her makeup and hair in the mirror. She smoothed out her dress before grabbing onto the steering wheel and fixing her eyes on the rearview mirror as she waited for Waverly to step out of the car. When she finally saw Waverly walking towards her, her jaw dropped. The road was barely lit with a single streetlight that was several feet away from them, but there was enough light to give her a prefect view of Waverly in that uniform as she strutted towards the car, tapping the flashlight repeatedly into the palm of her opposite hand.

“License and registration?” Waverly asserted as soon as Nicole had cranked the window down. She shielded the light Waverly was shining in her face with her arm.

“May I ask what the problem is, Officer?” Nicole asked politely, and lowered her arm when Waverly lowered the flashlight.

“I clocked you doing 15 over. License and registration please.” She didn’t crack even the slightest smile, and Nicole was impressed.

The redhead reached into her purse and pulled out her license before leaning over into the glovebox and grabbing a random piece of paper.

“I’ll be right back.” Waverly said with a curt nod and walked back over to the squad car. Nicole poked her head out the window like a dog and stared at Waverly’s ass with a smirk.

With her head still out the window, Nicole watched Waverly through the windshield of the cruiser as she pretended to run her license. Waverly looked up and winked as soon as she made eye contact. Nicole smiled and quickly pulled herself back inside the car and faced the front, biting back her dopey grin. She cleared her throat and ran a hand over her face to get rid of her smile when she
noticed Waverly walking back towards the car.

“Your record is clean, but it looks like I’m going to have to write you a ticket, ma’am.” Waverly stated as she handed the items back to Nicole.

“But officer, I can’t afford to have a speeding violation on my record!”

Waverly slightly shook her head as she stood with her hands on her belt buckle. “Well, Miss Haught, you should’ve thought of that before you decided to speed.”

“I know, but my husband and I are supposed to be meeting for dinner for our three-year anniversary and I’m already half an hour late.” Nicole quickly explained.

Waverly swallowed thickly. She was surprised that Nicole had planned out that little detail, considering how much she was against cheating. But she wasn’t about to break character to ask, because that added detail of having a husband just added to her arousal, especially when she thought about what she was about to do to her. She lightly shook her head, realizing that she had been zoned out for too long.

“That’s no excuse.”

Nicole opened her car door and stepped out, finally revealing her full outfit to Waverly. She was wearing a tight long-sleeved black dress with a low-cut neckline and a hem that sat mid-thigh. It was accompanied by suede black knee-high boots and an olive colored bomber jacket. Waverly suddenly noticed Nicole’s dark eye shadow and bold red lipstick. Realizing that she was acting less like an assertive police officer and more like a dumbstruck girlfriend, she quickly changed her facial expression. She let out a single-toned whistle as she looked Nicole up and down, lightly pushing up the brim of her hat as she rubbed her forehead. Nicole wasn’t sure if this was Waverly reacting to her outfit or her character, but she wasn’t complaining either way.

“Damn.” Waverly whispered.

“Like what you see?” Nicole asked with a smirk as she grabbed onto the sides of her jacket and opened them up with the intention of exposing every bit of her chest in that dress.

“You could say that…” Waverly replied as her eyes lingered on Nicole’s chest, taking in the fact that she was obviously not wearing a bra, if the two small protrusions in her dress were anything to go by. After all, it was pretty cold, but her arousal was keeping her pretty warm. She had hoped it was doing the same for Nicole, because if the woman woke up sick the next morning because of something that was her idea, she would feel completely awful.

“What if I said there was a way you could get out of this ticket?”

Nicole quirked an eyebrow. “What do you mean, Officer?”

“I mean,” Waverly started as she stepped forward. “I’ve got a bit of an itch that I think you can help me with.” She winked.

“What kind of itch?”

Waverly grabbed Nicole’s hand and placed it over her bulge. “This kind of itch.” She smirked. Nicole’s eyes widened as she looked down at her hand lightly gripping the bulge. “I see…”

“So how about you scratch my back, and I scratch yours?”
Without removing her hand, Nicole looked up. “Well, if it’ll get me out of the ticket, how could I refuse such an offer. Especially with someone so…” she roughly squeezed the bulge, and Nicole smirked at the way Waverly jumped at the contact before continuing. “Well-endowed?”

Waverly shuddered at the words but quickly slipped back into character. She grabbed Nicole’s shoulders and spun her around, pushing her up against the driver’s door with her body as she whispered into Nicole’s ear, “Do you want this?”

Nicole panted and fluttered her eyelids as she felt Waverly press her hips forward against her backside as she ran her hand up the outside of her thigh.

“Yes,” Nicole breathed out.

“Tell me what you want.” Waverly whispered before pushing Nicole’s hair aside and placing a delicate kiss against her neck.

“I want you to make me come.”

“How?” She placed another kiss slightly lower.

“With your big cock.” Nicole breathed out.

Waverly’s breath hitched as she slowly ran her hands along the backs of Nicole’s thighs from the top of her boots all the way up to the bottom of her cheeks. “Does your husband ever eat you out?”

Nicole shook her head. “Never.”

Waverly smirked as she turned Nicole back around and dropped to her knees in front of her. She lifted up her dress and slowly pulled her panties down just above her knees, revealing her glistening heat. Waverly smiled and looked up at the redhead’s completely blown pupils. “Can I taste you?”

The redhead nodded fervently, and Waverly licked a flat tongue all the way up Nicole’s sex.

“Ungh.” Nicole moaned as she shut her eyes and immediately threw off the Stetson to tangle a hand in Waverly’s hair while grabbing onto the side mirror with the other.

Waverly hummed and let out tiny noises, occasionally looking up at Nicole. After a few moments of enjoying Nicole’s taste on her tongue, she brought a finger up and teased the redhead’s entrance. She looked up at Nicole and waited for eye contact and a nod before pushing inside. She went in to the first knuckle before pulling back, then to the second, and then all the way to the third, all while making a slow figure eight pattern with her tongue over Nicole’s clit.

“Oh baby, that’s amazing.” Nicole breathed out.

Waverly smiled against Nicole’s heat at the words as she got into a steady rhythm of slowly pushing her finger all the way in before pulling all the way back out to the tip. She continued her slow pace for a few minutes, really working the redhead up before adding a second digit. She let out a sigh of pleasure as she felt Nicole’s walls adjusting around her. It’s wasn’t long before she felt Nicole getting closer, even with her slow pace. Not wanting to push the redhead over the edge just yet, she retracted her fingers and tongue and stood up. Nicole whimpered, but immediately moaned when she felt Waverly’s lips press forcefully against hers. She instantly wrapped her arms around Waverly’s neck and moaned when she felt Waverly’s tongue against hers, forcing her to taste herself. Her eyebrows furrowed together when Waverly’s bulge pressed against her on just the right spot. Waverly pulled back from the kiss – not caring about how much red lipstick was probably all over her face right now – and shoved her two fingers into Nicole’s mouth. The redhead diligently sucked on them while
staring intensely into Waverly’s eyes until the brunette pulled them out and brought them to her own mouth. She released her fingers with a pop before shifting her stance so that she was in a power pose with her legs spread slightly. She smirked as she unzipped her slacks. She reached inside the hole of the zipper and pulled out the purple cock, pushing her hips forward as she showed it off. “Are you ready for this baby?” She brought her hand down to the shaft and began stroking it as she rested her other hand palm-down on the front of her thigh.

Nicole looked down at the erection with wide eyes, pretending to be surprised by its size. She nodded as she licked her lips. “God, I’m already dripping for you. You’re way bigger than my husband.”

“Yeah?” She continued to pump the shaft, showing off her broad strokes.

“Oh, definitely. He doesn’t fill me up enough.”

With a cocky grin, Waverly shoved her hand into her jacket pocket and pulled out the condom before opening it and rolling it onto the dildo while Nicole watched attentively.

“Take off your panties.” Waverly demanded, and Nicole did so and shoved them into her pocket as the brunette pulled out the lube and poured a strip along the shaft before closing it and putting it back into her jacket. “Turn around.”

As soon as Nicole turned around, Waverly guided her towards the fender as she spread the lube over the cock with her free hand and pushed Nicole down, forcing her to lean over it with her forearms on the hood. She teasingly ran her hands up and down the small amount of exposed skin between the tops of the boots and the bottom of the dress a few times before bringing them all the way up against her bare cheeks and gave the firm muscles a squeeze.

“God, you have the sexiest ass I’ve ever seen.” Waverly stated. “Do you work out?”

“Every morning.” Nicole grinned, knowing full-well that Waverly knew that.

She gave one more slight squeeze before sliding her hands around the front to Nicole’s hipbones and pulled her back against her.

Nicole gasped as she felt the erection slide along her center between her legs. “Officer, I can feel how hard you are for me.” She pushed her hips back and forth, matching Waverly’s slow pace.

“You’ve been a very bad girl, Miss Haught.” Waverly pushed her hips forward, leaving the cock surging forward towards Nicole’s clit before slowly pulling back. “Speeding...” She forcefully thrusted forward again and slowly pulled back. “Seducing me in that dress and making me hard...” She pushed forward again. “Having sex with me in order to get out of a ticket...” Another thrust.

“What are you going to do to me, Officer?” Nicole asked through her ragged breathing.

“I’m going to make you come.” With her left hand wrapped around the top of Nicole’s shoulder, Waverly used her right hand to guide the cock inside Nicole and slowly pushed forward, filling her up little by little.

Nicole inhaled deeply with pleasure as she clasped her hands together and dropped her head between her resting forearms. “Fuck” she said in a breathy moan. It had been so long since she had their dildo inside her that she forgot how good it actually felt.

Waverly pulled back and pushed back in, grabbing onto Nicole’s shoulders with both hands. Her mouth was slightly agape as she watched the entire length disappear and reappear with each slow
thrust, feeling the base press against her clit each time her hips were flush with Nicole’s backside. “God baby, I’ve never met anyone so sexy before.”

Nicole was too aroused to come up with some sort of retort, so she just replied with some more moaning.

Pretty soon they both had picked up the pace, and Waverly was now pumping her hips fairly quickly. She sounds of fluids smacking easily sent Waverly’s sex into hyper drive, and she felt an intense surge of arousal shooting straight to her core. Her stomach felt like it was dropping and goosebumps formed everywhere as beads of sweat formed all over her body from being heated up. It ignited something inside her, and she was immediately hurdling towards her climax.

“Wait, wait, wait...” she said as she pulled back, trying to get the base of the harness away from her clit.

Nicole immediately stopped her own thrusting. She looked over her shoulder at the brunette, whose face was skewed in concentration.

“What’s wrong?” Nicole asked in concern.

Waverly didn’t answer. She put all her energy and focus into stifling her orgasm, but it was too late. The contractions began, and she was coming. Too weak to ruin her orgasm, she pushed herself against the strap-on, effectively stimulating her clit against the base and indirectly thrusting the cock deep inside of Nicole as she released a guttural moan.

“Oh!” Nicole dropped her forehead back down onto her left forearm and grabbed onto the edge of the hood by the windshield with her right hand.

When she heard Waverly’s moans and ragged breathing, she realized what was happening. She looked back at Waverly, watching the tail end of her orgasm before the brunette froze. Her breathing was heavy and her face was flushed. Her eyebrows were furrowed in disappointment as she just looked down. Waverly shook her head as her labored pants continued to take over. She tried to resume her thrusts into Nicole, but she was too sensitive and had to stop. She glanced up at Nicole and saw her looking at her and quickly averted her eyes.

“Sorry. I’ll be good to go again in a few seconds.” Waverly said with a frustrated sigh.

With her neck still craned behind her, Nicole reached back a rubbed Waverly’s forearm. “Take your time.”

She had to admit, she was a little sexually frustrated right now and slightly annoyed that Waverly had stopped right when she was getting close, but she would never tell Waverly that. She would never make Waverly feel bad for reaching her orgasm, no matter if it was before her or after her.

Waverly slipped a hand down the front of her pants and reached inside the harness to adjust herself so that her engorged clit was less exposed and not touching the base of the dildo directly.

“Oh, I’m good.” She announced and immediately picked up with slow thrusts before working back up to their previous pace.


With one hand gripping Nicole’s hipbone, Waverly brought her other hand around to stimulate Nicole’s clit as she flicked her fingers back and forth.
“Yes baby. Right there. Fuck me harder.”

Waverly rocked her hips so hard that the sounds of her hips slapping against Nicole would’ve easily been heard by anyone within a 100-yard radius.

“Fuck I’m gonna come. Shit baby.”

Nicole placed her hand on top of Waverly’s holding onto her hip and threaded their fingers together as she grabbed onto the hood again with the other. Her moans filled the air as her walls contracted around Waverly’s length, until she felt her legs start to wobble. Waverly quickly pushed herself up against Nicole, pinning her to the car as she removed her fingers from her clit and wrapped her arms around her torso, effectively holding her up. She placed a tender kiss on her neck as she waited for the woman’s breathing to slow down. When she pulled back, she began laughing and quickly covered her mouth with the back of her hand.

“What?” Waverly asked in confusion.

Nicole circled her forefinger in the air around her own mouth. “You’ve got lipstick everywhere.”

Waverly leaned over and looked at herself in the side mirror before joining in with Nicole’s laughter. “I look like a clown!”

“But still a very sexy clown.” Nicole said with a seductive smile as she watched Waverly pull off the condom and tuck the dildo back in her slacks. “So, did I get out of that ticket, Officer?”

“You sure did, ma’am. And any other ticket you may receive in the future.”

“Wow, that’s a big hook you’re letting me off of.”

Waverly shrugged. “I never claimed to be a good police officer.”

Nicole chuckled as she pushed herself off of the car. She bent down and picked the Stetson off of the ground before brushing the dirt off the bottom and placed it on Waverly’s head before giving it a light pat on top. “Are you ready to go home and cuddle in bed?”

The brunette nodded fervently. “The heat of passion is already starting to wear off and I’m getting cold.” She shivered as she stood with her arms firmly by her sides and her shoulders tensed up to her ears.

“Aww, baby. Come on, let’s get you home and under a bunch of blankets.”

Nicole pulled the Jeep up next to Waverly in the cruiser in front of the homestead before stepping out and following the brunette up the stairs. When they got inside, they noticed that the kitchen light was on, and Wynonna was standing in front of the counter, pouring herself a glass of orange juice. She briefly glanced back to verify that it was Waverly and Nicole before turning her attention back to her glass.

“There you guys are. It’s past midnight. What were you doing out so late, robbing a bank?”

She twisted the cap back on to the carton and put it back in the fridge before swiping her glass up and turning around to lean against the counter. She rested one hand on the edge on the counter beside her while the other brought the glass up to her mouth, but paused just before it had touched her lips. She took in the sight of the pair standing awkwardly; Waverly in a police officer uniform
with red lipstick smeared all over her face, and Nicole in a tight dress and out-of-character knee-high boots. Her eyes flitted down to the obvious bulge in Waverly’s pants, and she quickly looked back up into her younger sister’s embarrassed eyes. She remembered her conversation with Waverly the day before about her using the strap-on, and figured she was wearing it. Suddenly, everything made sense.

She continued to take a sip of her juice as she stared at them. When she brought her hand back down, she lightly tapped her fingers against the glass. “I’m not even gonna ask what kind of kinky shit you two got up to tonight, so I’m just going to sit at this table to drink my juice and never speak of this again.” She stepped towards the table and sat down.

“Thank you.” Waverly gratefully replied as she grabbed Nicole’s hand and swiftly led them towards the stairs, attempting to stifle their giggles as they made their way into the bedroom and shut the door behind them.

Chapter End Notes

I’m currently on vacation until the 26th, so I have no idea when I’m going to be able to post a new chapter. I might get a burst of inspiration and end up writing at some point and be able to post during vacation, or I might just wait until I get home. Either way, I hope this will hold you over until then! I also hope you all enjoy how I went about this. Thank you for reading!
It's December 24th, which means that they've been together for six months! AND I was able to post this on December 24th :) I wrote this on my Notes app, so there may be some mistakes, but I did my best to proofread. Enjoy!

I just realized that this story is one of the top three most viewed Waverly Earp/Nicole Haught stories of all time on this website (sorted by hits). Thank you so much to you readers for always coming back for more! <3

Waverly woke up to the sound of Nicole lightly snoring. She slowly opened her eyes and smiled as she hugged the redhead closer and watched her with attentive eyes.

“Are you watching me sleep?” Nicole asked with a faint smile, eyes still closed.

“No.” Waverly replied.

Nicole peeked an eye open to see light brown ones looking back at her. “Liar.”

Waverly giggled as she ran her hand over Nicole’s shoulder. “Do you have to go into work today?”

She whined.

“I do, baby.” Nicole replied sympathetically.

“All the more reason to keep an eye out for this town. There’s going to be drunks everywhere.” She smiled at Waverly’s adorable pout. “I’ll be out by seven though, and then I’ll come back here to pick you up for our dinner reservation.”

“Okay, fine.” Waverly replied. “But you better not be late for our again-date.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” Nicole watched her fingers as they traced along Waverly’s cheekbone. “I’ve got five minutes until I need to get up and get ready. Want to make out?” She wiggled her eyebrows.

“Always.” Waverly grinned and pulled the redhead on top of her as she rolled onto her back, pulling Nicole into a searing kiss.

Nicole threw a drunk man inside one of the holding cells with the previous six she had locked up that
night before sliding the door shut.

“Oh c’mon Officer Haught, I ain’t even drunk!” The man slurred as he wrapped his hands around the bars and pushed his face through one of the gaps.

“Nice try, Schmidt. I’ll let you out as soon as you’re not drunk anymore.”

“But my wife is waitin’ for me to come home with a ham!”

“Well you should’ve thought of that before you decided to throw a barstool at Ted over there.”

A burly man grunted from where he sat on the floor in the corner of the cell holding an ice pack to the goose egg on his head.

“He started it…” The much smaller man mumbled through the bars he still had his face smashed between.

“And I’m finishing it. No freedom until you’re sober.” Nicole pointed at him with a firm finger before walking away and slumping down in her chair at her desk. “That’s the seventh one tonight.” She groaned as she ran her hands over her tired eyes.

Dolls shook his head. “Can’t say I’m surprised. I honestly expected more.”

Nicole dropped her hands from her face and looked at him. “Please don’t say that. I need to get out of here on time, and I have only...” she looked at her watch. “30 more minutes to go. I don’t need you challenging the universe like that.”

“Got some big Christmas Eve plans?”

“More like six-month anniversary plans.”

Dolls grinned. “Oh, congrats! What have you guys got planned for the special occasion?”

“Fancy dinner at the restaurant where we had our first date.” Nicole smiled.

“Nice!”

“Yeah, which is why I have to leave on time. Waverly’s going to kill me if I make us late for our reservation.”

“Well then you better hurry up on that stack of paperwork.”

Over the next 28 minutes, Nicole moved her pen at lightning speed, proud of herself for finishing a couple of minutes early. She placed the last folder on top of her ‘finished’ pile and reached over for her phone.

Nicole: Just finished at work! I’m about to head your way!

Waverly: Can’t wait!

Just as the redhead had finished putting on her coat, Nedley walked out of his office. “Haught, there’s another drunk marching around on 5th street. I need you to pick him up.”

“Oh, uh, actually sir, my shift just ended.”

He walked over towards her as he chuckled lightly. “I guess I forgot to mention that those shifts
don’t matter on Christmas Eve. Forgot it’s your first one in Purgatory.”

Nicole clenched her jaw. “No sir, you didn’t mention that.”

“Well, they’re arbitrary. You’re in for a long night.” As soon as he saw Nicole’s face drop, he added on, “But I’ll tell you what, if everything has died down by the time you get back, which it seems like it probably will since we’re already holding 95% of the drunks in this town, then I’ll let you go.”

The redhead perked up. “Really?”

He gave a curt nod.

“Thank you, sir.”

He waved his hand out in front of him. “Now go get that drunken son of a bitch Steve Thompson.”

Nicole quirked an eyebrow. “The one we get a routine domestic call for?”

“The very one. So uh, don’t be too timid when cuffing him, if you know what I mean.”

“Oh, I won’t.” She grabbed the cruiser keys and rushed out the door. As soon as she got in the car, she texted Waverly again.

Nicole: Actually, I have one more job to do. But it’ll only be 15 minutes, tops. We’ll still make it to our reservation just in time.

It took Waverly a bit longer to respond this time.

Waverly: Okay, but please hurry. I just finished getting ready :(

After 13 minutes, Nicole dragged the man inside the station by his cuffed arms.

“Ow!” He complained. “Easy!”

“Well walk faster! I’ve got places to be and I won’t let your drunk ass ruin my plans, Steve.”

“Hot date?” He winked.

Nicole paused as she reached the glass doors of the station and scowled at him before roughly yanking on his shoulder.

“Ow!”

“Just get inside.” She growled before pushing him in through the door in front of her.

“Hey, I thought you left already?” Dolls said with a furrowed brow when he saw Nicole walk into the lobby after tossing Steve in the cell.

“Nedley gave me a last-minute job, but I’m leaving now before he calls on me to do another one. Merry Christmas!” She said quickly as she made a beeline for the doors. As soon as she reached out for the handle, she heard Nedley’s voice from behind.

“Looks like we’ve got a disturbance downtown. Armed Robbery at the electronics store.” He stated in a firm tone as he began to put his jacket on.

“Haught, you and Dolls will be my backup.”
“I can get it by myself, sir.” Dolls quickly said.

Nedley shook his head as he grabbed his black Stetson. “I need all hands on deck. This is a very dangerous situation.”

“Alright!” Lonnie fist pumped as he stood up from the front desk.

“Not you! I need you to stay here and man the station while we’re gone.”

Lonnie groaned as he plopped back down into his chair and continued his car racing game that he had previously been playing on his phone. Nedley brushed past Dolls and Nicole towards the front door. “Let’s move.”

Dolls looked over at Nicole with sympathetic eyes as she sighed. She pulled out her phone and sent another text.

Nicole: Have to go handle a situation. Be there as soon as I can <3

She shoved her phone back into her pocket as she rushed out of the station, following closely behind Nedley and Dolls.

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Waverly blew a puff of air from where she was sitting on the couch in her brand new green dress that she had bought specifically for this dinner as she looked at her phone. 9:47 p.m. They had missed their reservation by almost two hours, and she knew that there weren’t going to be any more open tables. At this point, she was just worried that she hadn’t heard from Nicole in a while and hoped that she was okay. Just when she was about to call her, she heard a knock at the door. She stood up from the couch and marched over to open the front door, revealing Nicole standing there with a giant bouquet of roses and apologetic eyes.

Waverly folded her arms sternly over her chest as she looked up and down Nicole’s body with sharp eyes, completely ignoring the sexy white button up, black pants, and black skinny tie she was dressed up in, which actually made Waverly’s stomach drop. But she ignored that too. “Well, I don’t see any scratches, bruises, or broken bones.”

Nicole furrowed her brow. “Why would there be?”

“Because you’re nearly two hours late,” Waverly stated. The bite in her voice caused Nicole to wince.

“Yeah…” She rubbed the back of her neck before letting out a sigh. “I’m so sorry Waverly.”

The brunette looked at the flowers. “So, are those apology roses, or anniversary roses?”

Nicole looked at the bouquet in her hand and pushed them out in front of her towards Waverly with a grin. “Both?”

Instead of taking the flowers, Waverly just continued to glare at Nicole with crossed arms. The redhead eventually pulled the flowers back in as a look of guilt washed over her face.

“Can I explain?” Nicole asked softly.

“Oh, I’m expecting you to. And this explanation better be worth ruining our anniversary.” Waverly replied as she walked into the living room, Nicole following behind. She plopped down on the couch
and Nicole gently laid the roses on the coffee table as she slowly sat down a respectable distance away from Waverly and faced her.

“I was about to leave, but then Nedley said that there was an armed robbery. I tried to get out of it, but he said he needed all hands on deck. Waverly, I really had no idea that work was going to get this crazy tonight. But it just seemed like one thing after another, and it felt like I was never going to get out of there.”

Waverly wagged the leg that was crossed over her knee back and forth as she paused, collecting her thoughts. “I know it’s not your fault, and I know it’s not fair of me to be mad at you for something you can’t control, but it just sucks. I was expecting for us to be able to have this romantic dinner for our anniversary, and instead I spent the entire day alone.”

Nicole dropped her head and gave sad eyes.

“I knew what the job entailed. My dad was sheriff and he was never home on Christmas Eve, or Christmas. I guess I had just hoped that it would be different with you since you’re not sheriff.”

“Waverly, I swear I had no idea that it was going to be like this. Nedley even said he forgot to tell me that the shifts given to us today were only for show. Guess now I know what to expect.” She scoffed and shook her head as she looked at Waverly. She took the brunette’s hands with her own. “I know we missed our reservation, and we didn’t get to do our again-date like we had planned, but we can just create a new dinner date memory.”

“Where? Everything is closed right now.”

A devilish grin spread across Nicole’s face. “Not everywhere.” Waverly quirked an eyebrow in curiosity at Nicole, who had walked over to the front door to grab Waverly’s boots. “Put these on.”

The brunette hesitantly did as she was told as she questioned, “What’s happening? Where are we going?”

Nicole didn’t answer her question. Instead, she just held out a hand for Waverly to take. “Come on, I want to show you something.”

She led Waverly out of the house and trudged through the snow across the front yard.

“Nicole, where are you taking me?” Waverly whined.

“You’ll see.”

“Are you taking me out back to kill me where nobody will hear my screams? Was this whole relationship just a ploy? Are you actually a serial killer disguised as a police officer?”

“Yes.” Nicole deadpanned, and Waverly wasn’t sure if she wanted to laugh or roll her eyes.

As soon as they reached the barn, Nicole pushed the door open to reveal a round folding table with a plastic red table cloth covering it, a basket of breadsticks next to a container of salad, a couple of to-go containers of fancy angel hair pasta with marinara, a bottle of wine, and a lit candle placed perfectly in the middle.

Waverly’s mouth was slightly agape in a smile of disbelief as she took in the sight. She turned around to Nicole as her eyes watered. “You did this?”

“Wait, that’s not all.” Nicole smirked as she pulled out her phone and pulled up her music app. When
she pressed play, romantic instrumental music played from a wireless speaker sitting on a square hay bale by the table.

“Nicole!” Waverly beamed. “Okay, you’re forgiven. One hundred percent. This is...” she shook her head and huffed in disbelief before stepping towards the redhead and placing a flat hand on her chest as she leaned into her. “This is better than some date at a fancy restaurant.”

“Really? Even though it was supposed to be our again-date?”

Waverly nodded as she grinned. “This way, I have you all to myself, and we won’t have any distractions. And you know what the best part is?”

Nicole shook her head.

“We don’t have to go to a different location for the after party.” Waverly gave a sly smirk and jerked her head over towards the old - but not too dirty - mattress that was raised on a stack of hay bales in the back of the barn.

The redhead chuckled. “I’m excited to add a new location to our ‘have-done’ list.” She looked over to the mattress and grimaced. “Wait, you and Champ never did it on that mattress, did you?” As soon as the words left her mouth she realized what she had said. She froze and her eyes widened. She closed her eyes and frantically began shaking her head as she pressed her lips together. “I’m sorry, Waverly. I don’t know why I said that.”

The brunette was shifting uncomfortably as she rubbed her hands together. She lightly shook her head. “No, um, it’s okay. And I’ve never done it there with anyone.”

Nicole nodded, guilt still painted all over her face. She wanted to say something else, but didn’t know which words were the best.

Waverly couldn’t take the way Nicole was looking at her anymore. “I’m going to run in and put those roses in a vase to add to the decoration here. And we need some silverware, right?”

Nicole nodded.

“I’ll grab those too. Be right back.” She gave a small smile before folding her arms across her chest as she walked out the barn.

Nicole sighed and dropped her head into her hands as she shook it in disappointment in herself.

Waverly returned with the flowers and silverware about ten minutes later and set them down on the table. Her previous mood before Nicole made her comment had returned, and she was excited for their date. Nicole looked over her face in an attempt to gage if she was really okay or just putting on an act for Nicole, but figured it would be best to move on either way. They sat in their folding chairs and both of the starving women practically began scarifying down their food.

“Oh my god. This pasta is amazing.” Waverly moaned as she chewed her food.

“I’m glad you like it.” Nicole smiled. “Can’t wait to hear more of those noises later.” She grinned as she nonchalantly took a bite of her own pasta while Waverly shook her head and giggled.

“So how did you manage to set this up anyways?”

“I stopped by my house for the table and chairs and the decorations, and ordered the food to-go ahead of time so that it was ready for pickup.”
“So that’s why you were so late?” Waverly teasingly quirked an eyebrow.

“Well, that’s why I was later. But it was so worth it, wasn’t it? I couldn’t just show up empty handed.”

Waverly reached across the table for Nicole’s hand as she grinned. “Definitely worth it.”

They continued to eat while entertaining interesting conversations about work, friends, and Wynonna’s pregnancy. When she had taken her last bite, Waverly slouched back in her chair and hummed in content.

“Oh, that was really good.”

“Who knew that to-go Italian from a chain restaurant could be so good.” Nicole smiled.

“I didn’t tell you this earlier because I was trying to be mad at you, but you look really good in that tie.” Waverly grazed her tongue along her lips as she looked over Nicole’s outfit again.

“Really? You like it?”

Waverly nodded. “Definitely.”

“Well good. And this is the perfect segue into my next surprise for you.” Nicole grinned as she stood up and guided Waverly to sit on the mattress.

Nicole moved the table and chairs over to the opposite end of the barn and blew out a deep breath while Waverly watched her attentively, unsure of what was happening. She faced Waverly and pulled out her phone to press ‘play’. As soon as *Earned It* by The Weeknd started playing, Nicole began swaying around as best as she could and Waverly’s eyes widened.

“Oh my god. Are you giving me a lap dance?!”

Nicole chuckled. “More of a strip tease, since my dancing skills are nowhere near yours. But some lap play might be involved.” She winked.

Waverly grinned and leaned back on her hands on the mattress to enjoy the show.

Nicole tried her best to hide how nervous and ridiculous she felt. She knew she wasn’t as good at dancing as Waverly was, which made her feel a little bit intimidated. But the way Waverly was smiling at her gave her the confidence she needed. She started with her tie, dramatically loosening it - but not completely untying it - and letting it hang around her neck as she slowly unbuttoned her shirt. She went down button by button as she moved her hips and lip synced to the song.

Once the shirt was completely unbuttoned, revealing her black sports bra, she began undoing her pants. She slowly slid them down her legs and kicked them off and to the side as she moved towards the brunette.

Waverly sat there with her eyes wide and mouth fully open. Her eyes roamed over her girlfriend’s body, who was sexily dancing in front of her in a black sports bra and boyshorts, open white button up, and a loose tie. Waverly had no idea what she had done recently to deserve this sight, but she was beyond thankful for it.

Nicole continued to dance a bit, occasionally turning around and shaking her ass in Waverly’s face, which the brunette thoroughly enjoyed. Finally, she pulled her shirt back over her shoulders and dropped it to the ground, with her bra and boyshorts not too far behind.
Waverly swallowed thickly when all that was left of Nicole’s attire was the tie, which was probably the sexiest thing she had ever seen. She licked her lips as she reached out to grab the article of clothing, but Nicole stepped back and wagged her finger at her. Waverly pouted.

“No touching until I say you can.” Nicole explained.

“What kind of rules are those?!”

“My rules.”

“Well, I don’t like them.”

Nicole just smiled as she danced some more, enjoying the way she was torturing Waverly. Every few seconds she would get closer and closer to Waverly, reminding her that she wasn’t allowed to touch, which lasted about three minutes.

After what felt like hours to Waverly, Nicole swung a leg over to sit on her lap and began to grind down as she pulled her in by the back of the neck for a heated kiss. Their lips moved in desperation, tongues searching out for any sort of attention.

Waverly couldn’t take it anymore. She rolled over, pushing Nicole onto the mattress and stood up to remove her green dress. She whined as she had trouble reaching the zipper in the back, and Nicole immediately sat up and spun the brunette around to pull the zipper down. As soon as she did, she stood up and frantically yanked the dress down Waverly’s body before attaching her lips to her shoulder as she pressed the front of her body up against the back of the smaller girl’s. After removing her tie, she moved her hands smoothly up Waverly’s abdomen to cup her bra-clad breasts.

Waverly tilted her head to the side and moaned with closed eyes, enjoying the feeling of Nicole all over her. She reached a hand back and threaded it through Nicole’s locks as the redhead continued to explore her skin with soft hands. She felt a strong ache between her legs and turned around to push Nicole down onto the mattress again. Nicole bounced a couple of times before crawling backwards to lay in the middle of the bed as Waverly followed her, hovering over her body as she got closer and closer until there was no more space between their lips.

Almost immediately, Nicole flipped them over, successfully switching their positions to that she was on top. She smiled against Waverly’s lips at the muffle gasp caught deep in the brunette’s throat from Nicole’s thigh pushing against her center.

After a few minutes of lips fervently gliding together, Nicole grabbed Waverly’s shoulders and urged the brunette to flip over onto her stomach, which she did. Nicole immediately moved on top of her and hovered over her small frame as she trailed kisses from one shoulder blade to the other before nipping and sucking on the side of Waverly’s neck. The brunette let out a small moan, and Nicole’s center twitched at the sound. She wanted to feel contact; she needed it. She began grinding her center against the swell of Waverly’s firm ass, sighing in relief at the pressure against her swollen clit. After a few thrusts, she wanted to feel even more. She sat up and rested her knees on both sides of Waverly’s body as she placed her palms on Waverly’s back to brace herself, and proceeded to glide her center along Waverly’s backside. She started out slowly and fluttered her eyes shut at how slick her sex was rubbing against Waverly’s skin with ease. She grounded her body down firmly with each movement, wanting a lot of pressure against her sensitive bud, and small sounds of pleasure escaped her lips in response.

Waverly could feel Nicole coating her ass with her arousal, and she found it to be extremely sexy. She slightly pushed her ass up a little more, giving the redhead some added pressure. She turned her head back to look at Nicole and saw her slowly riding her body with her head thrown back in
ecstasy. Her mouth was slightly agape, allowing tiny whimpers to make their way out into the room. Small beads of sweat were starting to form on her face from the work her body was doing and from being so close to the space heater they kept in the barn for warmth.

“Fuck” Waverly whispered to herself as she turned her head back to face the front. She couldn’t believe how turned on she was getting by this. She needed to touch herself. She slid her hand down underneath her stomach and brought it down to her own heat to slip her fingers through her wet folds.

“Oh my god.” She whispered and dropped her forehead down on top of her forearm in front of her face as she stimulated her clit.

Waverly’s entire body lit up in pleasure as she moved her fingers. She couldn’t believe how good this felt. Sure, her clit had been touched several times before so she knew that it was going to feel really good, but she was so turned on visually and mentally from Nicole and from their romantic dinner beforehand that her sense of touch was heightened by lust and love, putting her in an extreme state of euphoria. Being touched felt better some days than others, and this was one of those days where it was off the charts. She reached her left hand back and grabbed onto the side of Nicole’s thigh next to her, wanting to feel even closer to her.

Nicole continued to rub her center along Waverly, occasionally switching her hands between Waverly’s lower back and her shoulder blades. The sounds of Waverly’s tiny whimpers and gasps sent her hurtling over the edge and straight into her orgasm. She let out a long string of moans as she felt the strong contractions of her center.

Waverly could feel Nicole climaxing against her skin as she dug her fingertips into Waverly’s back, and the sound of her short groans filling the room hit the brunette’s ears. Waverly moved her hand frantically across her clit until she was coming too.

“Unghhh shit.” Waverly moaned as she rode out the rest of her orgasm before dropping her cheek down onto her forearm with a smile.

Nicole dropped down on top of Waverly and began kissing her neck as she ran her hands up and down the sides of her arms. She kissed down her back until she reached her backside, where she licked off her own arousal before flipping Waverly back over.

“Can I lick you?” The redhead asked.

Waverly nodded, and gasped when she felt Nicole’s tongue between her legs, lapping up her arousal from her orgasm. She ran her fingers through her own hair, stopping when her hands reached the top of her head where she rested her palms. After a few broad strokes of Nicole’s tongue, Waverly pushed herself up and smoothly flipped their positions so that Nicole was lying on her back and she was sitting up on Nicole’s face with her knees on either side of the redhead. Nicole wrapped her arms around Waverly’s thighs with her hands grabbing onto the insides as she continued to swirl her tongue around Waverly’s clit.

“Fuck baby. So good.” Waverly moaned softly, and shuddered at the vibrations against her sex from Nicole’s hum in response.

Waverly brought her hands up to her own breasts and began to play with her nipples for a moment before sliding one hand down to run through her brown curls over her pubic bone and moving the other to hold on to Nicole’s hand on her thigh. She continued gliding her hands all over her body, enjoying the feeling of being touched everywhere as her girlfriend skillfully licked around her clit and teased her entrance while hitting every pleasing spot in between.
After a couple of minutes, Waverly lifted up from Nicole’s face - much to the redhead’s reluctance - and turned around to position herself so that her face was hovering above Nicole’s heat. She dropped her sex back down onto Nicole’s face as she proceeded to run her tongue through coarse red curls.

Nicole moaned against Waverly’s center, and both of them were licking and rocking against each other. Waverly let out a string of breathy moans as she came. As soon as she was done, she wrapped her lips around Nicole’s clit and began sucking, bringing the older woman crashing into her own orgasm with a stifled moan.

Waverly crawled back up the mattress and dropped onto her back next to Nicole, who was still slightly panting.

“Okay, six-month anniversary sex is really good.” Waverly said as she smiled, enjoying the post-orgasm glow.

Nicole turned her head on the mattress and smirked. “Sex in the barn is really good. We should do it here more often.”

“Nah. Doc and Wynonna come here way too often.”

Without missing a beat, Nicole jumped up from the mattress and ran her hands over her body, as if trying to get off the germs. “Okay, gross. Thank you for ruining that for me.”

Waverly cackled as she held a hand over her mouth. “Sorry baby.”

Nicole glared at her. “You’re supposed to say that you were just kidding…”

When Nicole noticed Waverly shrug, she shuddered as she began to fake gag. Waverly chuckled as she sat up and began putting her clothes back on and handing Nicole hers.

“How about you clean up in here, and I’ll go in the house and wait for you in bed…naked.” Waverly winked as she patted Nicole’s chest.

“Oh, so we’re not done yet?”

Waverly let out a short laugh as she slipped her feet in her boots. “Not even close.”

Chapter End Notes

Woohoo sex without any penetration! Which is still sex by the way (not just foreplay), and don’t let anybody convince you otherwise.
Christmas

Chapter Summary

It's Christmas! Hope you guys don't think the presents Waverly and Nicole got each other are too cheesy, because I seriously spent way too long trying to come with something. Enjoy this festive chapter, and I hope everyone had/is having a good holiday season!

Chapter Notes

Once again, I wrote this on my notes app since I'm currently with family for the holidays. Please let me know of any mistakes you may find!

As Waverly began to stir, she felt an ache between her legs - a good ache - from where Nicole’s fingers had been. She smiled as she remembered all of the things they had done the night before; things the ache would surely remind her of all throughout the day. She rolled over to find Nicole already awake, smiling at her, and she smiled back as she traced the redhead’s ribs with her index finger.

“Good morning.” Waverly grinned.

“Good morning.” Nicole replied, and leaned in for a soft kiss.

“Have you been awake for long?”

Nicole shrugged. “Only about half an hour. I didn’t want to wake you though. It seems I wore you out a bit last night.” She smirked as she dragged her nails up the outside of Waverly’s thigh and over the curve of her bum all the way up to rest her hand on the brunette’s neck

Waverly giggled and shook her head. “Yeah, that was...well, that was something else for sure.”

“I’ve never heard you make noises like that before.” Nicole said amusedly.

“Mmm well I guess it’s my turn to make you make those kinds of noises.” Waverly gave a seductive smile as she slid her hand up from the dip in Nicole’s side to one of her breasts to knead the fleshy mound. Nicole sighed when Waverly began pinching her nipple.

“Waves,” Nicole breathed out.

Waverly immediately leaned forward and pressed their lips together as she moved her hand to cup Nicole’s ass and pulled her into the front of her body, letting out a high-pitched moan when their centers connected to thighs. Just when she was about to roll on top of Nicole, she was interrupted by the sound of the door violently swinging open.

“Merry Christmas!” Wynonna yelled out as she trotted over to the bed and jumped on the foot end of it.
“Hey!” Waverly and Nicole yelled in unison as they scrambled to cover their nude bodies, even though only their collarbones had been previously exposed.

“We’re a little busy here!” Waverly yelled in annoyance.

Wynonna pouted and shook the lump that was Waverly’s ankle underneath the bedspread. “Come on, you guys spent all last night getting busy. It’s already 11 a.m. We used to open presents at 9.”

“Yeah, when we were kids.” Waverly replied, completely unamused.

“You guys can continue your lesbian love fest later. Can we please do some Christmas already? I even cooked up some snowman-shaped pancakes.” The older Earp stated proudly.

“Since when do you cook?” Nicole quirked an eyebrow.

Waverly leaned over to her and replied in a hushed tone, “It’s a whole thing. Practicing to be a mom.”

“Oh.” Nicole nodded in understanding.

“Look, it’s the last Christmas we’re going to have without a baby running around, and I want to enjoy it. Doc and Gus are already on their way over to join us for breakfast, so get your asses out of bed.” She smacked both Nicole’s and Waverly’s bums simultaneously over the covers before leaving.

“Do we have to eat her pancakes? I don’t want to get food poisoning.” Nicole asked as soon as the older Earp had left.

“Be nice.” Waverly replied with a stern finger, and Nicole groaned.

“Think we have time for a quickie?” Nicole asked hopefully with a smirk.

“Only if you can make me come in less than a minute.” Waverly replied with a seductive smile.

“Challenge accepted.”

Nicole rolled over on top of Waverly underneath the covers and brought her hand down to cup her sex as she began rolling her hips against the brunette’s. They immediately began panting as their lips passionately glided together.

“I can hear you!” Wynonna yelled from the bottom of the stairs.

Nicole groaned as she rolled off of Waverly to lay beside her on her back as Waverly giggled.

“I hate your sister.”

“I know.” Waverly gave her a quick reassuring kiss. “But she can’t bother us if we’re in the shower.” She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

“Race you!” Nicole snatched the covers off of her and ran over to the hall bathroom as quickly as possible.

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“Finally. It’s about time.” Wynonna stated from where she was sitting at the kitchen table with Gus and Doc. They were waiting patiently for the two to come downstairs.
The couple could tell they hadn’t been waiting too long for them because the pancakes still had steam coming from them.

“Sorry. We were in the shower.” Waverly shrugged as she and Nicole took a seat next to each other.

“Together?” Wynonna asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“Yes, together.” Waverly said with a warning look.

“Well I think it’s great that you two are conservin’ water. Very noble of you to think about the planet and such.” Doc smiled at them.

“More like thinking about banging each other...” Wynonna mumbled under her breath, causing Waverly to blush.


“They started it! They’re always doing it, like freaking bunnies.”

“Let’s not forget who here is the pregnant one.” Waverly gave her sister a knowing look before turning her gaze over to Doc, who awkwardly smiled at her as he reached for his glass of whiskey and brought it up to his lips, downing all of the drink in one go.

“Only because you guys can’t get pregnant! Trust me, if you could, you would be on one of those reality shows that showcases families with an excessive amount of kids. AKA, people who can’t keep it in their pants...”

“Why does it matter what my girlfriend and I do together?”

“Because I live here! Do you know how much sleep I got last night? Three hours!”

“Don’t act like you haven’t done the same to us. I know Doc has been here at least four times this week!”

“Enough!” Gus slammed her hand down on the table, and the room went silent. “We are goin’ to have a nice family breakfast, and then we’re goin’ to open our presents, all without you two bickerin’ about things I’d really rather not have to hear about. Understood?”

Waverly and Wynonna nodded.

“Good. Now apologize to each other.”

“Sorry.” The sisters grumbled in unison, and everyone continued to eat their food in peace.

After breakfast, everyone made their way over to the living room and sat around the tree to open their gifts. Well, everyone except Doc, since he had to go into work, considering the hardware store was the only store that was open on Christmas. It gave them a chance to get good business without any competitors, since everyone always seemed to need something from the store on Christmas. Wynonna had promised to give him his present later, and everyone knew it was something sex-related with the way she winked at him. But nobody commented on it.

Gus and Nicole sat on the couch, and Wynonna and Waverly sat on the floor next to the tree with Waverly leaning her back against Nicole’s legs. Wynonna excitedly handed Waverly her gift from her, and Waverly did the same. Wynonna opened her gift first and took out the brand new leather jacket the younger brunette had gotten her.
“Sweet!” Wynonna said excitedly as she put it on and stretched out her arms to assess the garment.

“I mean, I know it’s a little tight on you now, but after you have the baby it’ll fit much better. I hope you like it.” Waverly said sheepishly.


Without wasting any time, Waverly tore off the wrapping paper of her present and opened up the box to reveal a light blue unicorn onesie. Her eyes widened as she took it out and held it up in front of her.

“Oh my god, it’s perfect!” She eagerly unzipped the front and stepped inside before zipping it back up. She grinned as she leaned down and wrapped her arms around her sister. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome Baby Girl. And thank you for the jacket.”

Next they opened Gus’s gifts to each of them, which consisted of a couple of vibrant scarfs and a cute dress for Waverly and a gift card for Wynonna.

“That’s to buy decorations for that nursery.” Gus winked at the older Earp, who was looking stunned.

“But, how did you...”

“Your Mama started obsessing about getting the house ready around this stage of the pregnancy when she had Willa, so I just assumed you were too with your first born.” Gus smiled.

“Thank you.” Wynonna said sincerely.

“Yeah, thank you Gus. These are great.” Waverly beamed as she gave the older woman a hug.

“Well here’s one for you, Red.” Wynonna slid a wrapped box over towards Nicole.

The redhead opened the box and pulled out a gray and white plaid flannel shirt.

“I figured the president of the ladies lovin’ ladies club couldn’t have too many flannel shirts...or too much plaid. And that one I got in the men’s section, so you know it’s good-quality material. None of that super thin shit.”

Nicole nodded as the corner of her mouth turned up into a half smile. “This is actually a really good gift. I don’t have any gray ones.”

“You’re going to look so hot in this babe.” Waverly smiled as she ran her hand over the material.

Wynonna scrunched her face up, feigning disgust. “Ew.”

Nicole rolled her eyes as she folded the shirt back up and put it back in the box. “Thank you, Wynonna.”

The older Earp gave a curt nod as she watched Nicole reach under the tree for a present. “This one is yours.”

Wynonna took the giant gift bag and took out the tissue paper, leaving just some fuzzy slippers with rubber soles, and a six-months supply of tampons.

“The slippers are for when your feet get so swollen and fat that you can’t wear your boots anymore.
The tampons are for when you finally have your baby, because I know you’ll forget to buy them.” She said with a playful grin.

Wynonna busted out laughing as she shook her head. “What would I do without you, Haughtstuff?”

“Probably die.” Nicole shrugged.

The family spent the next couple of hours watching *It’s a Wonderful Life* while drinking hot cocoa, which was a tradition they did every year. When it was time for Nicole to leave - and for Wynonna to go upstairs and take a long nap like she did around this time every Christmas - Waverly pouted and pulled the officer into her small frame as she embraced her in a warm hug.

“I hate that you have to go into work today.” Waverly said softly.

“Hey, I’m just glad that I don’t have to wear a horribly ugly elf costume or anything.” Nicole said as she rested her chin on top of the brunette’s head.

Waverly pulled back to look at her girlfriend. “Hey, I think you would look really cute in an elf costume!”

“Good thing we’ll never have to find out!”

Waverly shook her head and giggled before a sad expression crossed her face again. “Are you sure you can’t call in sick?”

Nicole chuckled at how adorable her girlfriend was. “Baby, you know I would if I could, but we’re already so low-staffed. They need me today. Plus, Nedley is still looking for a his future replacement and I don’t want to seem like I don’t take my job seriously.”

Waverly sighed. “I know. You have to go be a hero and all.” She smiled as she ran her hand along the front of her girlfriend’s uniform. “I guess that’s the price I have to pay for having a sexy police officer as my girlfriend.”

“Yes it is.” Nicole smirked as she leaned down and kissed Waverly’s forehead before walking towards the door. She plucked her Stetson off the coat rack and put it over her wavy hair that went down a couple of inches below her chin.

“Wait!” Waverly nearly yelled.

Nicole turned around with a raised eyebrow.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” Waverly flitted her eyes up before dropping them back down to look at Nicole with a grin.

The officer looked up to see what Waverly was looking at and noticed the mistletoe hanging above her head. She chuckled and shook her head as she bit her bottom lip. “You sneaky squirrel.”

Waverly shrugged as she let the redhead pull her into a passionate kiss. Their lips moved smoothly in unison for what seemed like forever, until Nicole’s warmth was gone, and Waverly couldn’t help but poke her bottom lip out at the emptiness she felt.

“Are you *sure* you can’t call in sick? Like, really *really* sure?”

“God, I wish. I would love nothing more right now than to just spend the entire day in bed with you, making you come undone over and over. Ugh, just thinking about it is turning me on so much.”
“Someone’s extra horny.” Waverly teased.

“Which means that I’m probably going to get my period either tomorrow or the next day.” Nicole let out a breathy chuckle.

“So I’m guessing that means that tonight will be all about having as much sex as possible before you go into grumpy mode?” Waverly asked hopefully.

“Let’s just say, you better be waiting for me in bed when I get home.” Nicole said seductively as she slowly leaned in towards her girlfriend.

“My bed, or your bed?” Waverly asked just before their lips had touched.

“Well, my bed means I can make you scream without either of us getting any shit for it.” Waverly shuddered as she felt the redhead’s hot breath on her lips. “I like the way you think, officer.” She surged her lips forward, crashing them into Nicole’s and giving her one last goodbye kiss before watching the redhead leave the house to get into her squad car and drive off into the distance.

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“Waves? I’m home!” Nicole called as soon as she shut the front door behind her. She felt a small flutter in her stomach at the way that sounded, and it made her excited for the day they lived together for real.

“I’m upstairs!” The brunette replied from the bedroom.

Nicole grinned as soon as she heard the familiar voice and rushed into the kitchen to put some food in Calamity Jane’s bowl. She ran a hand down the orange tabby’s back, feeling the faint vibrations of the cat purring.

“Mommy’s getting more sex tonight from her beautiful girlfriend, Calamity. And it’s probably going to be really loud, so you better cover your little kitty ears.” She laughed lightly at the high-pitched meow she received in response before she jogged up the stairs. “I’ve got a surprise for you baby!” The redhead yelled excitedly before reaching the bedroom door.

“Me too!” Waverly yelled back, and as soon as the words left her mouth, the door swung open, revealing the red-haired police officer sporting a different uniform. Her mouth opened and her eyes widened at the sight before her. She scanned up the dark navy blue slacks with a turquoise colored stripe going up both sides, which matched perfectly with her black combat boots. She then moved her eyes up to the beautiful blue button-down top that was tucked into her black belt, showcasing her thin waist and curvaceous chest. The last thing her eyes took in was the black tie hanging neatly around her neck and pulling the entire uniform together.

“Wow. Where did that come from?”

“Nedley got us some new uniforms for the new year.” Nicole said as she continued to stare at Waverly with wide eyes, as if she were debating whether or not to believe that this was real or just one of her dreams.

“So now you’re going to be wearing a tie every day? Ugh, you’re going to kill me!”

“Um, I think I’m the one who’s going to die here, because holy hell!” She eyed Waverly’s outfit.
“You like it?” Waverly asked with a smirk as she waved her hand down in front of her body, gesturing towards the super sexy Mrs. Claus outfit she was sporting. The short hemline of the dress paired with the red heels added extra length to the brunette’s toned legs, which sent a shot of arousal straight to the redhead’s core.

Nicole nodded with her mouth slightly agape as she continued to look shamelessly up and down her girlfriend’s body. “Jesus Christ. I think I need a cold shower.”

A devilish grin spread across Waverly’s face as she strutted over towards Nicole as if she were a runway model. When she reached the redhead, she gently pushed her up against the wall and smashed their lips together, smiling at the moan that had escaped the officer’s lips at the unexpected kiss. She lightly tugged on Nicole’s bottom lip with her teeth and slowly pulled back until it had slipped from her grasp.

With her hands already sliding down to the officer’s black leather belt, Waverly leaned in and whispered in Nicole’s ear, “Why take a cold shower when I can take care of your little problem right here?”

Nicole gulped when she heard the sentence being punctuated with the sound of her belt buckle coming undone, and lightly gasped when Waverly dropped to her knees and forcefully pulled her uniform pants down to her knees along with her boyshorts. She stared down at the brunette licking her lips as she eyed Nicole’s center and ran her hands up and down pale thighs. Nicole panted in anticipation, feeling her center twitch as she patiently waited for the contact she desperately needed.

Waverly looked up into Nicole’s blown pupils and in a seductive voice asked, “Do you want me to give you a blowjob, baby?”

For whatever reason, that word turned Nicole on to no end, and both of them knew it. So Waverly had used it whenever the chance arose. Nicole fervently nodded her head as she lifted the bottom of her shirt up for Waverly to get better access.

The brunette almost immediately separated the officer’s folds with two fingers before she attached her lips around Nicole’s enlarged clit and began sucking while occasionally flicking her tongue across the bud inside her mouth

“Shit!” Nicole yelled as she dropped both hands down to the wall behind her and pushed her hips out into Waverly’s face.

The redhead had been waiting for this moment all day, and it was finally here. Of course, she wasn’t expecting it to happen in a way that was this sexy. She had never dreamed of Waverly sucking her off while wearing the sexiest Christmas outfit alive, but here she was, getting exactly that. And she was thankful for it. So very thankful.

The visual of Waverly’s head slightly bobbing back and forth mixed with how horny Nicole was and how intense the stimulation she was receiving was sent her flying over the edge in no time, and Waverly was ready for it.

“Oh fuck. Shit I’m gonna come. Fuck fuck fuck here it comes!”

As Nicole’s voice became more tense and choked with each word, Waverly replaced her lips with her fingers and moved them quickly across the sensitive bud as she stuck her tongue out to Nicole’s entrance, catching every drop of arousal that came out of it as the redhead’s orgasm exploded through her body.
“Oh fuck baby! Waves, that’s so good!” Nicole panted as she looked down at her girlfriend during every contraction of her sex. She thrusted her hips into Waverly’s face until she felt the intense energy leaving her body.

Nicole let out one last long sigh as she gently ran her hands through brunette locks and smiled as Waverly looked up at her, staring into her eyes while running her tongue up Nicole’s slit to gather up every ounce of her arousal. Occasionally she would hit Nicole’s clit, and the redhead would jolt from the contact on the sensitive pleasure point as she inhaled sharply.

This continued for nearly a minute until Waverly kissed all the way up Nicole’s body, unbuttoning each button as she went up. It wasn’t until she got to the third button from the bottom that she noticed Nicole was wearing a white ribbed tank top underneath the uniform shirt, and she grinned when she finally got to the last button at the top. She pulled the shirt open, and looked at her girlfriend’s body; more specifically the faint lines of her abs through the white garment. The tank top was tight around the woman’s torso, really accentuating just how big and round her breasts were in the bra she was wearing. The way the blue long-sleeved shirt hung around it was a sight that Waverly’s eyes never wanted to look away from. They eventually did, but only to look down at her red curls - half of them damp from the woman’s arousal and Waverly’s tongue - and pink folds, occasionally twitching. It was obvious that the woman wanted more with the way her thighs were trying their best not to squeeze together. Waverly looked up at Nicole with a smile.

“You want more?”

“Oh baby? Always.” Nicole said slyly.

Waverly chuckled lightly and sloppily pulled the woman’s pants back up around her waist before she grabbed one of Nicole’s wrists and dragged her towards the door.

“Where are we going?” The redhead asked with a confused look as they headed straight for the stairs.

“The couch.” Waverly said shortly, and pulled the officer all the way down the stairs and into the living room until they had reached their destination.

Waverly pushed Nicole down onto the sofa and yanked the woman’s slacks and underwear off of her legs as soon as she was sitting down. After dropping them to the floor, she moved her body around in some sort of sexy dance routine, and for some reason Nicole found it more arousing without any music playing.

“Wow. You are so…I don’t even know how to describe it. You turn me on so much, Waverly. You’re just so damn mesmerizing that I can’t take my eyes off of you. You’re so beautiful, and graceful, and I truly can’t believe I get to touch you and spend my days getting to know you.”

Waverly blushed and smiled as she slowly walked over towards Nicole, crossing one red heel in front of the other with one hand on her hip and the other running through her hair. When she got to the couch, she dropped one knee down onto one side of Nicole and swung the other leg around so that it was on the other side of the redhead. She pulled the neckline of the dress down to reveal the tops of her breasts and pushed them into Nicole’s face.

Nicole happily kissed all over the skin of Waverly’s chest. When she reached the red and white fabric, she pulled the garment down lower until one of Waverly’s breasts was completely exposed. Nicole was surprised, yet excited to find out that the brunette wasn’t wearing a bra. She placed one hand on the small of Waverly’s back and with the other she gently grabbed the exposed breast and guided it up to her mouth to lick and suck on the hardened nipple. Waverly let out a loud gasp and
threw her head back as the redhead continued to run her tongue and lips all over the sensitive spot before doing the same to the other one.

After a few minutes of fun, Nicole smiled up at Waverly as she dragged her short nails up and down the smaller girl’s back through the material of her dress.

“Please tell me you’re not wearing any underwear either.”

The corner of Waverly’s mouth pulled up into a sly grin as she slowly wrapped her arms around the officer’s neck. “Why don’t you reach under here and find out for yourself.”

Without wasting any time, Nicole dropped her hand between their bodies and reached two fingers underneath the dress until they were met with a warm wetness that was unmistakably Waverly. Nicole closed her eyes and moaned as Waverly did the same.

“Waverly…” Nicole breathed out as she shook her head and bit her bottom lip. She continued to run her fingers slowly up and down the brunette’s soaking wet folds. “You’re so wet for me. God, I almost can’t even take it.”

“What do you expect? You leave me here all alone thinking about you all day, and then you come home in a sexy uniform that’s somehow even sexier than your old one…I mean, I’m only human. And right now I want you to fuck me, because god Nicole, I need to come so badly that it hurts.”

With something that resembled a growl, the redhead unexpectedly pulled her hand away from Waverly’s heat and grabbed the bottom of her dress. As soon as the brunette realized what was happening, she lifted her arms up so that the garment could slide up and off of her body with more ease. When she was free - and completely naked on top of Nicole’s blue and white covered torso and bare lower half - she dropped her hands down to Nicole’s face and pulled the redhead into a searing kiss, not even caring how roughly their lips and teeth had crashed together in the desperation of it all.

Nicole wasted no time in returning her dominant hand to Waverly’s center. She ran two fingers up and down the girl’s slit to coat them in her arousal before plunging them deep inside, and the sound that left Waverly’s mouth was pure heaven to her ears. She pumped her fingers while rubbing her smooth and soft palm along the girl’s clit as their mouths messily glided against one another’s.

Waverly began to bounce up and down on Nicole’s fingers, and it wasn’t long before she was filling the room with loud moans and profanities to the powerful orgasm she had been waiting for all day. She wrapped her arms around Nicole’s neck and rested her head down on the woman’s red hair as her walls hungrily contracted around strong fingers. She squeezed her eyes shut and slowed down the undulating movements of her hips little by little until she had nothing left to give.

Nicole wasn’t finished though. Waverly had reached her orgasm, but Nicole needed to reach hers as well. She pulled her fingers out and shoved them into Waverly’s mouth, and the brunette happily sucked them clean. The officer then wrapped her hands around Waverly’s waist and slightly lifted her up so that she could spread her own legs a little more before dropping the petite woman back down onto her lap. She then reached down to her own center and pulled the skin over her pubic bone up as she slouched on the couch a bit and jutted her hips out.

“What are you doing?” Waverly asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“I want to feel you on me.”

With Nicole’s free hand that wasn’t gently pulling up her sex, she wrapped her arm around Waverly’s waist and pulled her in close until she felt her center against hers. She continued to adjust
herself until she felt a small hardened nub against her clit, and sighed with a smile when she heard a noise from Waverly that meant that she was successfully touching her clit. With her hips still pushing forward, she removed her hand and wrapped it around Waverly’s waist with her other one, keeping their bodies pressed together as they rocked back and forth in perfectly synchronized motions, being sure not to slip and lose the contact.

“Jesus…oh my god. Nicole, fuck I love you so much.” Waverly’s mouth was slightly opened in response to the stimulation she was feeling. Every time they connected like this, she couldn’t believe how good it felt to have Nicole’s sex against hers. She pushed her hips harder down, and both of the women moaned at the perfect swipe of their clits against each other’s. They repeated this motion a few more times, until Nicole was approaching her climax.

“So…close.” The redhead panted as she felt the tension building in the pit of her stomach.

“Me too baby. Fuck, I can’t wait to come all over that huge clit. You’re so fucking sexy Officer Haught. You are so good at fucking me with your cock.”

Waverly’s dirty talk had successfully pushed Nicole over the edge, and she screamed as she came crashing hard against Waverly. She buried her face in the brunette’s chest as she pulled her in close, feeling the small beads of sweat that had formed on both of their bodies streaking down their skin.

Waverly’s jaw dropped as she clearly felt Nicole’s center contracting against hers with the officer’s clit moving across her own pink bud, and it sent her flying into her own climax. She filled the room with screams of her own as she experienced another intense orgasm. She pulled Nicole in too, and they were rocking their hot, sweaty bodies against each other, until they had no more energy left in them and Waverly dropped down onto the couch beside Nicole in an attempt to catch her breath. Neither of them had realized just how wet they were until the cool breeze of the room hit them between their legs and on their slick thighs, and they both laughed.

“Holy shit, I’m completely covered.” Nicole laughed as she ran her fingers along the top of one of her thighs, eyeing the string of arousal that connected her fingertips to her thigh with about four inches of space in between. She smiled with an open mouth and raised eyebrows as she quickly looked over at Waverly in shock.

The brunette - who was laying on her back with her head on the armrest and her legs off to the side onto the floor - held a hand over her mouth and began laughing.

“I think it’s safe to say that we both had a really good Christmas this year.”

“Oh, was this my Christmas present then?” Nicole smirked, referring to the fact that they had agreed earlier to wait until tonight to exchange gifts.

“Part of it.” Waverly winked as she got up and ran upstairs to grab both of their phones before coming back down.

The brunette sat on the couch, now sporting a sweatshirt and sweatpants to shield herself from the cold, and Nicole had to fight to hold back her pout. She stood up and put her boyshorts and slacks back on, not wanting to be the only naked one in the room.

“I hope this isn’t super dumb.” Waverly said with a short laugh as she looked at Nicole, who had just sat back down on the couch.
“I’m sure it’ll be perfect.” Nicole said with a reassuring smile as she gently rubbed Waverly’s leg.

Waverly exhaled deeply as she handed Nicole her own phone. When the redhead just stared at it with a confused look, unsure of what she was supposed to do, Waverly continued. “06-24-17.”

Nicole paused for a moment, unsure of what the numbers meant, before she realized what they were. She typed the numbers in on the screen and successfully unlocked Waverly’s phone.

“Your passcode is our anniversary?” Nicole asked with a smile. It used to be Waverly’s birthday.

Waverly nodded. “I changed it after the party. Champ knew what it was when we were dating, and I didn’t want him to know anymore...even if he couldn’t do anything with the information.” She sighed. “I didn’t tell you when I changed it because I wasn’t ready for anyone else to know but me. But now I want you to know, because I trust you and am ready for you to have complete access to my phone again. But that’s not your only gift.”

She handed over Nicole’s phone for Nicole to unlock, and the redhead did so without shielding the numbers, giving Waverly the option to see if she wanted to know hers as well. She didn’t want to make a big deal of giving Waverly her passcode as well and take away from the brunette’s gift. As soon as the phone was unlocked, Nicole handed it back to Waverly who immediately downloaded an expensive app. She typed in a code and went through a quick set-up process before handing the device back to Nicole.

“And now you can track my phone at all times, even if I don’t have signal. I put a GPS tracker in my car too, so you’ll know where I am at all times. That way, you don’t ever have to worry.”

Nicole looked at the brunette, shocked. She didn’t even know what to say.

Waverly began to feel uncomfortable by the silence from the redhead. “Um, I know this is all really lame, but I just wanted to show you how much I trust you. Now that the tracker on my phone is set up on yours, I can’t ever disconnect it unless you decide to. So you have total control. And I trust you enough to know that if I’m ever upset and need some space, you’ll give it to me, but you’ll at least know where I am and that I’m safe. I just...I’ve never trusted anyone as much as I trust you; not Chrissy, not Gus, not even Wynonna. You’ve been my rock these past few weeks, and I want you to know that I don’t take that for granted, and I am completely aware of how fortunate I am to have you by my side. I truly don’t know where I would be without you, and I hope you realize how much you mean to me Nicole. You once said I was the love of your life, and I know that you’re the love of mine too. You’re my soulmate.”

Nicole smiled as she looked at Waverly with brown eyes that were glistening from the tears that had begun to form. She cleared her throat to help her speak clearly through her strong emotions.

“Waverly, this is the most thoughtful thing anyone has ever done. It’s not lame at all. I love you so much.”

The redhead leaned in and gave Waverly a tender kiss on the lips before pulling away and wiping the tear that had rolled down her cheek before it was followed by a few more, until she was full on sobbing.

“Baby,” Waverly cooed as she began to rub the back of Nicole’s neck in concern. Crying this much at something like this was really out of character for the officer.

“Sorry, I’m a little emotional right now.” She chuckled as she wiped the tears away with the sleeve of her shirt. “You can’t do stuff this sentimental when my hormones are all out of whack!”
Waverly giggled as she lovingly brushed Nicole’s hair out of her face. “Sorry.”

Nicole sighed as she wiped away the last of her tears and tried to shake herself out of it. “After that, my gift is going to be the lame one.”

“I highly doubt that.”

Nicole walked over to the bookshelf and grabbed the small wrapped box that was sitting on top of it. When she sat back down on the couch, she handed it to Waverly. The brunette quickly tore the paper off in excitement and opened up the small black jewelry box, revealing a beautiful white gold and sapphire bracelet. Her eyes widened as she held it up, mesmerized by the way it sparkled in the light.

“Baby, this is gorgeous! It must have cost you a fortune!”

Nicole shook her head. “You’re worth every penny in the world.” She took the bracelet and put it on Waverly’s wrist, and the brunette grinned at the way it looked on her.

“You’re amazing. You have excellent taste in jewelry, and you know what my birthstone is. Everyone should be jealous of me.”

“And yet everyone is jealous of me.” Nicole winked, and Waverly playfully smacked her arm before pulling her into a chaste kiss. “Definitely the best Christmas ever. And I can’t wait to spend more of them with you.”

“Hey, this one isn’t over yet! We still have to watch the Christmas episode of Friends!”

“Which one?”

Nicole smirked as she picked up the remote in front of her and turned on the TV. “All of them.”

Waverly shook her head and chuckled as she leaned into the redhead’s side and wrapped an arm around her waist as she rested her head on Nicole’s chest. “Merry Christmas, Nicole.”

As Nicole wrapped her arm tightly around Waverly’s shoulders, she placed a tender kiss on the top of Waverly’s head before resting her cheek on it and pressing ‘play’. “Merry Christmas to you too, Waverly.”
Waverly repetitively shook her leg as she sipped her caramel latte. She scanned her eyes around the coffee shop, waiting to find her friend. She and Chrissy had planned a friend date to catch up since it had been a while. They hadn’t seen nor talked to each other since the blonde had learned of Waverly’s secret while confessing her own. The brunette was excited to share her progress, but she was also a little nervous. She always got a bit anxious talking about it. But despite that, she was happy to hang out with her friend after having gone such a long time without seeing her.

After about ten minutes of looking up every few seconds, she finally laid eyes on the blonde.

“It’s about time!” Waverly said in faux annoyance as she stood up from her seat and wrapped her arms around her best friend in a hug.

“Sorry, sorry. Rosita had parked her car behind me in the driveway and she was in the shower. Took me forever to find her keys to move it.” Chrissy explained as she hung her purse over the back of her chair. “I’m going to get my coffee. Do you want anything else?”

Waverly shook her head as she patted the table across from her with a smile. “I already put your order in a couple of minutes ago. Sit.”

“Oh my god. I love you.” Chrissy grinned as she plopped down into the chair and sighed.

“You alright?”

“Yeah, just tired.” Chrissy leaned forward and rested her elbows on the table as she rubbed her eyes. “I had a night shift at the store so I just got back into Purgatory...” She looked at her watch. “Two and a half hours ago.”

Waverly’s eyes widened. “Chrissy! You should have said something! We could have met up later in the afternoon so you could get some sleep!”

The blonde shook her head and waved her hand. “I wouldn’t have gotten any sleep anyways. You know me, I can’t sleep once the sun comes up.”

“True.” Waverly nodded as she thought back to all of their sleepovers. It didn’t matter whose house they were at, Chrissy was always the first one up hours before anyone else.

“I just need some caffeine in my system, and then I’ll be fine.” As soon as she finished her sentence, a handsome young barista placed a steaming mug down on the table in front of Chrissy.

“Espresso?”

“Oh thank goodness. Perfect timing.” She picked up the mug with a quirked eyebrow. “You guys deliver to tables now?”
“Nah. Just to pretty girls.” The boy winked before smoothly turning on his heels and casually walking away.

Chrissy turned to Waverly with a look of disbelief and the two of them simultaneously busted out laughing.

“Can you believe that?” Chrissy asked incredulously as she took a sip of her espresso.

“Actually yeah, I can, considering he said the exact same thing to me about ten minutes ago.” Waverly chuckled as she shook her head.

Chrissy rolled her eyes. “Boys are so predictable. Especially high school ones.”

“Speaking of boys, how are things with yours going?” Waverly asked with a smirk as she held her mug up to her lips with both hands.

“Um, excuse me, Darren is a man, not a boy.”

“And what’s the difference?”

“The way they fuck. They’re more aware of the clitoris and how it works.” Chrissy replied with a grin.

Waverly snorted as she shook her head. “I’m pretty sure there’s more to it than that. Otherwise, I think Nicole might be a man...”

The blonde laughed. “They’re also more emotionally stable, but only slightly. And there are other positive differences, but I won’t bore you with the details. Darren and I are good.”

“That’s good.” Waverly smiled. “And how’s living with Rosita going? Still good?”

“Yeah, over all things are good there too. I love her to death, but there have been a few too many times where I’ve walked in on her sleepover guests making coffee in the kitchen either completely naked or just barely clothed. I mean, I’d really rather not start my day by seeing some random dude’s junk, you know?”

“Oh, I can imagine.” Waverly scrunched up her nose at the thought.

“And there was this one woman who was only wearing underwear on her bottom half, and she had nipple piercings that looked super painful. I mean, I truly admire people who can endure that kind of pain, but my boobs were literally hurting just from looking at her...”

“Okay, so clearly Rosita needs to have a conversation with her hookups about not scarring her roommate for life.”

The blonde let out a short laugh. “Yeah, I talked to her earlier this week about it and things have been fine so far, so hopefully it stays that way.”

“But other than that, things have been good?”

“Oh, definitely. It’s nice living with someone who is actually a female around my age instead of with my dad. I can just walk across the hall if I need any advice, and if I’m ever out of tampons I can just borrow one instead of having to drive to the store right then and there. It’s really nice.”

Waverly nodded with a small smile. She’d be lying if she said she wasn’t a little bit jealous, but she knew she didn’t have a right to be. She had Wynonna, and Nicole, and even Gus. Even though she
always claimed the label as Chrissy’s best friend, she was okay with sharing her with someone else, because she knew Chrissy needed someone to be there for her, especially since Waverly hadn’t really been around lately.

Chrissy tapped her nails on her ceramic white coffee mug as the two fell silent. She took a sip of her espresso and cleared her throat. “So, how are things with you going?”

“Good.” Waverly smiled. “Work at the coffee shop is pretty much the same, but I love it. Wynonna and Doc are officially back together, and the baby is healthy. Your dad is considering Nicole for the job as sheriff when he retires, so we’re both really excited about that, even though nothing is set in stone yet. Gus is doing well, and business at the bar has never been better.”

Waverly knew exactly what Chrissy was asking, especially based on how hesitant she was to ask it, but she wanted to keep up the small talk for as long as possible, because her nerves were starting to get the best of her. Ever since she started therapy she hadn’t really talked about it much to anyone other than her therapist, so the thought of bringing up such a personal thing out in public with strangers all around, instead of in Amy’s small office on her gray couch that had become Waverly’s safe space, scared her a bit.

“That’s good! That’s all really good.” Chrissy smiled before bringing her drink back up to her lips and audibly swallowing the hot beverage. “So, um, how are things with…you know.” With a furrowed brow, she waved a hand around in the air as she kept her eyes on the other one resting on the handle of her mug. She eventually looked up and her eyes met with the brunette’s gaze. “Since the last time we talked? I mean, is that okay to ask, or am I being too intrusive?”

Waverly quickly looked down at the table as she shook her head before looking back up at her friend. “No, no. You’re not. It’s okay. Honestly, I’ve been expecting you to ask.” She smiled as Chrissy gave a curt nod to allow her friend to continue. “Things have actually been going really well. I started seeing a therapist, and she’s helped me so much. She’s pretty great.” Waverly beamed.

“Waves, that’s amazing! I’m really glad you decided to seek help. I know how difficult and terrifying it can be to open up to friends and family, let alone someone you don’t even know. I’m really proud of you.”

“Thanks.” Waverly blushed as she hid her smile behind her coffee mug.

“And things with Nicole?”

“Good. Really good. Incredible.” She couldn’t help the grin that formed on her face, crinkling the corners of her eyes.

“Good.” Chrissy grinned back. She was genuinely happy for her friend.

“Yeah, she’s been so supportive and understanding. She’s really good at listening to me and letting me take things at my own pace, and not pushing anything. I’m really grateful for that.”

“I’m not surprised. I mean, it’s Nicole Haught. Everyone knows how much of a catch she is.” Chrissy winked.

Waverly laughed as she sat back in her chair and leisurely folded her arms across her chest. “Yep. And I’m the one who caught her.” The two laughed a bit more before falling into a comfortable silence, giving Waverly some time to find the courage to bring up the thing she had been wanting to ever since they had planned this coffee date a few days ago. “Um, there is one thing I’m still struggling with, though…”
Chrissy leaned forward and folded her arms before resting them on the table and looking at her friend with attentive eyes. “Okay?”

“I mean, everything is good. It’s all good. You know, the sex…” She gesticulated her hands nervously, and Chrissy just nodded with a reassuring smile, trying to make her friend feel comfortable. “But, I mean, there is one thing that I’m still uncomfortable with.”

“Okay…” Chrissy waited for Waverly to elaborate, but she could tell by her rosy cheeks that she was a little embarrassed. She reached out and wrapped her hand around Waverly’s that was clenched around her coffee mug, nervously tapping on it. “Waverly, we’ve talked about everything with each other. There’s really nothing to be embarrassed about or anything I’m going to be surprised by. You can tell me, but if you’re too uncomfortable with it, that’s okay too.”

“No, sorry. I want to tell you, it’s not you. I just feel a little weird talking about it here.” She looked around the room before leaning in to whisper to her friend. “With all of these people around. I mean, I know that nobody is paying any attention to us, but I feel like everyone is listening and it’s making me a little nervous and uncomfortable.”

“Ah. Do you want to sit in my car and talk there?”

Waverly nodded. The pair quickly finished the rest of their drinks before walking out to Chrissy’s Prius.

As soon as they shut the doors and the air around them was filled with silence, Waverly closed her eyes and sighed. “Much better.”

She opened her eyes and turned her body so that she was facing her friend. “I’m a little uncomfortable with using our strap-on. I’ve used it on Nicole with no problem. I actually really enjoyed it and having that control. But I’m a little scared to have her use it on me. We don’t need the strap-on to have good sex, but I just hate that there’s this one thing that’s off limits for me. I want to be able to do everything with her, and it was something we both really enjoyed.”

Chrissy nodded. “That’s completely understandable. Have you talked to your therapist about this?”

“No, not yet.”

“Why not?”

Waverly shrugged. “I mean, she’s helped me so much already with being intimate again, but for some reason I’m just feeling a little uncomfortable with bringing it up to her. I don’t know, I wanted to talk to you about it since you’ve been through a similar situation. Did you ever have anything like that take you a while to be able to do again?”

“Sex in cars. I used to love having car sex. The risk of getting caught by someone walking by, even if we were in a secluded area, just made it so much more hot and exciting. But after what happened to me, I was too freaked out to even kiss someone in a car, let alone have sex.”

“So, what did you do? Or are you still freaked out by it?”

“I’m not anymore. I mean, this may sound too simple, but I just did it. I did it with someone I trusted though. It was scary, and I was so nervous most of the time, but it gave me a new memory to hold onto; a positive memory. And being raped wasn’t the last memory of car sex that I had.”

“So, you’re saying I should just take the plunge and do it?”
“Only if you’re comfortable enough. Maybe you can try a smaller one to make it a little bit less scary? I don’t know how big it is…”

“Six inches.”

“Okay, so maybe try one that’s four or five inches? Or one that’s just smaller in girth maybe? I’m sure Rosita can help you find something and maybe even give you a discount. You don’t have to tell her anything, you can just say you’re looking for a smaller one. She won’t ask any questions.”

Waverly nodded as she took in the information. That was actually a really good idea that she hadn’t thought of.

“Another thing you can do is try using the dildo on yourself. Maybe even watch some porn of two women using a strap-on so you can visualize that it’s you and Nicole as you’re using it? I don’t know, that might help get you used to it before trying it with Nicole. I did a lot of self-exploration before having sex again and trying certain things and it really helped me.”

“Huh, I’ve never even thought of that. Maybe you should be a therapist.” Waverly chuckled.

Chrissy laughed at the thought. “No way. I’m only good at giving my close friends advice. I feel like I would just end up screwing people over with bad advice. Besides, I couldn’t sit there and listen to strangers cry all day and talk about their problems.”

“That’s fair. Now that I think about it, you’d actually make a really terrible therapist.”

“Exactly.” Chrissy laughed. “So, there’s something else I wanted to bring up with you.”

“Okay.” Waverly quirked an eyebrow.

“Rosita and I are hosting a New Year’s Eve party tomorrow night at our place, and I was going to ask if you and Nicole wanted to come.”

Waverly shifted uncomfortably at the idea. The thought of being at a party made her feel uneasy, and the thought of being at that house made her feel uneasy…but the thought of being at a party at that house made her feel extremely unnerved.

“It’s just going to be a small thing. Just close friends. Pretty much the same group that was at your birthday party. But if you don’t want to go, I completely understand. I know you haven’t been over since our last party, understandably. But I was thinking that maybe it could be an opportunity for you to create a new memory with people you feel safe around.” She smiled.

Waverly hadn’t thought of the new memory idea applying to how she felt about the house. It seemed pretty logical, and she didn’t want to have to avoid going to hang out at her best friend’s place forever. “Okay, I’ll think about it and talk to Nicole.”

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Later that night, Waverly had quietly slipped into bed beside Nicole after brushing her teeth. Calamity Jane jumped up and curled up next to the brunette, and Waverly continuously stroked her orange fur as she stared up at the ceiling.

“You okay? You’ve been kind of quiet tonight.” Nicole asked in concern after rolling onto her side to look at the brunette.

“Huh?” Waverly was pulled out of her thoughts and looked over at Nicole. “Oh, sorry.”
“What’s on your mind?”

The brunette took in a deep breath before releasing it with a sigh. “Chrissy and Rosita are having a party tomorrow night for New Year’s Eve.”

“Oh.” Nicole nodded as she waited for the punchline, but quickly realized what the issue was. “Oh. At their house?”

Waverly nodded as she continued to stare at the ceiling. The second she stopped petting Calamity, the orange cat had moved to curl up at the foot of the bed.

“Well, do you want to go?”

“I think everyone else is going. Jeremy, Robin, Darren, Dolls, Wynonna, Doc…”

“But do you want to go?”

She paused for a moment before letting out another sigh and looking at Nicole again. “I do. But I don’t know if I can. What if I get there and everything just comes back and I lose all of the progress I’ve made? What if I go there and it’s like it’s happening all over again?”

“Well what does your therapist say?”

“I didn’t get a chance to ask her. Chrissy only just invited me and I won’t go back in for another session until next Tuesday on the 2nd.”

Nicole leaned up and rested her head in her palm with her elbow on the mattress. “Can I give you my opinion?”

Waverly nodded.

“I don’t think you’ll go backwards. I think this progress that you’ve made is permanent. And if you decide to go, then I promise that nothing will happen to you while you’re there because I won’t let you leave my sight. And if all of those bad feelings do come back, then we can just leave. But if you don’t want to go, then that’s okay too. We can do something just me and you, or maybe a small thing with Wynonna, Doc, and Gus? I’m sure Wynonna will pick you over a party she can’t drink at anyways. But it’s really your decision, and I’ll support you no matter what.”

Waverly looked at Nicole and took in the warm smile she was giving her, showing off her dimples. It was just a smile, but it was powerful enough to make her feel safe and like everything was going to be okay. “I think if you’re there with me, it’ll be okay.”

“Are you sure?”

“No. But I want to at least try. I don’t want it to have this much power over me and my life. I don’t want Champ to have this much power over me and my life. So I’m going to try, because I deserve at least that.” While looking into warm eyes, she grabbed Nicole’s hand and smiled when she felt the redhead give it a light squeeze.

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The next night

“How are you feeling? Are you okay?” Nicole asked as she and Waverly walked hand-in-hand up the porch steps. They had decided to get there about half an hour before everyone else so Waverly
could get comfortable with being there without a crowd around her. And of course, Chrissy said that would be okay.

“Nicole, that’s the fifth time you’ve asked me that since we left the house. Each time you ask me if I’m okay, it just makes me more nervous.”

“Sorry. I just want to make sure you’re okay.”

“I’ll tell you if I’m not okay. Promise.”

Nicole nodded as she brought the back of Waverly’s hand up to her lips and kissed her knuckles. The pair stood in front of the door for a few moments, still holding hands, until Waverly reached out and pressed the doorbell. She was happy to see Chrissy’s friendly smile.

“Hey guys! Come on in.” Chrissy beamed. As soon as she shut the door behind the pair, she wrapped Waverly in a warm hug and held her for a few moments, happy to feel the brunette relax in her arms. When she pulled out of the hug, she grabbed Waverly’s hands. “I’m going to hop in the shower really quick. Feel free to make yourselves at home. Just let me know if you need anything, okay?”

Waverly nodded with a small smile. Chrissy walked over to Nicole and gave her a quick hug before ascending the stairs.

“Does she know?” Nicole asked with a furrowed brow as she pointed her thumb over her shoulder.

Waverly nodded. “She sort of guessed it a while ago when I was being all jumpy.”

“Oh. Well, I’m glad she knows.” Nicole said genuinely. She was happy that Waverly had another person to talk to about it if she wanted to, or if Nicole wasn’t around when she wanted to. “That way it won’t be awkward if you decide that you don’t want to stay…” She looked at Waverly and studied her face for a reaction. It was getting a little difficult sticking to her promise of not asking if she was okay. She had also promised that she would keep her safe, but it was difficult to protect someone from bad memories.

Waverly realized what Nicole was doing and grabbed her arm reassuringly. “I’m okay, I want to stay. It feels a little weird, but I can handle it.” She smiled. “Do you want to sit down on the couch with me?”

Nicole nodded and followed Waverly through the living room. She sat quietly next to Waverly, allowing the girl to get used to being in the house. She figured she would let the brunette start a conversation if she wanted to talk, and if she didn’t, Nicole would happily sit there in comfortable silence.

Waverly looked around the room, taking everything in. It wasn’t at all like she thought it would be. It looked huge. At the party, it seemed like such a small space. The lights were dimmed, the music was loud, and it smelled strongly of sweat and alcohol with the crowd of people packed tightly in the confined space. But now, it was completely different. All of the lights were on, the only sound was that of the water running through the pipes from Chrissy taking her shower, and it smelled like vanilla – Waverly’s favorite scent – from the burning candle on the bookshelf. Everything was calming, which gave Waverly that extra sense of comfort. She looked over at Nicole and saw that she was slightly bouncing her leg up and down. It was obvious that the redhead was worried about her. Waverly slid her hand in Nicole’s, and Nicole immediately looked at her. Waverly gave her a warm smile and a reassuring squeeze, and Nicole’s body relaxed and stilled.
“I’m okay. I promise.” Waverly said softly, and Nicole smiled as she wrapped her arm around Waverly, who leaned into the redhead’s embrace.

The pair sat there quietly for a couple of minutes until the front door swung open and Rosita stomped her snow boots on the doormat. Waverly quickly sat up as she was roughly startled by the loud sound of the door, and she began to get flashbacks of Champ opening the bathroom door. The sound of her racing pulse pounded in her ears and every single muscle in her body tensed up. As soon as she realized it was Rosita, she let go of the breath she had been holding in, and she felt Nicole’s hand gingerly rubbing her back for support. She instantly relaxed against the back of the couch and rested a hand on Nicole’s knee.

“Oh, hey guys. I thought that was your Jeep outside.” Rosita smiled as she shut the door behind her. “You’re a little early, aren’t you?”

Nicole stood up from the couch and gave Rosita a hug. “Yeah, we decided to just go ahead and head on over. Hope that’s okay.”

“Yeah, of course!” The darker-skinned woman smiled as she leaned down and hugged Waverly, who was still sitting on the couch. She turned back to Nicole. “Hey, since you’re here, mind if I put you to work? I need help getting the decorations up in the kitchen and your height will come in handy.”

“Yeah, sure.” Nicole shrugged before looking at Waverly.

“I’m just going to sit here.” The brunette smiled.

“Are you sure?” Nicole asked with a quirked eyebrow.

Waverly nodded. “I’ll be fine. You go.”

Nicole pursed her lips and paused, as if deciding whether or not to leave, but ultimately figured it would be best to give Waverly some space. If she wanted to be around them, she would follow them into the kitchen. “Okay. Give me a shout if you need anything.”

Rosita gave them an odd look before leading Nicole into the kitchen. She set the back of decorations on the counter as she began pulling things out. “What was that all about? You two are acting like you’ve never been in separate rooms before.”

“It’s nothing.” Nicole said flatly as she picked up a ‘Happy New Year 2018’ banner and immediately began to unravel it.

Rosita picked up on the tone and decided not to push it. “That’s going over there above the food table.”

Nicole nodded and walked over to the table and began hanging up the décor.

Waverly paced around the living room with her arms folded tightly against her chest. She had successfully entered the house and sat in the living room without freaking out, but the living room wasn’t the place that made her anxious. She paused and eyed the stairs cautiously before looking back at the floor and continuing to pace some more. She wanted to go into that bathroom and prove to herself that she could handle it. She didn’t want Champ to have any control over her life anymore.

She took a deep breath and marched straight towards the stairs. The water had turned off a few minutes ago and she heard a door opening, so she just assumed that Chrissy was done in the shower and had gone into her room to change. When she got to the top of the stairs, she saw that the
bathroom door was open and walked straight towards it. She jumped when Chrissy unexpectedly walked out of it.

Waverly screamed, causing Chrissy to jump as well as she immediately grabbed her chest and began to breath heavily.

“Jesus Christ, you nearly gave me a heart attack!” The blonde gasped.

“Sorry, I didn’t know you were still in there. I thought I heard you leave earlier.” Waverly replied apologetically as she flitted her eyes between the bathroom and Chrissy.

“I just went back in to hang my wet towel up on the rack.”

“Oh.” Waverly nodded as she nervously rubbed her arm that hung stiffly by her side.

“I didn’t think anybody would be coming up here since there’s a bathroom downstairs.”

“No, yeah, I know. I wasn’t…I mean, I just wanted to see….” She trailed off as she eyed the bathroom, and Chrissy instantly realized what the brunette was trying to do.

“I get it.” She gave a small smile. “It’s all yours. Take your time.”

“Thanks Chrissy.” Waverly smiled, and she felt a little more relaxed.

The blonde squeezed Waverly’s shoulder reassuringly before heading down the stairs.

“Is everything okay? I heard screaming.” Nicole said with a concerned face as Chrissy got to the bottom of the stairs.

“No, it’s fine. She’s in the bathroom?!” She lunged towards the stairs, but Chrissy pushed her back.

“She’s fine.” The blonde said as she tried to calm down the redhead.

“Nicole, she’s okay, I promise. She needs to do this on her own. She doesn’t need you protecting her all the time.”

Nicole’s face softened and she took a step back so that she wasn’t in the blonde’s face anymore. Chrissy let out a deep breath from her nose as she shook her head and pursed her lips. “This is going to help her. And if she wants you there, she’ll tell you. But she didn’t tell you she was going up there, which means that she didn’t want you there, and that’s not a bad thing. It’s good that you’re worried for her, but you have to let her do this her way; by herself.”
Nicole nodded as she sighed. “Okay.” She said softly in a much calmer tone.

Chrissy reassuringly grabbed one of Nicole’s arms that were crossed and smiled. “Just be on standby.” She said with a wink before walking into the kitchen to help Rosita.

“Just be on standby. She’ll come to you.” Nicole whispered to herself as she stared at the staircase.

As Waverly walked towards the opened bathroom door, she let out a shaky breath. She stood at the door frame, scanning her eyes across the bathroom. It just seemed like a normal bathroom. The mirror was fogged up and it smelled like shampoo from Chrissy’s shower. She took a step inside and took a few deep breaths as she slowly made her way towards the opposite wall – the one she had been pushed up against. She ran her fingertips along the neutral-colored drywall as her eyes began to water. She blew out some air and swallowed thickly as she thought about her conversation with Chrissy the day before. She didn’t want this bathroom, this house, to bring up only that one memory of the night her life changed. She wanted to make new memories; better memories.

Waverly marched straight down the stairs and into the kitchen where everyone was. She looked directly at Nicole, who instantly made eye contact with her. Everyone else was distracted in conversation.

“Can you come here for a second?” The brunette said softly.

Without missing a beat, Nicole made her way over towards Waverly and followed her to the stairs.

“Is everything okay?”

Waverly didn’t reply. Instead, she grabbed Nicole’s hand and dragged her up the stairs. When they got into the bathroom, Waverly lightly pushed Nicole inside and shut the door behind them and locked it.

“Waverly, what are–”

Nicole’s question was interrupted by the brunette’s lips against hers. She immediately returned the kiss and wrapped her arms around Waverly’s waist and allowed herself to be pushed up against the wall. When she realized what was happening and the exact spot she was in, she gently pushed Waverly off of her and eyed her cautiously as she panted to catch her breath.

“I want to make new memories here with you. I don’t want to think about him when I come here. I want to think about you.” Waverly explained. She grabbed Nicole’s hand and guided it underneath her gold dress and inside the front of her panties – the exact ones that she had been wearing that night – and both of them sighed when the redhead’s fingers slipped through damp folds.

“Are you sure this is what you want?” Nicole’s asked as she stilled her hand.

Waverly grabbed Nicole’s face and nodded before crashing their lips together again. She spun them around so that her back was against the wall, which surprised Nicole. She had assumed Waverly would want to be the one in the more dominant position.

“I want you to make love to me like this. While pushing me up against the wall, and kissing my neck. I want to feel your fingers inside me. Please.”

With a furrowed brow, Nicole looked into Waverly’s eyes for any sign of uncertainty. She wanted to make sure that this was something that Waverly actually wanted and not just something the brunette thought she had to do in order to feel better. And based on the way her pupils were dilated and looking at Nicole with so much desire that it radiated off of her skin, the redhead knew that this was something she wanted. Nicole leaned down and kissed Waverly passionately as she delicately moved
her fingers up and down her slit, eliciting a small gasp from the brunette. She wrapped her other hand around Waverly’s waist and moved her lips to the girl’s neck as she began to kiss her there.

As soon as Nicole began kissing her neck, Waverly grabbed onto her backside and pulled her in, hoping she would take the hint. The taller woman did, and began to push herself up against Waverly, pressing her against the wall, and the brunette sighed with a smile. Before when she was in this position, she felt fear and apprehension…but now, all she felt was love and pleasure. She brought one hand up to the back of Nicole’s head and threaded her fingers through the woman’s thick red hair. Her other hand wrapped around strong shoulders – shoulders that made her feel safe.

“Inside.” Waverly whispered.

Without removing her lips from the brunette’s neck, Nicole moved her fingers down from Waverly’s sensitive bud she had been circling to her entrance and gently pushed one finger inside to the first knuckle, allowing her girlfriend to get used to the feeling of having something inside her before pushing all the way in. The corners of her mouth turned up into a smile when she heard a sigh of relief and a short, breathy laugh come from the beautiful woman in front of her. After a few thrusts, she added a second finger.

Waverly’s jaw dropped and she immediately inhaled sharply. She closed her eyes and drew her eyebrows together as she felt herself being filled by her girlfriend. She held on tighter to the redhead as she began to rock her hips against Nicole’s warm body.

“Close.” The brunette whispered, and Nicole knew it meant Waverly just needed an extra push. She brought her thumb up to circle around the brunette’s swollen clit as she sucked hard on the skin of her neck, and Waverly was gone.

She sunk her teeth into her bottom lip and held her breath with her eyes squeezed shut as her walls held tightly onto Nicole’s fingers like a vice grip. Her entire body shook until the contractions of her climax began, and she let all of the air she had been holding in out through her nose. She desperately wanted to shout Nicole’s name from the top of her lungs, but she knew she had to be quiet. When she had come down from her high, she released her arms from around Nicole’s shoulders and focused on regaining control over her breathing as she dropped her head back against the wall. When she opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was Nicole looking at her with complete love and affection. She felt her entire body fill with warmth as a smile spread across her face.

“I love you.” Waverly said, as if it were a confession.

“I love you too.” Nicole kissed Waverly’s cheek as she pulled her fingers out and went over to the sink to wash her hands. “Say, we should do this in other people’s houses more often. The thrill is such a huge turn on.” Nicole teased with a wink.

Waverly laughed as she shook her head. “I like screaming too much.”

“Yeah, I like you screaming too much too.” Nicole shrugged. She walked over towards the bathroom door and opened it as she gestured for Waverly to walk through first.

Waverly slowly walked down the stairs and Nicole followed a respectable distance behind, not wanting Chrissy and Rosita to know what they had just done in their bathroom.

“There you are. Where were you guys?” Rosita asked as she finished cutting up some finger sandwiches.

“Oh, uh...” Waverly stuttered as she rubbed the back of her neck.
“Wardrobe malfunction.” Nicole said pointedly.

“Right. Wardrobe malfunction.”

Both Chrissy and Rosita eyed them curiously, until they noticed Waverly’s neck. Rosita pursed her lips in an attempt to stifle her laughter, and Chrissy covered her mouth with her hand to stifle hers.

“What?” Waverly asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“No, nothing.” Rosita replied with a smile as she shook her head. “I’m glad you got it all worked out.”

“Yeah, me too.” Chrissy added with a grin.

Before either Waverly and Nicole could question their friends’ weird behavior any further, the doorbell rang.

“I’ll get it.” Chrissy said as she rushed towards the door. She returned to the kitchen a few moments later with Wynonna and Doc behind her. “Look who’s here!”

Waverly smiled at her sister. “Hey, you’re actually on time!”

“See, I told you I could–” She paused as soon as she looked at Waverly’s neck and her eyes widened. “Holy hell!”

“What?!” Waverly raised her eyebrows in concern.

“What happened to your neck?! Did you get attacked by a giant leech?!” Wynonna pointed her index finger at a quarter-sized red hickey on the side of Waverly’s neck.

Waverly frantically felt around her skin, and Nicole turned her head to look at the other side of the brunette’s neck to see what Wynonna was pointing at. When she saw the mark, her eyes widened.

“Oh shit.”

“What?!” Waverly began to panic.

“I uh, sort of went too hard.”

Waverly drew her eyebrows together. “What are you talking about?”

Wynonna held up her phone in front of Waverly so she could see herself in the front-facing camera. She gasped as soon as her eyes landed on the hickey.

“What?! Waverly began to panic.

“I uh, sort of went too hard.”

Waverly drew her eyebrows together. “What are you talking about?”

Wynonna held up her phone in front of Waverly so she could see herself in the front-facing camera. She gasped as soon as her eyes landed on the hickey.

“What?!” Waverly began to panic.

“I’m sorry! It just looked like a faint red spot when we walked out of the bathroom. I didn’t know it would turn into that only a few minutes later!”

Wynonna quirked an eyebrow. “Wait, you two did it in the bathroom?” She let out a short laugh as she shook her head. “What am I saying, of course you did…”

“Oh my god, it’s getting worse by the second. It’s starting to turn purple!” Waverly yelled.

Chrissy walked over to the brunette and grabbed her shoulders to still the girl and assess the mark. “I’ve seen worse. I’ve had worse. Come on, let’s go put some makeup on it.” She grabbed her
friend’s arm and pulled her around in front of her before gently pushing on her back to guide her towards the stairs. “And everyone better be talking about something else when we get back.” Chrissy said sternly as she gave the group a warning look.

When they got to her bedroom, Waverly plopped down to sit on the edge of the mattress as she dropped her face into her hands. “Oh my god, this is so embarrassing.”

Chrissy shrugged as she grabbed some concealer and a blending sponge that she had dipped in a cup of water she had on her makeup table. “It’s not a big deal.”

“Are you sure?” Waverly asked as she looked up at the blonde with a guilty expression.

Chrissy sat on the bed next to Waverly with a smile as she began to apply the concealer over the hickey and blended it in. “You wanted a new memory in that bathroom, right?”

Waverly nodded.

“Waverly, it’s totally fine. I mean, you guys washed your hands afterwards, right?” She said teasingly.

With a smile Waverly lightly pushed Chrissy on the arm. “Yes, we washed our hands. Or at least Nicole did, since I didn’t really need to…”

Chrissy laughed as she nodded. Her smile slowly died down as she concentrated on the task at hand. “Jesus, Haught must be really good at sucking…ironically.”

“Oh god, is it that bad? You said you’ve seen worse.”

“I have, it’s just surprising. I’ve never seen you with a hickey before, and this is a big one for sure.”

“Yeah, we’re usually more responsible with our hickey placements.” Waverly smiled and averted her eyes from her friend’s as a blush crept onto her face.

Chrissy shook her head as she smiled. “You two are so damn cute.” She pulled the sponge away and eyed her handiwork. “Okay, I think this should be good enough for tonight. But you’re on your own for tomorrow.”

“I’ll just wear turtle necks and scarves the rest of the week.” Waverly stood up from the bed and walked over towards the mirror to observe the spot, which was only noticeable if you knew to look for it. She turned around and smiled at the blonde. “Thanks, Chrissy. You’re the best.”

“And don’t you forget it.” The blonde replied with a point of her finger. “Come on, everyone else should be here soon.

---

The group gathered around the TV to watch the ball drop with less than a minute left until midnight. Nicole wrapped her arm around Waverly’s waist, Wynonna wrapped her arm around Doc’s, Jeremy and Robin held hands, Darren put his arm around Chrissy’s shoulder as she leaned into his side with a smile, and Rosita and Dolls looked at each other briefly with an awkward smile and drinks in their hands as they stood surrounded by the couples. Everyone began to count down from 10 as their smiles grew bigger at the thought of making it through another year.

“Five, four, three, two, one…Happy New Year!”
Waverly and Nicole looked at each other as they leaned in and connected their lips, completely unaware that all of the other couples had just given quick kisses while they were beginning to cross over the line from innocent New Year’s kiss to full-on make-out session.

“Okay you two, keep it in your pants.” Wynonna said as she folded her arms across her chest and grimaced.

Nicole and Waverly pulled apart and Waverly hid her blushing face in Nicole’s chest while Nicole wrapped her arms around her with a smile, embracing her in a warm hug.

The redhead looked over at the older Earp. “I can’t wait to see how many times you interrupt us in 2018, Wynonna.”
Nicole's Birthday

Chapter Summary

Nicoles turns 27! Which means...a birthday party and drunk Nicole! And of course, some birthday sex, since smut is probably my favorite thing to write. Hope you all don't mind ;)

Chapter Notes

I’ve created a tumblr account! 
odaatlover.tumblr.com

Sorry for the long wait! Everything has been crazy with work starting back up, but I managed to find some time today to write this. Hope you all enjoy it, and thank you for being so patient! <3

“Surprise!” Everyone shouted as Nicole walked through the giant doors of Shorty’s.

Nicoles’s jaw dropped as she looked around the bar filled with her closest friends and family. “Guys...” She breathed out in shock before giving a light chuckle.

Waverly walked up to her with a giant grin plastered on her face. “Do you like it?”

“You did this?”

Still grinning, the brunette nodded.

“Waves...” she shook her head in awe before reaching out for the girl’s hand and pulling her in closer. “I love it. Thank you.” She leaned in and planted a quick kiss before pulling away and looking around the room. “Thank you, everyone!”

The room was filled with a bunch of ‘happy birthdays’ before Dolls turned the music on and everyone began to dance and socialize. As Nicole and Waverly stood there, holding each other and smiling, Wynonna walked up with a giant glass of alcohol in her hand.

“Haught, put your googly eyes away and drink this.” She shoved the beverage out towards the redhead who took it with a quirked eyebrow.

“What’s this?”

“Something that’ll get you completely smashed.”

“What’s in it?” Nicole eyed it cautiously.

“You don’t want to know. Just drink up, and have fun.” The dark brunette said with a wink as she gently pushed Nicole’s hand holding the glass more towards her.
Nicole looked over at Waverly, as if silently asking for permission.

“Today’s your day, you have fun. I’ll drive us home.”

“Are you sure?”

Waverly nodded with a smile. “You know how much I love drunk Nicole.”

“As do I.” Wynonna added with a toothy grin as she eagerly waited for the redhead to take a sip of the mystery cocktail she had made.

Nicole sighed as she shook her head and raised the glass up in a silent ‘cheers’. “Well, happy birthday to me, I guess.” She said before bringing the glass to her lips and knocking back all of its contents as Wynonna watched with clenched fists of excitement. Nicole brought the empty glass down and grimaced.

“Yes!” The older Earp wrapped one arm around the redhead’s shoulders and with the other gave a strong pat on her stomach. “This is going to be the best 27th birthday party in history!”

Nicole chuckled as she shook her head. “I wish you could drink with me, Earp.”

“Me too, Red. Only nine more weeks until this girlie makes her appearance, at which point I’m taking a night for myself to drink until I pass out.”

“And I’ll be there.”

“I wouldn’t want to drink with anyone else.” Wynonna smirked before releasing the redhead from her grasp and punching her arm. “And we’re not doing it at this place. Nuh uh, we’re going somewhere out of town with a mechanical bull. There’s no way I’m breaking my embarrassing nine-months-sober streak with a boring night at Shorty’s surrounded by the boring crowd that usually comes in here.”

“God, you two are like frat boys.” Waverly said with a look of disapproval, earning a shrug from Wynonna.

Nicole chuckled as she rubbed her girlfriend’s back, smiling at the way Waverly relaxed against her hand. “I’m going to talk a little bit with my party guests before Wynonna gets me too drunk to speak with proper grammar. Do you want to come with me, love?”

“You go. I’m going to hang out with Wynonna for a little bit.” Waverly smiled.

“Okay. Be right back.” She leaned down and gave Waverly a quick kiss before walking over towards Dolls and Lonnie.

“Don’t come back until you’re drunk!” Wynonna yelled, and laughed when Nicole turned around to give her a look of disapproval along with a subtle middle finger behind her back. “So, is birthday girl getting laid tonight? Do I need to make myself scarce?”

Waverly shook her head. “If she’s going to get as drunk as you say she is, then she’ll just fall asleep ten seconds in anyways, so there’s no point in trying. Besides, we had some fun this morning.” She smiled and looked down at the floor as her mind drifted off to the memory of earlier that morning...

“Guess what?” Waverly whispered, gently waking up the redhead.
“Hmm.” Nicole hummed half-asleep with her eyes still closed as she stirred.

“Someone is 27 today.”

Nicole groaned as she took her pillow out from under her head and covered her face with it. “Don’t remind me. I don’t want to be 27.”

Waverly giggled at the sound of Nicole’s muffled voice coming from underneath the pillow. “But do you know what 27-year-olds get?”

“What.” Nicole mumbled as she laid still on her back.

“They get really good orgasms.” Waverly answered in a sultry voice as she slowly walked two fingers down Nicole’s abdomen.

The redhead quickly snatched the pillow off of her face and looked at her girlfriend with a quirked eyebrow. “What kind of orgasms?”

Waverly shrugged. “Whatever kind you want. You get to do whatever you want with me...or have me do whatever you want to you.”

Nicole grinned, but the corners of her mouth quickly dropped into a frown. “I have to get ready for work though.”

Waverly shook her head with a proud grin. “Your alarm won’t go off for another hour.”

“You woke me up an hour early so that we can have sex?”

“Not just any sex...birthday sex.”

Nicole rolled onto her side and supported her head with her left hand with her elbow on the mattress. “I do love birthday sex.”

Waverly grinned as she mirrored Nicole. “So, birthday girl, what would you like to do first?”

“Hmm...” Nicole looked up at the ceiling as she pondered for a few moments before looking back at the brunette with a smirk. “I want to see you touch yourself.”

Waverly chuckled. She wasn’t expecting that request, but if it’s what Nicole wanted, she wasn’t going to argue. She pushed the covers off of her so that Nicole could see her entirely nude body, and brought her hand up to her neck as she crossed her legs and gently stroked two fingers along the skin over her pulse point. “Like this?”

“Mmm, a little lower.” Nicole smirked.

Waverly trailed her hand down to her collarbone and ran her fingers across it. “Here?”

Nicole shook her head and moved Waverly’s hand to one of her breasts. “Here.”

Waverly lightly palmed the mound and played with her hardened nipple as she stared into Nicole’s eyes. Small moans escaped her lips, and Nicole’s eyes widened. The redhead trailed her eyes across Waverly’s body, all the way down past her flexed abdominals, squeezing thighs, and thin legs, before moving back up to her face. “You’re the sexiest woman I’ve ever seen, baby.”

“Yeah?” Waverly asked in a high-pitched voice as she continued to stimulate both of her breasts.
“Yeah. I want to watch you make yourself come.”

Waverly smiled. “You’re the boss.” While keeping one hand on one of her nipples, she slowly trailed the other down in between her legs and ran her fingers though her slick folds. “Ugh, fuck.”

“What do you feel?”

“Wet. I’m completely soaked.” She trailed her fingers up to her awakened pink bud and slowly circled it. “God this feels good.”

“What does?” Nicole could see exactly what Waverly was doing, as she was watching her hand attentively. But hearing Waverly describe what she was doing to herself made it so much more erotic.

“Rubbing my clit. Jesus, I’m so horny and turned on right now. It’s so sensitive.”

“Fuck.” Nicole hissed as she reached between her legs and began stroking her own clit that was throbbing for attention. She watched as Waverly dropped her other hand between her legs and pushed two fingers inside as she began to pump in and out while still stimulating her clit.

“What are you doing now?” Nicole panted as she continued her own ministrations.

“I’m fucking myself. I’m lightly brushing my fingertips against my front wall. A spot that I didn’t even know existed until I met you.” She sighed as a smile formed on her face. “I touch that spot now every time I fuck myself. It makes me think of you and how incredible you are at fucking me.” Her jaw went slack as she moved both of her hands at a quicker pace. “Nicole, I—...I’m going to come.”

Nicole frantically moved her hand faster to match Waverly’s hands on herself as she glued her eyes to the brunette’s center. “Don’t stop baby. I want to see you come.”

“Unghhh, I’m coming baby! I’m coming for you!” Waverly panted as she rocked her hips up into her hands, riding out her orgasm.

Nicole watched with wide eyes as she saw her girlfriend’s center contracting. “Fuck, I can see you coming. God, that’s so hot. Shit.” Nicole closed her eyes and threw her head back as she felt herself getting closer to her own orgasm.

“Are you going to come too?” Waverly asked in a sultry voice while slowly running her fingers up and down her soaked folds, just enjoying the touch of her center after climaxing.

“Uh huh.” Nicole panted.

“Can I feel you? I want you to come on me.”

Without removing her hand from between her legs, Nicole pushed herself up and swung a leg over so that she was straddling Waverly’s stomach. She glided back and forth on the girl’s abdomen painting her arousal on her girlfriend’s body as she frantically rubbed her clit with her hand, until she felt herself nearing the edge.

Waverly laid there with her hands clasped behind her head, watching the whole thing with a huge grin on her face.

“Ughhh, I’m gonna come. Shit. Fuck yeah, baby. Unghhh.” Nicole grunted as she released her arousal all over Waverly’s abdomen. She continued to rock back and forth, still stroking herself as she leaned forward and dropped her freehand onto the mattress beside Waverly for support. “Can
“Yeah baby. I can feel your come all over me.” Waverly replied with a smile. She really loved watching Nicole’s orgasm face, with her eyes shut tight and her brow furrowed as she switched between clenching her strong jaw and biting her bottom lip. She would never tell Nicole this, but she thought it was really cute. Of course, in the thralls of arousal she found it to be more sexy than anything, but right now, laying comfortably on the bed and just enjoying the show in post-orgasm bliss, she found it to be cute.

Nicole jolted a few times as she lazily stroked her overly-sensitive clit until she removed her hand and dropped it on the other side of the mattress. While heavily breathing, she slowly opened her eyes and looked down at her girlfriend.

“Was that good?” Waverly asked with a knowing look.

Nicole raised one corner of her mouth in a half-smile as she nodded. She looked down between her legs and raised herself up, and both women noticed the string of arousal connecting Nicole’s center to Waverly’s abs. The redhead chuckled as she reached down and ran her fingers through the thick fluid before spreading them and looking at all of the little strings that formed as she did so.

“I think you really enjoyed yourself there.” Waverly said with a light chuckle.

“I did.” Nicole laughed as she swung her leg back over to her side and laid on her back beside the brunette.

Waverly lifted her torso and propped herself up on her elbows as she looked down at her girlfriend lying beside her. “Uh, aren’t you going to clean up your mess?” She quirked an eyebrow as she gave a pointed look to the glistening skin of her stomach before looking back at Nicole.

A wide smile slowly spread across Nicole’s face as she sat up and laid on top of Waverly with her head hovering over the girl’s stomach. “Sorry, I’ll get right on that.” She lowered her tongue down and licked all over every inch of the woman’s flexed abdominal muscles until her arousal was completely cleaned up. “Since I’m down here, I might as well clean up your mess too.” She winked as she crawled down and settled in between Waverly’s legs before dragging her tongue all the way up from her entrance to her pleasure point.

“Oh.” Waverly dropped her head down onto the pillow and ran one hand through her hair as the other brushed back and forth along her hipbone. “I thought today…was your…birthday…” she choked out between expert swipes of Nicole’s tongue across her enlarged clit.

Nicole lifted her face up from Waverly’s sex with a smirk. “Trust me, going to town on my girlfriend’s very attractive vagina is the best birthday present ever.”

“Waves.” Wynonna snapped her fingers in front of her little sister’s face, bringing her out of her vivid memory.

“Huh?” Waverly shot her eyes up to her sister’s disapproving face. “Oh, sorry. What were we talking about?”

“Well, before you spaced out and started inappropriately thinking about sex with your girlfriend right in front of your older sister, we were talking about your plans at the house tonight.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “Don’t act like you don’t talk about sex all the time with me.”
“Uh, yeah, but I don’t just start letting my mind drift to my own sex life right in the middle of a conversation. I mean, I can practically see you dripping from here.”

“You mean drooling?”

“No.”

Waverly gently pushed Wynonna in the arm, who was laughing at her own joke. “You’re so annoying. After the party, I’m putting Nicole straight to bed, so you can stay, or you can go to Doc’s.”

“What if I bring Doc over?”

“Uh, only if there’s no hanky-panky. I would say to just keep it down, but I know that’s impossible for you…”

“Hey, you’re louder than I am!”

“Still. I’m not going to have Nicole’s birthday end with her having to hear you two trying to get pregnant…again.” Waverly stated with a firm finger in her sister’s face before walking off.

“We weren’t even trying to get pregnant in the first place!”

Waverly shrugged as she continued to walk off, leaving Wynonna standing there with a scowl on her face and hand rubbing her stomach. “Don’t worry, baby Earp-slash-Holliday, you’re the best accident that’s ever happened to me. …and I’m definitely teaching you how to stealthily put shaving cream on your Auntie Waverly’s face while she sleeps without waking her up.”

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“Corner pocket.” Nicole slurred as she tapped her cue stick on one of the corners of the pool table. She carefully lined it up and took a few practice swings before slamming the tip into the cue ball. She watched as the ball smacked right into one of her striped balls, sending it rebounding off the side wall and ending back in the middle of the table.

Wynonna held her baby bump as she shook uncontrollably with laughter. “This is amazing! You’re terrible!”

Nicole glared at her as she threateningly pointed the cue stick in her face. “Yeah well tha’s ‘cause I’m drunk. Wait ‘til I’m sober…” She rested her hand on the side of the pool table, but it slipped off, causing her to stumble a bit and having to catch herself on the table.

Wynonna shook her head as she continued laughing. “You know, you don’t have to call the pocket unless it’s the eight ball.” She leaned down to line up her own shot as Nicole stared at her with a furrowed brow, as if she suddenly remembered the rules of pool. Wynonna sunk in her last solid before successfully shooting the eight ball in and winning the game for the third time that night. She tossed her cue stick on the table with a grin. “Looks like I win again, Red.”

Nicole rolled her eyes as she sighed. “Can we do something else now?”

“We still haven’t played the ‘pin the junk on the hunk’ game I set up over there on the wall.”

The drunk redhead squinted at the poster of the naked male posing like a model with a small red target between his legs before grimacing. “Why would I wanna play that?”
“Um, because I bought it to spice up this party? Come on, nobody’s playing it.”

“Prob’ly ’cause we’re all mature adults, and two of us are les-bi-ans. All except you.” She poked Wynonna in the chest right below her collarbone. “I don’ wanna try to dizz-li-ly place a cut-out dick on some random nude dude, Wynonna.” She chuckled as she mumbled to herself. “Nude dude…”

Wynonna rolled her eyes and grabbed onto Nicole’s upper arm as she dragged her across the bar. “Come on. We’ll get Waverly and Jetri to play with us.”

Nicole scrunched her eyebrows together. “Who’s Jetri?”

“Robin Jett and Jeremy Chetri, duh. Don’t you know anything about ship names?”

“Like, the Titanic?”

Wynonna rolled her eyes. “You know, drunk you is more fun when you’re failing at pool.” She let go of Nicole when she reached Waverly, Jeremy, and Robin sitting at the bar.

“Hey, how’s the birthday girl enjoying her birthday?” Waverly smiled from her spot on one of the bar stools as she motioned for Nicole to sit on her lap.

“Your sister is being mean to me.” Nicole slurred with a pout. She wrapped an arm around Waverly’s shoulder as the brunette wrapped an arm around her waist.

“Wynonna, stop being mean to my girlfriend.”

“It’s not my fault her coordination and sense of logic sucks when she’s intoxicated.”

“I wanna rematch when I get your post-baby-having ass drunk, Earp.” Nicole stated with a firm finger in the darker brunette’s direction.

Wynonna gave a curt nod. “Deal, Haught-pocket.”

“So, uh, this party is pretty lit.” Robin bobbed his head to the music with a crooked smile.

Jeremy leaned over and quietly said in Robin’s ear, “What did we say about trying to use teenage lingo?”

“To do it sparingly.” Robin replied sadly as he lowered his head in shame.

“That’s the fifth time tonight you’ve used that word.”

“I know, I know.” Robin sighed. “I can’t stop saying it now. I don’t know what’s wrong with me.”

Wynonna stared at the couple with squinted eyes. “Wow. What relationship drama you two have.” She stated sarcastically. “Do you two ever argue about anything real?”

Robin shrugged. “Sometimes he leaves the toilet seat up.”

“So do you…” Jeremy replied.

“Oh yeah.” Robin said with a furrowed brow before playfully grinning at the older Earp. “Then I guess we don’t!”

Waverly chuckled as she shook her head and Nicole looked at them in confusion, not picking up on the joke.
“Speaking of dudes’ junk, do you guys want to play ‘pin the junk on the hunk’ with us? Figured at least you boys would be down.” Wynonna winked at the pair.

Nicole groaned as she dramatically rolled her head along with her eyes before sloppily sliding off of Waverly’s lap and into her own seat. “Wynonna, how many times do I have to tell you, I don’t wanna play any game that involves a man’s wang.” She faked gagged.

“I’ll play.” Waverly shrugged, and Nicole immediately turned to look at her with wide eyes.

“You will?”

“It’s just a game Nicole. It’s like ‘pin the tail on the donkey’ but instead of a tail and a donkey it’s—“

“A penis and a man?” She winced at her own words. “Waves…” She hissed as she leaned down towards the girl with shifty eyes. “We’re gay!” Even though she was trying to whisper, her volume was much louder than usual.

Waverly rolled her eyes as she stood up from the stool and grabbed onto Nicole’s arm with both of her hands. “It’s just a game, babe. It’s not a real penis. Now come on. It’ll be fun.”

Nicole grimaced as the petite brunette dragged her off towards the poster.

“Yes.” Wynonna fist pumped as she followed everyone in the direction of the game.

Jeremy pursed his lips as Wynonna held the blindfold up towards his face. “You know, I’m a little offended that you think I would enjoy this childish game just because I’m sexually attracted to the male body.”

Wynonna paused as she looked at Jeremy pointedly. “Says the guy who can sense when my boyfriend is in trouble by a feeling in his groin.”

Jeremy pursed his lips before fervently nodding. “Okay, point taken. Proceed.”

As soon as Wynonna finished tying the blindfold behind his head, she handed him the phallic shaped cut-out and spun him around three times. He stumbled over towards the poster and stuck it where he assumed was the right spot. When he took off the blindfold, he couldn’t help but laugh at the penis hanging off of the man’s hipbone. The rest of the gang joined in with laughter.

“Okay, I think Haught is next.” Wynonna took the penis off and handed it to Nicole, who reluctantly took it with a groan, as the older Earp placed the blindfold on her. She spun the redhead around and tried her best to stifle her laughter as the tall, lanky woman stumbled over towards the poster and placed the penis over his chest.

As soon as the sound of laughter reached her ears, Nicole lifted her blindfold off and frowned at the picture.

“Okay, I know you don’t know a whole lot about dick, but it’s a bit lower down than that.” Wynonna stated sarcastically, earning a low growl and a mean look from Nicole.

“I know where it goes.” She spat. “But I’m drunk, and I’m tall. I didn’t realize the poster was that low down.” Nicole slurred drunkenly as she smacked the older Earp on the upper arm before stumbling back over towards her girlfriend.

“Okay, my turn!” Waverly said excitedly. As a child, she was always good at party games, especially ‘pin the tail on the donkey’. And despite the male-centric set-up, this was no different. She
grabbed the penis and the blindfold from Nicole and tied the black fabric around her own head. After being spun by her sister a few times, she staggered over towards the poster, took in a deep breath as she stilled her dizzy body, and smashed the item against the poster. She took off her blindfold and grinned when she saw that she had perfectly placed the cut-out right between the man’s legs on the target. “I did it!”

Everyone cheered as Wynonna quirked an eyebrow. “Nicely done, Waves. Are you sure you’re not into that anymore?”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “Wynonna, you know I’m not.”

“Yeah, I’ve given ‘er more orgasms than any guy ever could with his disco-stick! Especially when I use my tongue. Not that my fingers don’t get the job done just as well…” The redhead wrapped her arm around her mortified girlfriend as she looked at her with a smirk.

“Nicole!” Waverly exclaimed in disbelief as her cheeks immediately turned beat red.

“What? I have…” Nicole shrugged, completely unaware of why that was an inappropriate thing to say. As entertaining as Nicole was while she was drunk, she often didn’t have a filter, much to Waverly’s embarrassment.

The older Earp grimaced as she looked between the two. “Okay, I so did not need to hear that.”

“What are we laughing at over here?” Dolls asked with a smile as he coolly waltzed up to the group with his hands in his jacket pocket.

“Oh, just Nicole being drunk and releasing details about her sex life with Waverly.” Jeremy stated casually with a wave of dismissal before pointing at the poster with his thumb over his shoulder. “Do you want to play with us?”

Dolls furrowed his brow at the naked man. “Uh, maybe next round.” He looked over at Wynonna and leaned in towards her as everyone else was occupied chatting. “Hey, um, can we talk?”

Wynonna shrugged. “Yeah, sure.” She turned around towards the group and pointed her finger at all of them as she raised her eyebrows. “It’s my turn when I get back.” She followed Dolls over to the corner of the bar where it was quieter. “What’s up?”

Dolls shifted his weight back and forth uncomfortably. “Um, so I’ve been thinking…I kind of miss you.”

Wynonna sighed. “Dolls, Doc and I are back together, for real this time. I’m having his baby.”

“No, I know. I just…miss you. I miss the adventures we used to go on.”

“Like the ones where I took off my clothes and you took off yours and we got busy in the back seat of your car?” She said with a raised eyebrow.

“No, no.” Dolls chuckled lightly. “I mean, yeah, that was great too. But I was talking about the times we went out to the shooting range, or the times we just hung out and talked during your shift at Shorty’s, or that one time you came over and we just prank called a bunch of random numbers…”

“I’ll bet that one lady is still looking for the raccoon in her walls.” Wynonna laughed.

“Yeah, probably.” Dolls chuckled before clearing his throat. “But see? Those were fun times.”
“Okay, say they were. What’s your point?”

“My point is, that I want us to be friends. I know you’re with Doc now, and I respect that. But that doesn’t mean we can’t be friends, does it?”

Wynonna shrugged. “I’ve got friends.”

“Well, I don’t.” Dolls stated. “And I don’t see why you can’t have one more.”

“Because, we used to fuck, Dolls. And now I’m fucking Doc.”

“And I’m completely fine with that!”

Wynonna leaned back as she eyed him with doubt. “Are you though?”

Dolls nodded his head and waved his hands around. “I am, I swear. I really just miss hanging out with you. You’re pretty cool, and I just want you in my life…as a friend.”

The brunette squinted her eyes as she looked into his with hesitation. “I don’t know…”

“Okay, okay. How about this…we hang out, somewhere non-romantic, and if it’s too weird we never have to speak again.” He waited patiently as Wynonna looked off in thought.

“Just friends?”

“Just friends.” He nodded confidently.

Wynonna slowly inhaled through her nose as she nodded. “Alright then. But that means that I get to vent to you about my hormone imbalances, frequent urination, and leaky breasts.”

He pursed his lips as he tried not to grimace. “I would love nothing more.”

“Good. Maybe this won’t be so bad after all, buddy.” She grinned as she patted him on the shoulder before walking back over towards the group. She drew her eyebrows together when she noticed that everyone was in the middle of the bar dancing “Hey, what happened to the game?”

“Nicole wanted to dance.” Waverly rolled her eyes as she nodded over towards the redhead, who was jumping uncontrollably as she flailed her arms around.

“Guys, this is awesome! I love this song! Don’t you love this song?!”

Everyone quirked an eyebrow at her.

“I didn’t realize you were so into Miley Cyrus.” Robin stated with a light chuckle.

Nicole looked at him as she continued to move her body. “Who?”

Robin shook his head and shoved his hands into his jeans pockets. “Never mind.”

“Wynonna!” Nicole yelled when she spotted the older Earp and ran over to where the dark brunette was standing. Nicole noticed a glass of alcohol sitting on the table beside Wynonna and gulped it down, not knowing what it was or whose it was. “Dude, your sister is like, super hot.” She looked around the bar to make sure nobody was listening before continuing in a loud whisper. “I mean that in the gay way. I like boobs. Like, a lot.”

“Um, no shit Sherlock. She’s your girlfriend.” She paused before continuing with a furrowed brow.
“And remind me not to breastfeed around you.”

Nicole’s eyes widened. “She’s my girlfriend?! How did that happen?!”

Wynonna shrugged. “Beats me. You worked some sort of lesbian magic on her I guess.”

Nicole nodded as she turned around to look at Waverly, who was laughing about something with Jeremy and Robin. She smiled at how angelic Waverly looked under the light that was shining directly on her. “I’m gonna marry that girl.”

“Okay, whoa.” Wynonna shoved Nicole in the back, causing the redhead to stumble forward into a chair. “Don’t you dare go and do something drunkenly stupid…like propose to my baby sister in the middle of Shorty’s. Or I swear to god, my pregnant ass will beat your drunk one. And if you do end up proposing to her in the very distant future, it better be something incredibly romantic, because that girl deserves at least that.”

“Relax preggers, I meant in the future. I don’t even have a ring on me.” Nicole giggled before her face turned into a serious one. “Wait, do you have a ring I can borrow?”

“No, dumbass!” Wynonna pushed Nicole down into a chair and reached over the bar for a bottle of water before setting it on the table in front of the redhead as she sat down at the table across from her. “You’re not doing anything until you finish that.”

“I just…” Nicole sighed as she stared at Waverly. “I love her so much.”

“So then give her an orgasm. Hell, get her a puppy even. There are other ways to show your love other than jumping straight into marriage. It’s a serious commitment. A seriously legal commitment.”

Nicole turned back to look at Wynonna with a look of determination in her eye. “I’m committed to her.”

“You’re drunk, Nicole.”

“Prob’ly. But I know that what I’m feeling is real. I wanna marry her. And I wanna have kids with her. And a house, and a backyard, and neighbors who think we’re best friends until they see through the fence us having sex in the pool in our backyard, like on The L Word.” She laughed for a few seconds before her eyes widened. “I want a house with a pool.”

“If you have a pool, I’m never getting in it.” Wynonna grimaced at the thought of swimming in a pool that Nicole and Waverly had previously banged in.

“God. Waverly would look so sexy pregnant. Don’t you think she would look sexy pregnant? I wanna fuck her and get her pregnant. You Earps make sexy pregnant women.”

Wynonna pinched the bridge of her nose as she shook her head. This was definitely an example of no-filter drunk Nicole.

“But we should get married first before she gets pregnant. Do you think she wants to marry me back?”

Wynonna sighed and slapped her hands down onto the redhead’s shoulders. “Dude, this is the alcohol talking. Trust me on this one. Sleep it off, wake up in the morning, and call me if you’re still feeling like popping the question, and I’ll happily talk some sense into you. But don’t tell Waverly any of this until then. Understand?”
Nicole nodded. “Okay, fine. I’m starting to feel a little sick anyways.” She furrowed her brow and pressed her palm into one of her temples as she pursed her lips. “Talking is making me wanna puke.”

The older Earp twisted the cap off of the water bottle and handed it over towards the redhead. “Drink this, and I’ll get you a barf bucket.”

Wynonna gave the redhead a couple of pats on the shoulder as she stood up and walked past Waverly towards the back room.

“Is Nicole okay?” Waverly asked as she eyed the redhead sitting at the table.

“I think it’s time to wrap things up here. She’s had a lot to drink.”

Waverly snorted. “Yeah, she was doing the funky chicken earlier. I even managed to get it on video.”

“Um, please send me that.”

“Yeah right! I would never betray Nicole like that.”

Wynonna rolled her eyes. “Then at least let me watch it on your phone later.”

“Okay, fine. Only because it’s too funny not to see.” Waverly laughed.

“I’m going to get her a bucket. She said she was feeling sick, so I think she’s going to hurl at some point within the next couple of minutes.”

“My poor baby.” Waverly frowned at the redhead who was now sitting with her forehead resting on the table. “I’m going to sit with her.”

“Hey Waves?”

Waverly turned around to face her sister. “Yeah?”

“Um, if she says anything…you know, intense, then just ignore her. She’s drunk and doesn’t know what she’s saying right now.”

The younger Earp quirked an eyebrow. “Um, okay?”

“Okay.” Wynonna nodded before heading off towards the storage room.

Waverly shrugged before walking over to Nicole and gently placing a hand on her upper back as she sat down beside her. “Are you feeling sick, baby?”

Nicole lifted her head up and groaned. Her face was pale and her eyes were squinting at the bright light of the room. “Everything is spinning. Oh god, please don’t ever let me drink this much ever again. I’m too old for this.”

Waverly chuckled lightly. “Honey, you’re only 27.”

“Exactly.” Nicole whined as she slowly dropped her head back down onto the table. “I’m getting too close to 30.”

“Other than that, did you enjoy your birthday party?”

Nicole lifted her head back up and weakly smiled. “I did. Thank you. You’re the best wifey ever.”
She leaned in and gave Waverly a chaste kiss on the lips.

Waverly looked at the redhead with confusion. “What?”

“I said thank you.”

“You called me wifey…”

Nicole snorted. “No I didn’t. I called you my girlfriend.” Her smile dropped and her face shifted to something more serious. “Did you know that you’re my girlfriend?”

Remembering what Wynonna had said, Waverly shrugged it off. “Yes baby, you’re the best girlfriend. And you deserve to have a special birthday. I love you. Happy birthday, Nicole.” She wrapped her hand around Nicole’s resting on the table.

Nicole grinned at the brunette as she took a sip of her water. “Hey waves.”

“Yeah birthday girl?”

“Can I fuck you tonight?”

“Absolutely not.”

“That’s fair.”
Practice Makes Perfect

Chapter Summary

Waverly masturbates with the strap-on dildo while watching lesbian porn. Yep, no sugar coating here! I tried to add some plot to this chapter, but let's be honest, it's mostly smut.

Chapter Notes

Just so you all know, I started a Tumblr blog! There I'll post some updates about this fic (and future ones), interact with you readers, publicly answer questions you want to ask in the "ask me anything" section, etc. It's open to the public, so feel free to check it out even if you don't have an account!

https://odaatlover.tumblr.com/

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Waverly spent the next week thinking about what Chrissy had said when they last hung out before New Year’s. She really wanted to try using the strap-on again with Nicole, but she was afraid that she would back out last minute and ruin the night. Which was why she had planned for her Saturday off to include some alone time, practicing with their strap-on. The only problem was, she had forgotten to discretely take it from Nicole’s house the last time she was over there, so she had to make a secret trip over to the officer’s home to grab the item while the redhead was at work.

As soon as she got into her Jeep, her phone buzzed.

Nicole: Hey baby. What are you up to?

Waverly froze as she read the text. It was like the woman could sense when she was up to something. She slowly typed out a reply.

Waverly: Just relaxing at home. You?

Nicole: About to take my lunch break.

Nicole: I miss you.

Waverly smiled at her screen.

Nicole: I miss you too. Are we still on for game night with Jeremy and Robin tonight?

Nicole: You know it :)

Waverly: I'll see you then, love :)

Waverly tossed her phone into the passenger’s seat before driving down the long, dirt driveway.
When she arrived at Nicole’s house, she quickly jumped out of the car and used the key Nicole had given her to unlock the door. She sat with Calamity Jane on the couch for a few minutes, figuring she had plenty of time since Nicole was at work, before going up the stairs and into Nicole’s bedroom. She headed straight for the closet, but when she looked inside the box, the strap-on wasn’t inside.

“Crap.” She whispered to herself.

She quickly began to look around the room in search of the item. She couldn’t ask Nicole where it was without explaining why she needed it, and she definitely didn’t want to do that. They were pretty good at communication, but some things she just wanted to keep private. She dropped to her knees and looked under the bed when she heard the bedroom door creak open. Assuming it was Calamity Jane, she chuckled to herself.

“Calamity, are you spying on me?” She raised up on her knees so that she was looking over the bed, and jumped when she saw Nicole standing at the door, looking at her with a furrowed brow. Waverly gasped, and immediately placed her hand over her heart as her chest quickly rose and fell in a panic. “Jesus, Nicole! You scared me!”

Nicole apologetically held her hands out. “Sorry, sorry. I didn’t mean to. I didn’t even know that you were on the floor down there. I saw your Jeep in the driveway and when I didn’t see you downstairs I figured you were up here.”

Waverly stood up and brushed the dirt and dust off of her knees. “What are you doing here? I thought you were about to go out for lunch.”

“I was…I am. I had planned on coming home for lunch today. I’m trying not to eat out as much, especially after putting on a few extra pounds during the holidays.” She patted her belly and quirked an eyebrow as she looked at her opened closet door and then back at a nervous looking Waverly. “What are you doing here? …on the floor? …looking under the bed?”

“Oh, me? I, uh…I was just…uh…” Waverly looked around the room for an idea of a cover story. “Looking for my earring! Yeah, I dropped it last time I was here.” She grabbed her earlobe as she forced a grin.

“Your earring?” Nicole asked incredulously.

“Yep! And I found it, so I’m going back home now. Enjoy your lunch!” She began to walk out of the bedroom door, but Nicole pushed her back.

“Waverly, what’s going on? Why are you lying to me?”

“I’m not.” Waverly shrugged.

“You are. I can tell.” She gave the brunette a knowing look, and Waverly knew she wasn’t getting away with this one.

A deep sigh left Waverly’s mouth as she rested her hands on her hips and shook her head. “I can’t tell you.”

“Hey, since when did we have secrets?”

“Since…” Waverly closed her eyes and exhaled through her nose. “Since telling you what I was actually looking for felt a little embarrassing.”
Nicole smiled as she pulled Waverly into a hug. “Baby, you don’t have to feel embarrassed around me. We’re a team, remember?”

Waverly rested her cheek against Nicole’s chest as she melted into Nicole’s embrace. “I know, I know. It just sounds so stupid.”

Nicole pulled back and looked at Waverly as she drew her eyebrows together. “What does?”

Waverly sighed and looked down at the floor, averting her eyes from Nicole’s curious ones. “I was going to use the strap-on…”

Nicole raised an eyebrow. “On who? Me?” Suddenly Nicole’s mind filled with the thought of Waverly storming into the station and pulling her into the break room as she whipped out their toy and proceeded to fuck her, but she quickly shook the image from her mind.

“No. On myself. Or I mean, I guess that would be the dildo instead of the strap-on.” She looked up in thought, contemplating the proper terminology. “I just wanted to get used to it again before we try it together.”

“You mean, you want to try using it again? With me wearing it?”

Waverly nodded.

“You know you don’t have to do that, right? We’re okay without it.”

“But I want to do it. I miss it. But it still just freaks me out a little, and Chrissy said that masturbating with it first might help me feel more comfortable with it, so I was going to try that today.”

Nicole nodded in understanding as she gave a warm smile. “Well it’s, uh, it’s on the bathroom counter.” Nicole replied as she pointed with her thumb over her shoulder. “I was doing some cleaning the other day and noticed that it was getting a little dusty, so I washed it and forgot to put it back.”

Waverly gave a curt nod and walked into the bathroom to grab the dildo before walking back out as she awkwardly rubbed the back of her neck. “This isn’t weird, right? You don’t think that this idea is dumb?”

“No, baby, of course not. If this is what’s going to help you, then by all means, go for it.”

“You really are the best, do you know that?” Waverly beamed.

Nicole waved her hand in dismissal. “Eh, I just do it for the sex.” She teased with a wink, earning herself a playful slap in the arm from Waverly.

“Well, I’ll let you get to your lunch. You probably don’t have too much time left to eat.”

“Hey, since you’re here, do you want to join me? I mean, unless you’re in a hurry to get back home and use that thing. Or if you want, you can just use it here while I watch…” Nicole wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

“In your dreams, Officer Haught. But yes, I’ll join you for lunch.” Waverly smiled before walking out of the room with the dildo in her hand.

“Hey, don’t forget to grab the lube too before you leave!”

---
Waverly grabbed Wynonna’s laptop from her room, knowing that her older sister wouldn’t be home from work for another couple of hours, and went back to her bedroom. She didn’t have a laptop of her own, so she often borrowed her sister’s. She sat cross-legged on her bed with the dildo and lube sitting next to her as she pulled up the incognito browser before typing in her search…

*Authentic lesbian porn strap-on redhead brunette*

She scrubbed through a few videos before she found one that peaked her interest. As soon as the video started playing, she laid back, getting comfortable on the bed with the laptop sitting beside her, and began to play with her breasts to get herself worked up. With one hand pinching and rubbing one of her nipples, she slowly ran the other one up to her neck, and then back down to her other breast before sliding down to her stomach, and then down to the inside of one of her thighs. She ran her hand all over her body, felling herself becoming aroused as she lingered on her erogenous zones, before sliding down between her legs and cupping her sex as she slowly undulated her hips. She slid her fingers down though her wet folds and dropped her head back onto the pillow as she cupped and squeezed one of her breasts with the other hand.

“Nicole, baby that feels so good.” Waverly moaned in a sultry voice, pretending that it was Nicole’s hand that was touching her. She continued to rub her fingers up and down, spreading her arousal and coating her fingers before focusing on her clit and rubbing slow, large circles.

“Oh, fuck.” She grabbed the pillow with her free hand and slowly rocked her hips as she moved her fingers across the sensitive bud. About a minute later she felt herself getting closer to the edge, so she picked up her pace until she was fervently rubbing her clit. Her body tensed up as she approached her climax.

“Oh yes. Oh fuck. Baby, unghhh!”

With her eyes squeezed tightly shut, she bolted upright into a sitting position while the waves of pleasure overcame her. She dropped back down onto the mattress and sighed with a smile as she lazily ran her fingers through her arousal.

She hovered the mouse over the video, seeing that she was only a little over four minutes into it. She was thankful that it was about half an hour long, and she wouldn’t have to worry about it ending before she got the chance to really utilize it. So far, the two women had only been making out and slowly removing their clothing one garment at a time. When they were completely naked, the redhead kissed down the brunette’s body and began to give her oral with quick strokes of her tongue.

“Shit.” Waverly breathed out with wide eyes.

She was seriously getting turned on by this video. Even though it looked professionally made, the two women seemed very into it, and it looked realistic, as opposed to something that resembled a male’s fantasy. The two women looked kind of similar to her and Nicole as well, which also made it that much more arousing. She felt like she could mentally put herself in that room, and feel like it was Nicole touching her and making love to her.

After sucking on her fingers, she dropped them back down to her center and touched herself exactly where the redhead’s tongue was on the brunette’s sex, and watched with an attentive gaze.

“Jesus. Nicole, you’re so good at that. I love it when you eat me out, baby.” Waverly whispered as she continued to stare at the screen.

The redhead pushed two fingers inside the other girl’s entrance as she continued to run her tongue
back and forth across her enlarged clit, and Waverly brought her other hand down to do the same. She slowly pushed two fingers inside, allowing herself to get used to the feeling before pushing them all the way in. She pumped her fingers in and out as she rubbed her clit with her other hand, and bit her bottom lip at how good it felt.

“Yeah, you like it when I fuck that pussy, don’t you?” The redhead on the screen said as she continued fucking the brunette with her fingers.

Waverly imaged that it was Nicole talking to her, and she instantly felt a gush of arousal between her legs. Even though the redhead had stopped using her tongue, Waverly continued to rub her clit. If anything, she just picked up her pace even more.

“Yes, you fuck me so good.” The brunette in the video whined as she held her knees out to the sides. The redhead smirked. “Tell me that you want me to make you come.”

“Oh fuck.” Waverly said between pants of pleasure. This dialogue was turning her on so much.

“Please make me come. I need to come.”

“Oh…shit!” Waverly choked out as she felt her walls tighten around her fingers before exploding into strong contractions.

This one lasted much longer than the previous orgasm. When her contractions had subsided, she laid back against the pillow and continued to watch the video as the brunette on the screen loudly moaned, reaching her own climax.

When the redhead stood up to put on the strap-on, Waverly lubed up the dildo and ran it slowly through her folds, preparing herself to take in the toy. She steadied her breathing as she watched the redhead line up the tip with the brunette’s entrance, and Waverly did the same. When the woman pushed inside the smaller woman, Waverly did the same, slowly pushing the toy’s tip inside her before pulling back out. Even though the couple on the screen were already roughly fucking at this point, Waverly took her time. She closed her eyes and let her body get used to the size of the head before pushing in just a little more and pulling back out. She went in half way a few times, feeling herself stretch to accommodate the girth of the dildo, before she slowly pushed all the way in. She bit her bottom lip at the feeling of being completely filled – something she hadn’t felt in a while – before beginning to move the toy in and out. She opened her eyes and looked at the screen, watching the redhead fuck the brunette missionary style. With the visual aid of the two women having sex and the feeling of the dildo inside her, she imagined that Nicole was on top of her, penetrating her.

“Oh, yes baby. Fuck me. Nicole, god you feel so good inside me. Filling up my pussy. Oh fuck.”

The brunette in the video was now whimpering as the redhead moved her hips at an impossibly quick pace, filling the room with wet sounds as the strap-on easily slid in and out of the brunette. The redhead braced herself with her fists on the mattress holding her up as she thrusted her hips, and her triceps slightly bulged out. Waverly imagined Nicole in that exact position, fucking her, with her muscles flexed on display and Waverly running her hands over them.

“Oh, yes baby. Fuck me. Nicole, god you feel so good inside me. Filling up my pussy. Oh fuck.”

“Jesus…Nicole…” Waverly panted as she felt herself nearing the edge. She immediately brought the fingers of her free hand down to her hardened clit and rubbed it as fast as she could. “I’m gonna come…I’m gonna come…oh god…oh my god…holy shit.” Waverly felt her entire body tense up as tightly as it could before it released all of the tension, sending all of that energy shooting straight between her legs. “FUCK, NICOLE!” Waverly screamed as she dropped the hand that was stimulating her clit onto the mattress and balled the sheets into her fist as she arched her back off of
the bed and pulsed tightly around the dildo. Her mouth opened in shock at how intense her orgasm was, and the corners of her mouth turned up into a grin of ecstasy as pleasure coursed through her veins. She dropped back down onto the bed, feeling completely satisfied.

Waverly hit the spacebar, pausing the video. She didn’t even need to finish the last five minutes; she was thoroughly worn out. She slowly closed her eyes as sleep took over.

She lay there for about five minutes before she got too cold from being on top of the covers. She sleepily closed her laptop and set it on the bedside table before getting up to put on a shirt and some shorts and crawling back into bed. She set her alarm, giving herself some time to rest before she had to get ready for her double date tonight.

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Waverly slowly opened her eyes when she heard the sound of her bedroom door opening. She saw a blurry figuring walking towards her, until her eyes adjusted and she saw Wynonna standing next to her bed.

“Sorry baby girl, I just came to get my laptop. Figured you had borrowed it. Keep sleeping.” The older girl said as she grabbed the computer and began to walk back towards the door.

Waverly nodded and closed her eyes as she rolled over onto her stomach to fall back asleep, but her eyes instantly popped open when she realized that she never closed out of the browser. She shot up in the bed and flung the covers off of her body as she ran towards the door.

“Wynonna, wait!” She swung her door open and ran down the stairs to where Wynonna was sitting on the couch, but it was too late. She grimaced as she watched Wynonna open the laptop, and the sounds of very loud moaning blared through the internal speakers.

Wynonna’s eyes widened at the video playing in full screen on her laptop, and she quickly slammed it shut as she rubbed her eyes with her fingers, trying to get the image out of her brain.

“Waverly...” Wynonna said, making it sound almost like a question.

“Yeah?” Waverly replied with her eyebrows pushed together and up, and her lips pursed.

“Next time you borrow my laptop to watch porn, please clear it of any evidence. Especially if the women look this much like you and Haught.” She said as she continued to rub her eyes.

“Sorry. Won’t happen again.”

Wynonna held the laptop out for Waverly to take, and the younger brunette opened it up and quickly exited out of the website before handing it back to her sister with an apologetic look.

Wynonna shook her head at her sister before turning her attention to her laptop. As she rested her fingers on the keyboard, she drew her eyebrows together. “Wait a minute, did you touch my keyboard with sticky fingers?”

“Only the spacebar.” Waverly shrugged.

“Gross, Waverly!” Wynonna whined as she quickly withdrew her hands.

“Calm down, they were dry at that point.”

“But your stuff was still on them! And now it’s on my keyboard!”
Waverly rolled her eyes. “I’ll get a Clorox wipe.”

“You better!”

---

Later that night, Waverly drove to Nicole’s house to pick her up. They sat quietly in the car, enjoying the sound of the radio playing from the speakers, as Nicole drummed along with the song on her lap. She looked out the window and bobbed her head, and Waverly instantly knew there was something she wanted to say, but was holding back.

Waverly glanced at Nicole before looking back at the road. “What?”

Nicole turned her head towards Waverly. “Huh?”

“You look like you want to say something.”

“Nope. Just enjoying the tunes.”

Waverly turned off the radio before placing her hand back on the steering wheel. “I know you, Nicole. What is it?”

“No, it’s none of my business.” She held her hands up.

Waverly knew exactly what Nicole was curious about. “Go ahead, ask me. It involves you too.”

Nicole paused for a moment as she contemplated the best way to start the conversation. “I was just wondering how it went today.”

Waverly nodded, not at all surprised. “It went well. I had a really good time.” She smirked at Nicole and winked.

“Waves, don’t tease me like that. You’re going to make me horny.” Nicole whined.

“Fine, fine. But yeah, it wasn’t as difficult as I thought it was going to be.”

“So, you think you’re ready to use it? I mean, you know, with me?”

Waverly nodded as she smiled at Nicole. “I was thinking about you while I did it, you know.”

“Really?” Nicole beamed.

“Of course. It made it so much hotter. I came so hard that I was dripping all over the mattress…”

“Oh my god, stop.” Nicole shook her head as she dropped her face in her hands, trying her best to get that visual out of her head, considering that they were pulling into Jeremy’s apartment complex.

Waverly chuckled as she pulled into a parking space and put the gear shift in park. “You know, we could always just turn around and go back home. Spend the night having sex instead of playing Cranium…” Waverly said in a sultry voice as she leaned closer towards Nicole and slowly pressed their lips together.

Their mouths glided together for a few seconds before Nicole groaned and reluctantly pulled back.

“We can’t. We’d be shitty friends for dipping out last minute.”

“Yeah, maybe you’re right.” Waverly replied as she innocently walked two fingers up Nicole’s thigh.
“Plus, Jeremy is standing at the front door of the building waving at us…”

Waverly paused just before she got to Nicole’s crotch and sighed as she looked at the door to see her grinning friend. “Fine. But when we get home, you’re all mine.” She grabbed the back of Nicole’s neck and pulled her into a quick kiss before getting out of the car.

“Hey guys! I saw you pull up out the window and figured I’d be polite and meet you at the front door.” Jeremy shrugged with a smile. “Hope I didn’t interrupt anything.”

“We’re used to it.” Nicole shrugged.

“You didn’t, Jeremy. We’re glad you invited us.” Waverly smiled as she hugged the boy.

“Well, come on in. We’ve already got Cranium all set up!”

“Fun…” Nicole replied sarcastically as they followed Jeremy down the hall, and Waverly lightly slapped her in the stomach with the back of her hand.

“Be nice.” She whispered to Nicole with a warning look.

Nicole put her hands up in surrender.

“Hey guys!” Robin said excitedly from where he was sitting at the table. “Hope you brought your art skills.”

“Waverly’s better at drawing than I am. Stick figures are my best friend.” Nicole chuckled as she hung her jacket on the back of her chair and took a seat.

---

About 20 minutes into the game, Robin and Jeremy’s piece was about three-quarters of the way across the board as Waverly and Nicole’s piece was ten spaces behind them. The timer was almost out of sand, and Waverly was quickly shaping the purple clay into a sculpture of a turtle wearing a hat.


“Time’s up!” Jeremy called out with an amused smile on his face.

Waverly threw the clay on the table and narrowed her eyes at Nicole. “Really, Nicole? Purple people eater?”

Nicole raised her hands up in question. “What? It’s purple.”

“Because that’s the color of clay the game came with!”

“Well that’s not my fault! What was that thing even supposed to be?”

“It was a turtle wearing a hat.”

Nicole scoffed. “They must not have turtles here in Purgatory…or hats.”

Waverly smacked Nicole in the arm, and the redhead blocked her as she laughed in amusement.
Robin pulled out a green card and read the instructions. “Hmm, looks like a humdinger. Oh, I love this one!” He flipped the timer over and looked at Jeremy as he began humming.

About three seconds in, Jeremy excitedly shouted, “Good Morning from Singin’ in the Rain!”

“Yes!” Robin exclaimed, and the two high fived.

“How the…” Nicole looked between the two in bewilderment.

“Every other Sunday we eat hotdogs roasted over the gas stove flame while watching one of the most well-known musicals of all time in chronological order.” Jeremy stated as he nodded his head.

“Next week is West Side Story!” Robin stated excitedly, since Leonard Bernstein was one of his favorite composers of all time.

“Why am I not surprised by any part of what you two just said.” Nicole mumbled with a subtle shake of her head.

“Oh, maybe we can watch it together!” Waverly suggested with a big grin on her face.

“Yes! I found the best tofu dogs that actually roast well without looking like burning plastic.” Robin beamed.

“Then count us in!” Waverly exclaimed as she excitedly clapped her hands.

Nicole internally groaned at the thought of having to spend her Sunday off watching a musical. “We’ll bring the vodka.”

“Why vodka?” Jeremy asked with a furrowed brow.

“Because I’m going to need it…”

---

After two more rounds of Cranium – which Waverly and Nicole also lost - the couples said their goodbyes and headed home for the night.

Nicole laid in bed, reading the news on her phone with Calamity Jane curled up at her feet as she waited for Waverly to get out of the bathroom. The brunette walked out, completely naked as she rubbed moisturizer on her arms.

Nicole set her phone down and smirked as she roamed her eyes over Waverly’s body, pausing on specific parts of the girl.

“Hey, my eyes are up here.” Waverly teased.

“Yeah, but your sexy parts are down there.” Nicole replied with raised eyebrows.

Waverly chuckled as she quickly slipped into bed underneath the covers and pressed her body up against Nicole’s. The redhead wrapped her arm around Waverly and hummed as she inhaled a heavenly scent through her nose.

“You smell really good. Is that new?”

Waverly nodded. “Gus gave it to me yesterday. I forgot about it until I found it in my purse. It’s buttercream cupcake scented.”
“Mmm. I love it.”

“I’ll wear it more often then.”

“Please do.” Nicole inhaled again through her nose and moaned in a way that had Waverly slightly squeezing her thighs together.

“So, are you still in the mood from earlier?” Waverly asked with a seductive smile as she brushed her fingers through Nicole’s coarse curls over her mound.

“Mmm.” Nicole hummed as she closed her eyes and smiled at the feeling of Waverly touching her. “I don’t know. I kind of lost the mood when you signed us up to watch that musical next weekend.” She peeked one eye open just in time to see Waverly shaking her head with narrowed eyes.

“Well what if I tell you what I did today? Would that bring the mood back?” She continued to massage Nicole’s pubic bone.

“You mean describing the details of you masturbating?”

Waverly nodded.

“Definitely. The would definitely put me in the mood.”

Waverly chuckled at the excitement of her girlfriend. “Okay, well first, I watched porn.”

“You did?” Nicole’s face lit up at the visual of Waverly getting off while watching porn.

“Mhm.”

“What kind of porn?”

“It was two women. One was a sexy redhead…”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. And the other was and even sexier brunette.”

“Hey!” Nicole complained, causing Waverly to giggle.

“I’m just kidding. They were equally sexy.”

“Continue.”

“Well, first they got naked, taking off one article of clothing at a time while they made out.”

“Oh yeah? Who was on top?”

“The redhead.”

“I see.” Nicole instantly rolled on top of Waverly – causing Calamity Jane to jump off of the bed and run out of the room – and cupped one of her cheeks as she leaned down for a soft kiss before pulling back. “Like this?”

Realizing what Nicole was doing, Waverly smirked as she shook her head. “It was more aggressive than that.”

Nicole smashed her lips against Waverly’s before opening her mouth and forcing her tongue inside
as their open mouths continued to messily glide against one another’s. Waverly whimpered at the unexpected initial contact and wrapped her arms around the back of Nicole’s neck.

They stayed like that for a couple of minutes, until Nicole pulled back, gasping for air. “How was that?” She panted out of her red, swollen lips.

“Perfect.” Waverly replied in a similar manner.

“Then what happened?”

“I began to touch myself, like this…”

Waverly reached down between their bodies and began to draw slow circles around Nicole’s clit.

“Oh, fuck.” Nicole dropped her head beside Waverly’s and onto her forearm as she rocked her hips against Waverly’s hand.

“And I did it while touching my nipples, like this.”

Nicole lifted her head up and watched Waverly rub and pinch one of her nipples with her free hand. She brought her hand down to Waverly’s clit and mirrored the brunette’s movements on her.

“Mmm, that’s good.” Waverly hummed with a smile.

It wasn’t long before they were picking up their pace, and soon they reached their orgasms. Nicole climaxed first, with Waverly following closely behind, until the waves of pleasure subsided.

“Was that it?” Nicole whispered, hoping the answer was anything but ‘yes’.

With her eyes closed as she recovered from her orgasm, Waverly shook her head. “Then the redhead went down on the brunette.”

With eagerness, Nicole moved down Waverly’s body and settled between the girl’s legs. She brought her lips to Waverly’s clit and immediately began sucking, carefully pulling the nub between her teeth.

With a strong jolt of her hips, Waverly’s eyes shot open and she quickly crawled away from Nicole’s lips sucking harshly on her sensitive bud.

“Agh, too much. Too much.” Waverly panted as she winced in slight pain.

Nicole looked at Waverly with sympathetic eyes as she gently rubbed one hand along the outside of her thigh as the other one rested on the top of her hip bone. “Oh, baby. Sorry. I got excited. Are you okay?”

Waverly nodded. “I just need a minute to recover before I’m ready for that again.” She blew out a deep breath from her mouth in the shape of an ‘O’ as she pulled back on the skin over her pubic bone and looked down at her sensitive red bud poking out from underneath its hood before laying back down on the pillow.

Nicole continued to lovingly caress Waverly’s thigh as she patiently waited to resume her previous task.

“Okay, I’m good.” Waverly nodded at the redhead as she swallowed thickly.

Nicole slowly licked her tongue up Waverly’s folds a few times before circling it around her clit.
“This okay?”

“Mhm.” Waverly hummed as she closed her eyes and brought her hands down to Nicole’s head. With her head relaxed back into the pillow, she spread her legs a little wider and undulated her hips in a way that would have anyone guessing that she was a dancer.

Nicole hummed against Waverly’s center at the taste of her on her tongue. “You taste good.”

“Do I?”

“Mhm.” Nicole continued swirling her tongue around. “I can smell the buttercream cupcake on your thighs as I taste you. Makes it sweeter.”

“Well then I’ll definitely have to wear this moisturizer more often.” As soon as Waverly finished her sentence, Nicole increased her pressure against Waverly’s clit and the brunette let out a guttural groan.

“Did the redhead in the porn video do anything else?” Nicole asked as she looked up at Waverly while continuing her ministrations.

“She pushed two fingers inside.” Waverly whispered.

Nicole smirked as she brought two fingers up and slowly entered Waverly before pumping them.

“Ungh, faster.”

Waverly pushed Nicole’s head down against her as she rocked her hips into her face. “Ohhh yeah. Yes, yes, yes. Just like that baby.”

Nicole moaned in response, and vibrations sent Waverly hurtling into her climax, filling the room with whimpers and obscenities. Nicole crawled up Waverly’s body, bringing the covers up over them, before forcing her tongue inside the brunette’s mouth and against her own. They sloppily kissed for a few seconds as Waverly squeezed her hands around Nicole’s biceps holding her up.

“Hmm, what happened next.” Nicole asked when they pulled apart.

Waverly shifted her eyes uncomfortably. “Um, they used the strap-on. But I left it at the homestead…”

Nicole shook her head before giving a reassuring smile. “That’s okay.”

“But maybe tomorrow night we can use it?”

“Waves, I don’t want you to feel like we have to. If you want to use it a little more on yourself before adding me into the mix, that’s perfectly fine.”

“I know. I want to though.” Waverly replied as she slowly dragged her short nails up and down Nicole’s back.

Nicole expelled a shuddering breath with a smile. “Well in that case, it’s a date.”

“Good.” Waverly grinned as she ran her fingers all the way down to Nicole’s backside before squeezing her firm cheeks and giving one side a firm slap, eliciting a low moan from the redhead.

“But for now…” Waverly smoothly flipped them over so that she was on top of Nicole. “It’s my turn to taste you.”
She slid down underneath the covers and Nicole relaxed back into the mattress with a giddy grin as she rested one hand on top of Waverly’s head moving underneath the blanket and the other above her to grip the headboard.

Chapter End Notes

New chapter next week! You already know what it will be about, so prepare for some sexy WayHaught strap-on sex!
Waverly wrapped a towel around her wet body before wrapping a smaller one around her hair. She stepped out of the bathroom to find Nicole sitting up in the bed, looking at her phone.

“Sorry baby, did I wake you?” Waverly asked as she walked towards the redhead. She had to get to work a couple of hours earlier than the officer.

Nicole shook her head. “Nope. My alarm went off a few minutes ago. I’m about to do a workout.”

“Oh yeah?” Waverly crawled onto her own side of the bed that still had a slight dip in it from where she slept. “Is it like the workout we did last night?” She smirked before stealing a kiss from the redhead, which earned her a dimpled smile.

“Sadly, no. This workout isn’t as much fun.”

“How sad for you.” Waverly teased as she sat back on her heels and rested her hands on the mattress by her sides.

“I know. But I’m excited for our workout tonight.” Nicole waggled her eyebrows. “Are we still on for that?”

“Oh, you mean hot and sweaty strap-on sex where you fuck me so hard that I can’t walk the next day? You bet!”

Nicole stared at Waverly with unblinking eyes and her mouth slightly opened. “Well shit! How am I supposed to be patient when you say it like that?!?”

Waverly shrugged. “You’ll figure it out, officer.”
“No. No, no, no.” Nicole shook her head fervently. “Don’t you dare start calling me officer in your sexy voice. You’ve already made me horny, that’ll just make it worse.” She whined.

“Okay, okay. Fine. I won’t call you officer.” Waverly held her hands up in defense as she pushed herself up from the bed.

“Thank you.” Nicole turned her attention back to the news app on her phone, when she noticed Waverly out of the corner of her eye doing a sexy little strip tease with her towels, starting with removing the one from her head and flipping her wet hair. She looked up just in time to see the brunette turn around and drop her towel on the floor around her ankles, exposing the entire backside of her body to the redhead. Nicole watched attentively as she swallowed thickly.

“Oh, weee.” Waverly said innocently. She slowly bent over to pick up the towel, looking back over her shoulder with a smirk to make sure Nicole was watching.


“What? I dropped my towel.” Waverly shrugged as she wrapped the towel back around her bare chest with her hair dripping over one shoulder.

Nicole shook her head and bit her bottom lip as she slipped out of bed, wearing absolutely nothing from the night before. She walked over towards Waverly, who was looking up and down the taller woman’s exposed body in appreciation.

“If you keep teasing me like that, then I won’t be able to wait until tonight.” Nicole said in a strict tone as she yanked the towel off of Waverly’s body and pushed her backwards onto the bed.

Waverly fell back with a surprised gasp as she bounced a couple of times. She opened her legs a bit as Nicole crawled in between them, stopping her knee a few centimeters away from Waverly’s center as she looked into the smaller girl’s eyes with authority. Waverly gulped as she felt her heart pounding in her chest. She took in a deep breath, building up her confidence to put on display.

“And what if I don’t want you to wait?” Waverly countered in a sultry voice as she propped herself up on her elbows, pushing her face closer to Nicole’s and ghosting her fingertips up one of Nicole’s strong arms that were being used to hold her body up.

Nicole flitted her eyes down to Waverly’s lips as she slowly leaned in closer. Just before their lips made contact, she trailed her eyes back up to Waverly’s and said, “That’s what I had hoped you’d say.” She smirked before pushing herself off of the bed and walking over to the dresser to put on some workout clothes.

Waverly watched the redhead with her eyebrows drawn together in confusion. “Wait, what just happened?”

Nicole shrugged as she smiled over her shoulder. “I want you to be extra ready for me tonight, so no sex until then.”

“Wait, what?! Nicole! Ugh!” Waverly groaned as she dropped her torso down onto the bed and crossed her legs in agony as she slightly rolled back and forth with her hands on her head. “You just made me so horny!”

“That was the point.” Nicole chuckled. “This way, you’ll be damn-near begging me by the time tonight rolls around.”

Waverly just groaned as she shook her head. “You’re so cruel.”
“And you better not get yourself off. I mean it.” Nicole warned with a stern finger pointed in front of her. “Complete abstinence until tonight, understand?”

“Fine.” Waverly sighed as she sat up on the bed. “But you too, right?”

Nicole nodded her head.

“Good.” Waverly grinned mischievously as she headed towards the bathroom to put her makeup on.

“Wait, what does that mean?” Nicole asked with a quirked eyebrow.

Waverly poked her head out of the bathroom and around the doorframe. “Oh, nothing. It just means that I have a different outfit in mind for work today.” Waverly smiled as she closed the bathroom door.

Nicole chuckled with a slight smile as she shook her head and made her way downstairs to begin her workout routine.

She pushed extra hard, wanting her muscles to be bulging a bit more by the end of the workout, knowing just how much it would drive the brunette crazy. The extra sweat didn’t hurt either. She even continued to do an extra 15 minutes of training until she saw Waverly trotting down the stairs.

Nicole blew a strand of stray hair out of her eyes that had fallen out of her ponytail as she did her push ups. She looked up at the brunette walking towards her and smiled to herself as she slowly dropped down in plank position before pushing herself back up.

“Hey baby. Don’t mind me, I’m just getting a few more push ups in.”

Waverly nodded as she watched the redhead with attentive eyes. She eyed Nicole’s prominent back and shoulder muscles that showed through her tight tank top. Nicole pushed herself up into a standing position and stood with her hands on her hips. Waverly watched the bead of sweat that slowly dripped down Nicole’s neck and onto her chest, disappearing down the valley between her breasts that looked a little bit fuller from working out her chest muscles. She audibly swallowed as she got lost in all thoughts of taking Nicole straight to bed.

“Everything alright there?” Nicole asked with a furrowed brow.

Waverly looked up from Nicole’s chest and shook her head. “I hate you. So much.”

Nicole chuckled as she shrugged. “You only have to wait until tonight.”

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever.” Waverly gave Nicole a quick peck on the cheek and said her goodbyes before grabbing her purse and walking to her Jeep.

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Waverly walked into the coffee shop wearing a sheer black long-sleeved top over a black bra, a tight mini skirt, and thigh high boots.

“Wow.” Darren said in shock as his wide eyes roamed up and down Waverly’s outfit.

“This isn’t for you, just so you know.” Waverly stated matter-of-factly.

“I figured just as much. Let me guess, you and Nicole have plans later?” He smirked.

“Something like that.” Waverly smiled as she put her apron on, covering the front of the sheer top.
What he didn’t know, was that the outfit was more for her surprise visit to the police station that she had planned to make during her lunch break, since their later plans didn’t involve clothes at all…but he didn’t need to know that.

“Doesn’t mean I can’t enjoy the view, right?” Darren said teasingly as he looked at her exposed thighs.

Waverly smacked him in the back of the head. “Um, only if you want me to tell Chrissy that you spent all day fantasizing about her gay best friend.”

He put his hands up in defense. “Then I will keep my eyes where they belong.”

“Good.” She gave a curt nod. “And I thought you said I was like a little sister…”

“Yeah, but when you wear an outfit like that my brain forgets that I’ve known you since elementary school, and I start thinking with other parts…” He pointed downward.

Waverly rolled her eyes as she shook her head. “You’re such a guy.”

“Yep, and I’m proud to be one.” He nodded before setting out the pastries in the display window under the counter.

After putting the last cronut on the plate, he walked over to the door to flip the sign to ‘open’ when he noticed the familiar squad car pull up. “Looks like your girlfriend is here for some coffee this morning. It’s been a while since she’s come in.”

Waverly frowned. She hadn’t planned on Nicole seeing her outfit until later. “Yeah, she’s just been getting her free coffee at the station now that she sees me all the time anyways.”

“Then why is she here now?” He asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Can’t my girlfriend want to see me before work?” She folded her arms across her chest.

“Oh, I just assumed you spent the night with her.”

“I did.” Waverly shrugged. “But I guess she wants to see me again.”

He chuckled lightheartedly. “You two can’t go five minutes without each other.”

Nicole opened the door and walked in with a smile on her face, which was quickly replaced by a look of surprise when she saw Waverly’s outfit. “You weren’t wearing that when you left…”

Waverly shrugged as she leaned over the countertop. “I figured after our little conversation this morning, I’d put on something more... appealing.” She smirked.

Nicole pursed her lips with a smile as she shook her head, looking up and down her girlfriend’s body.

“What conversation?” Darren asked from where he stood between the two, completely intrigued.

Nicole glared at the curly-haired man, who began to slowly back away.

“Right, none of my business. I’ll be in the back.” He gave a quick smile and nod before vanishing.

“Are you even wearing anything under that top?” Nicole asked with a quirked eyebrow as she stepped closer to the counter.
“Just my black bra. You know, the one...”

Nicole’s eyes widened. “That one?”

Waverly bit her bottom lip seductively as she nodded. She knew it was Nicole’s favorite bra, since it was her only push up bra and made her boobs look a little bit fuller.

“Um, can I see? Your apron is in the way...” Nicole asked hopefully, eyeing the girl’s chest as if it would suddenly give her x-ray vision.

Waverly shook her head. “Nope.”

“But...” Nicole pouted.

“Maybe later, if you’re good.” The brunette winked.

Nicole sighed. “I hate this game.”

“You’re the one who started it.” Waverly laughed.

“I know, but you weren’t supposed to be the one teasing me!”

“Aw, baby. You only have to wait until tonight.” Waverly quoted Nicole from earlier with a cheeky grin plastered on her face.

Nicole slowly shook her head as she narrowed her eyes at the brunette. “Okay, it’s on. This means war, Waverly Earp.”

Waverly quirked an eyebrow as she watched the officer march towards the door. “Wait, didn’t you want to order something?”

“Nope.” Nicole stated before swiftly walking out the door.

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Nicole sat at her desk as she repeatedly tapped her pen on her papers, trying her best not to think about Waverly in that extremely tight mini skirt. She looked over at the clock…11:13 a.m. She sighed as she turned back around, involuntarily squeezing her thighs together. She desperately wanted to just run off to the bathroom and give herself a quickie to relieve the tension, but she knew that would be cheating. She closed her eyes and took a few meditative deeps breaths as she tapped the pen harder and harder.

“Haught!” Dolls yelled from his desk.

Nicole snapped her eyes open and jumped at the unexpected sound, causing her to knock her coffee over on her desk.

“Fuck!” She yelled in frustration as she pushed her chair back just in time to avoid the coffee spilling onto her pants. She quickly pushed her papers away, effectively moving them from the hot liquid so that the only thing with coffee on it was the top of her desk and the floor.

Dolls looked at her in concern as he walked over towards her. “You alright there?”

Nicole sighed as she ran over to the break room to grab a roll of paper towels before returning with an annoyed look on her face. “I’m fine.” She said shortly as she blotted the mess.
He cocked an eyebrow. “Are you sure? You seem a little tense...”

“I said I’m fine!” She barked, causing him to take a step back.

“Whoa. Someone needs to get laid.”

Nicole pursed her lips and gave him a death glare. *Tell me about it.* “What do you want?”

“I was just going to tell you that Nedley wants someone out on traffic duty. And since he’s out at the bar doing *recon*…” Both he and Nicole rolled their eyes, knowing that was bullshit. “And since Lonnie’s out sick, boss wants one of us here to man the station…or, *woman* the station.”

Nicole gave a curt nod, appreciative of the inclusion.

“Which one do you want?”

Nicole balled up the wet paper towels and tossed them in the small trash can by her desk. “I’ve got a lot of paper work I need to get done here, so you can take it.” She knew Dolls enjoyed getting out of the station in the middle of the day, even for something as boring as traffic duty, and Nicole didn’t mind the chance to finish up her work with some peace and quiet, so it was a win-win. Especially if it would mean her finishing a few minutes early and getting to clock out sooner.

“Okay, sounds good to me.” Dolls grinned before rushing towards the door.

Nicole spread her papers back out on her clean desk and stared at them, when an idea popped into her head. She smirked as she grabbed her phone and walked over towards the bathroom, where she stood in front of the mirror with a smirk on her face and opened her camera app.

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Waverly was wiping down the two small, round white tables in the shop when her phone chimed from the counter where Darren was standing. “Who’s that?” She asked.

Darren looked over at her phone. “Nicole.” He said with a teasing smirk. “Probably some nudes.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “You’re such a child.” She playfully smacked him in the butt with her rag before picking up her phone and opening the message.

**Nicole:** Payback’s a bitch…

She scrunched her eyebrows together.

“Was I right?” Darren asked with an excited grin.

“No.” Waverly replied dryly as she stared at her phone, waiting for a new message to come in that explained the previous one. She had no idea what to expect, or what Nicole’s text meant. Just then, her phone chimed again, and a selfie of Nicole in her full uniform, sporting her signature cute dimpled smile popped up.

Waverly smiled at the picture, typing out a response, when another picture popped up. This one was a similar picture, but Nicole was now missing the blue shirt and was instead in a dark blue, full cup bra with her tie and uniform pants. Instead of her cute smile, she now had a devilish smirk on her face, and Waverly’s eyes widened.

A few seconds later, a third picture popped up. This time Nicole was missing her pants, showing her matching blue lace hipsters – the one’s Waverly loved because they accentuated the roundness of...
Nicole’s ass.

“Oh, come on.” Waverly whispered to herself as she shook her head.

Assuming that was the last of it, Waverly began to type, but received another picture. Nicole was now only wearing the tie, and the panties. Her full breasts were on display, showing her hardened nipples, and her hand was tangled in her tousled hair as she bit her bottom lip, purposely posing in a sexy manner that she knew would send a chill shooting down Waverly’s spine.

The brunette’s breath hitched as she nearly dropped her phone. She stared intently at the screen, studying her girlfriend’s body. She felt a strong ache between her legs, and desperately hoped that Nicole wouldn’t take that picture any farther. Because if she received a completely nude picture of the tall, redheaded officer, she’d lose her mind.

Waverly: Nicole Rayleigh Haught, you better not send me any more sexy pictures, or you’re gonna be in so much trouble!!!

Nicole: ;)

Waverly gulped at her phone. She didn’t know what the winky face meant, but she had hoped it meant that Nicole was done with her “payback”. She sighed in relief when a couple of minutes passed by and she hadn’t received any more pictures. But just when she had placed her phone back on the counter, it chimed again.

“Man, how many messages is she going to send you? Your phone’s been dingding like crazy.” Darren said as he shook his head and continued cleaning the appliances.

Waverly swallowed thickly as she opened the text, and noticed that it was a video. She didn’t know what it was going to be, since the thumbnail only showed Nicole’s face. She debated whether or not to even play it, but knew her curiosity was going to get the best of her anyway.

“I’m taking a quick bathroom break. Watch for customers.” She said to Darren as she quickly rushed towards the bathroom and locked the door behind her.

Waverly closed the toilet lid and sat down as she looked at her phone in her lap and took a deep breath before hitting ‘play’.

“Hey baby.” Nicole said in a breathy tone as she pulled the camera farther away from her face to show her full torso. She squeezed one of her breasts as a small moan escaped the back of her throat.

Waverly sharply inhaled through her nose and clenched her jaw. She wanted to look away, but she couldn’t. Her eyes were glued to the screen.

Nicole moved her hand between her breasts and slid it down her body, with the camera following, until she reached coarse, red curls, showing that she was wearing absolutely nothing on her body; not even the tie.

Waverly gulped.

“My pussy is wet for you baby.” Nicole said in a seductive voice as she used two fingers to spread her folds, showing Waverly just how aroused she was.

“ Fucking hell!” Waverly shouted. A few seconds later she heard a knock on the door, and quickly paused the video.
“Are you alright in there?” Darren asked through the door.

“Uh, yeah, everything’s fine! Just... clothing emergency. Had to fix my bra and it got stuck.” She cringed, hoping he would believe that excuse. But knowing Darren, he more than likely wouldn’t question it.

“Oh, okay. Let me know if you need any help.” There was a moment of silence before he continued in a much louder tone. “I mean, not like that! I just mean... you know...”

“Got it. Thanks!” Waverly quickly said, just wanting him to leave.

“Okay, cool.” He replied awkwardly before walking back out into the main part of the coffee shop.

Waverly let out a deep breath before continuing the video.

After showing her completely soaked center and swollen clit, Nicole panned the camera back up. “Don’t worry baby, I won’t touch myself because I know that would be cheating. And remember, you can’t either! Love you, and I can’t wait to see you tonight.” She ended the video with a sexy wink.

Waverly sat there, staring at her phone in disbelief. She couldn’t believe how daring Nicole was for recording that video in the bathroom of her place of work, and she really couldn’t believe how cruel the redhead was for sending it to her while she was at her place of work. She dialed Nicole’s number and put the phone up to her ear.

“Did you get my messages baby?” Nicole said in an amused voice as soon as she answered.

“You really suck, do you know that?” Waverly replied, slightly annoyed.

“Actually, I’m not the best at sucking. But licking is something that—”

“Nicole!” Waverly interrupted. She rolled her eyes when she heard the sound of laughter on the other end of the line. “I am so getting you back for this.”

“Oh really?” Nicole replied.

Waverly could practically see the smug look on Nicole’s face. “Officer Haught, you’re in for a surprise.”

“Can’t wait.” Nicole chuckled.

“You won’t have to.” Waverly said with a smirk. Before Nicole could respond, she hung up the phone. She pushed the bathroom door open so hard that the handle slammed against the wall as she rushed out.

“Whooa, where’s the fire?” Darren said with a confused look on his face.

“I’m going on lunch break.” She pulled the apron over her head, not even bothering to look at him. “Be back in an hour or so. Watch the shop.”

“Uh, okay.” He shrugged. He was used to Waverly taking her lunch breaks first since she was technically his manager, and he didn’t mind letting her take her break first.

Waverly hopped into her Jeep as she mumbled to herself. “Payback’s a bitch... Hmph. She won’t even know what’s coming.” She lifted her butt off of the seat as she slid her panties down her thighs and placed them in the glove compartment before starting the car and speeding straight towards the
Nicole read over a file as she brought her mug of freshly brewed coffee up to her lips. As soon as she carefully took a sip, Waverly barged through the front door, startling Nicole and causing her to take too big of a sip, and marched straight towards Nicole’s desk with a smirk on her face.

Nicole hissed in pain as she quickly pulled the mug away from her mouth and struggled to swallow the burning liquid. “Waverly, you made me burn my tongue!” She complained as she touched her tongue with her fingers.

“Shut up.” Waverly demanded as she swiftly turned Nicole’s chair around.

Nicole looked over her girlfriend’s body, finally getting a full view of the brunette’s outfit, and looked around the station in hesitation when Waverly began to sit sideways on her lap, even though she knew that nobody was there. “Uh, Waves, I don’t think this is appropriate.”

“And sending me nudes is?” Waverly retorted as she crossed her legs at the knees to balance herself better and wrapped her arms around Nicole’s neck. “You’re very naughty, Officer Haught.” She leaned down and placed tender kisses along Nicole’s neck, causing the redhead to shudder.

“Waverly, I…” Nicole dropped her head back and sighed as she felt goosebumps take over her entire body as she felt a strong flutter in the pit of her stomach. “I can’t do this right now. I’m at work.”

Waverly pulled back and narrowed her eyes at the redhead. “Oh, you’re not doing anything. It’s my turn to torture you now.” She slid off of Nicole’s lap and stood up facing the officer as she grabbed her knees and spread them apart. With her hands still on Nicole’s knees, Waverly hovered her face impossibly close to Nicole’s chest and slowly dropped down into a kneeling position so that her face was just inches away from Nicole’s crotch as she looked up with sultry eyes.

“Whoa, what are you doing?” Nicole asked as she scooted back in her chair to get herself as far away from Waverly as possible, but she was stopped by the back of the chair hitting the desk.

“I’m teasing you, the way you did to me.” Waverly smirked as she slowly ran her hands up the tops of Nicole’s thighs and licked her lips, stopping just below the officer’s crotch with her thumbs pressing on her inner thighs.

“Fuck, Waves.” Nicole groaned as she squirmed in her seat.

“Do you know how much you turned me on with your little stunt?” Waverly asked in a low, almost scary tone of voice as she stood up and swung a leg over so that she was straddling Nicole’s lap.

Nicole audibly swallowed as she shook her head.

A devilish grin formed on Waverly’s face and she wrapped one hand behind Nicole’s head, forcefully grabbing the hair that was tangled between her fingers, and grabbed Nicole’s hand with the other. She brought Nicole’s hand up to cup one of her breasts over the sheer top before pushing it down her body. When she reached her skirt, she guided Nicole’s hand underneath it between her legs, and forced her fingers to run up and down her slick center, feeling just how turned on she was.

Nicole’s mouth fell open and she gasped as her eyes widened at the feeling of her fingers running through the pool of arousal between Waverly’s exposed folds. She watched Waverly’s eyes flutter shut and her head drop back in pleasure. “Fuck.” Was all the redhead managed to breath out.
Almost as soon as it started, it was over as Waverly removed Nicole’s hand. When she saw the redhead bringing her coated fingers up towards her lips, Waverly grabbed them and sucked on them as she shook her head. She slowly slid her lips up Nicole’s fingertips until she released them with a loud *pop* and leaned in towards Nicole’s ear.

“You don’t get to taste me until we’re in your bedroom, making passionate love and fucking each other until the sun comes up. Until the room smells entirely of sex, and you’ve had so many orgasms that your pussy can’t even move anymore, because it’s that sensitive.” Waverly slightly nipped at Nicole’s earlobe as she tightened her grip around the red hair in her fist.

A shiver ran down Nicole’s spine as her breath hitched. She felt a gush of arousal shooting between her legs, and she knew her panties were completely soaked.

Waverly released Nicole’s hair and stood up from her lap. She placed her hands on the arms of Nicole’s chair and slowly leaned down with a look on her face that both aroused and terrified Nicole.

“Try to retaliate, and I’ll tie you to the bed while you spend the entire night begging me to touch you. Understand?”

Nicole nodded with wide eyes.

“I won this game.”

Nicole nodded again, but this time more fervently.

“Say it.” Waverly demanded.

“You won. You so fucking won.”

Waverly smirked as she slowly leaned closer towards Nicole’s face with their lips just millimeters apart, to where Nicole could feel her hot breath. “That’s right.” She said before standing upright with a bright smile on her face.

“See you tonight baby!” Waverly said in her usual high-pitched voice as she skipped towards the door and out of the station.

Nicole sat slumped in her chair as she stared at the closed door in confusion. She furrowed her brow and shook her head. “What the fuck just happened?”

---

As soon as Waverly got off work, she ran to her car and drove as quickly as she could down the road. She had gotten about halfway home when she saw flashing lights in her rearview mirror. Assuming that it was Nicole, she quickly pulled over and fixed her hair in the mirror, hoping that this was some sort of roleplay scene again. She rolled down her window and grinned when she looked over at the officer approaching her window, but frowned when she saw that it was Dolls.

“Oh, it’s you.” She said flatly.

“Waverly, do you have any idea how fast you were going?”

“Honestly, I don’t.” She shrugged.

“I clocked you going 62 in a 35…”

“Really? Maybe I should be a NASCAR driver.” She teased as she nudged him with her elbow and
sported a wide open-mouthed grin on her face, but he just stood there looking unamused.

“This isn’t a joke. There are speed limits in place for a reason. With the sharp curves of this road, you could’ve hurt someone, especially yourself.”

Waverly sighed. “Okay, I’m sorry. I was just in a hurry.”

“Yeah, I can see that.”

“So, if you’re going to give me a ticket, can you just do it quickly? I’m really in a hurry.” She gave him a knowing look, hoping he would see that she had places to be.

He furrowed his brow when he noticed her leg bouncing up and down impatiently. “Look, I’m not going to write you a ticket. Not because you’re my friend and I’m showing favoritism, but because I don’t have time. I’ve got to head back since Haught just left the station. And quite frankly, I don’t really want to deal with the extra paperwork…”

“Nicole left already?!” Waverly shouted.

“Uh huh…” Dolls replied slowly with a quirked eyebrow.

“Shit, I’m running behind.” She mumbled to herself.

Dolls furrowed his brow as he shook his head and waved his hand in front of him. “Look, whatever you’re up to, just be safe, okay? No more speeding.”

“Do you mean be safe in like a sex way, or like a police officer way?” Waverly questioned curiously.

He stared at her in silence for a few moments. “Well, I meant it in a way of ‘drive carefully’, but now that I get the feeling that you’re rushing home to some X-rated plans with Haught, I guess it works either way…”

Waverly blushed as she avoided eye contact and shrunk in her seat, tightly gripping the steering wheel. “Please don’t tell Nicole about this. She gets uncomfortable with people knowing about our sex life. Well, I guess unless it’s Wynonna…or she’s drunk…”

“Hey, as long as she shows up to work tomorrow in the super good mood I expect she’ll be in, I won’t say a word.”

“Deal.” Waverly said with a curt nod.

“Alright, well I’ll let you get going. But seriously Waverly, no speeding.”

“Okay.” She nodded in understanding.

Dolls patted the roof of her car a couple of times before strolling off to the squad car. When he got in, he saw Waverly’s red Jeep start to drive slowly before accelerating down the road. He shook his head as he chuckled, fading out into a sigh. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and checked for any new Tinder messages before heading back to the station.

As soon as Waverly got to the homestead, she rushed inside.

“Whoa, what’s with the Rihanna costume?” Wynonna asked from the couch where she was comfortably sitting with a small pillow behind her back and reading a pregnancy book.
Waverly ignored her, zipping past the older brunette and running up the stairs to her bedroom. She grabbed a bag and stuffed a few things in there – including the dildo, lube, and some clothes – before running back downstairs. She walked over to Wynonna, who looked at her with a quirked eyebrow.

“Staying at Nicole’s again. Text if you need anything. Love you! Bye!” Waverly said the words so quickly that it all sounded like one sentence as she gave Wynonna a quick kiss on the cheek before rushing out the door.

Wynonna shook her head at her sister with an amused look before looking down at her baby bump that she was gently rubbing. “She’s crazy, isn’t she? But that means that daddy gets to come over again tonight, and you get rocked to sleep again. Yay!” She said in a high-pitched baby voice before sending a quick text to Doc. As soon as it sent, she picked her book back up and continued where she had left off as she soothingly rubbed her belly.

As Waverly drove down the road, she called Nicole, who almost immediately answered the phone. “Hey, I’m on the way.”

“Thank god.” Nicole replied from her kitchen, where she was pouring food into Calamity Jane’s bowl.

“Am I terrible for leaving my pregnant sister home alone to have hot sex with my girlfriend two nights in a row?”

“Absolutely not. Because your pregnant sister’s full-mustached cowboy-esque booty call is probably on the way over to the homestead as we speak.”

“True. Thank you. I needed that reassurance in order to not feel guilty about all of the things I’m about to do to you.”

Nicole groaned. “Waves, please hurry. I don’t know how much longer I can take this torture.”

“I’ll be there in five…maybe less.” Waverly said as she looked at her speedometer creeping higher and higher.

“Okay. I’ll see you soon.”

“See you soon.” Waverly dropped the phone on the seat next to her as she gripped the steering wheel, focusing on making it to Nicole’s house as quickly as possible in one piece.

Waverly braked so hard in Nicole’s driveway that her tires squealed. She turned off the ignition as she simultaneously unbuckled her seatbelt and snatched her bag and phone from the seat before getting out of the car. She rushed up to the front door and turned the handle, grateful that Nicole was smart enough to unlock it beforehand, as she walked through the door. She looked around the house, hoping to spot red hair.

“I’m here!” Waverly called out.

Nicole came running from the kitchen and immediately slammed the door shut as she grabbed Waverly by the waist, pulling her into a searing kiss. She took the bag from Waverly’s hand and dropped it on the floor as she took Waverly’s now-empty hands and brought them up to wrap around the sides of her neck.

“The dildo…is in…that bag…” Waverly explained between kisses.

Without breaking the kiss, Nicole blindly reached down and picked the bag back up, slinging it over
her own shoulder as she spun them around and began to walk them towards the stairs.

“I’m so fucking horny.” Nicole groaned in a breathy tone before reconnecting their lips. She grabbed onto the handrail with one hand while protectively holding Waverly with her other hand on the small of her back as the two tried to walk up the stairs while kissing.

About halfway up, Waverly stumbled trying to go backwards up one of the steps, and Nicole gently guided them both down. Waverly laid on the stairs with Nicole on top of her, who was still kissing her like she was getting a little taste of heaven for the first time. The kisses were hungry, and desperate, and a little sloppy, and Waverly was obsessed.

Nicole finally pulled out of the kiss and threw the bag up the stairs so that it was out of the way before looking down at Waverly with full, plump lips and wanting eyes. Her pupils were completely dilated, and her chest was quickly rising and falling from her heavy breathing. She looked down at the sheer top covering Waverly’s torso, creating a barrier between her eyes and the bra she loved so much. She bunched the material in her hands as she looked up into Waverly’s eyes.

“Was this expensive?”

Waverly shook her head. “Three dollars at the thrift store.”

“I’ll find you a new one.” Nicole said with questioning eyes.

As soon as Waverly understood what Nicole was silently asking, she nodded, and Nicole immediately ripped the sheer top open, exposing Waverly’s black push up bra.

“Shit.” Nicole whispered with a smile as she brought a hand up to cup one of Waverly’s breasts. She lowered her head to kiss the tops of them that spilled out of the cups.

Waverly gasped as she dropped her head back and gently rested her hand on the back of Nicole’s head, but as soon as she touched her, Nicole lifted her head up.

“God, I want you so badly.” Nicole whined as she dragged her freshly cut nails down Waverly’s bare sides, eliciting a moan from the smaller woman.

“Please.” Waverly whispered as she writhed beneath the officer.

Nicole nodded and pushed herself up, pulling the brunette up with her. Waverly discarded the torn sheer top onto the stairs before taking Nicole’s hand, who dragged her up to the bedroom, kicking the bag inside as they went. When they got in the room, she pulled Waverly towards the bed, but Waverly resisted and instead pulled Nicole back as she leaned against the closed door. Nicole looked back at her with questioning eyes.

“No, here.” Waverly whispered.

Nicole nodded and walked back over to stand in front of Waverly. She leaned in to kiss her again, but Waverly grabbed the top of her head and pushed her down onto her knees.

Without needing any further instruction, Nicole immediately lifted up Waverly’s skirt and hooked her fingers around the waistband of her panties, slowly pulling them down as she looked up with greedy eyes, until the garment was completely off. Without breaking eye contact, she slowly leaned in and began kissing Waverly’s mound.

Waverly shuddered as she watched Nicole’s lips placing soft kisses around her pubic bone. When she felt the woman’s warm tongue make contact with her clit, she drew her eyebrows together and
dropped her jaw as she threw her head back against the door, letting out a sharp gasp. She tightly gripped the back of Nicole’s head with both hands and simultaneously thrust her hips.

“Oh yeah” She moaned, followed by a few high-pitched whimpers. “S-so…good.” She choked out as she began to rock her hips harder, creating more pressure against Nicole’s tongue.

Nicole grabbed Waverly’s leg and hooked it over her shoulder, providing her with a better angle to push her tongue inside the brunette’s entrance, and Waverly completely lost it.

“Oh my god, Nicole!” Waverly moaned in disbelief as she slammed one of her fists back on the door beside her and grabbed a fistful of her own hair with the other. “Fuck, what are you doing to me…” She whined.

Nicole smiled and let out a breathy chuckle through her nose as she continued to push her tongue inside of Waverly. A few moments later, she gently replaced her tongue with two fingers, eliciting a deep sigh of ecstasy from Waverly, and moved her tongue back up to the brunette’s clit as she flicked across it with fast strokes of the tip of her tongue. She held her fingers deep inside Waverly as she continued to move her tongue, before slowly moving them in and out.

“Oh yeah, holy fuck” Waverly said in a breathy tone.

Nicole continued this repeated pattern of stilling her fingers, then thrusting them slowly a couple of times as the quick movements of her tongue remained consistent. When she felt Waverly’s walls give a few warning contractions, letting her know that she was close, she pushed her two fingers deep inside and wiggled her fingertips as she drew large, quick circles around Waverly’s engorged clit.

“Holy shit! Holy Fuck! Yes!” Waverly moaned at the top of her lungs as her orgasm rapidly approached. She quickly grabbed onto Nicole’s head for support.

Nicole felt Waverly’s walls clench tighter and tighter around her fingers, like a vise, until they let go in an explosion of contractions. She continued to lick her bundle of nerves until her hips slowed down their rocking movement, and her grip on Nicole’s hair loosened.

Waverly dropped her leg from Nicole’s shoulder and slid her back down the door as her knees gave out, and she dropped to the floor. Nicole placed tender kisses all over her neck and face until she regained her strength.

Waverly smiled and let out a breathy chuckle as she shook her head in disbelief. She grabbed the sides of Nicole’s face. “I love you.” She gave Nicole a kiss on the forehead. “I love you.” She kissed her cheek. “I love you.” Then the other cheek. “I love you, love you, love you.” She gave a quick kiss on Nicole’s lips before pulling back with a grin. “God that was amazing.”

Nicole smiled as she pushed a strand of hair behind Waverly’s ear. “Good.” She leaned in and gave Waverly a delicate kiss, with the brunette’s lips holding on for as long as possible as Nicole pulled away. “And I don’t mean to sound all needy, but I’m still really horny.”

Waverly nodded her head. “Right. We need to fix that.” She pushed Nicole down onto the wooden floor so that she was laying on her back and straddled her hips as she unbuckled her belt.

“Let’s get you off, Officer Haught.” Waverly smirked with a wink.

She quickly unbuttoned Nicole’s slacks and pushed them down, revealing her hipsters with an obvious wet spot on the crotch. Waverly clicked her tongue against her teeth. “These are completely ruined.” She shook her head. “No matter. They’ll dry later.” She yanked the underwear down and pulled them - along with Nicole’s pants - completely off before settling her face between the officer’s
thighs.

“Hmm, someone’s hard for me.” She gently ran the pad of her index finger over Nicole’s swollen clit, and the redhead sucked in a large amount of air as she dropped her head down onto the floor.

“Fuck!” Nicole canted her hips up into Waverly’s finger.

“Hmm, there’s just so much of a mess to clean up. Where do I even start?” Waverly said teasingly as she tried to hold back her smile at Nicole’s obvious annoyance.

“Anywhere. You can start literally anywhere. I just need to be touched.” Nicole whined as she writhed on the floor.

“Hmm, well, I can start here by sucking you off…” She leaned down and attached her lips to Nicole’s clit as she began sucking.

“Yes. Fuck, yes.” Nicole grunted as she rocked her hips up into Waverly’s face.

Waverly detached her lips and sat up, enjoying the whimper that came from the redhead beneath her.

“Or I can start here by fucking you…” She slipped two fingers inside Nicole’s entrance, and the officer inhaled sharply through her nose.

“Ungh, Waves.” Nicole moaned as she brought her palms up to her forehead and began panting in sync with Waverly’s thrusts.

Waverly removed her fingers, and Nicole groaned.

“Which one, which one…”

Nicole propped herself up on one elbow and wrapped her free hand around the back of Waverly’s head as she pulled her into a rough kiss. The two dropped down with Waverly passionately kissing Nicole, until the redhead pushed her off.

“Both.” She instructed authoritatively before pushing Waverly down between her legs.

“You want me to suck your clit while I fuck you?” Waverly asked as she looked down at Nicole’s swollen, pink folds and licked her lips.

“Yes. Right now.” Nicole demanded in a harsher tone, sending a chill down Waverly’s spine.

“Yes, officer.”

Waverly dropped her head down and immediately began sucking as she pushed her fingers inside the redhead’s tight entrance.

“Oh yeah, baby. Just like that. Ohhhh yeah.”

Nicole watched Waverly’s head bobbing up and down for a few seconds before she rested her head against the floor and closed her eyes. She brought her hands down to Waverly’s soft, brunette locks as she blew out a long puff of air, relieved to finally be getting some after an excruciatingly long day of painful teasing. She knew she wasn’t going to last long from the very beginning, but she didn’t care. They had all night to make love.

“Unghh, shit” Nicole moaned as she felt herself falling over the edge into her climax.
Waverly hummed at the amount of arousal coating her fingers as she continued to gently suck on Nicole until the redhead couldn’t take it any longer. She released Nicole’s clit, and brought her fingers up to her lips as she sucked on them.

“You know how my favorite thing to eat is sweet and sour soup with a dollop of peanut butter?” Waverly asked.

Nicole looked up at the brunette with a quirked eyebrow. “Yeah?”

“That’s a lie. My favorite thing to eat is you, but I’d never tell anyone else that.” She said with a playful grin.

“So, lasagna is actually just your third favorite?”

Waverly nodded with a smile that touched her cheeks.

“Good to know.” Nicole grinned as she sat up and leaned her back against the door with Waverly following suit.

Waverly hooked her arm around Nicole’s and leaned her head on her shoulder as she looked at the bag that she had brought. “So, are you ready to use the strap-on, or do you need a few more minutes?”

“I’m good. Are you ready?”

Waverly picked her head up and smiled at Nicole.

“Alright then. I’ll put it on.”

Nicole stood up and helped Waverly up off the floor before grabbing the bag and pulling out the dildo. She walked over to her closet and picked out the harness with the straps and put the dildo in place before stepping inside the harness and pulling the straps up over her hips. She unbuttoned her shirt and unhooked her bra as she watched Waverly take off her own clothes before crawling onto the bed. Nicole coated the purple erection with lube as she crawled onto the bed and looked down at the brunette.

Waverly inhaled deeply as she laid back with her feet flat on the bed and knees bent, and spread her legs for Nicole.

Nicole sat back on her heels between Waverly’s opened legs as she lovingly caressed the outsides of her thighs. “Are you sure this is what you want?”

Waverly smiled as she reached up with one hand and cupped Nicole’s cheek, smiling at the way the redhead leaned into her touch. “I love you so much. Yes, I’m sure.”

“Okay.” Nicole smiled as she grabbed Waverly’s hand on her face and placed a delicate kiss on her palm.

Nicole slid her hands down the tops of Waverly’s thighs on her way down to lay on top of the brunette until her hands hit the mattress. She captured her lips in a sensual kiss before moving to her neck, pleased by the way Waverly’s breathing had become heavier. She kissed down her chest and gently took one of her nipples between her teeth as she rolled the other between her fingers.

“Oh” Waverly moaned. She relaxed into the mattress as she slowly moved her body around, enjoying the way Nicole was touching her.
After a few minutes of touching all over Waverly’s body and teasing her, Nicole knew she was ready. She lifted her lips off of Waverly’s hip bones and hovered over her face with one hand cupping the side of Waverly’s head, lightly stroking her hair with her thumb, as she reached the other hand down between their bodies to grab onto the dildo. She lifted her hips up slightly and ran the tip up and down Waverly’s soaked slit a few times before lining it up with her entrance. As she looked into confident, hazel eyes of the brunette beneath her, she slowly pushed her hips forward, allowing the erection to slide a little bit inside Waverly’s core.

Waverly’s eyes fluttered shut as she inhaled through her nose at the feeling of Nicole filling her up. It was one thing to masturbate with the lifeless piece of silicone, but it was another thing entirely to have it worn by the woman who had completely stolen her heart, making it feel like a part of the redhead was inside of her body right now, filling her completely and connecting them in a way that was so special. She had expected to see Champ behind her closed eyelids, or to at least think of him, but she didn’t. Her mind was completely in the present, only thinking of this moment right here with Nicole.

After letting Waverly’s body get used to the member, Nicole finally pushed her hips all the way forward until they were flush against Waverly’s skin. She looked attentively at the brunette’s closed eyes and noticed a couple of tears escaping out of the corners and running down her cheeks and into her splayed hair as her bottom lip quivered.

“Hey, hey, what’s wrong? Did I hurt you?” Nicole asked with a look of concern on her face. She wiped the tears away with her thumb.

Waverly opened her eyes and more tears spilled out from how overwhelmed she was with emotion. She shook her head as she smiled. “You didn’t hurt me. I just wasn’t expecting it.” She said softly. “Wasn’t expecting what?”

“It to just be us, here, in this moment. I thought there would be some sort of struggle, but there’s nothing. Just you and me, like it used to be.” She smiled as she let out a deep sigh of happiness.

Nicole smiled as she leaned down and gave Waverly a delicate kiss. She patiently waited for Waverly to compose herself as she soothingly ran her fingers though the girl’s brown hair.

“Oh, I’m good.” Waverly nodded, and wrapped her legs around Nicole’s hips, forcing her deeper inside as she pulled her down into a heated kiss.

Nicole moaned at the unexpected forceful act, but instantly began moving her hips back and forth, sliding the erection along Waverly’s walls. The small whimpers that came from the woman beneath her only spurred her on, and she roughly thrusted her hips as she continued to sloppily glide her lips along Waverly’s.

“Oh yeah baby. That’s it. Give it to me. Don’t hold back...” Waverly panted. “God I’ve missed this. You, fucking me, pounding your cock inside me. Ungh, that’s so good…"

“Shit, that’s so hot.” Nicole breathed out as she rocked her hips faster, but it wasn’t enough. She sat up in a kneeling position, forcing Waverly to drop her legs from around her waist, and grabbed onto Waverly’s hips, pulling her down the bed a bit closer to her as she held on to the girl’s body and moved her hips back and forth.

“Oh yeah…yeah…oh my god, that’s so good…oh my god, I love the way you fuck me...” Waverly whined in a high-pitched tone as she played with her own breasts, sending a strong burst of energy shooting through the pit of Nicole’s stomach and straight to her core.
Nicole bit her bottom lip and moaned at the feeling of the base rubbing against her own clit. “Fuck, I love you so much. I just want to fuck you and make love to you all night long, Waverly Earp” Nicole panted as she continued to rock back and forth, shaking the bed so hard that the headboard was lightly smacking against the wall.

“Fuck!” Waverly shouted as she furrowed her brow and squeezed her eyes shut. She brought her knees closer together as she slowly pushed herself up, arching her back off the bed. “I’m gonna come…I’m coming…I’m coming…oh fuck, Jesus Christ I’m coming!”

She felt intense waves of pleasure between her legs and spreading throughout her entire body as a feeling of warm energy took over her. After about a minute, she felt Nicole begin to pull out, but she quickly grabbed onto the redhead’s hips and pulled her back in.

“No, keep going.”

Nicole pushed back in and began thrusting again, and Waverly grinned and sighed in pleasure as she lifted her legs and brought her knees up to her chest, slightly changing up the position. Nicole rested her hands on the bottoms of Waverly’s thighs in front of her, using them as leverage to go deeper inside.

“Oh yes, you’re in so deep baby” Waverly exhaled.

“Does it feel good when I’m inside you like this baby?”

Waverly nodded. “Yes, so good. So, so good. Impossibly good. You’re gonna make me come again, Nicole”

With that information, Nicole picked up her pace, hoping to bring Waverly to her second orgasm in less than a minute.

Feeling her abdomen tense up, Waverly grabbed onto the sheets with one hand and wrapped the other around Nicole’s forearm. She held on for a few seconds before moving her hand to Nicole’s thigh moving back and forth, and felt the euphoric release of tension.

“God! Ohhhhhh!” Waverly whimpered as she felt herself coming again. She dropped her feet down onto the bed and pulled Nicole down on top of her, fervently kissing her as she rode out her orgasm.

Nicole moved her hips up and down, stimulating her clit as she rubbed it against the base of the dildo that was still inside Waverly. She moaned and whimpered into Waverly’s mouth as she brought herself closer to her own orgasm.

Waverly instantly knew what Nicole was doing and moved her lips to Nicole’s neck and began kissing her skin, salty from the sweat that resided.

“Come on baby, come for me. I want to feel your come inside me as you make love to me…” Waverly whispered in Nicole’s ear, knowing that’s all that it would take.

“Oh fuck. Oh shit. Yeah…yeah…”

Nicole picked up her pace as she felt herself nearing her orgasm, until she came crashing down into her climax. She buried her face in Waverly’s neck as she slowly rolled her hips, letting out small whimpers in sync with the pulsing of her center.

Waverly wrapped her arms around Nicole, stroking her back as she came down from her high. She felt Nicole relax her body on top of her as the redhead let out a deep breath.
“So…that was really good.” Waverly chuckled as she hugged Nicole’s limp body.

“Mhm.” Nicole’s hum came out muffled as her face was still buried in the crook of Waverly’s neck. She gave a small kiss on the skin that was pressed against her lips, unintentionally tickling Waverly and causing her to giggle as she wriggled beneath the redhead’s body.

“Sorry baby, I didn’t mean for that to tickle you.” Nicole said as soon as she lifted her head.

“It’s okay.” Waverly smiled. She wrapped her arms around Nicole’s neck and played with the small baby hairs there. “So, we’re doing this all night, huh?”

“I mean, I’m in if you’re in.” Nicole smirked.

“Oh, I’m definitely in.”

“Good choice. Because after what you put me through today, I’m going to need at least five more orgasms to feel totally satisfied.”

“Hey, what about what you put me through?” Waverly replied defensively. “Those pictures were completely unfair and you know it!”

Nicole shrugged. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Oh, really?” Waverly asked with a quirked eyebrow before rolling them over so that Nicole was on her back - forcing the dildo to slide out of her - and giggling as she went. Waverly smirked as she hovered over Nicole and undid the straps of the harness, tossing the strap-on to the floor. “I believe it was something about how wet your pussy was for me…”

Waverly ran her fingers though Nicole’s slick folds, and the redhead closed her eyes as she gasped. A smile slowly formed on her face, and she slowly opened her eyes to see Waverly smiling down at her, crinkling her eyes as she continued to run her fingers up and down Nicole’s arousal.

“And how wet am I?” Nicole simpered as she lightly ran her fingertips up and down the arm of Waverly’s hand that was between her legs.

Waverly leaned down impossibly close to Nicole’s face as she grinned. “Very wet.” She answered, before capturing the redhead’s lips in a passionate kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Please fill out this survey if you have time! I’d like to know what you want to see with this story. It should only take a few minutes. It’s completely anonymous, so don’t be shy with your answers! Thanks! <3

https://www.opinionstage.com/odaatlover/the-grind-reader-survey

Also, if you’re interested in a teen high school AU WayHaught fanfic, feel free to take this survey as well! This one is much shorter, but still extremely helpful to me as I am working on one right now. Thank you!
https://www.opinionstage.com/odaatlover/wayhaught-high-school-fanfiction-topics-calling-all-teens-or-anyone-interested-in-providing-ideas
Recollection

Chapter Summary

A lot of you who took my survey said that you wanted to see some more of Nicole’s backstory, so here you go!

If you haven't taken the survey and want to, you can find it here...
https://www.opinionstage.com/odaatlover/the-grind-reader-survey

And the survey for the high school fic I'm working on here...
https://www.opinionstage.com/odaatlover/wayhaught-high-school-fanfiction-topics-calling-all-teens-or-anyone-interested-in-providing-ideas

TW: In this chapter we see the memory of Nicole coming out to her parents, and some harsh things are said that may be triggering to some people.

Chapter Notes

I've also written a cute one-shot WayHaught college AU as my submission for a fic challenge. If you haven't already done so, feel free to check that out!

https://archiveofourown.org/works/17652644

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nicole tried her best to ignore the irritating sound of Doll’s sighing coming from his desk behind her as she worked on her computer. She was trying to finish her task of transferring the reports into their online database, but the constant sounds of distress and overdramatic anguish were becoming just a little too distracting for her taste.

“Hey, Haught.” Dolls finally said.

“What.” Nicole replied dryly as she continued to clack away at the keyboard.

“You’re like a woman, right?” Dolls asked as he leaned against the edge of Nicole’s desk.

Nicole turned around, and with a quirked eyebrow replied, “Um, last time I checked, I was completely a woman…”

“Right. You know what I mean. I need your advice on something.” He strolled over towards her desk and pulled the nearby chair around next to hers.

“Okay. I guess I could use the small break anyways.” Nicole shrugged as she crossed a leg over the opposite knee as she leaned back in her chair to get comfortable. “What’s up?”

“So, I’ve got a date tonight with this girl I met on Tinder...”
“Nice!” She replied enthusiastically.

“Yeah! So I was wondering, should I straight up ask her if she wants to sex? Or like, maybe just invite her to my place afterwards? I don’t want her to get the wrong idea and think I’m inviting her to just hang out…do you think the whole condom-reveal thing is too outdated?”

Nicole winced as she slowly uncrossed her legs and uncomfortably shifted her eyes around the room. “Um, okay, maybe I’m just not the right woman to give you advice on this.”

“Come on, can’t you think like a straight girl for a second?” Dolls whined.

“No.” Nicole retorted.

He rolled his eyes. “Okay, fine. How about you just think like me for a second? What would you do if you were in my shoes?”

“If I were in your shoes, I wouldn’t even be trying to hook up with this woman on the first date…”

“Oh, but pretend you were. How would you go about it?”

Nicole huffed out a dramatic sigh as she leaned forward in her chair and rested her forearms on top of her knees. “Okay, well does this chick seem like she’d be down to bang on the first date?” She cringed at how much she sounded like Wynonna.

Dolls shrugged. “Based on her profile, she doesn’t seem very prudish. And she’s been hardcore flirting with me since we matched a few days ago.” He pulled out his phone and opened up her profile to show Nicole.

Nicole studied her picture and nodded in approval. “Dude, nice!” She held her fist out and gave Dolls a fist bump.

“I know, right? She’s pretty solid.” He grinned as he patiently watched for Nicole to read over the girl’s profile. “So, what do you think?”

“She seems cool.” Nicole shrugged.

“But does she seem like she’d be cool with after-dinner activities?”

“I don’t know, I haven’t met her…and neither have you.” She replied with a raised eyebrow. “How do you even know that you want to sleep with her when you haven’t even met her yet?”

 “…Do you not see her picture?” Dolls deadpanned.

Nicole rolled her eyes. “And that’s all it takes for you to want to be intimate with someone?”

“At this point, yes.” He confessed with lowered eyelids. “I haven’t had sex since Wynonna…”

“Well if you’re that desperate for somebody, I hear Grindr is full of people looking for hookups.” She smirked.

Dolls sneered as he slightly shook his head. “Ha ha, very funny. I’m looking for someone preferably with breasts.”

Nicole narrowed her eyes. “You know breasts aren’t what make someone a woman, right?”

“You know what I mean.” He sighed. “Look, are you going to help me or not?”
“Why don’t you ask your new straight girl BFF Wynonna? I’m sure she can give you tips on what women want from guys better than I can.” Nicole said in a teasing voice, even though she was entirely serious. The older Earp was sure to be better equipped to give Dolls advice on the subject matter, considering she was way more experienced in that department than Nicole was.

“I already tried that...”

Nicole perked up at the unexpected admission. “Really? What did she say?”

“She ignored my question and just told me not to order food for any woman ever, and went off on a tangent about how Doc took her out last week and tried to order for her.”

Nicole’s shoulders bounced vigorously as she cackled.

“It’s not funny! Neither of you are any help.” He sighed as he snatched his phone from Nicole and walked back over to his desk, mumbling to himself in frustration.

While shaking her head, Nicole turned back around towards her computer as her laughter faded to a slight chuckle. She managed to type two words before Nedley’s office door swung open.

“Haught! Come here for a second, would ya?” He yelled from his office.

Nicole quickly hopped out of her chair and followed him into the room. She glanced over at the couch, remembering what she and Waverly had done there on the brunette’s birthday as she did every time she went into his office, before sitting down.

“You’re friends with my daughter, right?” He asked as he sat behind his desk and leaned back with his elbow on the armrest and his fingers on his mustache.

“Um, yes sir.” Nicole replied almost as if it were a question, unsure of where this conversation was going.

“How is she doing? She never comes to visit me since moving out a few months ago. And she rarely calls anymore.”

“Oh, um, I believe she’s doing fine...sir.” Nicole said awkwardly.

“Is she still seeing that boy?”

“Darren? Yeah, they’re good...I think.”


Nicole’s eyes widened as she shifted uncomfortably in her chair. “Oh, um...” She had assumed Chrissy had told her dad about her relationship with him, but now she wasn’t so sure. She just hoped she hadn’t revealed some sort of secret.

Nedley’s face relaxed as he slowly nodded his head. “Oh, yes, now I remember. His name was Darren.”

Nicole visibly relaxed as she let out a small sigh of relief.

“So, they’re good? He’s treating her right?”

“Um, no offense sir, but I think you should be asking Chrissy these questions...”
He sighed as he slumped further into his chair. “You know how kids get when they become adults. They never tell their parents anything. I mean, do you keep up with your parents?”

“Well, no…” She debated whether or not to tell him why, but figured it was probably best not to open that can of worms.

“See? My point exactly. She rarely responds to my texts and I have to find out about her life through Facebox and Instant-grahams.”

Nicole pursed her lips and bit her tongue, trying to hold back her laughter, and her desire to correct her boss.

He leaned forward and snapped his fingers as an idea hit him. “Haught, I’m assigning you to go undercover.”

Nicole perked up, excited to finally be talking about something work-related, and even more excited to be going undercover for the first time ever. “Okay! What’s the situation here? Armed robbery? Drug bust? Someone not paying their traffic tickets?”

Nedley shook his head as he scrunched his eyebrows together in confusion. “What? No, I’m talking about my daughter. I want you to invite her out for coffee, see what she’s been up to.”

Nicole slouched back in her seat, feeling a little deflated from the unexpected letdown.

“Here, I’ll write out some questions for you to ask.” He opened his desk and pulled out a notepad and a pen.

“Great. Can’t wait.” Nicole murmured as she sighed.

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Nicole tapped her fingers on the side of her coffee mug in annoyance as she read over the questions Nedley had given her. She would honestly rather be at her desk doing paperwork than asking Chrissy personal questions about her life, but this was her job. …well, not this particularly, but it was the task Nedley had given her, which meant that at the moment it was her job…right?

“Hey!” Chrissy waved, slightly out of breath as she walked towards the table and sat down across from Nicole. “I left as soon as I got your text. What’s so urgent? Is Waverly okay?”

“Yeah, Waverly’s fine. I just wanted to catch up with you.” Nicole replied with a tense smile.

The blonde furrowed her brow. “You texted me at one o’ clock in the afternoon saying that you needed to meet me here ASAP because you wanted to catch up with me?”

“Yeah?” Nicole shrugged, even though she knew it sounded fishy. Especially since she and Chrissy weren’t super close.

“And you’re sure everything is okay?” Chrissy asked.

“Yep, all good. How about things with you and Darren? You guys doing okay?” Nicole questioned nonchalantly as she brought her coffee mug up to her lips.

Chrissy sat back in her chair, still slightly confused about the whole thing, but eventually just shrugged it off. “Yeah, we’re good. I mean, we tried having sex last night and he had some trouble getting it up, but I think that was just because he went out drinking with some buddies and got super
Nicole began choking as she unexpectedly swallowed too much coffee.

“Are you okay?” Chrissy asked in concern.

The casual-clothed officer waved her hand in dismissal as she cleared her throat. “Yeah, I’m fine.” She croaked.

“Sorry, was that TMI? I’m used to having these conversations with Waverly or Rosita...”

“No, no, that’s...um...” Nicole shook her head as she cleared her throat some more. “So, you’re not pregnant or anything like that?”

Chrissy drew her eyebrows together. “No? I mean, I know that you and Waverly have the ultimate method of pregnancy prevention, but we’re pretty good at using contraception.” Chrissy chuckled teasingly.

“Cool, cool.” Nicole nodded as she awkwardly looked down at the table, avoiding eye contact. She really didn’t want to ask the next question, but knew that she had to. “You think you’ll marry him someday?”

The sound of Chrissy’s amused laugh filled the room. “Nicole, we’ve only been together for a few months. You may be used to the quick pace of a lesbian relationship, but when there’s a man involved, things move much slower than that.”

“Hey, we don’t move fast!” Nicole replied defensively.

“Yes, you do.” Chrissy rolled her eyes. “You guys have practically been playing house since you started dating.”

“Well, that’s because I love Waverly, not because we’re lesbians.” Nicole shrugged as she sipped her coffee.

“Either way, Darren and I are going much slower than that. Besides, I don’t know if I really see a future with him or not. All I know is that we’re having fun right now, and I’m happy with that.”

“So, you don’t think you’ll marry him?”

Chrissy lifted her eyebrow in suspicion as she slowly shook her head. “I don’t know?”

Nicole nodded. She could tell that Chrissy was catching on to all of the questioning. “Let’s change the subject.”

“Yeah, that would be good.” Chrissy nodded in agreement.

“How’s your health? Have you been to the doctor lately for a checkup?”

The blonde leaned back against the chair and folded her arms across her chest. “Okay, what is this?”

Nicole shifted uncomfortably as she played with a napkin in her hands. “What do you mean? I’m just checking on a friend...”

“No, you’re being weird. Inviting me to have coffee in the middle of the day, asking me questions about my relationship. I mean, shouldn’t you be at work?”
“I have the day off.” Nicole shrugged.

Chrissy drew her eyebrows together in confusion. “But, it’s Tuesday. Police officers in Purgatory never get a Tuesday off.” Her face changed as realization washed over her. She nodded with pursed lips, finally understanding what was going on. “My dad put you up to this, didn’t he…”


“The redhead sighed. “Okay, fine. He’s just worried about you.”

“So he sent you to ask me awkward questions?!” Her eyes widened in fear. “Oh my god. Please don’t tell him about the failed erection thing…”

“Trust me, I won’t.” Nicole held a hand up and shuddered at the thought of telling Nedley.

“I just wish he would understand that I’m not a child anymore. I’m an adult, and I can take care of myself. I have my own life. He texts me literally every day, and it just gets so annoying.” She huffed.

“Well, he just wants to know that you’re okay. And I’m sure he misses you. I mean, it’s just you and him, right?”

Chrissy nodded.

“I think he’s just lonely.”

The blonde lowered her eyes in sympathy. “I hadn’t thought about it like that. I have all these friends, and he literally has no one.” She shook her head, and Nicole gave her a weak smile. She perked up as a grin spread across her face. “We should set him up on a date!”

Nicole winced. “Um, you can do that. I’m not playing matchmaker for my boss.”

Chrissy sighed. “Fine.”

The two sat in awkward silence before Nicole shook her head and sighed. “Screw this. Do you want to go grab lunch or something and catch up for real? I promise I won’t ask you awkward questions.”

The blonde smiled. “Sounds good to me.”

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“Fudge nuggets!” Waverly yelled as she vigorously shook her hand.

She reattempted to light the candle on the table – this time without burning herself – before successfully flaming the wick. With a proud smile, she looked around at the table that she had set, making a few adjustments here and there, when she heard the sound of a key in the lock of the front door. She trotted around the corner just in time to catch Nicole walking through the front door.

“Surprise!” Waverly shouted with outstretched arms.

Nicole looked at Waverly with her brow furrowed in confusion, with a smile simultaneously growing on her face, as she slowly hung her coat up on the nearby rack. The pleasant aroma of Waverly’s cooking immediately hit her, and her smile evolved into a grin.

“You cooked?”
“Yep!” Waverly was practically vibrating with excitement as she took Nicole’s hand and led her towards the kitchen. “I made vegan risotto with salad and garlic bread.”

Nicole smiled when she noticed the candles and bouquet of flowers displayed in the middle of the table. “Baby, this is so romantic! And you got carnations.” The redhead leaned forward and inhaled the floral scent through her nose with closed eyes.

“I picked them from Gus’s garden when I went over to visit today,” Waverly confessed with a grin.

“Everything is perfect, Waves. I’m so lucky to have you.”

Nicole pulled Waverly into the front of her body as she held the girl with her arms wrapped around her waist while leaning in for a slow, tender kiss. They stayed like that for a bit, enjoying each other’s touches after spending the day apart, before finally parting ways and sitting down at the table to enjoy their meal together.

After sharing the details of their day with each other – and Nicole explaining to Waverly that she had to go “undercover” for Nedley, much to the brunette’s amusement – the pair sat in a comfortable silence, stealing glances at each other while enjoying their food. Waverly looked up at Nicole and opened her mouth to say something, but quickly shut it.

“Something on your mind?” Nicole asked with a smile and knowing eyes.

“Okay, so this is completely random, but I was just wondering…how did you come out to your friends?”

Nicole quirked an eyebrow. “That is random.”

“Yeah, sorry. While I was at Gus’s today I came across my old high school yearbooks and it got me thinking about what it would be like to come out in high school. And then I realized that you never actually shared that story with me.”

“You want to hear my coming out story?” Nicole raised her eyebrows in amusement.

Waverly nodded her head with hopeful eyes, and Nicole chuckled as she relaxed back against her chair.

“Okay, well the first person I ever told was my best friend, Sam. It was during the first semester of grade 12…”

2008

“Hey.” Nicole gave a weak smile as she sat down at her seat next to Sam before their 3rd period English class began.

Sam looked up at Nicole and immediately looked at her in concern. “Hey. Everything okay?”


“Because you look horrible, like you haven’t been getting much sleep. Or like you’re worried about something? I don’t know, you’ve just been a little off lately.”

Nicole had her group of friends that she’d been close with for a few years, but Sam was her best friend. So, it wasn’t all that surprising to her that the girl could see her inner struggles. She had
spent the past two weeks holding onto the secret of having sex with a girl and discovering her sexuality. She wanted to tell her friends, she had been going back and forth in her head ever since that night, but the thought of actually doing so terrified her.

“Hey, Nicole, whatever it is that’s bothering you, I’m sure it’s not as bad as you think.” Sam gave a reassuring smile.

Nicole took a deep breath. “I know. Okay.” She nodded confidently to herself. She was just going to say it. It was Sam, she wouldn’t care. Nicole opened her mouth and paused for a moment before saying, “…I’m failing math.” That wasn’t what she had originally planned to say, but it’s just sort of what came out.

Sam grabbed the top of her hand for support. “Hey, that’s okay. I can help you study before exams. We’ll get you all caught up. Don’t worry.” She gave a reassuring smile.

“Thanks, Sam.” Nicole nodded with a faint smile, disappointed in herself for not saying what she wanted to say.

As class went on, Nicole attempted to worked up the courage to tell her friend her secret. It was all she could think about for the past half hour. She weighed the pros and cons, visualized all possible outcomes – including the one where Sam didn’t want to be her friend anymore – and came to the conclusion that she couldn’t bottle this up anymore. She had to tell somebody; she had to tell Sam. And she had to do it right now.

Nicole felt her heartrate begin to pick up. She looked around the room full of students silently working on their assignment before looking over at Sam, who was doing the same. Maybe passing a note would be better…

She flipped through her notebook to an empty page and scribbled her pen across it before quietly ripping it out and folding it up. She looked up at her English teacher – who was on his computer, working on his Romance novel that he always talked about, no doubt – before tossing the note onto Sam’s desk.

Sam immediately looked at Nicole with a quirked eyebrow, and Nicole gestured for her to open it. She unfolded the piece of paper to read it…

I need to tell you something

With a concerned look, Sam quickly wrote something out before folding the note and passing it back.

What’s wrong? Are you ok? You’re not sick or anything are you?

Nicole slightly smiled, touched by how concerned her friend was for her.

No nothing like that. It’s something else.

Ok what is it?

With her pen frozen on the paper, Nicole let out a deep sigh.

I’m really nervous to tell you…

As Sam read the words, she gave Nicole a sympathetic look before writing out her reply.

Nicole you’re my best friend. Whatever it is you can tell me.
Nicole opened up the note and read over it about a dozen times before flitting her eyes over to her best friend with pursed lips and attentive eyes. She took a deep breath, and her chest rose as she looked at Sam before slowly gliding the pen across the paper. She folded the paper up and held it in her hands while staring at it for what felt like hours, before quickly tossing it onto Sam’s desk like a hot potato. Nicole immediately continued to work on her assignment as Sam opened up the paper that revealed Nicole’s biggest secret, not wanting to see her friend’s reaction. She was too nervous. She needed to focus her attention on something else.

As Sam unfolded the note, her eyes drifted over the fresh ink…

I’m gay

She looked over the words for a moment before letting out a subtle chuckle and quickly writing out her response. She passed the note back to Nicole, who took it without looking her friend in the eye, and watched as the redhead hesitantly opened it.

Yea I’ve kind of had a feeling since grade 9. I’ve been waiting for you to tell me dude!

Nicole immediately looked at Sam, and a grin slowly formed on her face as she noticed the girl looking at her the same way she always had – only with a bit of a brighter smile. But the important thing was, she wasn’t looking at Nicole like she was a different person, but rather a redefined person.

Nicole shook her head as she felt every muscle in her body relax. She couldn’t believe she actually thought that her best friend in the entire world would actually hate her for liking girls. It seemed a bit silly now that she really thought about it in a realistic sense.

Now that everything was out in the open, Nicole wanted to talk to her best friend and vent about sleeping with Kathy at the party. It was like this new thing between them, and all she wanted to do was open up to her best friend. She looked up at the clock and saw that they had about 20 minutes left of class. After quickly scribbling on the piece of paper, she shoved it into Sam’s hand, not even bothering to fold it up.

I want to talk in person. Bathroom break?

Mr. McCrary won’t let two students go to the bathroom at the same time remember :(  

I bet he will if we use the “girl” excuse ;)

After reading Nicole’s idea, Sam looked at her with a mischievous grin and gave a short nod before picking up her purse – to make it more convincing – and following Nicole over to the teacher’s desk.

“What can I do for you ladies?” Mr. McCreary said without looking up from his computer screen.

“May we go to the bathroom?” Sam asked politely.

The middle-aged man looked up through the top of his glasses with a lifted eyebrow. “Both of you?”

Sam nodded.

“Girls, you know the rule. Only one at a time.”

“I know, but I just started my period.” Nicole said with a weak smile. Under normal circumstances she would never be comfortable saying that to a male teacher, but she was desperate to talk to her friend.
Mr. McCreary shifted uncomfortably in his seat as he flitted his eyes awkwardly between the girls. “Oh, um, I see…” He cleared his throat. “And, uh, you both need to go to the bathroom for that?”

Nicole opened her mouth, but quickly closed it. She hadn’t really thought that far ahead. She just assumed that, being a man, he would just throw the bathroom pass at them as soon as the word ‘period’ came out of her mouth. Thankfully, Sam quickly spoke up…

“She didn’t have any pads with her, so she asked me if I had any and I said I only have tampons, and she’s never used tampons before so I said I would help her figure it out. I know they have pads at the nurse’s office, but those ones are really big and super itchy on your vag—“

“Oh, okay! Okay, here, take the bathroom pass.” The teacher quickly retrieved the laminated card from his desk drawer and handed it over to Sam while uncomfortably avoiding eye contact.

Nicole was so grateful that her friend was much bolder than she was, because she never would’ve been able to come up with an excuse like that on the spot.

“You’re a genius.” Nicole chuckled as the two walked quickly down the hallway.

Sam shrugged. “I figured I’d just keep rambling until something made him uncomfortable enough to let us go. And it worked!”

As soon as they got into the bathroom, the pair quickly checked to make sure the stalls were empty before Sam tossed her purse on the sink counter before hopping up onto it to sit.

“So…” Sam grinned at her best friend, completely thrilled that she had finally come out to her.

Nicole bit back her smile and shook her head as she inhaled through her nose. “How did you know?”

“Oh, please. You’re not exactly boy-crazy. I was actually a little surprised when you and Ethan started dating, and I was even more surprised when you told me you slept with him.”

“Yeah, that didn’t work out so well…”

“Obviously.” Sam chuckled light-heartedly.

“I think the thought that I might like girls has always been there somewhere, but I wasn’t completely sure until—” She paused as she glanced up at Sam with hesitant eyes.

“Until what?” Sam asked, completely intrigued.

“Until…IsleptwithKathyYarrow” The words tumbled out of Nicole’s mouth in one breath as she dropped her gaze to the floor.

Sam’s mouth fell open. “You slept with Kathy Yarrow?! As in, had sex with?!”

Nicole nodded as she stood across from Sam with her hands casually in her pockets and her lips pursed.

“Holy shit! When?!”

“At the party.”

“Damn, now I wish I hadn’t gotten the flu and had to skip it.” She shook her head in disappointment. “Well, how was it? The sex I mean, not the party.”
“It was okay…” Nicole shrugged nonchalantly before she couldn’t help the elated grin that grew on her face. “Okay, it was incredible! I mean, incredible enough to make me realize that I like girls.”

“And I definitely want all of the details on that later. But maybe not when someone could randomly walk in here.” Sam replied as she glanced over at the door before returning her eyes to Nicole’s. “But that’s awesome! So are you two like, together now?”

Nicole shook her head. “No. I’m not into her like that. She’s hot, but not my type. Still was a good night though.”

“So she’s good?”

“Oh yeah, totally good. And she seemed really experienced too, so I don’t think I was her first girl.” Nicole paused as she looked up in thought. “But then again, I was good too, based on the reaction I got, so who knows.” A smug smirk appeared on her face, and Sam playfully slapped her shoulder with a shake of her head.

“Cocky little asshole.”

Nicole just laughed in response. She was joking, but deep down she was actually quite proud at the three orgasms she had given the girl. “But in all seriousness, it was all good. After Ethan, I just thought that sex was never going to be enjoyable for me. But she changed that, and I’m so grateful for that. Even if it was just a one-time thing.”

Sam nodded her head in understanding. “Wow, that’s…I’m really happy for you, Nic.” She gave a genuine smile before continuing, “So, does anyone else know?”

“Nope. You’re the first.”

“Well I’m honored.”

“And I’d appreciate it if you didn’t tell anyone? Especially not the rest of the gang. Or Danny. I know he’s your boyfriend and you tell him pretty much everything, but I don’t want to risk him accidentally letting it slip to his friends. Since we both know he can be a bit of a spaz…”

“Of course not. I’ll let you tell the girls when you’re ready, and I won’t tell Danny unless you want me to. And you’re right, he is a total spaz, but he’s my spaz.” She looked longingly off into the distance with a smiling sigh.

Nicole shook her head and rolled her eyes. “You two are disgustingly cute.” She looked at her watch and saw that they only had a couple of minutes left. “We should get back to class and grab our stuff before the bell rings.”

“True.” Sam kicked her legs up and hopped of the counter before grabbing her purse. “Hey, thanks for telling me. You know I love you, right?”

Nicole smiled at her best friend. “Yeah, I know.”

**Present day**

“…and that was how I came out.” Nicole shrugged as she took the last bite of her risotto before dropping her fork onto her plate in satisfaction.

“Hey, I was really nervous! And a teenager. What do you expect?” Nicole laughed as she stood up and took their plates to the sink to rinse off.

“So, how did you tell the rest of your friends?”

Nicole set the dishes in the dishwasher before drying her wet hands on the small towel that hung from the oven door handle. “We were all hanging out one night and I just blurted it out. This was a few weeks later, and of course having Sam there made me feel a little more comfortable and confident. She constantly assured me that they would be okay with it, and they were. And they pretty much had the same reaction as her.”

“So you weren’t really fooling anyone.” Waverly chuckled as she watched Nicole sit back down across from her.

“Apparently not.” Nicole smiled to herself as she looked down at the tablecloth. “But I’m thankful for them. I think if it wasn’t for my friends, I wouldn’t be so confident in my sexuality now. Their positivity and acceptance made me see that it wasn’t such a big deal, and that I wasn’t that different from them.”

“Do you still talk to any of them?”

“I lost touch with most of them after high school, but I kept up with Sam for a while until she and Danny got married three years ago and moved to the states. I haven’t talked to her in almost a year though.”

“We should visit them some time! Or have them come visit us!” Waverly said excitedly.

Nicole shrugged. “I haven’t really thought about it, but yeah, that would be pretty nice. Any time we go a long time without talking to each other, we always end up catching up as if we saw each other yesterday.” She chuckled.

“See, there you go. Call her up and tell her that your incredibly cute and sexy girlfriend wants to meet her.” Waverly smirked as she wiggled her eyebrows.

Nicole laughed as she shook her head. “Okay, I’ll call her some time.”

“Good.” Waverly grinned, but her smile quickly faltered. Nicole noticed the quick shift in energy from the brunette.

“What’s wrong?”

“I had another question, but I don’t know if I should ask…”

Nicole shrugged. “Ask me anything.”

“I was just wondering…what happened when you told your parents? I mean, I know they didn’t take it very well and you said they didn’t come to your graduation, but you’ve never actually told the story.”

Nicole’s eyes lowered and her face dropped as dejection spread over her. Waverly quickly reached out a hand and took Nicole’s as she lightly rubbed her thumb against the pale, smooth skin.

“Hey, it’s okay, you don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to.”
“No, I do.” Nicole replied with a shake of her head before looking up with sad eyes and a weak smile. “I just haven’t thought about that story in a long time, and it caught me a little off-guard. But I’ll tell you.” She let out a deep sigh as she took a moment to collect her thoughts before beginning the story. “It was only a few months after I had told my friends…”

“I have something I want to tell you.” Nicole said softly as she put her fork down. It was just like any other night where she sat at the dining room table, eating a home-cooked dinner with her parents. The only difference was, she was about to come out to them. Why tonight? Simply because it was something that had been looming over her for far too long, and she wanted to just get it over with.

“What is it honey?” Nicole’s mom replied as she looked at her daughter with concern.

“I, um…” She trailed off as she looked over at her father shoveling rice into his mouth. “Dad, could you stop eating for a moment please?”

He paused as he looked at Nicole through his glasses before setting his fork down and wiping his strawberry blonde mustache off with his napkin. “What’s up, kiddo?”

Nicole took a deep breath and audibly exhaled through her mouth. She opened her mouth, but just like with Sam, nothing came out. She had practiced saying the words out loud in front of her mirror several times, but the words just wouldn’t come out.

“Honey, you’re starting to scare me…” Her mom said as she leaned a little closer towards Nicole in anticipation. “Is it something about school?”

“You know, there’s no shame in needing a tutor.” Her dad said as he pointed his fork at her.

Her mom looked over at her dad with a furrowed brow. “How much do you think a tutor costs these days?”

“I don’t know, maybe around $50 a session or so?” He shrugged. “Can’t be more than $100.”

“Really? I thought it would be more than that.”

“Well, Nathan’s boy is going to that center down on Privett Road and he’s mentioned once or twice that the cost isn’t too bad…”

Nicole sat quietly as her parents continued to converse. She closed her eyes and took in a long, deep breath, cumulating as much air as her lungs would hold, before expelling all of the air from her body while simultaneously saying, “I’m gay.”

Her mom immediately looked at her, but her dad continued talking.

“Maybe I could ask him and see how much—” He paused when the words finally hit him. He looked over at Nicole with the same confused glare her mom was giving her. “What did you just say?”

Nicole swallowed thickly as she flitted her eyes between her parents and slightly shrunk down in her chair. “I said, I…I’m…gay.” Her words faltered as she increasingly became less confident. Her pulse began to race as her parents spent the next few minutes looking at each other, then at her, then back at each other, as if she had just said something that made absolutely no sense.

“Can someone please say something?” Nicole’s voice was barely above a whisper as she looked
down at her plate full of food, and her dad just shook his head and began laughing.

“That’s a good one!” His laughter grew more and more as his shoulders began to shake. “You had me going there for a second!”

Nicole shook her head and scowled. “Dad, I’m not joking. I’m serious.” She looked over at her mom, who just sat there quietly, folding her napkin in her lap and avoiding eye contact.

“No, you’re not. You’re not…gay. No daughter of mine is a lesbian.” His tone became angrier with each word.

“Did someone hurt you, Nicole? Is this about Ethan?” Nicole’s mom finally said, her voice cracking slightly from the emotion.

“No, I haven’t even talked to Ethan since we broke up last year. This isn’t about anyone else. It’s about me liking girls.”

Her father roughly slammed his palm down on the table. “Stop saying that!” He yelled as he glared at her with strong eyes.

The room went silent, until the sound of hushed sobs came from her mother’s direction. She looked over and saw the woman with her hand over her mouth, eyes closed and tears rolling down her cheeks as her body occasionally bounced.

Nicole could feel the tears beginning to well up in her own eyes, and suddenly she didn’t want to be there anymore. She didn’t want her parents to see her crying. She stood up from her chair, and quickly said, “Forget it. I’m going to my room.”

As soon as she turned around, she heard the sound of a chair squealing on the wooden floor as her father abruptly stood up.

“No! We’re talking about this right now!” His voice was harsh and filled with something Nicole had never heard before.

She paused with her back facing her parents, and closed her eyes as the tears escaped and began to roll down her face. She focused on her breathing, desperately trying to calm herself down.

“Who put this ridiculous idea into your head?” Her dad demanded.

“Nobody.” Nicole quickly wiped her face with her sleeve as she sniffled with her back still turned to her parents.

“Well somebody did, because this didn’t just come out of nowhere.” He folded his arms sternly across his chest.

Nicole clenched her jaw and spun around. “No, it didn’t come out of nowhere! It’s been there my entire life! It’s the way I was born, and nobody can change that. Not me, not you, not mom… nobody. I’m stuck with this!”

He shook his head in disbelief. “You weren’t born like this. Nobody is. I remember the day you were born, very clearly. You were this healthy, normal little girl. Not a…a, homosexual!” He violently flung his hand up in the air in frustration.

Those words hit Nicole, hard. Did her dad really hate her that much?
“Maybe we should all start going to church more often.” Her mom suggested once she was finally able to control her voice again.

Nicole shook her head. “Mom, church isn’t going to make me straight.”

“You’re not gay!” Her dad yelled.

Nicole loudly groaned. “Both of you aren’t listening to me! I’m gay! This is who I am, and NOTHING is going to change that!”

“You’re just confused.” Her dad shook his head and placed his hands firmly on his hips as he began pacing around the kitchen.

“I’m not confused, dad!”

“You’re young. You don’t know what you want.”

“I know exactly what I want.”

“When you’re older, much older, you’ll find a man that you’ll want to marry, and all of this will just be some silly little phase that you’ll have forgotten all about.”

Nicole clenched both of her fists by her side as she felt the anger of the complete dismissal of what she was saying bubbling up inside her. “I won’t find a man.” She said slowly, but angrily.

“Well you sure as hell won’t find a woman! You can’t possibly be happy with a woman.”

“Yes I can!”

He stopped pacing and looked at Nicole as he shook his head. “And how can you know that?”

“Because I had sex with a girl! And you know what? I fucking loved it! And I am never going to feel that way about a boy! Ever!” As soon as the words left her mouth, she instantly regretted it. She clasped her hand over her mouth as her eyes widened and looked down at the floor, not wanting to see the look her dad was giving her. She couldn’t even describe it, but it was a look she never wanted to see ever again.

The silence was unnerving as everyone was still. Her mom sat in her chair in shock, and her dad looked at her as if she had just confessed to killing someone. He slowly walked over towards her with sad eyes. He held up his hand, and for a moment she thought that he was going to hug her and tell her that everything was going to be okay. But when he pointed at her with his index finger, she knew that wasn’t the case.

He slowly opened his mouth, and with a clear, low tone said, “You disgust me,” before walking out of the kitchen. He snatched his coat from the back of the couch and walked out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

Nicole stood there, frozen as she stared at the closed door. She began to feel completely sick to her stomach from her father’s words. She looked over at her mother, who was silently looking down at the table, before she finally stood up.

“I need to get the laundry done.” With red, watery eyes, Nicole’s mom walked slowly towards the stairs. She couldn’t even look at her daughter.

Nicole took a couple of steps backwards until she hit her back against the wall, and slid down to the
floor as she felt her breathing come out in short, ragged breaths. She pulled her knees up into her chest and hugged them as she dropped her head and began to sob.

Waverly quickly wiped a tear from her eye, not wanting Nicole to see that she was crying about something that didn’t even happen to her. “Nicole, I’m so sorry.”

Nicole took a deep breath and nodded as she blinked a few times to get rid of the tears that were threatening to fall. She didn’t want to cry over this. She had cried enough in the past, and her parents didn’t deserve any more of her tears. “I slept over at Sam’s house that night to give my parents some time to cool down. I tried talking to them again the next evening, but my dad was still so angry, and my mom still pretended like it wasn’t happening while avoiding me. She couldn’t even look at me anymore.” Nicole shook her head. “I ended up just staying with Sam for a while. Two weeks later we had our graduation, and my parents didn’t come. That was when I knew they never truly cared about me. They didn’t care if I wasn’t around or not. So I continued to stay with Sam that Summer until I left for college.”

“That’s horrible.” Waverly couldn’t believe that anyone could treat their child like that for any reason.

Nicole shrugged as she huffed out, “Doesn’t matter anymore. Because now I’m here with you.” She smiled as she took Waverly’s hand and brought it up to her face. “And if everything that’s happened in my life led me to this exact moment, right here with a belly full of delicious food made by the woman of my dreams, then I wouldn’t change a damn thing about it.” She tenderly kissed the back of Waverly’s hand as she looked lovingly into soft, hazel eyes.

“I love you. You’re the strongest person I know, do you know that?” Waverly tucked Nicole’s hair behind her ear as she roamed her eyes over the woman’s face.

“Life’s too short to live it for other people. I just have to be me, you know? Because if I’m not, then what’s the point?”

“And I’m glad you are you. Amazing, beautiful, kind, courageous you.” Waverly smiled as she cupped Nicole’s cheek.

Nicole smiled back as she took Waverly’s hand that was on her face and kissed her palm. “Do you want to cuddle on the couch and watch TV with me?”

“Always.”

Nicole stood up from her chair, and Waverly stepped towards her and wrapped her arms around her in a tight hug. “I love you.”

Nicole smiled as she returned the hug and rested her cheek on the top of Nicole’s head. “I love you too.”

Waverly pulled back and with her arms still wrapped around Nicole’s waist, looked up into her eyes. “Thank you for sharing that with me.”

Nicole nodded before flitting her eyes over towards the couch. “Wanna know something?”

“What?”

The redhead leaned down to Waverly’s ear, and with a hushed voice said, “First one to the couch
gets to be the little spoon tonight.” As soon as the words left her mouth, she lunged towards the living room, leaving Waverly standing there in confusion until the words finally registered.

“Hey, no fair! You cheated! And you *always* get to be little spoon!” Waverly whined before sprinting after her girlfriend.

Chapter End Notes

As always, thank you for reading! And if you want to find out more about this fic or myself, you kind check out my tumblr odaatlover.tumblr.com where you can read my posts and ask me anonymous questions, which is always fun! (You don't need a tumblr for that)
Valentine's Day

Chapter Summary

Is it even safe to put whipped cream there? …oh well, pretend that in this world it is ;) Waverly and Nicole go on an interesting dinner together, and then go back to Nicole’s place for some romance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Nicole drove her cruiser towards the homestead with a huge smile plastered on her face. She had gotten reservations at the most popular restaurant in the city – and scored a table by the window along with managing to arrange for an expensive bottle of wine to be delivered to their table as a surprise for Waverly – and had prepared a special night at her place…in her bedroom…doing all kinds of things to Waverly’s naked body. She shook her head as she regained her focus on the road. Dinner first.

As soon as she pulled up to the homestead, Nicole got out of the car and nearly skipped towards the front porch. She gave a few strong knocks before shoving her hands in her pockets and rocking back and forth on the soles of her feet as she patiently waited for her Valentine to answer.

Waverly’s jaw hit the floor when she opened the door and revealed Nicole standing there in a white button up underneath an opened black suit coat and garnished with a black tie, fitted black slacks that she could already tell flattered the redhead’s ass, and black oxfords that pulled the entire ensemble together in a specific way that a pair of heels wouldn’t. The dapper outfit combined with the full face of makeup Nicole was wearing along with the way she had her hair done – straightened with her bangs pinned back – made Waverly’s stomach drop…in a good way. If Wynonna wasn’t sitting on the couch, the drooling brunette would’ve yanked the redhead into the house by her tie, pushed her down onto the couch and straddled her unbelievably sexy body as they fucked until they physically couldn’t fuck any longer.

…but Wynonna was sitting on the couch, so unfortunately that plan was a no-go. Waverly shook her head as she pushed the fantasy aside. Later, she thought to herself. “Baby, you look so good in that,” she finally said after staring dumbly for way too long.

With her hands still in her pockets, Nicole leaned in with a smug smile and said, “I know.” She winked, signaling that the look on Waverly’s face was all the confirmation she needed. She walked through the front door and shut it behind her as she roamed her lucky eyes over Waverly’s dress with a smile. “You look gorgeous in that dress. Absolutely stunning. Is it new?”

Waverly grinned as she looked over at Wynonna, who was feverishly typing something on her phone. “See, this is why I enjoy being a lesbian. She always notices when I’m wearing something new.”

Wynonna waved a hand and gave a quick grunt as she kept her eyes glued to the screen.

Waverly shook her head at her sister before turning back to Nicole. “I’m going to grab my heels from upstairs and then I’ll be ready.”
“Take your time.” Nicole smiled before watching Waverly run up the stairs, watching the way her ass moved in that tight dress. She bit back her smile and shook her head at how lucky she was about to get tonight. She was abruptly brought out of her thoughts when Wynonna threw her phone at the other end of the couch in frustration. “Everything okay?” Nicole asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yeah, peachy.” Wynonna replied sarcastically as she folded her arms across her chest.

Before Nicole could respond, Waverly was walking back down the stairs. The sound of clacking heels reverberated throughout the house with every step she took until she got to the bottom, where she put on her coat.

“Alright, we’re going out. Don’t wait up!” Waverly sang cheerily as she smiled at Wynonna, but frowned when she noticed tears suddenly begin to roll down her sister’s face. “What’s wrong?” With a worried expression, she sat down beside Wynonna and rubbed her back as the older woman sobbed.

“Doc and I...had made plans...but he got called into work...” Wynonna explained between sobs. “Oh, sweetie I’m sorry...” Waverly cooed as she continued to soothingly rub her older sister’s back. “I never thought I would be the...kind of woman who cared whether or not she...had a date for Valentine’s Day...but I was really looking forward to it...and I don’t want to be alone...” “Well, we can stay and hang out with you! Right Nicole?” Waverly looked at the redhead expectantly.

Nicole furrowed her brow and shifted her eyes back and forth. “Uh, I kind of had a special night planned for us at the restaurant...” Waverly glared at her with pursed lips as she slightly jerked her head in Wynonna’s direction, giving her girlfriend silent signals.

“No, it’s okay. I don’t want you guys to miss out on your reservations.” Wynonna sniffled as she struggled to stand up from the couch. “There, see? She doesn’t want us to miss our reservation,” Nicole stated in relief. “I’ll just change really quick, and then we can go,” Wynonna explained as she waddled towards the stairs.

Nicole’s smile quickly dropped as she flitted her eyes in the pregnant woman’s direction. “Wait, what?” “You can change the reservation from two to three, can’t you?” Wynonna asked hopefully as she wiped her wet cheeks with the cuff of her sleeve. “I, uh...we...” Nicole tapered as she looked over at Waverly for support.

Waverly quickly stood up and walked over towards her sister standing at the bottom of the stairs. “Of course we can. Take your time getting ready, we won’t leave without you.” She gave a reassuring smile as she grabbed Wynonna’s hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. Wynonna smiled back and slowly ascended the stairs with one hand on her back and the other on the handrail for support as she went. “Waverly, are you serious?” Nicole hissed once Wynonna was out of earshot. “You heard her! She was so upset about Doc having to bail on her. I can’t just leave her here alone!” Waverly vigorously whispered. “So you invited her on our romantic dinner plans?!” “It’s either that, or we stay here with her. You pick.” Waverly folded her arms sternly across her chest as she gave Nicole a look that indicated that the redhead didn’t actually have a choice. Nicole sighed as she shook her head. “Fine. But she’s not joining us for the dessert at my place that I have planned afterwards...”

“As if I want to join in on your grossly over-romantic, kinky sapphic sex plans anyways,” Wynonna scoffed as she waddled down the stairs.

Nicole quirked an eyebrow as she looked over the older Earp’s black yoga pants and cream-colored
knit sweater. “You’re wearing that?”

Wynonna looked down at her body before looking back up at Nicole with her hands on her hips. “And what’s wrong with this?”

“It’s just, it’s kind of a fancy place.” Nicole explained.

“Well, I don’t care. This is the only comfortable thing that fits me right now and if they don’t like it, they can kiss my pregnant ass. And trust me, it’s not very kissable at the moment.”

Nicole cringed at the sudden visual she got as she reluctantly followed the two Earp sisters out the door.

They were seated at their table by a short, balding man in a nice suit. He set three glasses of water and a basket of bread down on the table with a smile. “Would you ladies like anything else to drink?” He asked in a French accent.

The three women smiled and shook their heads.

“Alright, we’ll I’ll give you some time to look over your menus.” He looked over at Nicole and gave her a subtle wink, signaling that he would be back with the arrangement she had made.

Nicole gave him a short nod in response before looking over at the older Earp already scarfing down half the basket of bread. “Only one entrée tonight, Wynonna,” Nicole said with a knowing look. “I’m not trying to completely break the bank.”

Wynonna rolled her eyes. “I’ll pay for my own food. And I can order whatever I want to.” She said with her mouth full of warm carbs. As soon as she opened the menu, and her eyes nearly popped out of her head. “forty-five dollars for some chicken?! Holy hell!”

Nicole exhaled out of her nose as she closed her eyes and pressed her fingers of one hand against her eyelids. She could already tell this night was going to be a disaster.

The waiter walked up to the table with a bottle of wine and a smile plastered on his face. He set a couple of wine glasses down – one in front of Wynonna and the other in front of Nicole – as he opened the bottle. “A bottle of Pinot Grigio, courtesy of the lovely lady.” He winked as he began to pour the wine into Wynonna’s glass.

“Haughtstuff, you shouldn’t have!” Wynonna exclaimed teasingly.

“Not her!” Nicole hissed, and the waiter abruptly stopped pouring the wine as he looked at Nicole in confusion. “Her! My girlfriend!” She stated as if it were obvious as she pointed a firm finger in Waverly’s direction.

“Well, my apologies…” The French waiter pushed the glass across the table in front of Waverly, obviously offended by Nicole’s condescending tone towards him. “I was not sure which one of your dates this was meant for,” he sassed.

“Maybe the one that’s not blatantly pregnant?” Nicole retorted.

“Nicole.” Waverly warned with a hiss.

The redhead slumped in her seat, slightly annoyed as she watched the short man set the bottle down on the table, not bothering to fill Nicole’s glass for her. “I will be back to take your orders shortly.” He glared at Nicole before starting to walk off.
“Hey, one question, do you guys have any pickles up in this joint?” Wynonna asked.

“No.” He replied dryly with lowered eyelids before finally leaving the table.

Wynonna slumped in her chair as she tossed her menu on the table in annoyance. “This place is a rip-off. What kind of restaurant doesn’t have pickles?”

“A French restaurant?” Nicole replied with a quirked eyebrow.

Wynonna scoffed. “I should’ve just gone to Shorty’s. They have pickles and five-dollar chicken.”

“You can still go there…” Nicole mumbled, and immediately jolted forward when she felt Waverly kick her in the shin. “Ow! What was that for?”

“You’re being rude.” Waverly replied sternly.

“Well, I’m sorry, but I wasn’t exactly expecting to be here with two Earps tonight,” Nicole explained as she side-eyed Wynonna.

The older Earp shrugged. “Hey, some people don’t even have a date tonight, and you’ve got two – technically three if you count my baby. So, you’re welcome!”

Nicole stared at her with an unamused look before leaning towards Waverly and quietly asking, “Can you come with me to the bathroom for a minute?”

“Sure.” Waverly shrugged as she wiped her upper lip with her napkin that was in her lap before setting it on the table beside her plate. She gave Wynonna an apologetic ‘we’ll be right back’ smile before standing up and following Nicole towards the back.

“Don’t forget to wash your hands if you two are going to get frisky in there!” Wynonna shouted over her shoulder with a smirk and a wink.

Nicole paused and turned around to give Wynonna a fierce scowl. She clenched her fists and growled in frustration before continuing her quick stride towards the restroom.

Waverly gave an awkward smile to all of the nicely-dressed people staring at them — which was about half of the room — before saying, “Uh, we’re not going in there for that.” She waved her hands around nervously as she felt herself beginning to blush in embarrassment. “Just two women going to the bathroom together. Nothing out of the ordinary!” She chuckled lightly, but everyone just continued to stare at her in confusion. She awkwardly scratched the top of her head with one finger before saying, “Uh, Happy Valentine’s Day! Enjoy your dinner everyone!” And quickly rushing towards the bathroom door, which Nicole had already gone through.

When Waverly got inside, she let out a deep sigh as she looked at Nicole, who was leaning against the sink with her arms folded tightly across her chest looking annoyed. “Okay, that was awkward.”

“Well, that’s Wynonna for you.” Nicole shook her head as she rolled her eyes. She reached out and took both of Waverly’s hands in her own. “Look, I love you, and I love Wynonna, you know I do…”

“But?”

“But she’s completely ruining Valentine’s Day for us!” Nicole groaned. “I mean, all I wanted was a nice, fancy dinner while I make googly eyes at you, occasionally kick your feet as I pretend it was an accident, and sneak glances down the front of your dress when you’re not looking...”
“Hey!” Waverly exclaimed, feigning annoyance.

“But we can’t do any of those things because Wynonna is out there cock blocking us! ...or at least emotionally.” She sighed. “It’s just a little disappointing. Especially since this is our first Valentine’s Day together. I wanted it to be special.”

Waverly lovingly rubbed Nicole’s upper arms, urging her to let go of her clenched muscles. “Hey, it’s still going to be special. And she’s only joining us for dinner. She’s not going to be there when we go to your place. We’ll be all alone, where we can do whatever we want.” She slid her hands around and down to cup Nicole’s backside through her pants. “Touch wherever we want.” She wiggled her eyebrows as she looked down at Nicole’s lips while leaning in. “Kiss for as long as we want.”

Nicole smiled as she met Waverly’s wanting lips in a slow kiss, when the bathroom door swung open and an older woman walked in. The pair quickly pulled apart and cleared their throats.

“We weren’t getting frisky!” Waverly quickly exclaimed, as if they were two teenagers that had been caught making out with the door shut.

The stranger nodded with a small smile of doubt before heading straight for one of the stalls.

Nicole pinched the bridge of her nose with her eyes squeezed shut before sliding her hand down her face. With her hand covering her mouth, she let out a deep breath and opened her eyes. Once all of the air had completely vacated her lungs, she dropped her hand and pointed at Waverly as she raised her eyebrows and softly spoke. “As soon as we’re finished eating, we’re dropping her off and going back to my place, where I’m going to get you out of that dress and make passionate love to you without your pregnant sister’s presence. Deal?”

Waverly bit the side of her bottom lip as she wrapped her arms around Nicole’s neck and nodded with a smile. “Deal.” She lifted herself up on her toes and gave Nicole a quick kiss before entwining their fingers and pulling her out of the bathroom and back out to the table.

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Waverly pulled the Jeep up to the Homestead and put it in park before turning the ignition off.

“Are you going to be okay here by yourself until Doc gets off work?” Waverly asked as she unbuckled her seatbelt and stepped out of the Jeep. Wynonna did the same from the passenger’s side, and Nicole from the back seat.

“I’ll be fine. Besides, I’d rather be here by myself than with you two getting it on.” She cringed at the thought. “I think I already have enough visuals for a lifetime.”

“That’s fair.” Nicole nodded.

Waverly and Nicole walked over to the police cruiser parked beside them as Wynonna headed towards the house, but after only a couple of steps she stopped and turned around. “Hey, thanks for inviting me tonight. I know you wanted it to be just you two, but I really do appreciate it.” She gave a sincere smile as she softened her eyes.

“Well, we weren’t going to leave you all alone and upset like that.” Waverly smiled.

Nicole inhaled as she shook her head with an amused smile. “And as much as I would’ve loved to have a romantic dinner with my girlfriend, it wasn’t all that bad having dinner with you. Even though you spent the entire time complaining about how everything needed more salt…’”
“It was very bland,” Wynonna shrugged before giving the redhead a small smile. “Well, I’ll let you kids enjoy your dessert. Have fun.” She winked and clicked her tongue as she pointed a finger gun at them before walking inside the house.

Waverly and Nicole got inside the car and without wasting any time, headed straight for Nicole’s.

“So, what’s on the menu for tonight?” Waverly winked.

Nicole chuckled at the joke as she reached over and took Waverly’s hand that was in her lap. “It’s a special surprise.” She grinned in excitement. “But I will say that it’s going to be sexy.” She slowly slid her hand up Waverly’s bare thigh towards the hem of her dress.

“Nicole, don’t tease me like that. You’re going to make me horny,” Waverly whined.

“That’s the point.” The redhead smirked as she looked over at the brunette and lightly brushed her fingertips on the outside of Waverly’s panties between her legs.

Waverly jumped at the touch and grabbed Nicole’s arm as she wagged her opposite pointer finger at the redhead. “Not while you’re driving, officer. Safety first.”

“Fine,” Nicole sighed as she put her hand back on the steering wheel and pouted. “You’re no fun.”

“Hey, I just want us to get home safely so we can engage in some very hot and passionate sex. Is that cool with you, handsy?”

Nicole bit back her smile as she shrugged nonchalantly. “I guess.”

As soon as Nicole parked the car in her driveway, she rushed out of her seat and ran around to the other side to open the passenger’s door for Waverly before holding a hand out, which Waverly took as Nicole aided her out of the car.

“So charming.” Waverly grinned.

“Well you deserve to be taken care of.” With her hand still wrapped around Waverly’s, Nicole shut the car door and led the excited brunette up the front porch.

When Nicole opened the door, Waverly instantly noticed a trail of rose petals leading from the ‘Welcome’ mat and up the stairs. She gawked at the scene as she squeezed Nicole’s hand just a little tighter.

“Babe!” Waverly drew out in disbelief. “This is so cute! And romantic!”

Nicole chuckled amusedly as she shut the front door behind them. “Just wait until you see the bedroom.” She smirked as she led Waverly – who was practically shaking with anticipation – up the stairs. She pushed the slightly cracked door open, revealing the dim room filled with dozens of lit candles, a giant heart-shaped pile of rose petals on the floor at the end of the trail that spelled out ‘I love you’ in the center, and romantic instrumental music playing from the speaker on the bedside table.

Waverly’s jaw nearly hit the floor at the newest level of romance Nicole had reached. “Oh my god!” She took in the sight of the room when her eyes landed on the red bedspread. “Did you get new bedding?!”

“Just for this occasion.” Nicole winked.
“Nicole! That’s so—” Waverly paused as she looked at the redhead with a quirked eyebrow. “Wait, have these candles been lit since before you left to pick me up for dinner?”

“I may have had Jeremy and Robin pop by to set things up when we left the restaurant.” Nicole shrugged.

Waverly shook her head as he wore a broad smile on her face and leaned towards Nicole, placing a flat hand over the taller woman’s chest. “I really don’t deserve you.”

Nicole placed her hand on top of Waverly’s that was over her chest. “You do, baby. You deserve all of this. Because you’re amazing, and selfless, and an incredible sister, and an even more incredible girlfriend, and I want to make sure you know that I love you.”

“I do know that.” Waverly nodded with crinkled eyes.

“Good. And I wanted to make sure I show you just how much I love you.” She gave Waverly a knowing look as she leaned in closer and loudly whispered, “That means orgasms.”

Waverly giggled as she nodded with slightly raised hands. “Yeah, I got that.” She wrapped her arms around Nicole and shook her head. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, baby.”

Waverly leaned up and gave Nicole a slow, tender kiss before pulling away with a sigh as she looked around the room some more, taking in the unbelievable romantic display. She scrunched her eyebrows together when she noticed something odd sitting on the bedside table. “Uh, what’s that for?” Waverly asked in confusion as she pointed to the can of whipped cream.

Nicole smirked as she wiggled her eyebrows, and Waverly’s eyes widened as she instantly understood.

“You didn’t.” Waverly said in disbelief before she began laughing with a shake of her head.

“Oh, come on! It’ll be fun!”

“I mean, I know people do this kind of thing, but I’ve just never thought about combining food with sex before.” Waverly shrugged.

“Really? Not even when we’re eating each other out?” Nicole asked incredulously.

Waverly rolled her eyes. “You know what I mean. Don’t you think it’ll be a bit…I don’t know, messy?”

Nicole narrowed her eyes at the brunette. “Waverly, it’s sex. The whole thing is messy, with or without whipped cream.”

“I guess you’re right,” Waverly replied as she looked up in thought.

“Besides…” Nicole began as she took Waverly’s hands into her own and slowly pulled her towards the bed. “Don’t you think it’ll be super sexy licking whipped cream off of each other’s bodies? I mean, just think of where we’d put it…” She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively as she sat on the side edge of the bed, holding onto Waverly’s waist as the brunette stood between her knees.

“Your incredibly sexy abs…” Waverly licked her lips as she looked up in thought.

Nicole quirked an eyebrow. “I mean, sure? I was thinking a little lower…”
“Oh. Yeah, that too.” Waverly chuckled as she placed her hands on Nicole’s shoulders and slid them down her chest before moving them back up as she looked over her girlfriend’s body with desire. “But first, you have to get me out of this dress.” She smirked.

“I can definitely do that,” Nicole replied with a grin as she pulled Waverly down on top of her, crashing their lips together.

Nicole almost instantly flipped their positions and bunched the fabric of the neckline between her fists.

“No ripping!” Waverly warned as she quickly sat up.

“Aw, but it’s hot when I rip your clothes off,” Nicole whined.

“Nicole, this dress was difficult to find. And quite frankly, I think you have a ripping problem.”

“What? No I don’t.” Nicole replied defensively as she released the dress — since holding it like that wasn’t helping her case.

Waverly propped herself up on her elbows. “Um, yeah you do. Three pairs of underwear, two blouses, that sheer black shirt, a tank top, and you literally ripped a hole in the crotch of my unicorn onesie…”

“It was difficult to get into at the moment.” Nicole shrugged.

Waverly gave her a knowing look as she glared at the redhead.

“Okay, fine.” Nicole huffed. “No more ripping your clothes off.”

“Good.” Waverly nodded…although, she quickly realized that maybe she didn’t actually want that after all. But that was a conversation for another day. She really didn’t want to encourage Nicole to rip the dress that she had luckily scored while thrifting with Chrissy a couple of weeks ago.

Nicole urged Waverly to flip over onto her stomach, and began to pull the zipper down at a painfully slow pace as she placed soft kisses on every inch of newly exposed skin. Once the zipper was down, she flipped Waverly back over and tugged at the garment, pulling it all the way down the brunette’s body – with Waverly’ help, of course – before tossing it aside. She licked her lips as she stared at Waverly laying on top of the red bedspread while wearing nothing but her sexiest pair of matching lace underwear like a fucking goddess.

“Uh uh. Not until yours are off too,” Waverly said when she noticed Nicole looking at her like she was about to pounce. Waverly sat up and immediately reached for Nicole’s tie. She loosened the accessory and pulled it up over Nicole’s head before unbuttoning the white shirt. She opened it completely, revealing a tight black sports bra. “Oh, that’s hot.” she breathed out as she ran her palms up and down Nicole’s torso while eyeing the woman’s disheveled, yet somehow now even sexier, outfit.

“I figured you’d like it.” Nicole smirked.

Waverly hummed as she tugged her bottom lip between her teeth, practically eye humping the tall redhead as she continued running her palms slowly up and down the front of Nicole’s body. “You know what would be really sexy?”

“What?” Nicole asked, completely intrigued to hear the woman’s proposition.
“If you fucked me with the strap-on like that.”

Those words, along with the seductive look Waverly was giving her sent chills all over Nicole’s body. “You mean…while wearing this? Exactly like this?”

Waverly just gave a couple of slow, firm nods with the corners of her mouth tugged up in a smile and her bottom lip still between her teeth. “Through the zipper.”

Nicole’s eyes widened at the thought. She almost wished she hadn’t already taken off Waverly’s dress, but honestly she didn’t mind the visual of the brunette’s incredible body. She tried to play it cool, but she couldn’t help the giddy grin that was spreading across her face as she looked down at the floor and shoved her hands in her pockets.

“Ugh, and don’t put your hands in your pockets like that! It does things to me.” Waverly whined.

“What kind of things?” Nicole played dumb, even though she totally knew exactly what Waverly meant.

Waverly narrowed her eyes at the redhead. “You know.”

“I do.” Nicole chuckled before leaning down for a quick kiss…or at least it was supposed to be, until it lasted for nearly half a minute. She reluctantly pulled away from Waverly’s lips. “I’ll go put it on.”

Once Nicole had everything situated, she zipped her slacks up over the bulge and walked back over to Waverly, who was still sitting on the edge of the bed, looking over Nicole’s body and smiling when her eyes landed on the bulge.

“So hot,” Waverly stated as she shook her head. She flitted her eyes back up to Nicole’s. “I want you to take me from behind. Are you okay with that?”

Nicole’s eyes widened as her head slightly dropped from unconsciously letting go of the muscles that were holding it up. “Jesus, did you read my fantasy diary or something?”

“No,” Waverly chuckled before her face became more serious. “Wait, do you have one of those?”

Nicole shook her head, and with a straight face said, “No,” before pushing Waverly down onto the bed and fervently kissing her as she laid between her legs, consequently pushing the bulge against Waverly’s center.

Waverly let out a high-pitched moan as she instinctually began to rub herself against it.

“I’ve been waiting all day to get you into my bed and make passionate love to you,” Nicole whispered into Waverly’s ear before grazing the skin with her teeth, causing goosebumps to form all over Waverly’s body. “I just want to make you come over, and over, and over—“

“Okay, I’m ready,” Waverly interrupted as she pushed Nicole off of her and immediately got on all fours.

“Wait, already?” Nicole quirked an eyebrow as she stood up from the bed.

“Yes.” Waverly nodded. She pulled her panties down to her thighs, giving Nicole a perfect view of her bare ass along with her more-than-ready pink folds. “Get that thing lubed up and ready to go, because I want you inside me ASAP.”

Nicole’s eyes nearly popped out of her head at the sight. “Yeah, okay. Don’t need to tell me twice.”
She hurried over to the bedside table and pulled the bottle out of the drawer before rubbing the lube all over the shaft. Once she decided that it was coated enough, she stood behind Waverly. “Scoot back a little.”

The brunette complied and moved backwards closer to the edge of the bed. She shuddered when she felt Nicole’s warm hand on the small of her back. She felt Nicole gliding the tip along her center in search of her entrance, before pushing it slowly inside. Waverly closed her eyes and clenched her jaw as she felt herself stretching around Nicole – like she did every time – and sighed in pleasure when she felt completely full.

Nicole looked down as she began thrusting, watching the dildo disappearing and re-appearing. She grabbed onto Waverly’s hips and held onto the brunette as she took in the sight. It was strange being fully-clothed while burying herself deep inside her girlfriend, but ridiculously sexy nonetheless.

“Faster babe,” Waverly demanded as she reached up between her legs and began playing with her clit.

Nicole picked up her pace and the room immediately filled with the lewd sounds of Waverly’s slick arousal and Nicole’s lubed member working in harmony, like a symphony to both Waverly’s and Nicole’s ears. It urged Nicole on to pump even faster, and gave Waverly the push she needed to dive right into her climax.

“Oh yeah. Fuck that’s good baby. Fuck me. Fuck me so good. Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Waverly fervently pushed back against Nicole, shuddering at the feeling of the length sliding against her clenching walls until her contractions around Nicole had subsided. She dropped onto the bed, forcing the dildo to slip out of her, and immediately rolled onto her back and kicked her panties completely off before laying down. Her hair splayed beautifully on the bedspread as she rested her hands on her abdomen and smiled up at Nicole. “You really do look hot like that.”

“I actually really enjoyed that,” Nicole chuckled as she unbuttoned her black pants and pushed them down her legs. “And we’ll revisit this position again for sure, but tonight I have specific plans.”

Waverly watched as Nicole finished getting undressed, taking everything completely off before standing naked in front of her. She sighed as she propped her head up on her elbow and roamed her eyes over Nicole’s body. “I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of looking at you. You’re seriously so gorgeous, Nicole.”

Nicole blushed as she looked down at the floor. “I mean, I’ve been working out a lot lately. Trying to get off the few holiday pounds I put on.”

Waverly shook her head. “Whatever weight you might’ve put on wasn’t even noticeable. And either way, you’re still absolutely stunning.”

Nicole grinned before replying, “Not as stunning as you.” She crawled onto the bed next to Waverly.

“Um, you’re definitely more stunning.”

Nicole shook her head. “Nope, you are. And not only that, but you’re delicious.” A mischievous smirk grew on Nicole’s face, and Waverly eyed her cautiously.

“Why do I feel like that was a segue for what’s about to happen next?”

Nicole grinned as she reached out for the can of whipped cream. “Because it was.” She opened the can and without warning, pointed the nozzle at one of Waverly’s nipples and spray out a small amount of whipped cream.
“Cold!” Waverly squealed as she sprang up and wiped it off with her hand. She scowled at Nicole, who was laughing uncontrollably. “Nicole, that’s not funny!” She whined.

“I’m sorry! But you know how cute I think your squeals are!”

Waverly rolled her eyes as she held her whipped cream-covered palm in the air so that she wouldn’t get it on anything. “See? It’s already messy. It’s all over my hand.”

“Here, I’ll get that.” Nicole grabbed Waverly’s wrist and brought her hand up to her mouth as she slowly licked the whipped cream off, staring seductively into Waverly’s eyes the entire time.

Waverly swallowed thickly as she felt arousal coursing through her veins. She watched Nicole’s tongue swirl all around her hand, licking up every bit of the sweet, thick liquid and leaving no trace behind.

“See? All gone.” Nicole smirked as she dropped Waverly’s wrist.

Waverly stared at Nicole with wide eyes as she slowly shook her head. “Okay, that was extremely sexy.”

Nicole chuckled as she reached out for the can and shook it up. “So you want me to do it again?”

“Yeah, but maybe this time warn me? And maybe start out by putting it somewhere other than my nipple...”

Nicole laughed as she nodded her head. “Deal. How about your collarbone?”

“Okay,” Waverly smiled.

Nicole sprayed some of the cream onto the spot before licking it up as she looked into Waverly’s watching eyes. She then sprayed a vertical line down between the brunette’s breasts, cleaning that up, before doing the same with her abdomen. She shook the can and settled herself between Waverly’s legs, looking at her love with sultry eyes as she sprayed a huge glob all over the brunette’s center.

Waverly gasped at the cool feeling as she looked at Nicole with attentive eyes, watching as the redhead leaned down and delved her tongue through the fluffy pile, inevitably hitting all the right spots of Waverly’s center.

“Oh” Waverly gasped as she dropped her head back. She felt Nicole’s tongue exploring her center in a way that she had never felt before; and it felt marvelous.

Nicole happily lapped up the sweet cream, enjoying the way it tasted mixed with Waverly’s warm arousal. Once she had completely cleaned up the mess, she focused on Waverly’s clit and moved her tongue in a figure-eight motion. She smiled to herself when she almost instantly felt two hands tangle in her hair, accompanied by the sound of an incredibly sexy moan. She honestly didn’t even care that Waverly was messing up her pinned-back hair right now; she loved the feeling of Waverly’s hands on her head while she went down on her. It made her feel more connected to her girlfriend.

Nicole felt a few warning contractions of Waverly’s center, and knew the girl was close. She flicked the tip of her tongue quickly across the bud, knowing that it was exactly what Waverly needed.

“Unghh, Nicole!” Waverly cried out in pleasure, and squeezed her thighs around Nicole’s head as she came.
After licking up every single bit of Waverly’s arousal, Nicole crawled on top of the brunette and pushed her tongue inside Waverly’s mouth against her own as they enjoyed the steamy kiss. With their lips still gliding, Nicole sneakily reached over and cranked the can. She pulled away and instantly replaced her tongue with whipped cream.

“Hey!” Waverly yelled with her mouth full of cream. She eventually managed to swallow it and shook her head at the cackling redhead before snatching the can away with a scowl. “Okay, now it’s my turn to have some fun.” She smirked as she flipped them over, forcefully pushing Nicole down onto the bed before spraying a dollop on both of Nicole’s nipples.

Nicole shuddered at the unexpected feeling. “Okay, yeah that is cold.”

“Payback.” Waverly chuckled lightly before leaning down and slowly running her tongue all over Nicole’s breasts, being sure to get every single bit of whipped cream off before licking and sucking at the redhead’s hardened nipples. She moved down and sprayed some whipped cream – more than she probably should have – on Nicole’s flexed abdominals, happily licking it up as she ran her tongue along the defined lines. She then moved down to Nicole’s inner thigh, where she licked and lightly nipped as she collected the whipped cream inside her mouth.

Nicole jerked her hips at the feeling of Waverly’s teeth lightly biting at her sensitive inner thigh. Waverly took her time with the whipped cream, putting it on random spots and licking it up, and it was driving Nicole crazy. She tangled her hands through her own fiery locks as she tried to restrain herself from grabbing Waverly’s head and shoving her face between her legs, but her patience was wearing thin.

“Waves… I need you to touch me now,” Nicole breathed out. She meant it as a demand, but with the way her tone of voice was, it sounded more like a plea.

Waverly didn’t respond. Instead, she aimed the nozzle right over Nicole’s folds, tossed the can aside, and instantly began licking.

“Oh shit,” Nicole hissed as she pushed her head further back onto the pillow and dropped one hand from her hair to clench the red bedspread beside her. “Fuck that’s good.”

It wasn’t long before Waverly had her nearing the edge, inevitably pushing her over with skilled swipes of her tongue.

“Shiiiiit I’m coming!” Nicole moaned as she dropped the hand that was in her own hair down to Waverly’s as she rode out her orgasm.

Once she came down from her high, Waverly removed her gentle tongue and crawled up the bed as she laid down beside Nicole. She watched the woman regain her breathing with an amused smile. Nicole slowly opened her eyes and chuckled with a shake of her head when she was met with Waverly’s observant ones. “What do you think?”

“Absolutely stunning.”

Nicole rolled her eyes and lightly shoved Waverly’s arm. “I meant the whipped cream, silly.”

“Oh, yeah it was fun. Super fun, actually.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” Waverly wrapped her hand around Nicole’s that was relaxed on her chest. “But I feel a little
sticky now. Do you want to get in the shower with me?”

Nicole quirked an eyebrow. “To shower shower, or to have shower sex?”

“Mmm both,” Waverly replied with a smirk. “If you want.”

“Oh, I’m totally down,” Nicole replied eagerly.

“Good.” Waverly kissed Nicole’s nose before hopping off the bed and walking straight towards the bathroom. “Oh, and bring the strap-on.” She winked before walking through the bathroom door and turning the water on.

Nicole looked up at the ceiling and shook her head in disbelief. “I don’t know what I did to deserve this today, but thank you, universe. You’re the best.” She gave a slight smile before jumping off the bed to grab the strap-on and two towels.

After thoroughly cleaning the dildo from where it had been on the floor, Nicole slipped it on, took out her hair clips, and stepped into the shower behind Waverly before pulling the curtain shut. She slid her hands up the front of Waverly’s body, feeling the warm water running down her skin before cupping her breasts and playing with her nipples.

Waverly sighed as she closed her eyes and leaned her head back onto Nicole’s shoulder. She reached around and grabbed the back of Nicole’s head as she slid her free hand down her own abdomen, leading to her thigh and then back up. She placed her hand on the back of one of Nicole’s and guided the woman’s hand down her body and between her legs before urging her to touch her.

Nicole happily obliged and began drawing slow, soft circles around Waverly’s clit that was completely swollen and sensitive from the two orgasms she’d already had.

“Ohh baby,” Waverly breathed out. The feeling of Nicole’s fingers pleasing her mixed with the warm water running down her body was unbelievable.

“Good?” Nicole asked in a hushed tone directly into Waverly’s ear.

Waverly nodded before letting out a whiny, high-pitched, “Uh huh.”

They stayed like that for a few moments, with Waverly’s head on Nicole’s shoulder with her hand tangled in wet auburn locks and Nicole’s fingers deliciously circling the brunette’s sensitive bud. Waverly felt a surge of arousal, and she wanted more. She spun around and pulled Nicole into a searing kiss, eliciting a moan from the unsuspecting woman. Their hands greedily roamed around wet skin as they explored each other’s bodies. Waverly reached down and ran her hand along the dildo before bending it up into place, silently letting Nicole know exactly what she wanted.

With their lips dancing feverishly and their tongues battling for dominance, Nicole turned them around and pushed Waverly up against the cool tiles of the side wall. She reached up and adjusted the shower head so that the warm water was running down her back as she pressed her front flush against Waverly’s to keep her warm, positioning the dildo so that it was comfortable resting between Waverly’s legs. She slapped her left palm against the wall beside Waverly’s head as her right hand scratched up the back of the smaller woman’s bare thigh before landing on the side of the swell of her ass, which she squeezed hungrily as she moved her lips to suck on the side of Waverly’s neck.

Waverly felt the dildo subtly grazing along her center in addition to Nicole’s soft lips kissing the damp skin of her neck, and she let out a small gasp. She wrapped her arms around Nicole and rested one hand on her upper back as the other cupped the back of Nicole’s head. She slowly rocked her hips, rubbing her clit against the dildo as she rested the back of her head against the wall.
Nicole took the hint and began to slightly rock her hips in sync with Waverly’s. It wasn’t long before she felt Waverly’s pace begin to pick up, and she knew the girl was itching for more. Nicole kissed up Waverly’s neck and lightly nipped at her earlobe before whispering, “Do you want me inside you baby?”

With her eyes still closed, Waverly nodded and whispered back, “Please.”

With her lips pressed against Waverly’s, Nicole reached her left hand down to the back of Waverly’s thigh and lifted her leg up to hook it around her waist, giving her better access before sliding the hand up to cup the underside of Waverly’s ass. With her right hand, she lined the tip of the dildo up with Waverly’s entrance and carefully pushed inside.

Waverly gasped against Nicole’s lips and pulled the woman in deeper with her leg that was wrapped around the tall body as she dropped her hands to rest on the redhead’s shoulders.

Nicole began to rock her hips, sliding her length along Waverly’s walls. She smiled when the beautiful sounds of Waverly’s moans and gasps reverberating throughout the acoustic room hit her ears. She released Waverly’s lips with an audible smacking sound.

“Your moans are my favorite sound, do you know that?” Nicole said in a hushed tone as she continued her gentle thrusts.

Waverly let out a short, high-pitched sound in response.

“God, I could listen to you make those noises all day. But it’d turn me on too much. I’d probably end up sneaking off into the bathroom multiple times, desperately fingering myself until I could get my hands on you and have my way with you.”

“Oh fuck” Waverly moaned as she felt herself becoming more aroused by the second. She felt Nicole begin to rock harder and picked up her own pace to match.

Nicole wanted so badly to pound her girlfriend senseless, but she held herself back...and it was agonizing. She whined as she squeezed the flesh of Waverly’s backside a little harder.

“Waves, I can’t take it anymore. I want to fuck you so hard against this wall until you’re screaming my name and dripping all over this tub. I don’t know if I can hold back anymore.”

Waverly opened her eyes and looked into Nicole’s, which were practically black with desire. “Then don’t,” she replied in a sultry voice.

Nicole paused her movements as she quirked an eyebrow. “Really?” She slicked her hair back and out of her eyes from where the stream of running water was hitting the top of her head.

“Yeah.” Waverly nodded as she slid her hands from their grasp on top of Nicole’s shoulders to wrap around her upper back. “Fuck me against this wall, as hard as you can.”

Nicole’s look of surprise quickly morphed into a look of pure excitement as she reached both hands underneath Waverly’s backside and lifted the girl up, who gasped at the feeling of Nicole sliding in deeper as she instinctually wrapped her legs around the taller woman’s waist. With her body pinning Waverly’s against the tile, Nicole looked tenderly into her girlfriend’s eyes.

“Let me know if I’m being too rough.”

Waverly slightly shook her head. “I don’t think that’s possible.”
She pulled Nicole into a greedy kiss, sparking the sexual flame once again, and Nicole almost immediately began thrusting her hips. She started off at a slow pace, but quickly built up faster and faster, until she was slamming Waverly against the wall. One particularly rough thrust resulted in Waverly coming slightly off the wall and slamming her back against it. As soon as the painful-sounding noise rang throughout the bathroom, Nicole’s eyes widened.

“So good. So, so good. Keep going.” Waverly reassured, as if she could read Nicole’s mind.

The redhead nodded and continued her forceful thrusts as she dropped her lips down to Waverly’s neck. She gave a couple of well-placed kisses on the wet skin before pressing her cheek against Waverly’s as she closed her eyes and focused on the rhythm of her movements.

Waverly clawed at Nicole’s back, feeling the strong muscles working to hold her up before moving one hand up to cup the top of Nicole’s neck. “Oh god, I’m getting so close. Don’t stop.”

“I won’t baby. I won’t stop.” Nicole panted as she held Waverly tighter and continued her movements. She was beginning to get a little tired from rocking her hips so hard as well as holding Waverly up, and it was a little difficult keeping her feet from sliding on the wet ceramic floor of the tub, but she was going to do the best she could until Waverly experienced a damn good orgasm.

It wasn’t long before Waverly’s moans were gradually becoming louder, and her arms and legs were wrapping progressively tighter around Nicole’s body. The redhead knew that it was only a matter of seconds until…

“Oh fuck! Nicole!” Waverly screamed as her voice echoed off of the walls and straight into Nicole’s ears.

The redhead smiled at the sound as she steadied her rhythm, helping Waverly ride out her waves of pleasure.

Waverly dropped her legs onto the floor and Nicole carefully slid out of her center, and Waverly almost immediately slid down the wall and sat on the floor of the tub.

“Are you okay?” Nicole asked as she looked down at Waverly in concern.

Waverly nodded as she held up a finger. “I just…need a moment…” She replied through heavy breaths.

“Take your time baby.” Nicole lightly chuckled as she placed her hand on the top of Waverly’s head below her and tenderly caressed her scalp in the way she knew Waverly found soothing.

Nicole used the small break to enjoy the time under the warm water. She let the stream fall over her face and run down her body as she pushed her hair back. She looked down, remembering that she was still wearing the strap-on, and ran her hand up and down the shaft as she aimed it under the running water to rinse it off. She pulled her bottom lip between her teeth as she watched her hand move slowly up and down the length. At the feeling of an intense rush of arousal between her legs at the visual, she closed her eyes and swallowed thickly before inhaling through her nose as she pushed the base against her erect clit with each stroke. After a few more pumps of her hand, Nicole pushed the harness down her legs and peered around the curtain to hang it on the towel rack. She looked down at Waverly, who was still sitting on the floor, relaxing with her eyes closed, and immediately ran her fingers through her own folds.

Nicole was still extremely aroused from earlier, but Waverly looked too tired to take any requests at the moment. As the water ran down her body, she began to circle her clit. With closed eyes, she
dropped her head back slightly as she pushed her pelvis out more towards her hand. Her other hand ran all along the front of her body, stopping to squeeze one of her breasts before continuing its path up to her neck and then dropping back down to her inner thigh. She felt an unexpected involuntary contraction, causing her hips to jolt and a small muffled moan to escape as she attempted to swallow it down.

“Want any help with that?” Waverly asked with a lifted eyebrow and an amused smile from where she was sitting on the floor, looking up at her girlfriend.

Nicole quickly opened her eyes and looked over at Waverly as embarrassment briefly washed over her. Her initial reaction was to yank her hand away from being caught touching herself, but she quickly remembered where she was and who she was with, and continued rubbing her fingers between her legs with a confident smile.

“I don’t know. Think you can do better?” Nicole teased.

Waverly nodded with a grin as she beckoned with her pointer finger for Nicole to turn and face her. While biting back her grin, Nicole turned towards Waverly, who was still leaning with her back against the side wall of the tub. She looked down and watched with eager eyes as Waverly wrapped her hands around the backs of Nicole’s thighs before diving her tongue through her folds.

Nicole jerked her hips forward at the sudden stimulation and slapped her palms on the tiled wall to brace herself. “Fuck, Waves” she hissed as she brought her right hand down to run through Waverly’s wet hair while looking down at the girl. She was almost instantly met with rapt eyes, and she couldn’t look away. It was as if they had her entranced by some sort of spell. She tightened her grip on Waverly’s hair slightly as she gave quick, shallow rocks of her hips.

“A little lower,” Nicole breathed out when she felt that Waverly had moved a little too far up.

Waverly dropped her strokes about a centimeter to land perfectly on the sensitive bud, and Nicole’s eyes fluttered shut.

“Yes…right there…holy shit…that’s amazing…” Nicole panted.

Waverly grinned as she continued to look up at Nicole’s face, even though the redhead’s eyes were shut tight in pleasure. She put a little more pressure behind her circles and heard a moan coming from above her, as well as hips fervently rocking against her.

“I love fucking your face. Your beautiful, gorgeous, sexy as hell face. I love it when you make me come baby…” Nicole felt her muscles begin to tense up. “Can I come baby? Can I come for you?”

“Mhm” Waverly hummed against Nicole’s coarse, red curls in approval.

The truth was, it didn’t really matter if Nicole had Waverly’s approval or not, because it was going to happen either way. Even if Waverly had said ‘no’ and Nicole truly wanted to hold off, it was too late at this point. Her orgasm was rapidly approaching, and there was no stopping the dam that was about to break.

“I’m coming baby. You ready? Here it…comes—Fuck! Waverly!” Nicole pushed Waverly’s face against her center as she eagerly thrust her hips, rubbing herself forcefully against Waverly’s face.

Waverly moaned in gratification as she dropped her tongue to Nicole’s entrance to collect her arousal that was spilling out of her, and happily lapped it up. Waverly looked up and watched as Nicole pressed her forearm against the wall and rested her forehead against it as she tried to catch her breath.
With a small but loving smile, she placed a long, gentle kiss on Nicole’s upper thigh before pressing her cheek up to rest against it as she hugged Nicole’s legs and delicately brushed the outer opposite thigh with her thumb.

“How is it possible to love someone this much?” Waverly closed her eyes as she hugged Nicole’s legs even tighter and raised her shoulders up to her ears.

With her breathing getting close to returning to its normal pace, Nicole gently rested her free hand on top of Waverly’s hand and stroked it lightly for a moment before lifting her head off of her arm and looking down with affectionate eyes. “I don’t know, but I hope it lasts forever. I feel like I could make love to you like this for the rest of my life.” She punctuated her sentence with a deep breath, as if all of her emotions were escaping from being hidden away inside her body and making their presence out into the world.

Waverly looked up with questioning eyes. “Even when we’re a hundred years old and spending most of our days sitting in chairs at a nursing home while making annoying googly eyes at each other with all of the other old people around us?”

“Even then,” Nicole nodded before adding, “I’d reach over underneath your dress while nobody’s looking.” She winked with a smirk.

Waverly gasped and playfully smacked Nicole’s ass before laughing. “You’re ridiculous.”

“Yeah, but you know I’d do it.” Nicole chuckled.

“I know you would.” Waverly shook her head lightly as she smiled. She grabbed Nicole’s hand to help her stand up, and the redhead immediately pulled the small brunette up. “We should probably get out of here. We’re going to run up your water bill.”

“No!” Nicole protested as she wrapped her arms around Waverly in a tight hug while they stood underneath the soothing stream. She rested her chin on top of Waverly’s head as she closed her eyes, taking in the feeling of the petite woman pressed against the front of her body as the warm water ran over the rest of her. “Can we just stay like this for a few minutes?”

Waverly gave a blissful sigh as she relaxed against Nicole’s chest and closed her eyes. “Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Check out www.odaatlover.tumblr.com for updates on this fic, short one-shot prompts I've written, Wynonna Earp stuff, info about me, and to anonymously (or not) ask me any question you want!
Waverly grinned as she trotted through the front doors of the police station with her jacket slung over her forearm. She was on break and really wanted to see Nicole.

“Hey cutie!” She sang as she walked towards the redhead.

Nicole quickly looked up and smiled as soon as she saw Waverly walking towards her. “Hey, what are you doing here?”

“Just thought I’d pop by to see you.” Waverly hopped up to sit on the edge of Nicole’s desk beside her and crossed one jean-clad leg over the other. “I missed you.” She pouted as she reached out and grazed her index finger along the back of Nicole’s hand that was sitting on the computer keyboard.

Nicole let out a breathy chuckle. “Baby, we saw each other this morning. Remember? We spent an extra fifteen minutes lying in bed cuddling…”

“Oh, I remember. I didn’t want to get up.” Waverly sighed. “But still. Can’t I miss my baby after being without her for a few hours?”

“I guess,” Nicole shrugged with a grin as she turned her hand over to hold Waverly’s. “Besides, I might’ve missed you too.” She winked.

The corners of Waverly’s mouth turned up in a big smile, crinkling the corners of her eyes as she brushed her thumb along her palm while darting her eyes between the redhead’s brown irises and her soft lips.

“Haught!”

Waverly slid off of the desk and Nicole sat up straight in her chair as she peered over her computer screen at Nedley walking towards her. “Yes sir?”

“Pull up that report from that domestic violence call we got last week, would ya?”

“Yes sir.” She said with a short nod before typing on her computer to pull up the database.
As soon as his eyes landed on Waverly, he gave a small smile. “And how are you today, Waverly?”

“I’m great!” She beamed with her hands clasped behind her back.

“And uh, Gus doing okay?”

Waverly nodded. “Yeah, she’s good. Keeping busy with the bar and stuff.”

“Good, good.” He nodded. “And how about Wynonna? You keeping her out of trouble?”

“As much as I can,” Waverly chuckled. “But she doesn’t need my help that much anymore. Ever since the baby, her responsible side has been showing…even if she hates it.”

He nodded as he gave a smile. “Good. When’s the due date?”

“March 10th.”

His eyes widened. “Well that’s coming up soon.”

Waverly grinned as she nodded. “Only two and a half weeks left! We’ve all been in baby mode. Practicing pregnancy drills, constantly going over the plan…all that stuff just in case the baby comes early. That way we’re not caught off guard.”

“Well I can’t wait to meet the little one.” He smiled before looking over at Nicole, who was printing out the papers.

“Here you go, sir!” Nicole handed Nedley the report as soon as it had finished printing, which he took appreciatively.

“Good. And I hope you’ll be finishing that task I gave you within the next hour.” He gave her a knowing look before flitting his eyes over towards Waverly, making sure there was no misunderstanding that Nicole was on the clock.

Nicole nodded confidently. “Yes sir. Working on it right now.”

“Good.” He gave Waverly a subtle wink before sauntering off towards his office and shutting the door behind him.

“Do you think he knows what we did on his couch that one time?” Waverly asked genuinely.

“Oh god, I hope not. I wouldn’t be able to look him in the eye ever again.” Nicole replied with a grimace.

Waverly nodded as she smirked. “Totally worth it though.”

Nicole pursed her lips and smiled as she slowly shook her head. “The responsible part of me wants to say it’s not, but the part of me that really enjoyed that day is saying that it is.”

“You should definitely listen to that last part of you.”

“Trust me, most of the time I am,” Nicole winked, causing Waverly to look at her with sultry eyes as she pulled her bottom lip between her teeth.

Waverly shook her head as she inhaled through her nose. “Well, I’ll let you get back to work. See you later, Officer Haught.” She gave Nicole a quick peck on the lips before heading off towards the exit.
“Hey Waverly!” Dolls greeted as he passed by the chipper brunette, who waved back at him with a grin before walking out the door.

“What’s got her in such a good mood?” He asked as he pointed over his shoulder with his thumb.

“Me.” Nicole smirked.

“Please tell me you didn’t just do what I think you did…” He grimaced.

Nicole furrowed her brow and shook her head. “No, Dolls, I meant from stopping by to see me. We were just talking.”

“Oh. Okay, good.” He let out a sigh of relief before sitting down in the chair across from her desk with a huge grin on his face. “So, I’ve got big news to share!”

“Oh, tell me!” Nicole replied excitedly as she leaned back in her rolling chair to give him her undivided attention.

“I’ve been seeing someone.” He beamed as he got comfortable in the chair.

“That girl from Tinder?”

He shook his head. “Nah, that ended up not working out. She kept finishing my sentences so I ended that date early. But, I ended up meeting someone else when I went to the bar afterwards. And she’s amazing. She’s beautiful, cool, super easy to talk to, and when I told her I liked to watch Queer Eye, she didn’t even give me a weird look!”

“Wow, sounds like a match made in heaven,” Nicole replied sarcastically as she gave a light chuckle.

“I think it is. We’ve been on a date almost every night since.”

Nicole looked at him with a quirked eyebrow. “Are you sure you’re not a lesbian?”

“Ha ha, very funny.” He said as he narrowed his eyes at her. “I’m being serious. This girl is truly something special. Oh! And get this…she’s bisexual.” He nodded cheerfully before nonchalantly adding, “I mean, maybe you know her.”

Nicole rolled her eyes. “Why, because I’m a lesbian? I mean, do you really think all queer women know each other?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know, maybe? I mean, how many of you really are there?”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “A lot.”

He waved a hand in dismissal. “Well, either way, I’m bringing her by Shorty’s tonight. I was hoping you and Waverly could stop by to meet her? Wynonna should be there working. I want her to get to know my friends.” He nodded with a smile before looking up in thought. “…which I just realized are all women.” He shook his head as he inhaled through his nose. “I really need to get some more dude friends.”

Nicole chuckled with a slight shake of her head. “I’ll ask Waverly and see what she says.”

“Because you’re whipped?” He gave her a knowing look as he slowly folded his arms across his chest.

“No, because I don’t want to make plans for her without her.”
“…so, you’re saying you’re not whipped?”

“No, I am. Just not because of that.” Nicole shrugged before continuing her work.

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“So, do I need to wear anything specific to meet this mystery woman tonight?” Waverly asked as she lay on Nicole’s bed while mindlessly petting Calamity Jane.

Nicole continued to scrub her body with soap from where she was standing under the shower water. “I don’t think so. Just wear whatever!” She yelled through the closed curtain and the opened bathroom door. A second later, she yanked back the curtain, revealing only her face and her collarbone, to add, “But if you wanted to wear that mini skirt and sweater that you look really good in, I wouldn’t be opposed.” A sly smile spread across her face as she teasingly bounced her eyebrows twice.

Waverly giggled as she stood up from the bed and strolled over into the ensuite bathroom. “Why? Are you trying to get laid or something?”

“I mean, if that ends up happening, I won’t be complaining,” Nicole replied with her head still poked around the curtain.

Waverly shook her head with an amused smile before giving Nicole a chaste kiss on her wet lips, enjoying the way the steam from the shower hit her face. When Nicole closed the curtain to finish up her shower, Waverly sat on top of the closed toilet lid beside the bathtub. “Do you ever think we have too much sex.”

“Um, no. Definitely not. There’s no such thing,” Nicole said from behind the curtain.

“Really? Because I feel like we have sex way more than other couples do. Even more than Wynonna did before she got pregnant, which I honestly never thought would happen to me…”

Nicole turned off the water with a squeak and pulled the curtain open all the way before grabbing her towel from the rack and wrapping it around her glistening body. She stepped over the side of the tub and onto the cushiony bath mat as she faced her girlfriend and shrugged. “I don’t think there’s anything wrong with how much sex we’re having. I mean, does it bother you?”

Waverly shook her head as she smiled. “Definitely not.”

“Then we’re doing it right!” Nicole dried her hair off with the towel before hanging it up to dry. She walked her naked body out of the bathroom and towards her closet to pick out some clothes.

Waverly slowly walked towards the bathroom door and leaned against the door frame with one hand wrapped around it as she looked over her girlfriend’s body. As her eyes roamed over the strong muscles, sexy curves, and smooth skin, she bit her bottom lip. She felt a flutter deep in the pit of her stomach, and she walked over towards Nicole. She wrapped her arms around the taller woman from where she stood behind her and rested her forehead against the taller woman’s smooth, soft back.

“I wanna have sex now,” Waverly whined as she shook her head, rolling her forehead back and forth.

Nicole chuckled as she turned around, wrapping her arms around the petite body as she rested her forehead against Waverly’s. “We still have about half an hour before we have to leave.”

Waverly felt Nicole wiggling her eyebrows against her own. “But, you just showered,” she replied in
a soft tone as she ran her hands up and down Nicole’s back while looking at the woman’s lips.

Nicole slowly leaned in towards her ear and whispered, “I can take another one.” She smirked before pressing her lips against Waverly’s in a soft kiss.

Nicole ghosted her fingertips up Waverly’s arms and past her shoulders to cup the brunette’s face. They continued their slow kiss, feeling every centimeter of each other’s lips, as Nicole took her time unbuttoning Waverly’s blouse.

“Are you sure?” Waverly whispered against her girlfriend’s lips.

She looked down into attentive eyes and reached down to the button of Waverly’s pants, smoothly undoing it without breaking eye contact. Once she pulled the zipper down, she slipped her hand inside and smirked when she was greeted with the warm, wet feeling of Waverly’s slick arousal. A look of amusement spread across her face as Waverly knitted her eyebrows together and let out a small gasp while clenching tightly onto the sides of Nicole’s upper arms near her shoulders. She leaned in an inch or two and confidently replied, “I’m sure” before moving her fingers in slow, large, gentle circles around Waverly’s bud.

“Oh—fffff jesus” Waverly breathed out as she grabbed Nicole by the back of the neck with one hand – while keeping the other tightly held onto Nicole’s arm – and pulled her into a greedy kiss.

Nicole let out a breathy chuckle from her nose when she felt Waverly moan against her lips, earning her a slap in the arm.

“Don’t laugh at me!” Waverly whined, and Nicole immediately stopped and shook her head with a warm smile.

“I’m not, you’re just so cute. I love those little sounds you make. Let’s me know I’m doing my job right.” She gave a wink and a proud nod as she pulled her hand out, bringing her fingers up to her tongue with a smirk.

Waverly pursed her lips and shook her head as she desperately tried to hide her smile. “You’re so cocky.”

“Well, it’s warranted, isn’t it?” Nicole asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“Do you really want to stand here talking when we’re already down to 25 minutes?”

Nicole vigorously shook her head. “Absolutely not.” She pushed Waverly’s blouse off of her shoulders as Waverly simultaneously pushed down her jeans and underwear before reaching behind her own back and unhooking her bra, which Nicole immediately yanked off.

Waverly crawled backwards onto the bed, Nicole closely following her, before the redhead laid down on top of Waverly and picked up where they had left off with their heated kiss.

After a few seconds of Waverly dragging her nails along Nicole’s engaged obliques, she sat up and flipped them over to where she was straddling Nicole’s torso with her knees on either side of the bed. While sitting up, she reached up to put her long wavy locks up in a ponytail.

Nicole watched her girlfriend slightly rubbing her center against her pale abdomen, and with her bottom lip between her teeth she instantly reached a hand out. She placed her palm flat against Waverly’s trimmed curls over her pubic bone as she unexpectedly thumbed at her clit.

“Fuck” Waverly hissed at the unexpected touch. She quickly pulled her hair through the last twist of
the band before dropping her hands down beside Nicole’s head and capturing the redhead’s bottom lip between her own. She pulled back, releasing it with a pop before whispering, “You’re so sexy.” She leaned down with a sultry smile and attempted to steal another kiss, but before their lips had connected Nicole smirked and smoothly slid down the bed. Waverly’s head slowly moved downward as her eyes followed Nicole’s moving down between her legs. With her mouth slightly agape and her eyes glued to brown ones looking back at her, she watched Nicole wrap her strong arms around her thighs before slowly moving her tongue out to glide around the sides of Waverly’s clit.

Waverly let out a breathy moan as she sat up and closed her eyes. She braced one hand behind her back onto Nicole’s abdomen while tangling the other through red locks, and pushed her pelvis forward as she grinded herself against Nicole’s face.

“Jesus, that’s so good baby.” Waverly leaned up a little and moved her hand from Nicole’s stomach to her hair beside her other hand, before almost immediately putting it back where it was before.

Nicole continued her movements around Waverly’s clit – but never directly touching it – spending the next few minutes slowly working her up, before finally wrapping her lips around the swollen bud and sucking as she simultaneously swiped the tip of her tongue back and forth across it.

Waverly’s hips jolted forward and her mouth dropped at the intense stimulation, and she felt herself hurdling towards her orgasm. She pressed her hand against Nicole’s engaged abs, digging her fingers into the exposed muscles and tightened her grip on Nicole’s hair as she rocked her hips fervently.

“Oh yeah, I’m so close baby.” She felt herself getting closer and closer to the edge as she picked up the pace of her moments, but just before she got there, Nicole pulled back.

“Fuck. Shit.” Waverly panted as she looked down at Nicole with confused eyes. “Why’d you pull away?”

“Because I want you to have a better orgasm than that. So I’m going to tease you a bit,” Nicole replied before slowly pushing her tongue out to touch Waverly’s clit, but as soon as she made contact and Waverly jerked her hips, she retracted it.

“Oh, seriously? We don’t have time for this, Nicole.”

“We do if I say we do,” Nicole replied in a stern tone before sitting up and wrapping her arms around Waverly’s torso. “And in case it wasn’t obvious, I’m saying we do.” She immediately wrapped her lips around one of Waverly’s nipples and stimulated the taut peak before moving on to the other one.

Waverly closed her eyes and dropped her head back as she began to roll her hips again, needing some sort of stimulation on her sex. She didn’t care how wet she was, or that she was getting it all over Nicole’s stomach.

As soon as Nicole felt Waverly’s movements, she carefully guided the girl down onto the mattress with her head at the foot of the bed as she settled between her legs, moving her tongue in quick motions as she drew random shapes.

“Fuck fuck fuck fuck” Waverly repeated as the word continued to tumble from her mouth. She felt her sensitive clit twitching beneath the skilled movements of Nicole’s tongue, and she was almost instantly worked back up to where she had been before. “Shit. Holy shit, god fucking hell, please don’t stop. Oh my god, please. Ohhhh shit, yes baby!” Waverly balled the sheets in her hands on either side of her body as Nicole moved her tongue even faster. Waverly slowly lifted her back up
off the mattress with her face contorted in pleasure as she felt the familiar tension building up.
“Nicole, I’m gonna…”

Before she could even finish her sentence, Nicole immediately sat up between Waverly’s legs with her hands on the girl’s knees and a devilish grin spread across her stupid face.

“Nooo!” Waverly whined. “God dammit! Nicole, please!” She whimpered as she reached down between her legs, but Nicole grabbed both of her hands and pinned them above her head as she laid her body on top of the brunette’s.

“You’ll get to come, don’t worry. Just not yet. Be patient. I promise it’ll be worth it.” Nicole punctuated her sentence with a slow, tender kiss to Waverly’s lips, and the brunette relaxed her body down into the mattress.

Without breaking their unhurried kiss, Nicole entwined her fingers through one of Waverly’s hands above her head as she snaked the other hand down between their bodies. She lifted herself up a bit and slowly ran her two fingers through the slick folds, earning herself a gasp from the brunette into her mouth.

“Oh, god,” Waverly breathed as she moved her head back so that her nose was pointing up at the ceiling and dropped her jaw to suck in some air. She slowly rolled her hips in sync with Nicole’s steady movements of her fingers, simultaneously wanting more yet not wanting anything to change. The way Nicole was touching her – gently rolling her clit between the insides of her two fingers on either side with a little bit of pressure – was heavenly.

Waverly brought her free hand down to wrap around the back of Nicole’s neck, and she opened her eyes to meet sweet, loving ones. “Please baby. Please let me come,” she begged in a hushed tone. “I don’t want to wait anymore. I want an orgasm. Please, Nicole.”

The redhead looked down into begging eyes and slowly removed her hand to cup Waverly’s face. She smiled as she brushed her thumb back and forth along the girl’s strong jawline. “Okay baby.”

Nicole crawled down Waverly’s body, kissing every inch of her skin as she went, before settling between the girl’s legs. She stroked her tongue up through the wet folds a few times before drawing around the sensitive bud.

Waverly lifted her head to stare down into soft eyes as she gently brought her hand down to the top of Nicole’s head, where she held on for support. Her mouth repeatedly opened and closed as her eyebrows drew together and her muscles began to tighten. She felt warmth spreading throughout her entire body, causing a faint red to mix in with the golden tones of her skin.

Nicole smiled as she spelled out the words ‘I love you’ with her tongue on Waverly’s clit, before flicking it as quickly as possible across the bud.

Waverly promptly pushed her center up into Nicole’s face as she felt her entire body quake from pleasure, and Nicole responded by wrapping her lips around the brunette’s clit and sucking on it. An abundance of moans fell from Waverly’s mouth, echoing off the walls as she felt the intense contractions stemming from between her legs and shooting throughout the rest of her body. It felt like it was never going to end. She wasn’t sure if this was one really long orgasm, or multiple orgasms that just kept happening over and over again, but either way she was grateful for it.

When she finally felt her body relax underneath Nicole’s continued swipes, Waverly patted the woman’s head, and Nicole crawled up her body to give her a tender kiss on her forehead before dropping beside the woman to let her catch her breath.
Once Waverly felt like she could move again, she rolled on top of Nicole and settled her body between her legs as she lay on top of her and began kissing her. As soon as she started rolling her hips and licking one of Nicole’s nipples to get her worked up, Nicole shook her head with a small smile. She grabbed Waverly’s shoulder’s and urged her up, and the brunette looked at her with a lifted eyebrow.

“It’s okay. We don’t have much time. We have to leave in a few minutes.”

Waverly smirked as she sat up on her knees and ran her fingers through her own arousal, collecting it on her fingers. “I can be quick.” She immediately brought her coated fingers to Nicole’s clit and fervently moved them back and forth, hitting the right spot at just the right pressure.

“Oh, fuck” Nicole bent her knees up and spread her legs as she ran her hands all over her own body.

It was less than a minute later when she felt herself approaching her own orgasm. She smiled as she quickly sat up with one hand behind her back and the other wrapped around Waverly’s neck as she pulled the brunette into a heated kiss while hastily rocking her hips, causing the bed to bounce. As soon as she reached her climax, she released Waverly’s lips and pressed their foreheads together as she squeezed her eyes shut and cried out in pleasure. After she came down from her high, she slowly relaxed her eyebrows and opened her eyes to see Waverly’s right in front of her from their foreheads still touching.

“What do you say we skip the bar, and stay here and cuddle instead?” Nicole asked with a hopeful smile.

Waverly chuckled and shook her head as she brought her fingers up to her lips and sucked them clean before standing up next to the bed. “We can’t bail. Dolls needs our support. It sounds like he really likes this girl.”

Nicole groaned as she dropped back onto the mattress with her arms curved above her head, bouncing a couple of times from letting her body drop. “Fine.”

“But, maybe we can tell him we’re going to be a few minutes late. I want to take a shower so that it’s not obvious what we were doing right before we left.”

Nicole shot up into a seated position. “Can I join you? I think I need to wash off again too.” She grinned.

Waverly pointed a firm finger at her. “Fine, but just to bathe. No funny business.”

Nicole shrugged as she stood up from the bed and grabbed Waverly’s hand to excitedly drag her into the bathroom. “No promises.”

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Waverly and Nicole walked through the front door of Shorty’s, hand-in-hand while sporting huge grins as they walked up to where Wynonna was standing behind the bar.

“What’s with your faces? Did you just get laid or something?” Wynonna asked with a quirked brow.

Waverly rolled her eyes as she slid into the stool beside Nicole. “Why does that have to be the only reason we’re smiling? Maybe we just watched a cute video of puppies going down the stairs for the first time. You don’t know...”

The older Earp narrowed her eyes as she slowly leaned over the counter and studied her sister’s face.
“Because Dolls said he wanted us all to meet 20 minutes ago, and you’re always punctual. Even if puppies are involved.”

Waverly shrugged as she set her purse down on the counter in front of her. “Well, maybe we just lost track of time doing something else.” She looked around the bar as she avoided eye contact with Wynonna.

“Uh huh,” Wynonna replied with a look of doubt as she leaned back to her original distance before grabbing an empty glass and filling it with beer.

“So, where is Dolls anyways? Is he here yet?” Nicole asked as she gratefully took the beer Wynonna handed her without asking.

“Haven’t seen him yet. Probably late for the same reason you two were,” Wynonna snorted.

Nicole shrugged as she brought the glass up to her lips. “Probably.”

Waverly backhanded Nicole on the arm, causing her to almost spill her drink, as she gave Nicole a warning look.

Nicole just looked at Waverly with confused, innocent eyes before setting her glass back down on the counter.

“Oh, there he is. Finally.” Wynonna said as she nodded towards the door.

“Earps! Haught! Sorry I’m late. We lost track of time,” Dolls said in a cheery voice as he walked up to the group with a beautiful woman on his arm.

Nicole and Wynonna gave each other a knowing look before Nicole finally turned around to see this mystery woman for the first time. She was close to Nicole’s height, had curly, dirty blonde hair – it was obvious that it wasn’t her natural color, but suited her well – and was wearing a gorgeous dress. Nicole drew her eyebrows together as she narrowed her eyes. Something about the woman seemed familiar.

“Nicole, Waverly, Wynonna…I’d like you to meet—”

“Kathy?!” Nicole interjected in shock when she finally realized who the woman was. She sat in her stool with her chin practically in her lap, looking completely dumbfounded.

A surprised smile grew on the blonde’s face. “Nicole?”

Waverly furrowed her brow and immediately turned to look at Nicole. “Wait…Kathy as in the girl you slept with in high school?”

Kathy chuckled lightly as she casually folded her arms across her chest in disbelief. “Well, I guess that story’s not really a secret anymore.”

Waverly scowled at the woman, roaming her eyes up and down her seemingly perfect body. She couldn’t help but think about all of the things Nicole had done to that body…and all the things that body had done to Nicole.

“Holy shit, I feel like I’m in a lesbian soap opera!” Wynonna stated excitedly as she leaned against the counter, shaking her head as she looked up and down the blonde woman. “Damn Haught! This chick was your first?! No wonder you immediately knew you were gay!”
Waverly glared at Wynonna with dagger eyes and let out a low growl.

Wynonna cleared her throat and shook the disbelieving smile from her face. “I mean, I could really use some popcorn right about now. Or any salty snack, really. I’m not picky.” She shrugged before moving one hand to rub her belly and the other to rest on her lower back.

“Wait, what’s going on?” Dolls asked with his eyebrows knitted together in concern and confusion as he looked directly at Nicole.

Nicole immediately looked at Waverly glaring at her with her fingers practically digging into her hips, then at Wynonna looking at her with raised eyebrows and shoulders, then to Kathy who was standing there with an amused smile, and lastly to Dolls who was impatiently waiting for an answer. She swallowed thickly before finally opening her mouth to speak…

“I…”

Chapter End Notes

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Jealous

Chapter Summary

Jealous Waverly alert!

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Nicole immediately looked at Waverly glaring at her with her fingers practically digging into her hips, then at Wynonna looking at her with raised eyebrows and shoulders, then to Kathy who was standing there with an amused smile, and lastly to Dolls who was impatiently waiting for an answer. She swallowed thickly before finally opening her mouth to speak…

“I…”

Kathy slightly turned and placed her hand on Dolls’ chest as she smiled up at him. “Nicole and I knew each other in high school.”

“Yeah, you two knew each other all right,” Waverly scoffed as she folded her arms across her chest.

“We hooked up once.” Kathy shrugged.

Dolls closed his eyes and shook his head as he gently pushed Kathy off of him and took a step back. “Wait, wait…” He waved his hands around before opening his eyes and looking between the two. “You…” He pointed at Kathy before moving his finger in Nicole’s direction. “And…you?”

“She was my first…with another woman,” Nicole admitted with guilty eyes.

Dolls let his hand that was still pointing at Nicole slowly drop down to his side while giving a few long, unhurried nods of his head as he processed the information. “Huh.”

“What are you doing here?” Nicole asked as she looked at Kathy, trying her best to avoid looking at her girlfriend. Part of her still wasn’t sure if this was real life, or some sort of nightmare.

“I got a job in the city a couple of years ago. I’ve been working and living there ever since, but I had no idea you were here in Purgatory.”

“Yeah, I uh, transferred to the police department here almost a year ago.”

“Oh, you’re a police officer too!”

Dolls pointed at Nicole with his palm up and thumb sticking out and explained, “Nicole is my partner that I was telling you about.” He had originally planned on saying that statement with a little more excitement, but after the recent discovery, it sounded more like disappointment.

“Oh!” Kathy nodded, before quickly realizing why all of this was so awkward now. Her eyes widened and her nodding became much slower. “Oh.”

“I’m Waverly. Nicole’s *girlfriend.*” Waverly gave a quick wave of her hand with a tense smile painted on her face.
“It’s nice to meet you Waverly.” Kathy smiled warmly – and much more genuinely than Waverly – as she held her hand out for Waverly to shake, which she did without hesitation.

As soon as their hands parted, Waverly immediately wrapped her arm around Nicole’s back and placed the opposite hand just below her collarbone, mirroring how Kathy was hanging on Dolls earlier.

The blonde grinned as she looked at the pair. “You two make a great couple. You look really good together.”

“Yes, we do,” Waverly replied as she squeezed Nicole a little tighter, clearly being territorial.

Nicole just stood there awkwardly nodding her head. She didn’t know what to think about Kathy. They weren’t exactly friends in high school. They never even talked outside of that party…she was literally just a hook up. And yet, that didn’t stop the situation from being bad enough to where Nicole desperately wished that she could just disappear.

“Well, I’m Wynonna. Waverly’s sister and Haughtstuff’s…well, Waverly’s sister.” She held her hand out to shake Kathy’s.

The blonde quirked an eyebrow as she shook Wynonna’s hand. “Haughtstuff?”


“No, I don’t.” Nicole replied dryly.

Wynonna stood proudly with her hands on the bar counter, ignoring Nicole. “It’s my trademark. You know, ‘cause she’s so Haught.” Wynonna winked in Nicole’s direction, earning a glare from the redhead.

“She is,” Waverly and Kathy said in unison – although Kathy said it with a slight chuckle, and Waverly said in more of a dreamy voice.

Nicole’s face turned red as she watched Waverly’s eyes burning a hole in Kathy’s face. She shifted her eyes over to Dolls, and caught him looking at her with an unreadable expression before he quickly looked away.

“So, how far along are you?” Kathy smiled in Wynonna’s direction as she gestured towards her almost fully-grown baby bump.

“Thirty-eight weeks,” Wynonna smiled as she gently smoothed her hand over the hump beneath her shirt.

Kathy’s eyes went wide. “Wow. Okay, so you’re really close then.”

“Yep! She’ll be here soon.” Wynonna looked down and smiled as she continued to rub her hand. It was just something she did unconsciously now.

“A girl. That’s incredible.” Kathy grinned as she looked at Wynonna.

“Oh, do you like girl’s more or something?” Waverly asked. The bite in her voice was obvious. And the fact that she wasn’t talking about babies was also obvious.

Everyone watched as the smile slowly fell from Kathy’s face, and was replaced by a look of
discomfort. “No, no. I didn’t mean that at all. I just meant—“

“Yeah, I think we got what you meant.” She rolled her eyes and shook her head as she snorted.

“Uh, Waverly, can we talk for a minute? In private.” Nicole asked quietly. She didn’t even wait for a response. As soon as she finished her words, she grabbed Waverly’s hand and pulled her towards the storage room in the back, ignoring the way Waverly kept deterrent eyes glued to the blonde until she was completely out of sight.

Everyone stood there in awkward silence, until Wynonna nonchalantly said, “They’re probably sneaking off for a quickie. Happens a lot.” She shrugged as she slung the white rag over her shoulder and smiled. “So, can I get you two a drink?

As soon as Waverly and Nicole got to the room, Nicole let go of Waverly’s hand and shut the door behind them. She looked at the brunette, who was standing there looking more pissed than ever. She gently held her hands out as she quietly said, “Please don’t make a big deal about this.”

“How can I not?!” Waverly barked as she gesticulated her hands around. “Nicole, your ex is in my bar!”

“She’s not my ex.”

“Oh, sorry. Girl-from-high-school-you-fucked. Is that better?” Her voice was dripping with sarcasm.

“Look, I didn’t know she was going to be here, okay?” Nicole replied defensively, shaking her head in frustration when Waverly just scoffed and folded her arms across her chest. “Are you seriously mad at me right now because she’s here? Waverly, I can’t predict the future. I swear I had no idea that the girl Dolls has been seeing was her. Honestly, I didn’t think I’d ever see anyone from high school here in Purgatory! And I think you’re being completely unfair here. I mean, I spent the first four months of our relationship having to see Champ—“ She paused and pursed her lips as she slowly dropped the hand that had been adding visual emphasis to her words.

“Champ doesn’t count,” Waverly replied calmly after dropping her arms down by her side.

“Don’t you think that’s a bit of a double standard?”

“I don’t, actually. Because I like women – something my ex is not. You like women, and guess what? There’s a gorgeous one who’s already been in your pants standing right outside that door at this very moment. Chatting up my sister and your work partner as we speak, no doubt.” She clenched her fists by her side and narrowed her eyes at the door before continuing through gritted teeth, “Wiggling her charming personality and stupidly sexy body into our lives.”

Nicole smiled as she took a step towards the brunette. Even though the circumstance wasn’t exactly ideal, she had to admit that jealous Waverly was absolutely adorable. “Is that what this is about? Because she’s pretty?”

“No, she’s not pretty. She’s a freaking model.”

“Would it make you feel any better if I told you that she didn’t look like that in high school?” Nicole punctuated her sentence with a charming lopsided smile.

Waverly pursed her lips as she glared at the redhead. “No. Not at all.”

Nicole rolled her eyes and sighed. “Come on, Waves. You’re ten times more beautiful than Kathy. One hundred times, even. You two aren’t even in the same league…you’re in a higher rank!”
“You’re just saying that.”

“No, I mean it. You’re the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever met. You’re the model here. And if I’m being honest…” She wrapped her arms around Waverly’s waist and slid her hands down into the brunette’s back pocket before whispering in her ear, “You actually kind of turn me on when you get jealous like this.”

Waverly shivered as she felt Nicole’s warm breath on her ear. She shook her head when she felt soft lips placing delicate kisses on the side of her neck. “You’re going to make me want you,” she said in a breathy tone as she desperately tried to keep her eyes open.

Nicole pulled back and smirked as she moved her hands up to cup the sides of Waverly’s face. “That’s the idea.” She leaned in and gently pressed her lips against Waverly’s in a slow kiss, taking in the sweet, familiar taste of her love.

Waverly groaned and pulled away with a sigh. She looked down with a shake of her head and slipped her hands into Nicole’s before looking back up into the redhead’s loving eyes. “How is it that we just had sex, and I’m already craving more of you?”

“Because I think you kind of love me,” Nicole replied with a wink.

“No, I really love you. A lot.”

Nicole nodded her head, understanding that Waverly was being serious. “I love you too, Waverly. Which is why there’s no need to be jealous of Kathy. What you and I have goes way beyond some drunken hook-up at a party. Okay?”

Waverly nodded and closed her eyes as Nicole pressed her forehead against hers. She inhaled the scent of vanilla dipped doughnuts, and suddenly she felt safe. She wrapped her hands around the sides of Nicole’s strong jaw muscles and opened her eyes to meet devoted ones looking back at her. “Okay,” she whispered before connecting their lips again.

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The next morning, Nicole walked into work with a huge to-go cup of coffee in her hand that she had picked up from Waverly. She kind of wished they hadn’t gone to sleep so late, but it’s not like she was really complaining about what they had gotten up to as soon as they got back to Nicole’s house from Shorty’s.

She sat the cup down on her desk and slid into her chair as she rubbed her eyes in an attempt to wake herself up. She heard footsteps coming towards her, and immediately perked up, assuming that it was Nedley. When she saw that it was Dolls, she returned to her previous slouching position. “Oh, it’s just you.”

He just gave her a curt nod as he continued walking towards his desk.

Nicole drew her eyebrows together and slowly swiveled her chair so that she was facing him. “You’re in a mood.” A smirk slowly spread across her face. “Did you not get a lot of sleep either?”

Dolls looked at her blankly. “No, I didn’t. But if you’re insinuating that it’s because I had sex with Kathy, then you’d be mistaken.” He wiggled his computer mouse and began typing in his login info as he mumbled, “That’s you.”

Nicole pursed her lips as she pushed herself out of her chair and stomped over towards Dolls. “Are you serious right now? Are you actually upset because I hooked up with her one time nearly ten
years ago?"

“It’s weird, Nicole,” Dolls replied passionately as he looked up at her. “I mean, you and her have…” He moved his hands around haphazardly as he pressed his lips together. “It’s just weird.”

“Xavier, it was one time. We were both drunk; I barely even remember it. And we never said a single word to each other before or after that night. You’re the one going on dates with her and stuff, so it’s not like you’re her sloppy seconds or anything.”

“Well I wasn’t thinking that, but thanks.” He said sarcastically as he rolled his eyes. “You know what I mean. She was nothing more than a hook up.” She shrugged.

“Really? The girl who made you realize that you were a lesbian was nothing more than a hook up?” He scoffed as he shook his head. “Sorry if I find that hard to believe.”

“Dolls—“

“You know what, I actually have some work I need to get done.” He turned his attention back towards his computer and began typing.

Nicole walked back towards her desk and plopped down into her chair. She inhaled deeply through her nose before snatching her favorite pen from the mug containing an array of writing utensils.

A few minutes later, Nedley walked in with his Stetson in one and his keys in the other. “Officer Haught.” He gave a terse not in her direction, and she gave a weak smile back. “Dolls, do you have those reports for me.

“I do, sir.” Dolls nodded as he quickly grabbed a manila folder and followed Nedley into his office. “Oh, while I’ve got you, there’s something I’ve been wanting to talk to you about…” Dolls’ voice faded away as he shut the door.

Nicole rested her elbow on the back of her chair as she repeatedly tapped her pen over her notepad with the other hand. Unable to focus on her work, she threw the pen down and groaned in frustration as she rubbed her palms over her face. This was not how she had expected her week to go. She sighed and folded her arms across her chest as she shook her head, but paused when an idea hit her. She looked behind her at the closed office, and quietly tiptoed towards Dolls’ desk. As soon as she spotted his phone, she picked it up and opened his contacts. After finding Kathy’s name, she quickly sent the contact to herself before deleting the text. She closed the phone and sat it back down exactly where it had been sitting before, and quickly shuffled back to her desk just in time, as the office door opened and Dolls walked back out.

Nicole looked over her shoulder to see Dolls pick up his phone. When he noticed her observing him, he furrowed his brow and asked in confusion, “What?”

She shrugged and shook her head as she gave a polite, “Nothing,” before turning back to face her own desk.

---

Nicole laid in her bed as she waited for Waverly to come over. It had been a long day, so as soon as she had gotten home she threw herself down onto the mattress – not even bothering to change out of her uniform first – and had been laying there for the past hour.

When she heard the faint sound of the door shutting downstairs, she smiled. Her eyes were still
closed and her body was unmoving, but even at her most exhausted state she couldn’t help but smile
at the sound of her girlfriend using her own key to enter her house.

“I’m up here baby!” Nicole called out. Her smile grew even bigger when she heard the sound of
footsteps coming up the stairs. She turned her head to look at the opened door, but as soon as
Waverly walked through, she drew her eyebrows together and sat up. “Uh, what’s with the trench
coat?” She said as she eyed Waverly suspiciously.

A sultry smile formed on Waverly’s face as she untied the straps around her waist and opened up the
coat, revealing a black sexy lace up bustier panty set with a garter belt to hold up the sheer stockings.

“Surprise,” Waverly said in a low, sultry voice as she strutted over towards Nicole.

Nicole’s jaw hit the floor. She sat there, frozen with her eyes gradually becoming wider. “Holy… whoa,” was all she could manage to choke out as she scanned her eyes up and down the brunette’s body. She had never seen Waverly in anything like that before…she hadn’t even fantasized about it. But now she was internally chastising herself for all of the missed opportunities during her solo sessions.

With a quick shake of her head, Nicole looked up at Waverly. “Baby, what’s going on?” She lightly
chuckled as her eyes shamelessly lingered over her girlfriend’s partially exposed breasts.

“What? You don’t like it?” Waverly teased as she took a couple more seductive steps towards Nicole
and stood directly in front of her with her hands on her hips.

Nicole blew out a quick breath of air as she took in the closer view. “No, I do. I definitely do.” She
looked up into Waverly’s eyes. “But, it just feels a bit...random. I mean, did you go out and buy this
today?”

Waverly shrugged as she sat down directly beside Nicole and swung her legs across the redhead’s
lap. “I may have taken a trip into the city where the Victoria’s Secret is.” She twirled her finger
around the ends of Nicole’s fiery locks as she continued. “I just figured we could try something
new.”

Nicole eyed her curiously. “This wouldn’t have anything to do with Kathy being here, would it?
Because you know there’s no competition here...”

Waverly slid her legs off of Nicole to sit straight up beside her as she sighed. “Nicole, of course there
is. She’s your ex.”

Nicole rolled her eyes. “Waverly, she’s not my ex—”

“But she’s your first! And that was a big deal for you! Remember? The ‘click moment’?” She put air
quotes around those two words. “You told me that she was your click moment. And you were mine.
So that means that she’s your you. And I can’t compete with that.”

Nicole quickly shook her head as she repositioned herself so that she was now facing Waverly.
“She’s not my me.” She drew her eyebrows together in confusion at the wording before shaking it
off. “I mean, yeah, I realized that I was gay that night, but I was drunk. That moment wasn’t even
about her, it was about me; Me figuring out who I was and putting the puzzle pieces together. I
could’ve had that moment with any girl.”

“Yeah, but you had it with her.”

“But that doesn’t even matter now. Look, I’m with you, Waverly. I don’t have any feelings for
Kathy. I don’t even know her.”

“But what if this is the universe telling you that she’s the one? That it was supposed to be her?”

“It’s not.” Nicole replied firmly.

“But how do you know that?”

“Because, I love you.”

Waverly sighed as she rested her hand on top of Nicole’s in her lap. “I love you too.” She looked down at their hands touching.

Nicole could see the doubts running through Waverly’s mind. “But it’s not enough to convince you.” She sighed as she slowly pulled her hand away. It hurt her a little to know that Waverly was still jealous of this unexpected girl from her past, even though she had told and shown Waverly a million times that she’s the only one for her...or at least she thought she had.

“It’s not that it’s not enough. It’s that…well, she looks like that, and you’re you, and you two have already slept together—I don’t know, it’s just difficult to get past that.” She glanced up at Nicole looking at her with obvious disappointment, and she felt guilty. Part of her knew that Nicole loved her, but part of her just couldn’t stop thinking ‘what if’. What if Nicole does fall for this other woman? What if she does dump Waverly? What if they truly weren’t meant to be? Waverly closed her eyes and clenched her jaw as she tried her best to push the negative thoughts out of her mind, but she was beginning to feel nauseous.

Nicole looked at the brunette and brushed the stray hair out of her face. “Hey, Waves, it was a long time ago. I’m not going to leave you for her or anything like that. I don’t even like her. She’s not even my type.”

Waverly nodded as she opened her eyes and quickly wiped the tears that were threatening to fall. She felt so stupid for actually getting upset about this, but she couldn’t help it.

Nicole looked at her girlfriend with sympathetic eyes as soon as she saw the tears. “Waverly…” she cooed, but Waverly quickly shook her head.

“No, I’m fine. Sorry, I’m just being dumb.”

“You’re not dumb.”

“It’s okay. I’ll get over it.” She gave a weak smile as she grabbed Nicole’s knee and gently squeezed it. “But I’m not really in the mood anymore. I’m actually kind of tired. Is it okay if I take this off?” She tugged at the lingerie.

“No, I’m fine. Sorry, I’m just being dumb.”

“You’re not dumb.”

“It’s okay. I’ll get over it.” She gave a weak smile as she grabbed Nicole’s knee and gently squeezed it. “But I’m not really in the mood anymore. I’m actually kind of tired. Is it okay if I take this off?” She tugged at the lingerie.

“You’re not dumb.”

“Yeah, that’s okay,” Nicole reassured as she grazed her hand along the side of Waverly’s face before giving her a chaste kiss. She watched Waverly give her a weak smile as they parted.

As soon as Waverly stood up to walk towards the bathroom, Nicole instantly noticed her ass on full display in that outfit, and her mouth began to water. She watched attentively all the way up until Waverly made it to the bathroom and shut the door behind her, blocking the view. Nicole groaned and let her body drop back onto the bed as she reached out for a pillow and smashed it over her face. She laid there for a moment, trying her best not to think about the throbbing between her legs from the sexual frustration, when she thought of Kathy. She immediately sprang upright, tossing the pillow aside and grabbing her phone.
After pulling up Kathy’s contact that she got from Dolls’ phone, she typed out a new message…

**Nicole:** Hey, this is Nicole. Can we meet up tomorrow evening to talk?

She set her phone down and unexpectedly almost immediately received a response.

**Kathy:** Hey Nicole. Yeah. Where?

**Nicole:** There’s a bar between Purgatory and the city called Pussy Willows

**Kathy:** Got it. I get off work at 5 so I’ll be there around 5:30.

**Nicole:** See you then.

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Nicole walked through the front door of the bar and scanned the room for curly blonde hair…which at Pussy Willows was pretty much everywhere. It took her a few seconds, but she eventually spotted Kathy sitting at the bar and began to make her way towards her.

“Hey,” Nicole smiled as she slid into the stool beside the blonde.

“Hey stranger,” Kathy replied with a bright smile before taking a sip of her drink.

As soon as Nicole sat down, the bar tender walked over towards her to take her drink order. After receiving her beer, she sat it down on the countertop and stared at it as she thought of what to say.

Kathy looked at the Nicole with a raised eyebrow. “I’m guessing you didn’t bring me all the way out to a bar called ‘Pussy Willows’ just to catch up.” She gave Nicole a knowing look before adding, “And I’m going to be honest, I thought this was going to be a lesbian bar. But now I’m a little disappointed.”

Nicole laughed as she shook her head. “Yeah, it’s definitely not.” She took a sip of her beer to help relieve some of the tension she was holding onto. She set the bottle back down and looked at Kathy. “And you’re right. I did come here to talk about something specific.”

“Waverly?” The blonde queried with a small smile.

Nicole nodded as she sighed. “She thinks this is the universe telling me that you and I are destined to be together.” Nicole chuckled at the amusing thought as she took a sip of her drink.

“And what do you think?”

Nicole looked at Kathy for a moment before saying, “I think if the universe wanted to bring us together, it wouldn’t be through my partner.”

The blonde laughed as she nodded her head. “Yeah, probably not.”

Nicole stared down at her finger running through the condensation of the bottle as she spoke. “She’s been through so much recently, and I don’t know how else to prove to her that she’s the only one for me.”

“Maybe it’s not you who needs to convince her. Maybe it’s herself.”

“Oh, thanks. That’s helpful,” Nicole said sarcastically as she chuckled.
Kathy clicked her teeth. “What I mean is, maybe she’s just waiting for the other shoe to drop. Especially if she’s been through a lot, like you said. Maybe there’s not really anything you can do except be patient with her and just keep reminding her that you love her.”

Nicole sighed. “It’s just difficult sometimes. I want her to trust me.”

“Oh, I have no doubts that she trusts you. But you know, sometimes even with that, some people just get scared that their whole world is going to fall apart, and that it’s out of their hands.”

Nicole snorted at the irony. “She’s had her whole world fall apart a few times already.”

Kathy gave a weak smile as she slowly nodded, and Nicole pinched the bridge of her nose as she sighed.

“I didn’t tell her I was coming here to meet you.”

“Why not?” Kathy asked with a furrowed brow.

Nicole dropped her hand in her lap and pursed her lips. “I didn’t want her to get upset. But I just needed to talk to you. I needed to know what the point of all this was.”

“The point of what?” Kathy drew her eyebrows together in confusion.

“Of this. Of you being here. Of you coming back into my life after one encounter back in high school. I mean, it’s a pretty big coincidence, especially considering how Purgatory is in the middle of nowhere. And my work partner? I mean, you have to admit, it’s a little scary…”

Kathy chuckled as she nodded in agreement. “I don’t know why the universe brought us together after all this time, but what I do know is that you and Waverly are the real deal. I could tell that even just from the short hour we hung out other night at her family’s bar.”

“And you and Dolls?” Nicole asked with a quirked eyebrow.

Kathy shrugged. “Xavier is…cute. He makes me laugh, and he’s a really good guy. But it’s only been a week and a half.”

“Yeah, but you guys have been on a ton of dates since then, right?”

“Yeah, more dates than I usually go on with a guy,” Kathy laughed. “Normally it’s like one date a week. Women are a whole different ball game though.”

“You don’t have to tell me twice. Waverly and I have spent every day together since we first started talking,” Nicole laughed as she shook her head.

“God, you’re such lesbians.” Kathy shook her head in the same manner and gave Nicole a teasing look, earning a playful punch in the leg.

“Whatever,” Nicole laughed. Both of their laughter died down, and the two fell into a comfortable silence. “So, since we’re talking about lesbians and stuff, I don’t know if you ever knew this, but you kind of helped me figure out that I liked girls.”

Kathy let out a snort. “Oh, I knew.”

“What do you mean?” Nicole asked with a furrowed brow.

“I had been drinking, but you were pretty drunk. Way more than me. And pretty much the whole
time we were in bed together, you were talking about how gay you were and how much you liked pussy…and how much you liked eating pussy,” Kathy covered her mouth with her hand as she tried to stifle her laughter.

Nicole’s eyes widen as she turned crimson. “Oh my god, no I didn’t.”

Kathy dropped her hand from her mouth and nodded her head with her eyebrows pushed together and up, and her lips pursed together in a big smile. “You did. The entire time you kept talking about how into it you were…and then something about Ethan’s dick and how much better my body was compared to his.”

Nicole buried her face in her hands and let out a muffled, “Oh god.”

The blonde patted Nicole’s back sympathetically. “It wasn’t bad though. You know, for your first time with another girl, you were actually really good.”

Nicole lifted her head up in surprise. “Really?”

With a big grin, Kathy replied, “Oh yeah. Better than any of the other girls I had slept with in high school, actually.”

Nicole felt a feeling of pride wash over her before it was quickly replaced by fear. “Please don’t ever tell Waverly that. She’ll literally kill me…and then she’ll kill you…and then she’ll revive both of us just to kill us again.”

The blonde held her hands up in defense. “Trust me. I’ve had girlfriends before. I know how it is. Definitely not trying to put you in the dog house here.”

“Thank you. I appreciate that.” Nicole grabbed her beer and took a modest sip. “So, is Dolls being weird around you too? You know, since finding out about how we know each other…”

“You know, he is a little,” Kathy replied with narrowed eyes. “At first he was really cool when he found out that I was bisexual—I mean, most of the men I date are to be honest…”

Nicole nodded in understanding with a lack of surprise.

“But ever since that night, he’s been giving me some weird looks. I think picturing you with me instead of some random woman ruined it for him.”

Nicole let out a hearty laugh. “I can only imagine the torture and confusion going through his male brain right now.” She shook her head as Kathy joined in with her laughter. “But yeah, he’s been weird around me too at work, so it’s not just you.” Nicole sighed as she slumped in her stool. “This whole thing is just such a mess.”

“It’ll be okay though. Xavier and Waverly will see that we’re just people who have just simply crossed paths before, and everything will go back to normal soon enough.”

“I can’t wait for that.” Nicole pulled out her phone to check the time and saw a text from Waverly. “Speaking of Waverly, she’s about to leave work, so I better start heading home.” She knocked back the last little bit of her beer before setting the bottle down onto the table and standing up. “Thanks for meeting up with me.”

“Sure thing. Hope it helped.”

“It did. And you know what? You’re just as cool as you were in high school.” Nicole smiled as she
placed a friendly hand on Kathy’s shoulder. “I’ll see you around.”

“Hey, Nicole?” Kathy called out and immediately caught the redhead’s attention. “Tell Waverly you met with me.”

Nicole nodded as she smiled. “Was already planning on it.” She winked before making her way back towards her squad car.

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As Nicole walked through the front door, she was instantly met with the smell of delicious food and chuckled before shutting the door behind her. “Babe, it was my turn to cook tonight.”

“Well, you weren’t home yet so I decided to get a head start.” Waverly winked as she laid the wooden spoon across the pot and turned around to greet her girlfriend with a kiss before grabbing the utensil and turning her attention back towards the food. “Speaking of which, where were you? Did you stop somewhere on your way home from work?”

“Yeah, I uh, met up with Kathy, actually,” Nicole said with slight hesitation as she slowly sat down at the kitchen table.

Waverly paused and swallowed thickly. She tried her best not to freak out. She reminded herself that Nicole is her baby – her best baby – and she relaxed...well, at least a little more than before. “Oh, you did?” She asked without turning around. She was a little apprehensive to make eye contact at the moment in fear that she would lose any of the cool that she had managed to hold onto.

“Yeah. I texted her and asked her if we could talk. I just wanted to see what her deal was, you know?”

Waverly nodded as she sat the spoon down on the counter and turned around to face Nicole, leaning her back against the counter and folding her arms across her chest. “And?”

“And she’s actually a really cool person. And she’s currently dating Dolls. And I’m with you. And both of us are very happy with that.”

Waverly sighed as she smiled with a slight shake of her head. She let the comforting words sink in on repeat. “Sorry. I’m just—”

“I know. I get it.” Nicole reached her arm out, gesturing for Waverly to come to her, and immediately pulled the brunette into her side as she clasped both hands around Waverly’s waist and looked up into hazel eyes. “I know you get jealous, and that’s okay. Especially if that person is someone I’ve had sex with...and it’s even more understandable if they’re the one I lost my girl virginity to. That’s totally normal.”

Waverly nodded.

“But you know what? That click moment you had with me...I had with you too. It was a click moment where I knew that this was it, and I’ve never felt that with anyone else before. Kathy may have been my first, but you’re my forever. I knew it on our first date, I knew it that night we first made love, and I know it now. I’m totally, completely, one hundred percent in love with you, Waverly Earp. And there’s not another soul on this Earth who could change that, got it?”

Waverly swiped the back of her index finger across her watery eyes as she smiled and gave a short nod. “Got it.” She blew out a puff of air, causing her lips to vibrate. “I think I’m just scared that all of this is going to be taken away from me. It’s just going so well, and normally ‘going so well’
means that something bad is about to happen for us Earps. So I guess with Kathy just randomly showing up like that, I was afraid that that was going to be the bad thing. That you were going to be taken away from me.”

“That’s not going to happen. We’re meant to be together, and that’s a fact. So, sorry, but you’re stuck with me.” Nicole shrugged with her lips pressed together and eyebrows raised, earning herself the cutest giggle that made her heart flutter.

“I think the universe already gave us our sign anyways.” Waverly smiled.

Nicole scrunched her eyebrows together in confusion. “What do you mean?”

“Well, I never told you this, but that night when we first kissed, Wynonna and I played this universe game. If it was you at the door, it meant you liked me. If it wasn’t, then you didn’t.”

“And I was at the door,” Nicole said with a warm smile.

“You were,” Waverly replied, mirroring the redhead’s expression as she continued to look down at her. “But I think it was telling us something more. More than just that you liked me. I think that was the sign that you’re the one.”

Nicole’s smile broadened as she looked up into Waverly’s eyes — into her soul, and instantly knew that it was hers to cherish. She’d never had any doubts about their relationship, and if anything, her certainty only grew stronger with each passing day. She definitely was going to marry this girl someday.

“What are you thinking about?” Waverly asked as her eyes moved back and forth across her girlfriend’s face as she studied it.

Nicole gave a breathy chuckle and shook her head as she pulled Waverly down to sit sideways on her lap. “Nothing,” she replied before pulling Waverly into a searing kiss.

Waverly wrapped her left arm around Nicole’s shoulders as she cupped her cheek with her right hand. She let out a small whine when she felt a hand snaking up her bare outer thigh underneath her short shorts to rest on her backside. When Nicole squeezed her hand around Waverly, she took the hint and pushed herself closer to Nicole’s body, and immediately felt disappointment when Nicole pulled out of the kiss.

“Do you still have that lingerie you were wearing last night?” Nicole asked with a smirk.

A devilish grin spread across Waverly’s face as she slowly slid off of Nicole’s lap — without breaking eye contact — and took her hand to lead her upstairs to her bedroom; a bedroom Waverly had hoped to someday soon call her own.
Chapter Summary

Kathy and Waverly have a chat, Nicole and Dolls come to a truce, and Waverly and Nicole take "eating dinner at the kitchen table" to a whole new level.

It had been a few days since Waverly met Kathy in Shorty’s, and with each passing day she felt less and less threatened. But that didn’t stop the visual of the curly blonde and Nicole doing the horizontal tango from popping into her head from time to time. Any time that happened though, she’d remind herself that Nicole loved her just as much as she loved Nicole, and that she didn’t have anything to worry about. It wasn’t that she didn’t trust Nicole, it was just her insecurities from being an Earp, and from being the daughter who was never good enough for her drunk father or her absent mother. But she was getting better about that. Besides, it’s not like she’d even seen Kathy since that night anyways. It’s not like the woman was just going to start randomly popping up into her life or anythi—

“Waverly!”

Waverly looked up from the counter where she was reading a magazine to meet with crystal blue eyes. She drew her eyebrows together as she slowly straightened up from her hunched position she was in from pouring over an enticing article about Prince Harry and Meghan Markle.

“Kathy?” She breathed out in confusion as the blonde walked towards her with a warm smile. She quickly shut the magazine and slid it over to the side.

“Hey! I remembered you saying that you worked here and figured I’d stop by for some coffee before heading over to the station.”

Waverly quirked an eyebrow. “The station?” Nicole was at the station.

“Yeah. Xavier and I have lunch plans together since I had an early shift today. I just got off, actually. …Work, I mean.” She let out a short, breathy laugh at the joke that unfortunately went over Waverly’s head.

“Oh. Right.” Waverly shook her head, silencing all of her insecurities as she looked at Kathy with her famous barista smile. “Well, what can I get you then?”

“I’ll just take an iced coffee.”

“In February?” Waverly questioned with a light chuckle.

Kathy laughed as she shrugged. “Yeah, I’ve always been a little odd with my coffee cravings. Iced in the winter, hot in the summer. No idea why that is though.” She handed her card over for Waverly to swipe.

“Well, this is a judgement free coffee shop, so I’ll have that iced coffee coming right up for you.”

After making the drink in record time, she handed it over to an impressed-looking Kathy with a proud, toothy grin. “Here you go!”
“Wow. That was unexpectedly fast,” The blonde chuckled before taking a sip. “Mmm and the best iced coffee I’ve ever had! Okay, I definitely need to come here more often. Or maybe the world just need some more baristas that are as good as you.” She nudged Waverly’s arm with playful a wink.

A genuine smile spread across Waverly’s face at the compliment. “Thank you. I appreciate that.” She eyed the blonde curiously. Maybe Kathy was a lot cooler than she gave her credit for.

When Waverly realized that the woman was standing there looking at her, as if waiting for something, she scrunched her eyebrows together. “Is there anything else I can get you?”

“No, sorry. I just…I wanted to talk to you. You know, woman-to-woman.” She followed her sentence with a small, almost nervous-looking smile.

Waverly felt her stomach drop a little. That definitely didn’t sound good. “Uh, okay?” She rested her palms on the edge of the counter in front of her as she looked expectantly at Kathy.

“I just wanted to say that there’s nothing going on between Nicole and me, and there never will be. What we had—or I guess more accurately, what we did, was a long time ago. She’s not really my type. So you have absolutely nothing to worry about. And all I want is to get to know Xavier’s friends, because they seem pretty cool.” She smiled at Waverly, causing the brunette’s eyes to crinkle in return. “And really, all I see her as is Xavier’s work partner. She’s a completely different person now, so I don’t even think about her as being that girl from high school at that party. So, I’d really like to get to know both of you, and maybe go out on some double dates with Xavier. If that’s okay with you?”

Waverly paused for a moment. She suddenly realized just how good of a person Kathy actually was, and began to feel a little guilty for just assuming that she was going to try to steal Nicole away from her. “Yeah, I’d like to get to know you too. You seem like a good person, and I’m happy for Dolls.” Waverly smiled as she nodded her head.

“Good. And as far as good people go, I think you might have me beat. Because from what I’ve heard, someone here was voted nicest person in Purgatory.” Kathy gave Waverly a knowing look, earning a laugh and a nod from the barista.

“I may or may not have a sash,” Waverly said as she playfully shifted her eyes.

“I’m not really surprised.” Kathy chuckled as she picked up her drink and pulled her keys out of her jacket pocket. “Well, I’m about to head over to the station. Thanks again for the coffee. See you around.”

“Yeah, see you around.” Waverly waved as she watched the blonde exit the shop.

The bathroom door swung open, and Darren walked out into the shop just in time to catch sight of the blonde walking out the door. “Whoa. Who was that?”

“Kathy. She’s Dolls’ new…well, I don’t know what exactly they are, but they’re dating.”

“Lucky guy.” Darren pursed his lips and nodded approvingly, earning himself a smack in the stomach from the petite yet strong brunette.

“Ow!”

“That’s for Chrissy.”

He nodded with a sigh as he rubbed his stomach. “Yeah, that’s fair. So, why was she in here talking
Waverly stilled her previous movements of tidying up the countertop and paused for a moment. “She…may have known Nicole back in high school.”

“Oh, really? Huh, that’s pretty cool. I mean, what are the odds?” He chuckled lightly before continuing, “Were they friends?”

She gave another pause. “Um, not exactly.”

Darren looked at her with confused eyes as he waited for the answer. “They, uh…hooked up once.”

He squeezed his eyes shut and gave a few broad shakes of his head as he waved his hands around in front of him. “Hold up. Nicole slept with that woman?” His shaking turned into nodding as he sported a wide grin. “Dude. Nice.”

Waverly backhanded him again in the stomach. “Ow!”

“No, not nice. Don’t even start picturing the two of them together, because Nicole is my girlfriend. They’re not a thing. She’s with Dolls now, and that was a long time ago. I honestly don’t even know why I told you…”

“So…you want me to picture Nicole and you together?” He asked genuinely, trying to keep up with the situation.

Waverly pursed her lips and pulled her hand back in preparation to slap him again, but he jumped away with his hands up in surrender. “Okay, okay. No thinking about anyone with anyone else. Got it.”

“Good.” Waverly gave him a curt nod before continuing her previous task of straightening things up.

“So, how do you feel with her being here? Must be kind of awkward for you. Knowing that she and Nicole have— Well, you know…” He trailed off, not wanting to get slapped again.

“You know, at first I was a little jealous. But now that I’ve actually talked with her, she seems pretty cool.”

“So we like her then.” He stated with a hint of a question in the air.

“Yeah, we like her.” Waverly nodded with a small smile.

“Cool.” He bit his bottom lip to stifle his grin and shook his head. “Man, I can’t believe how many hot ladies there are that are into other hot ladies. It’s just—It really is—” He looked up at Waverly and noticed her scowl, causing him to immediately shut his mouth and drop his smile. “Right. Shutting up now.”

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Nicole was sitting at her desk, rubbing her forehead with her hand while reading over some files when the odd sound of whistling hit her ears. She looked up with a furrowed brow and noticed a chipper Dolls strolling through the station and heading straight towards her desk.
“‘Sup Haught,” he said coolly as he held his hand out for a high five – which she accepted hesitantly – before plopping down in the chair across from her desk.

She sat there, silently looking at him with confusion as he just continued to beam back at her. “Okay, I’ll bite.” She closed the folder shut and dropped her pen down on top of it. “What are you so happy about?”

He poked his bottom lip out as he shrugged. “Nothin’. Just went to lunch and had some really good food.”

Nicole slowly relaxed back in her chair as she looked at him with knowing eyes and a smirk. “Ohhh, I see. You met up with Kathy.”

“Guilty.” He sang – which was…odd, but amusing nonetheless.

Nicole let out a breathy laugh as she shook her head. “I’m guessing you two had a good time?”

He leaned forward in his chair and rested his arms on her desk beside her computer monitor. “I really like her. Like, really like her. Every time I hang out with her, she just gets cooler and cooler. It’s crazy. I’ve never felt like this about anyone before.”

“Yeah, that’s how I felt about Waverly.” Nicole smiled. “I still feel that way about her.”

“Yeah, but it’s obvious that Waverly is your true love.” He winked.

Nicole let out a happy sigh and shrugged. “Maybe Kathy is yours. Who knows.”

Dolls laughed as he waved a hand in front of his face. “Whoa, whoa. It’s a little too soon for all that. I just like hanging out with her.”

Nicole narrowed her eyes. “Nobody’s asking you to commit to anything here. I’m just saying...well, that I’m happy for you.” The corner of her mouth tugged up in a half-smile.

“Thanks. I’m glad you approve of her.” He gave a similar lopsided smile.

“So, you’re not mad at me anymore?”

He grabbed onto the desk as he slowly pushed himself up into a standing position. “How about we just don’t bring it up, and I’ll try to forget that you’ve rolled around under the sheets together.” He raised an eyebrow as he held his hand out for her to shake.

“Deal.” Nicole nodded as she shook his hand.

As soon as he left her to continue her work, her phone dinged, as if on cue.

Waverly: Dinner at my place tonight? Wynonna is staying at Doc’s :) 

She smiled down at her screen as she quickly typed out her reply.

Nicole: I’ll be there :)

Waverly: Yay! Any requests?

Nicole: You…in a skirt ;) or dress, I’m not picky. Just something with easy access.

Waverly: …I can’t deal with you. But also, yes ma’am ;) Now, any FOOD requests?
Nicole: Whatever you’re in the food to make tonight baby. Surprise me <3

Waverly: Okay :) See you tonight baby <3

Nicole set her phone down with a huge grin on her face and looked at the clock. Only a few more hours left until the end of her shift, and she couldn’t wait.

---

Waverly pulled the casserole out of the oven and turned it off along with the timer when she heard tires rolling over the snow in the distance. She looked out the kitchen window just in time to catch two headlights pulling up in front of the house before disappearing.

With a grin, she threw the oven mitts onto the counter and trotted over towards the front door. When she eagerly swung it open, she was met with her casually-dressed, good-looking girlfriend walking up the stairs of the front porch. She lunged towards the redhead with open arms before wrapping them around the taller girl’s neck in a tight embrace. With her face buried in Nicole’s shoulder, she took in a deep breath through her nose, inhaling the woman’s familiar scent.

Nicole chuckled as she walked them into the house – Waverly still wrapped around her body – and shut the door behind her.

They stood there, hugging, for about a minute before the mutually pulled apart.

“Did you miss me?” Nicole teased as she shrugged her coat off and hung it on the rack by the door.

“I always miss you,” Waverly gave the redhead a chaste kiss on the lips before grabbing her hand and pulling her into the kitchen. “You’re just in time. I just pulled the casserole out of the oven.”

Nicole roamed her eyes over Waverly’s high wasted skirt in front of her and bit back her excited smile. “You uh, you wore a skirt.”

When they got to their destination, Waverly slipped her hand out of Nicole’s and walked over to the cabinet to grab a couple of plates. She let her smile make itself known as her back was turned to Nicole, but quickly pushed it away when she turned around to set the plates on the table with a shrug.

“I just felt like wearing a skirt. I wanted to wear something less restricting than jeans.” She turned back around to grab a couple of glasses, successfully avoiding Nicole’s mischievous smirk.

The redhead plopped into the chair and crossed a leg with her outer ankle resting on top of the opposite knee as she watched her girlfriend finish setting the table – the correct way, of course. “So, it wasn’t for me then?”

Waverly shook her head. “Nope. It was all for me.”

Nicole dropped her crossed leg to the floor and leaned forward in her chair with an outstretched hand. “Come here.” She looked at Waverly with loving eyes and a warm smile, easily luring the brunette towards her.

When Waverly took her hand and was standing right in front of her, Nicole looked up at her and rested her free hand on the inside of Waverly’s thigh. She slowly slid it up until she was met with soft curls. The sound of her short, breathy chuckle filled the room, causing Waverly’s breath to hitch.

“And the no underwear thing…is that for you too?” Nicole asked as her fingers continued to play
with the short, coarse hair.

Waverly shook her head and dropped Nicole’s hand – which instantly landed on the back of her thigh – and wrapped her arms around her neck with a devilish grin. “No. That’s for you.”

Nicole moved her fingers towards Waverly’s folds and grazed her fingertips along it, feeling the beginning signs of Waverly’s arousal. “And what about this? Is this for me?” She asked with a lifted eyebrow before slowly running her fingers up Waverly’s slit, flicking her index finger across her clit at the top.

Waverly swallowed her moan as her eyelids flutter shut. She rubbed her palm along Nicole’s upper back over her shirt with the other clenching her shoulder as she nodded. “Yeah baby. That’s all for you.” She opened her eyes and looked down at the smug face, and almost immediately pulled Nicole into a greedy kiss.

With Waverly now sitting on Nicole’s lap, the pair roamed their hands all over each other’s upper bodies in exploration, occasionally getting lost in untidy hair. When they finally pulled apart gasping for air, Waverly looked down into Nicole’s dilated pupils and in a seductive voice requested, “Dessert first?”

“Please,” Nicole begged as she flitted her eyes down to her girlfriend’s hands running up and down her chest, and almost immediately Waverly stood up from her lap and took her hand.

As soon as Nicole realized that Waverly was pulling her out of the kitchen and towards the stairs, she pulled back, halting both of their movements. “Wait, why not here?”

Waverly looked around in confusion. “Uh, in the kitchen?” She chuckled lightly.

Nicole shrugged. “Yeah, why not?”

“Nicole, we eat here!” Waverly replied in a shocked tone of voice.

“We can wipe it down when we’re done.” Nicole pulled the smaller woman into the front of her body and ran her hands up her sides as she simultaneously grazed her nose along her neck towards her ear. “Come on, it would be really hot. And sexy.” She let her lips rest on the outside of the brunette’s ear before whispering, “And rebellious.”

Waverly shuddered as Nicole pulled away, and she eyed her with hesitation. “I don’t know.”

“Come on. Please?” Nicole poked out her bottom lip, and she knew she had Waverly in the palm of her hand.

With a sigh and a shake of her head, Waverly replied, “Okay, fine. But we’re disinfecting everything. And we’re never telling Wynonna.”

Nicole nodded fervently with the first three fingers of her right hand held up. “Scout’s honor.”

“You were never a boy scout,” Waverly said with a raised eyebrow.

Nicole slid her hands around Waverly’s waist with a cocky smile. “No, it was more foreshadowing with the three fingers thing.” She leaned down and hovered her lips over Waverly’s, taunting the girl with her warm breath.

“Oh really?” Waverly asked playfully as she looked down at Nicole’s lips just centimeter’s away from her own.
“Really.” As soon as the words left her mouth, Nicole pulled Waverly against her and hungrily glided their lips together. She spun them around and walked the girl backwards towards the kitchen table.

As soon as her back hit the wooden edge, Waverly’s eyes snapped open just in time to catch Nicole reach her hand out and start to push the dishes over. “Wait!”

Nicole froze and pulled back with a worried look. “What?”

“Don’t break the dishes.” Waverly slid out from Nicole’s grasp and stacked the dishes to move to the counter by the sink.

“Seriously? They’re just cheap dishes, Waves,” Nicole laughed as she leaned against the table.

Waverly spun around and folded her arms across her chest. “Still. I don’t want to have to worry about stepping on small pieces of broken glass for the next few days.”

Nicole smirked as she slowly shook her head. “You… You’re so stinkin’ cute.”

“Well you’re sexy as hell,” Waverly challenged as she bounced her eyebrows once.

“Oh, is that so,” Nicole husked as she ran her hands down underneath Waverly’s skirt and squeezed her bare backside, sending chills down Waverly’s entire body. “Well you’re even sexier than that.”

“Am I?” Waverly asked in a high-pitched voice as she slipped her hands up through Nicole’s soft waves.

“You definitely are.” Nicole slowly leaned forward towards Waverly’s lips, but just before they made contact she unexpectedly picked Waverly up, spun them around and set her down on the table. She smirked at the surprised look on Waverly’s face as she placed her hands down on the table on either side of her skirt before stating in a sultry voice, “And I’m going to show you just how much.”

Nicole lifted Waverly’s skirt up to her hips and dropped to her knees before running her tongue through slick folds.

“Shit” Waverly hissed as she reached both hands behind her back to brace herself and spread her legs wider. She looked down at red hair with tense eyebrows and a slack jaw as she slowly began to roll her hips as if her limber body was made for exactly that purpose. She felt Nicole’s tongue getting close to where she wanted her most, but never quite touching the spot. Usually she was all for teasing, but right now she didn’t want to wait. When she grabbed Nicole’s hair on the top of her head with her right hand and pulled her up, she was instantly rewarded with the feeling of Nicole’s warm tongue directly on her clit.

As soon as Nicole felt Waverly pulling on her hair, she instantly knew what she wanted. Which was why as soon as she felt the familiar bump underneath the tip of her tongue, she began licking small, moderate strokes across the bud. The corners of her mouth tugged up slightly into a pleased smile when the sound of Waverly’s moans and gasps hit her ears.

“Oh my god. God that’s so good baby. Unngh so, so good.” Waverly’s voice got higher with each passing word, and each skilled stroke. She began to rock her hips faster against Nicole as she dropped her hand back behind her and pushed her pelvis out and away from her. She dropped her head back and closed her eyes as she focused on the sensations of pleasure between her legs.
“Mmm” Nicole hummed as she continued the labored swiped of her tongue. “You taste like heaven,” she husked before dropping her head back down between Waverly’s legs and licking a few more times before bringing it back up…

“I could eat you all night long.”

A few more quicker strokes…

“Lick your pussy over and over again to where you just can’t stop coming.”

She gave one long, broad lick all the way up her slit, causing Waverly to gasp.

“I want to feel you come in my mouth baby. Can you come for me?” She brought her fingers up to Waverly’s clit to keep her stimulated as she looked into her eyes, awaiting an answer.

“Oh fuck!” Waverly cried as she felt herself getting closer to the edge.

She pushed her hands behind her on the table, slowly arching her back and pushing her center into Nicole as her legs spread as wide as they could go, until her entire body released all of the tension. She snapped her legs tightly around Nicole’s head and simultaneously curved her back in the opposite direction as her body collapsed forward. Her breathing became harsh and ragged, and she writhed and jerked her hips a few times until she released Nicole’s head between her knees and relaxed her entire body with her hands resting behind her again.

Nicole dropped her tongue down to Waverly’s entrance and gave a few gentle licks, collecting everything she could until before standing up with her mouth slightly open and immediately pushing her tongue inside of Waverly’s mouth and against her own tongue, depositing the brunette’s own arousal.

Waverly hummed against Nicole’s mouth as they kissed for a little longer, tongues battling for dominance, until she pulled back and gave the redhead a weared smile.

“I know that was for me, but I thought I’d share.” Nicole explained with a wink.

“Mmm perhaps I should return the favor,” Waverly replied as she slid off of the table and moved Nicole to where she was standing up, leaning against the kitchen table.

Nicole grabbed onto the edge of the table and looked down with attentive eyes as Waverly dropped to the floor and unbuckled her belt. Without even bothering to slide the leather out of the loops, she moved to the button and zipper of Nicole’s jeans and pulled them down along with her boyshorts. Waverly’s eyes were met with the slightly matted red curls from Nicole’s arousal, and she licked her lips as she was overcome with desire.

“Someone’s turned on,” Waverly teased as she lightly ran her hands up and down the backs of Nicole’s legs, with were partly covered by her jeans bunched up around her knees.

Nicole swallowed thickly as she felt the cool breeze on her wet center. “You turn me on. The noises you make when I’m touching you; the faces you make when I hit just the right spot; the way your come tastes in my mouth… So fucking hot.”
Nicole bit her bottom lip and subconsciously pushed her sex closer to Waverly’s face as she patiently waited for the brunette to make her move. When she finally did, Nicole took in a sharp breath and clenched her hands tighter around the edge of the table.

“Fuck” She breathed as she started up a slow rock of her hips.

Waverly moved her tongue all around Nicole’s folds, taking her sweet time exploring every inch of them before wrapping her lips around her clit, where she sucked lightly as she let out tiny hums of approval.

It wasn’t long before Nicole was tangling her hands in Waverly’s hair as she thrust her hips. She wasn’t even against the table anymore at this point. She was standing straight up with her weight evenly distributed between her feet and Waverly’s lips between her legs, sucking on her clit.

“Yeah baby. Fuck, keep sucking me like that. You’re so good at that Waverly. Jesus Christ…”

Waverly applied a little more pressure between her lips and flicked her tongue across Nicole’s clit inside her mouth as she gave a few more enthusiastic hums.

“I’m so close baby. Don’t stop.” Nicole tightened her grip on the back of Waverly’s head as she squeezed her leg muscles and thrust her hips harder. “Fuck, I’m gonna come…I’m gonna come…I’m coming…I’m coming fuuuuuuck”

Nicole pushed her center out against Waverly as she felt the contractions taking over her lower body. She sucked in a gasp of air from holding her breath as she dropped back against the table and slowly rocked her hips as her orgasm died down. As she let her body relax against the table while she caught her breath, she felt Waverly’s tongue drop down a little lower her folds, and a small smile spread across her face when she knew exactly what the brunette was doing. She opened her eyes, and sure enough there was Waverly, standing in front of her and leaning towards her just like Nicole had done earlier. She happily opened her mouth and accepted Waverly’s tongue as she tasted herself mixed with the taste of Waverly’s mouth, and she smiled.

“Mmm thank you,” Nicole chuckled as she pulled Waverly into a hug and let their bodies form perfectly together – not caring one bit that her pants were still bunched around her knees, and the cool air against her wet center was starting to feel a little uncomfortable.

Waverly pulled back and smiled at Nicole. “Are you ready for dinner now?” She chuckled as she ran her hands up strong biceps.

Nicole looked up in thought as she hummed before finally answering, “Not quite.” A mischievous grin formed on her face as she pulled her pants up around her hips and guided Waverly down onto the table to lay on her back. She crawled on top of the brunette and settled between her legs as Waverly giggled.

“This feels weird.”

“Are you uncomfortable?” Nicole asked with concern painted on her face.

“No, no,” Waverly shook her head. “I mean, it’s not as comfortable as a bed, but it’s not bad.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah,” Waverly nodded. She watched as Nicole grabbed one of her legs and moved it to hang off the table, as she grabbed the other and lifted it up, effectively spreading Waverly’s legs and her folds. “Are you going to fuck me?” Waverly asked with a hopeful voice. The truth was, her walls were
aching to be filled with Nicole’s fingers.

Nicole pulled her bottom lip between her teeth as her eyes roamed over Waverly’s more-than-ready center. She looked up into Waverly’s eyes with a loving smile and replied, “Do you want me to fuck you?”

Waverly immediately nodded. “Please?”

Without saying a word, Nicole took the hand that wasn’t holding Waverly’s leg straight up in the air and slowly pushed one finger inside the girl’s center.

Waverly clenched her jaw and closed her eyes as she relaxed on the table, taking in every sensation of Nicole gliding her finger along her walls. It wasn’t long until she felt herself being filled slightly more, and knew that Nicole had added a second digit.

“Is this okay?” Nicole asked as she continued to move at a slow pace.

Waverly opened her eyes and reassuringly smiled at Nicole. “That feels really good.” She unintentionally punctuated the statement with a small, breathy moan.

Nicole smiled back as she continued pumping her fingers. “What do you want?”

“Faster,” Waverly replied, and Nicole immediately obliged.

Waverly smiled and let out a sigh as she felt slender fingers gliding against her walls, hitting the perfect spot every time. She brought her hand down to her clit and began rubbing slow circles as Nicole continued her fast pumps.

“Can I add another finger?” Nicole asked when she felt Waverly give a few warning contractions. When she received the go ahead, she slipped in a third digit and closed her eyes as she took in the feeling of Waverly’s walls engulfing her fingers. She would never get tired of this feeling; Waverly’s silky walls squeezing and releasing around her. She loved the warmth of her body and her arousal, and the knowledge that she was inside of her girlfriend, making her feel immense pleasure.

Waverly felt herself quickly approaching the edge, and she moved her fingers faster across her impossibly hard clit. She squeezed every muscle in her body, until she felt herself coming undone around Nicole’s fingers. Her cries of ecstasy filled the room as she slowly came down from her high.

Nicole knew Waverly’s orgasm had completely subsided, and she had dropped her leg back down a while ago, but she didn’t want to move. She didn’t want to pull her fingers out just yet, because she loved them being there – even though her knees were screaming for her to get off of the solid plank of wood they had been pressed against for far too long.

When Waverly began to move, Nicole shook her head. “Wait, just a little bit longer?”

“Aren’t you uncomfortable?” Waverly asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“It’s worth it. I like it here.” Nicole smiled as she looked down at the palm of her hand flush against Waverly’s mound with her fingers buried deep inside.

Waverly brought her hands up to brush Nicole’s hair out of her face and tucked the rogue strands behind her ears as she gave a tender smile, causing the corners of her eyes to crinkle. “You can stay inside me as long as you want.” She playfully pointed her finger in Nicole’s face to add, “But we’re wiping the table down before we eat.”
“I think we already ate,” Nicole chuckled as she wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Waverly shook her head and rolled her eyes as she attempted to hold back her laughter. “You’re so lame.”

“But you love me, right?” Nicole asked hopefully, even though she already knew the answer.

Waverly beamed as she looked into soft, brown eyes and brushed her thumbs along the redhead’s strong jawline. “Yeah, I love you.”
Waverly confesses to Wynonna about what she and Nicole did on the kitchen table, Nicole calls her best friend from high school and catches up with her, Wynonna and Waverly go shopping for baby stuff at the mall, and Waverly and Nicole have some really kinky sex…there’s A LOT happening here, people!

Chapter Notes

Chapter 60?! What the heck people! I never thought we would make it this far, but here we are! I wouldn’t be able to do it without all of your constant support and encouragement <3 Feel free to interact with me over at odaatlover.tumblr.com ...I swear I don't bite! :) I also answer advice questions over there through my ask box, so feel free to ask me for some advice or just send me some fan mail! Love you all <3

Waverly, Nicole, and Doc had been spending the last couple of days at the homestead with Wynonna. Since it was getting closer to the baby’s due date, they decided that it would be best to all stay there until watermelon time – which was what they called the arrival of the newest little Earp. Nicole would stop by her house before and after work to get her mail and to check on Calamity Jane, but other than that it had just been work and the homestead. Which wasn’t all that bad or anything, but if they were being honest, it was getting a little difficult not being able to have sex like they could at Nicole’s. Sure, they were able to get in a few quickies here and there, but nothing like the toe-curling, earth-shattering, mind-blowing orgasms they were used to having. And that all had to do with the fact that they both knew that Waverly wouldn’t be able to keep her damn mouth shut. So, they refrained from even taking the risk.

The worst part though, was having to sit at the kitchen table with her sister and her sister’s boyfriend the past couple of nights for dinner. Or at least, that was the worst part for Waverly, since she had such a guilty conscience about their little rendezvous earlier that week. Part of her had hoped that Wynonna would never find out, but the other part of her was dying to confess.

“Uh, you alright there?” Wynonna asked with a concerned look. She eyed her chopsticks as she aimed to situate them correctly in her hand before growling in defeat and snatching the fork that Doc was offering out to her.

“Yep. Totally fine,” Waverly replied with a weak smile before pushing her rice around her plate.

“Well, I happen to know for a fact that any time you push your food around your plate like that, it’s because there’s something you want to say. So you might as well just get it over with so that I don’t have to get the answer from Firecrotch over here.”

“Hey! I told you to never call me that again!” Nicole’s words were barely coherent through her mouth full of lo mein.
“Um, that was before that unfortunate incident with the shower this morning.”

“You knew I was in there, Wynonna. Did you not hear the shower water running?” Nicole rolled her eyes.

“I had to pee! I mean, pregnant bladder here.”

“Well you could’ve at least warned me that you were in there peeing before I decided to step out of the shower. I had no idea that you were even in there!”

“I thought you heard the door open,” Wynonna shrugged as she looked down at her plate and casually stabbed a piece of chicken with her fork.

“Well I didn’t, because all I heard was the stream of water hitting my head.”

“Well that’s not my fault. You should’ve checked before stepping out.”

“You walked in on me showering, Wynonna.” Nicole’s voice was showcasing more and more annoyance with each retort.

“I know, I got an eyeful. Which is why I’m calling you Firecrotch,” Wynonna stated matter-of-factly.

Waverly and Doc looked back and forth between the two until Doc finally decided to say something.

“Well, I for one believe that rusty hair is the finest color on a lady.”

…yeah, maybe that wasn’t the right something to say. The three women eyed him curiously, and he looked around at them with question in his eyes. “What? It’s true…” He said before jabbing his knife into a dumpling across the table and shoving it into his mouth.

Waverly shifted her eyes over towards Nicole and saw that she was about to open her mouth to say something to Wynonna, but before she could continue the argument, Waverly quickly cut her off…

“Okay, maybe there is something I want to tell you…”

Nicole eyed Waverly curiously as Wynonna quirked an eyebrow at her younger sister.

“Well? Tell me what it is baby girl!” Wynonna demanded impatiently.

Waverly flitted her eyes over towards Nicole, then at the table, then back at Nicole as if asking for permission to tell them about the other night. When she got a terse nod of approval from the redhead, she turned back to Wynonna and swallowed thickly. “Um, well, the other night…when you were out with Doc…and we had a dinner date here…”

“Uh huh?” Wynonna encouraged the younger brunette to continue, and to cut to the chase.

“Well, we kind of…hadsexonthekitchentable.” As soon as she blurted the words out, she shoved the giant pile of steamed rice on her chopsticks into her mouth as she looked down at her plate, avoiding all forms of eye contact. She felt the heat creeping up her face all the way to the tops of her ears. She could only imagine the way Wynonna was looking at her right now, because she didn’t want to see it for real.

“Is that it?” Wynonna asked with a confused look, as if she were expecting something much worse.

Waverly looked up at her sister in confusion. “Didn’t you hear what I said?”

“Um, yeah. You two banged on the table. I mean, honestly, I thought you’d already done it before?”
But I guess not…” She glanced over at Nicole, who was just staring off into space with a small smile – probably replaying the memory of that night – before shaking her head and looking back at her younger sister. When she noticed Waverly’s dropped jaw, she shrugged and asked, “What?”

“You’re not mad? Like, not even a little?”

With a breathy laugh, Wynonna replied, “Please. Do you know how many times Doc and I have done it on this table?”

“What?” Both Waverly and Nicole exclaimed in unison as they pushed away slightly from the table.

“Oh, I didn’t tell you that? Huh. Must’ve slipped my mind,” Wynonna stated nonchalantly before shoveling the rest of her food into her mouth.

“Wait, wait, wait. Did you guys at least disinfect everything like we did?!” Waverly inquired.

Wynonna stood up from the table and walked over to the sink to rinse off her plate. “Eh. I mean, eventually.”

Waverly’s eyes widened. “What do mean eventually?!”

Wynonna just smiled and winked at her little sister before announcing, “Well, I’m going to go take a bath. Thank you for picking up the Chinese food.” She leaned down and gave Doc a quick peck on the lips before waddling towards the stair.

Waverly furrowed her brow as she pushed her chair back and immediately began to follow her sister up the stairs. “We’re not finished here Wynonna! What do you mean eventually?! And where else have you two done it that you’re not telling me?!”

Her voice trailed off into the distance as Nicole and Doc sat at the table silently eating their food, not daring to make eye contact with each other, until they eventually engaged in some awkward small talk about work and the baby.

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The flame of the giant fire in the backyard grew wide as Nicole added some more wood before plopping back down in the red lawn chair beside Waverly.

Waverly grinned at Nicole for a few seconds before saying, “You know, it’s really sexy that you know how to build a fire.”

Nicole looked over at the brunette in confusion. “But…you’re the one who built it? I just added some more sticks to keep it going.”

“I know. But I’m imagining that you’re the one who did it because that’s sexy,” Waverly winked playfully.

Nicole smirked. “Oh? Is that one of your fantasies? Me building a fire and then us doing it…in front of the fire?” She trailed off as she looked up in thought.

Waverly giggled as she shook her head. “Well, not outside in the snow like here. But maybe on the floor in front of a fireplace, on top of a comfy bundle of blankets and pillows.” She threaded her jacket-covered arm around Nicole’s and rested her head on her girlfriend’s arm as she watched the flames dance in front of her.
A smile slowly grew on Nicole’s face as she settled further into the chair and got comfortable with Waverly’s warmth around her right arm. “That sounds nice.” Almost as soon as she dropped her cheek on top of Waverly’s head, the brunette stood up from her chair and tossed her blanket on the seat behind her.

“Wait, where are you going?” Nicole was practically pouting.

“To take a shower. It’s getting late and I have to be up early for work.” She shrugged before placing a quick kiss on the top of Nicole’s head.

Nicole narrowed her eyes at the petite woman. “So you’re just going to talk about blankets and fireplaces and romantic sex and then just leave me out here alone in the cold? You’re such a tease.”

“Hey, takes one to know one,” Waverly winked. “Besides, Wynonna said she was going to come back out here later.”

“Ew.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “We all know that deep down you two actually like each other.”

“Do we though?”

“Yes, you do.” Waverly stated matter-of-factly. “I’ll be waiting for you in bed when I’ve finished my shower.”

“Naked?” Nicole wiggled her eyebrows.

“Yes, but only because I want to steal the warmth of your body heat.” Waverly winked.

“I’ll take it.”

Waverly shuffled her boot-clad feet through the snow and inside the house, leaving Nicole alone to her thoughts. The redhead stared at the fire, thinking back to how almost every night during the summers she and her friends would have a bonfire in Sam’s backyard. Which reminded her…

She pulled up the contact and held the phone up to her ear as she waited for someone to pick up. She just hoped that the number was still the same.

“Hello?” Said a polite voice on the other end of the line.

“Hey Sam!” Nicole beamed. It had been years since she talked to her friend, and she almost forgot what her voice sounded like. As soon as she heard it, she was hit with a wave of nostalgia.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know who this is. I got a new phone recently and lost all of my contacts,” Sam chuckled lightly.

“Oh, sorry. It’s Nicole!”

“Ahh Nicole! I knew that voice sounded familiar, I just couldn’t tell whose it was!”

“Yeah, it’s me.” She bit back her smile. “I was afraid that you might have changed your number since we last talked and I wouldn’t be able to find you since you ditched social media.”

“It’s more like I was just really bad at using it and eventually just gave up,” She laughed.

“Well, I’m glad I didn’t end up calling a random stranger,” Nicole chuckled lightly before
continuing. “So, how have you been?”

“I’ve been good! You know, still married. Still working.” Sam replied in a joking manner, even though the statement was true. “How about you? You still working in the city?”

“Actually, I left that place about a year ago. Now I’m living in Purgatory and working as an officer there.”

“Purgatory? Huh. Never heard of it.”

“Yeah, that’s common,” Nicole subconsciously nodded. “It’s a small town. There’s only four of us at the station, including the sheriff, but it’s actually kind of nice. It’s pretty quiet compared to my last job.”

“So they’re treating you right then? I remember the guys at that last job were being dickheads to you.”

“Yeah, it’s definitely not like that here. Everyone respects me. In fact, I’m even in the running to become sheriff when my boss retires,” Nicole stated excitedly before continuing in a much less enthusiastic tone, “Well, there’s only three of us and Lonnie is kind of a child, so it’s between me and my partner, but still. It’s nice to be thought of for the position.”

“Hey that’s awesome! Obviously you’d make a great sheriff, there’s no doubt about that. Especially with how much you like to boss people around.” The teasing in her voice became more evident with each word.

“Shut up!” Nicole replied as she tried — and failed — to hold back her laughter. “But yeah, this town is way better than where I was before. I actually have a girlfriend, too. And one that’s not cheating on me with some guy.” She glanced over at the house behind her where Waverly was and smiled.

“Nicole! That’s awesome! How long have you been together? What’s her name? What’s she like? I want details.”

Nicole laughed at how she could practically hear her friend bouncing up and down on the other end of the line. “Well, we’ve been together for almost nine months, her name is Waverly, and she’s amazing. The most genuine woman I’ve ever met.”

“Waverly is such a beautiful name,” Sam stated through her giant grin.

“Well she’s a beautiful girl.” Nicole shrugged, even though she knew her friend couldn’t see her.

“So, you gonna marry her?”

Nicole could practically feel the knowing look through the phone. She exhaled out of her nose as she shook her head a couple of times. “I’ve never been more sure of anything in my life.” The dreamy look on her face slowly transformed into a more serious one. “But not yet. It’s not the right time.”

“How is it not the right time? Can there really ever be a wrong time for a marriage proposal?”

“Well, her sister is pregnant and is going to have her first niece any day now...”

“Oh. Okay yeah, it’s not the right time.”

“Exactly. I just don’t want to put too much on her plate right now. A new baby while planning a
wedding just seems like a lot of pressure and added stress that I don’t want to give her. Besides, I want us to move in together before we get engaged. You know, just to make extra sure it’s going to work. Not that I have any doubts, it’s just for my own reassurance.”

“I get that. Danny and I moved in together before we got married and even though his parents were against it, it was definitely a good test of our relationship before doing anything legally binding. My parents just thought that I was pregnant and that’s why we were playing house.” She let out a short, breathy laugh.

“Yeah, I guess we don’t have that problem.”

“I know, and I’m jealous! I think they were super excited about it too, and I felt kind of bad.”

“Because you don’t want kids?”

“Well, yeah. They keep hinting at wanting grandchildren every once in a while, and I have to keep reminding them that I don’t want to be a mom.”

“You shouldn’t have to defend yourself to them. Just because you’re a woman doesn’t mean you have to be a mom.”

“Exactly! But they don’t understand that. I guess it just their generation’s way of thinking.” She sighed and paused for a moment before changing the subject. “So, you going to tell me all about this Waverly girl who managed to steal your guarded heart, or do I have to torture you for the information?”

With a slight chuckle, Nicole replied, “How about you come visit me and you can meet her for yourself?”

“Really?” Sam asked in surprise.

“Well yeah. I mean, if you want. Danny can come too.”

“I don’t think Danny could take much time off of work to leave the city, let alone the United States.” She chuckled. “But I’d love to come for a visit! I miss you, Nikki!”

“I miss you too. And stop calling me Nikki.” Nicole rolled her eyes, even though the name gave her a little bit of nostalgia. It was a nickname that Sam would always call her, even though she knew Nicole hated it. And it just became their thing.

“When should I come?”

“Any time you want! Although, just be aware that there will be a newborn baby.”

“Hey, just because I don’t want to be a mom doesn’t mean I don’t love babies. It just means that I’d rather be the cool aunt who does all the fun stuff with them without actually being responsible for them 24/7.” She stated matter-of-factly with a laugh, even though the statement was completely true.

“Alright, then you can come any time!”

“Great! I’ll check my schedule and stuff and we’ll coordinate a date.”

“Sounds good to me.” Nicole grinned into her phone, and jumped when she heard the sound of a voice right behind her.

“Who are you talking to, Red? You cheating on my sister?” Wynonna asked with a quirked
Nicole rolled her eyes as she continued her conversation with Sam, and ignored Wynonna. “Well, I better get going. The pregnant one is here...”

“Hey!” Wynonna replied defensively, even though it wasn’t actually an insult.

“It’s okay, I better get going too. I’ll talk to you later Nicole!”

“Yeah, talk to you later Sam.” Nicole smiled as she hung up the phone.

“Well?” Wynonna waited impatiently with a furrowed brow as she slowly lowered herself into the lawn chair Waverly had been sitting in before.

“That was my friend from high school, Sam.”

“Friend, huh? Friend like, Kathy? Or...” Wynonna trailed off as she raised her eyebrow in question.

“No, an actual friend. My best friend.”

Wynonna just looked at her with narrowed eyes, as if looking for some sort of secret Nicole wasn’t telling.

Nicole pursed her lips and lowered her eyelids in annoyance. “And she’s straight.”

The older Earp perked up and smiled. “Ah, okay. Cool.”

“You know I would never cheat on Waverly, right?”

“Yeah, I know. But I’ve still gotta check every once in a while. It’s my job as her big sister.” Wynonna shrugged as she subconsciously grazed her palm along her very pregnant belly.

Nicole flitted her eyes down to the bump and the corners of her mouth tugged up into a slight smile. She would never admit this to Wynonna, but she was actually really excited about the baby. Wynonna and Doc were excited about being parents and Waverly was excited about being an aunt, but Nicole was going to be an aunt too, which was something she never thought she’d get growing up as an only child. And even though she wouldn’t be related to the littlest Earp by blood like the other three would, she was going to love and take care of her just as much. And she couldn’t wait.

“So, how are you feeling?” Nicole asked as she broke the comfortable silence.

“Pregnant.” Wynonna said dryly as she continued to look straight ahead at the fire.

“Good to know.” Nicole nodded, completely accepting the smartass answer.

Wynonna continued in a much more emotional tone. “But also, nervous.”

Nicole turned her head to look at the brunette. “What are you nervous about?”

“That I’m going to be a shitty mom.”

“Wynonna—“

“No, seriously. So far this baby has just been something inside me. But pretty soon, she’s going to come out of here and she’s going to be an actual person. A person who’s going to need stuff from me. Stuff I’m not even sure I can give her.”
“Hey, you’re not alone in this. She’s going to need stuff from you, but she’s also going to need stuff from Doc. And Waverly...and me. Whatever she needs, there’s someone there who will give it to her. It doesn’t have to all be on you.”

Wynonna nodded as she inhaled through her nose and put on a fake smile, which was something she usually did whenever she talked about her emotions. “I know. I’m just overreacting.”

“Well, it’s a valid fear,” Nicole shrugged as she awkwardly placed her hand on Wynonna’s shoulder.

“Yeah, it’s fine. I’m fine.” She patted Nicole’s cold hand on her a couple of times before pushing herself out of the chair. ‘I’m going to bed. I mean, Doc and I are going to bed. And you two should wear earplugs because I’m very horny right now. Just a heads up.”

Nicole groaned as she stood up from her own chair and put out the fire before following Wynonna inside.

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The next day

Since it was a Saturday and Wynonna wasn’t working, Waverly decided to take off a little earlier from the shop – reluctantly leaving Darren in charge – so they could spend some quality sister time at the mall...which was Wynonna’s choice, surprisingly. But Waverly didn’t complain because she hadn’t had a chance to get out of Purgatory in a while. She was, however, getting a little antsy that they had been in the baby store for nearly two and a half hours.

Waverly sighed as she looked at her sister feeling up a yellow cotton baby blanket with an odd amount of scrutiny. “Do you have to study all of them? That’s the twenty-sixth one you’ve observed with your weird series of touch tests. It’s starting to get a little creepy.”

“I’m looking for something specific,” Wynonna replied calmly as she closed her eyes and focused on the feeling of the fabric she was running between her fingers. She sighed in disappointment and dropped her hand by her side.

“Why don’t you just ask someone where to find what it is you’re looking for?”

Wynonna looked around the aisle for a new blanket to test. “Uhh because I can’t describe exactly what it is I’m looking for? And even if I could, I wouldn’t, because everything knows that finding shit on your own is half the fun of shopping.”

Waverly rolled her eyes and folded her arms across her chest as she followed closely behind her sister. She squeaked in surprise when Wynonna suddenly stopped, causing her to bump into the taller brunette. “Hey! Warn a girl before you slam your breaks!”

“Shh.” Wynonna shushed with her hand raised in Waverly’s face as she carefully eyed a maroon fleece blanket with a bear on it. She reached her hand out and ran it along the fabric tentatively. She closed her eyes and bunched it between her fingers as inhaled through her nose with a slight smile. She slowly opened her eyes, and looked over at Waverly. “This is the one.”

Waverly watched her sister grab the blanket and throw it into the cart with a raised eyebrow. “Um, what just happened? How do you know that’s the one? There were a million fleece blankets just like that one that you inspected...”

Wynonna shrugged as she pushed the cart towards the checkout line. “I just know. Must be mother’s instinct I guess. But that’s the blanket, so now we can pay and go get something from the food court
because Mama’s hungry.” Wynonna cringed at the way she just referred to her pregnant self as ‘mama’. Which was something she never thought would happen, especially at twenty-seven.

“Well halle-freakin’-lujah,” Waverly replied in relief as she took the cart from Wynonna and pushed it faster towards the cashier.

After purchasing the items and heading straight for the food court, Waverly and Wynonna sat down with their giant slices of pizza and immediately began to scarf them down. Neither of them said a word to each other, and instead were focused on filling their stomachs with the greasy goodness.

“That looks disgusting,” Wynonna stated with her mouth full of crust as she eyed Waverly’s vegan pizza in question.

“It actually tastes really good. Wanna try it?” She offered the slice out to Wynonna, but was instantly rejected with a hand pushing it back towards her.

“Ew. No thank you.”

“Well fine then. But you’re missing out,” Waverly replied as she took a large bite and dramatically hummed in approval.

Wynonna watched with the sides of her nose scrunched up in disgust. “I feel like I’m actually not, because that is the worst looking pizza I’ve ever seen. And I’ve eaten gluten free pizza before…on accident, of course.”

Waverly was about to make a rebuttal when her phone chimed from where it sat beside her plate. A small smile spread across her face when she saw that it was Nicole. She excitedly picked up her phone and opened the message. When she saw what it said, she swallowed thickly.

“Is that Haughtpants?” Wynonna asked knowingly with a sly smirk.

Waverly nodded with her eyes glued to the screen and her bottom lip pulled between her teeth.

“Tell her I said she’s a dick,” Wynonna said nonchalantly.

Waverly furrowed her brow at her sister. “Why? What did she do?”

“Oh, nothing. I just like getting a rise out of her.” Wynonna shrugged before taking a monstrous bite out of her supreme pizza with extra olives. She didn’t even bother to finish chewing before continuing. “Anyways, what did she say?”

“Oh, nothing important,” Waverly shook her head as she tried to hide her smile.

Wynonna eyed her curiously before reaching out to snatch her phone, but quickly pulled her hand back before Waverly had even noticed. “Wait, did she send you a nude?”

Waverly shook her head in confusion. “No? Why—” Before she could even finish her sentence, Wynonna snatched the phone out of her hand with a grin. “Hey! Give it back!”

Wynonna cackled before reading the text in a mocking voice. “‘I really need some sex. Preggers and Mustache are really killing our vibe’ Hey!” Wynonna exclaimed immediately after reading the text. She was obviously offended. She didn’t even bother trying to dodge Waverly’s hand reaching out to yank the phone back.

“Well, it’s true. We haven’t had a good sex session since we basically moved in with you two.”
“It’s only been three days. I mean, how often do you guys have sex to feel *that* deprived after only three days?”

Waverly ducked her head behind her phone as she avoided eye contact and began to type out a reply to Nicole.

“Okay, don’t answer that.” Wynonna held up a hand in front of her and shook her head. “You guys can have sex you know. We won’t want anything.”

Waverly eyed her sister skeptically. “Really? *You* won’t say anything? Wynonna, you love embarrassing us...”

“Okay well this time I won’t. Scout’s honor.”

Waverly cringed. Nicole had turned the ‘three finger scout’s honor’ into a sexual innuendo between the two of them, and it was freaking her out a little to hear it coming from Wynonna. “Please don’t say that ever again.”

Wynonna was oblivious to the connotation, but still proceeded to roll her eyes. “All I’m saying is you can have your sex night tonight if you want it.”

“Really? You’ll leave the house?”

“Well, no. But Doc has a late shift so he’ll be out, and I can just wear some earplugs or something. But I promise if I hear anything, I won’t make a big deal about it. It’ll be like I never even heard anything.”

Waverly sighed out of her nose as she pursed her lips. “Okay, I’ll talk to Nicole. Thank you. That’s oddly sweet of you...”

Wynonna shrugged. “I don’t know, probably the pregnancy making me all soft or something.”

“That makes sense,” Waverly nodded before turning her attention back to her phone. When she looked at the text thread, she noticed that she had three more messages from the working officer.

**Nicole:** Can we please have sex tonight? Good sex?

**Nicole:** I mean, not that our quickies aren’t good because any form of sex with you is always amazing, but I mean intense sex

**Nicole:** I don’t even care if they hear us. That’s how horny and desperate I am right now

Waverly licked her lips as she typed out a reply.

**Waverly:** Yes baby, we can definitely do that. And now you’ve made me horny. Which is unfair because I’m at the mall with Wynonna in the middle of the food court thinking about your fingers inside me

She smiled at her screen, and the thought of how much she was torturing her girlfriend right about now.

**Nicole:** WAVES that is so unfair :(

**Nicole:** Just for that, I’m not going to tell you the new thing I want us to try tonight
Waverly raised her eyebrow curiously at the text.

**Waverly:** What new thing?

**Nicole:** You’ll just have to wait and see ;)

**Waverly:** Nicole don’t tease me like that!

**Nicole:** Whoops, break time is over. Gotta get back to work :) I’ll text you when I’m on my way home baby <3

**Waverly:** You’re annoying.

**Waverly:** But also, okay baby <3

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Later that evening, Waverly found herself lying in bed with her baby blue satin robe on, trying to focus on her book, but she couldn’t. All she could think about was the amazing night they were about to have. And sure, it hadn’t been that long since they had some alone time in the bedroom, but the fact that they didn’t have the freedom they were used to just made her crave it even more.

With a heavy sigh, she closed her book and set it down on the bedside table before dropping her head on the pillow and looking up at the ceiling. With her hands clasped together on her ribs, she twiddled her thumbs as she looked over at the clock on the nightstand. Nicole wouldn’t even leave the station for another half hour. She grabbed her phone and pulled up the locked album of sexy pictures of Nicole that she had collected from the officer over the span of their relationship.

She pulled up one particular photo of Nicole in an open white button up shirt and black boy shorts, exposing her flexed abdominals and bare breasts. The woman had a dark blue tie that was unknotted and hanging around her neck with each end falling down the sides of the shirt. Nicole had sent Waverly this picture one day while she was working at the coffee shop just to tease her — and maybe to get the brunette worked enough to jump her bones later that night — but now Waverly was using it to her advantage.

She spread her legs and without wasting any time, began to run her fingers through her folds. Her eyelids fell closed and she relaxed her head further back into the pillow as she let the air expel from her nose. A small smile formed and she licked her lips before opening her eyes back up and holding the phone in front of her face.

Her eyes roamed over Nicole’s abs as she rubbed two fingers along the outsides of her clit, occasionally rolling the bud between them. She loved the way Nicole’s abs looked. They weren’t always that prominent; the lighting mixed with the filter brought them out a little more in the picture. And she loved the way they looked in person, but in that specific photo they were sending waves of non-stop arousal shooting between her legs.

She dipped her fingers a little lower and moved them back up a few times, spreading her arousal around her clit before running circles around the slick bundle of nerves. She rocked her hips and panted as she imagined herself gliding along those abs, getting herself off. She thought back to the very first time she every did that — when she gave Nicole that lap dance — and how good it felt.

“Fuck” she whispered when she felt a tightening in the pit of her stomach. She moved her fingers faster and arched her back off the bed as she got closer and closer to her climax, until her orgasm was taking over her entire body. She sunk her teeth into her bottom lip as her face skewed in
concentration on keeping quiet. After all, Wynonna was just downstairs watching TV.

She writhed around in the bed as her legs clamped around her hand. She had been holding her breath, but finally let it go when she relaxed her muscles and dropped her legs down on the mattress. She rested her moist hand on her stomach and sighed as she picked her phone back up from where she had dropped it on the bed during her climax.

**Waverly:** Hurry up and get here

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Nicole pulled up to the homestead with an eager grin on her face. She threw the gearshift in park and hopped out of the cruiser before immediately opening the trunk to grab her duffel bag that she used for work, and practically skipped towards the door. When she opened it, she immediately noticed Wynonna sitting on the couch.

“Hey!” Nicole greeted in an overjoyed tone.

Wynonna furrowed her brow. “Ew. Can you not be so excited to bang my baby sis please?”

Nicole narrowed her eyes as she shrugged off her coat. “I was just being nice.”

“Yeah, right,” Wynonna snorted as she turned off the TV and stood up from the couch.

“Where are you going?”

“To grab my earplugs.” Wynonna began making her way up the stairs, slowly taking one step at a time.

“Make sure they’re extra strong. I’m going to make Waverly scream tonight,” Nicole said with a smirk, and laughed when she received a silent middle finger in return.

After taking off her snowy boots and setting them neatly by the front door, she jogged up the stairs, taking two at a time, before opening Waverly’s bedroom door. She couldn’t help the small smile that crept onto her face when she saw the brunette laying on top of the covers in her satin robe, slightly stirring from the noise.

“I’m awake,” Waverly replied groggily as she sat up and smiled.

Nicole walked over to the bed with an amused smile and sat the bag down on top of the comforter before sitting down beside Waverly and giving her a small kiss on the forehead. “Someone’s sleepy.”

“I am not!” Waverly protested with a pout as she reached out and tucked Nicole’s hair behind her ear and grinned. “I’m ready for action.”

Nicole hummed as she grabbed Waverly’s hand and brought it to her lips to kiss, when she was hit with the strong, familiar smell of Waverly’s arousal. She brought the fingers up to her nose and inhaled as her eyes slightly fluttered. “Smells like someone got a head start,” she chuckled as she wrapped her lips around the fingers, sucking off whatever was left for her.

“Only a little bit,” Waverly winked.

“How many orgasms did you have?”

“Mmm two.” The corners of her mouth turned up into a sly smirk.
“Well then, I guess you’ll have to be punished.” Nicole pushed Waverly’s torso down onto the bed, smiling at the squeak that came from the surprised brunette, and unzipped the bag. She pulled out the ropes before tossing the bag onto the floor.

Waverly’s eyes widened as she bolted upright into a sitting position. “Is that for what I think it’s for?”

Nicole nodded with a seductive smile on her face and a mischievous look in her eyes. “I mean, if you want.” Even though Nicole was trying to be bossy, she still wanted to make sure she had Waverly’s consent before proceeding with her plan.

Waverly pushed herself closer to Nicole as she slowly slid her hand up the officer’s pants-clad thigh. “You can do whatever you want with me.” She lightly nipped at Nicole’s jaw, causing the redhead to slightly shiver.

Nicole stood up from the bed and forcefully snapped the ropes in her hands. “Hold your hands up and spread your legs sweetheart.”

The demanding tone in Nicole’s voice combined with the sweetness of the pet name sent chills down Waverly’s spine. She immediately followed the officer’s orders and positioned her body accordingly. Nicole leaned over Waverly and tied the ropes around her wrists and thighs before tying them into two strong knots around the posts of the headboard.

“Can you get out of that?” Nicole asked.

Waverly tried to pull her legs closed and her arms together, but it was physically impossible. “Nope.”

“Good.” Nicole grabbed the back of Waverly’s head as she stood above the girl and pulled her roughly into a searing kiss.

Waverly whimpered against Nicole’s lips as they messily glided. As soon as she pushed her tongue out to get a better taste, Nicole pulled back, and Waverly whined.

After taking off her pants, Nicole took off her uniform shirt, leaving her in just a tight sports bra and boxers. Waverly bit her bottom lip as she stared at the woman’s abs. She thought back to her *alone time* earlier.

“You like what you see?” Nicole chuckled teasingly, but when Waverly nodded her head with arousal painted all over her face, she stopped laughing. The look on Waverly’s face sent a surge of arousal to her own core, and her knees buckled beneath her.

Waverly reluctantly dragged her eyes away from the exposed muscles and up to soft brown eyes. “Can I get a closer look?”

Nicole slowly walked over towards her girlfriend, who almost instantly ran her tongue up Nicole’s abdomen as soon as she was close enough to reach them. Nicole let out a sigh of pleasure at the unexpected contact and quickly gulped down her moan.

“I thought about coming all over these abs as I touched myself today,” Waverly confessed in a breathy tone.

“Oh did you now?” Nicole had to work really hard to keep her poker face and not show that she was just as gone as Waverly was.

The brunette nodded fervently as she continued to stare at Nicole’s stomach. “I did.”
“And did I give you permission to do that?”

Waverly flitted her eyes up to Nicole’s and studied her face for a moment before shaking her head. “No.”

“That’s right. I didn’t. So now, you’ll have to be punished even more for that.” Nicole untied the knot on the front of Waverly’s robe and opened it up so that she could see the woman’s bare body. She clenched her jaw at the sight and pushed away the attention on her own arousal as she looked over the girl’s gorgeous body. A body that was clearly ready to be touched. “Where’s your vibrator?”

Waverly’s eyes immediately widened. She definitely wasn’t expecting that, but now she was excited. “In the nightstand.”

Nicole retrieved the toy and slipped out to the bathroom to wash it before going back into the room. She settled herself between Waverly’s legs, and with a mischievous grin, brought the vibrator up to the girl’s left nipple and turned it on the lowest speed.

“Shit!” Waverly cried in pleasure at the unexpected contact. She writhed around and pulled her limbs together, but they were being held back by the ropes. A frustrated wine escaped her lips, much to Nicole’s amusement.

Nicole felt a rush of arousal at the sight before her. She never knew that Waverly being tied up like that could be so... hot. She teased the vibrator all around her body, eventually moving down her abdomen at an agonizing pace, until she was on Waverly’s mound.

When Waverly jerked her hips, Nicole quickly pulled the vibrator away. “Uh uh uh. I’m in control of where you get touched. Understand?”

“Yes,” Waverly replied with an eager nod of her head.

“Good.” She moved the vibrator down the top of her thigh at an agonizingly slow pace, all the way down to her ankle, and all the way back up the inside of her leg. She paused on Waverly’s inner thigh, and turned the speed up just a little, earning a gasp. “You like that?”

Waverly nodded as she watched Nicole’s movements attentively, trying to guess where the redhead would go next.

Nicole looked down at Waverly’s glistening sex before her. Waverly was so turned on that her arousal was now coating her outer folds. “You want me to touch you?”

“Yes please,” Waverly begged with a hasty nod.

Nicole would’ve milked that a little longer, but she was just as desperate to touch Waverly as Waverly was desperate to be touched. She had been thinking about giving the sexy brunette an orgasm all day, and here she was, with the key to making that happen vibrating in her hand. She slowly moved it up until it was directly on her folds, and Waverly spread her legs wider as she arched her back.

“Fuck. Yes baby.” Waverly panted as she slightly moved her hips.

Nicole moved the vibrator up around Waverly’s clit, teasing it for a while, really wanting to get the girl worked up. Every time Waverly moved her center to get the toy right where she wanted it, Nicole moved it away.
“Please...Nicole,” Waverly whined barely above a whisper.

“What do you want baby?”

“I want you to touch me.”

“I am touching you.” The corner of Nicole’s mouth tugged up into a cocky smirk.

“Baby, please. I need to come so badly. I’m so close.” Waverly whined as she moved her hips more, but groaned in frustration when Nicole moved the vibrator away again.

“Where do you want me to touch you? Here?” She moved it down her slick folds.

“No,” Waverly shook her head. “Higher.”

“Mmm here?” Nicole skirted around the outside of her folds and up to her pubic bone.

“No,” Waverly replied with a whimper. “My clit. I need you on my clit. Please Nicole, I need it so badly. I feel like I’m about to explode.” She moved her center around as she tugged at the ropes that were restraining her extremities.

Nicole smiled as she looked down at the girl’s dripping folds. “Oh, your clit. You want me to touch your sensitive clit with this vibrator, bringing you to an amazing orgasm that’ll make you go weak in the knees as you come all over yourself?”

“Nicole!” Waverly pleaded as she wriggled around even more.

Without hesitation, Nicole immediately moved the toy exactly where the brunette wanted it, and she closed her eyes as she focused on the symphony of sounds coming from her love.

“Oh my god, I’m gonna come. Don’t move it. Fucking— I’m getting close. So close. Fuck...fuck fuck ohhhhhhh fuck!”

Nicole looked between Waverly’s face and her center with attentive eyes as she watched her girlfriend dive into her orgasm. When she noticed Waverly pull away, she removed the vibrator, but almost immediately pressed it against her clit. She chuckled lightly when Waverly jerked away from the touch.

“Are you sensitive baby?” Nicole asked in a sweet voice.

“Very,” Waverly nodded as she continued to catch her breath.

Nicole moved the vibrator around the outside of her folds, keeping her stimulated for a few seconds, before pushing the vibrator inside. The smooth toy slipped in with ease, and Waverly gasped.

“Is this good?” Nicole asked, wanting – no, needing – reassurance.

“Yes. Oh yes. So, so good.” Waverly rocked her hips as Nicole skillfully pumped the toy in and out of her.

Waverly felt her walls gripping the vibrator as it moved against them, and she knew that she was going to come again. She furrowed her brow in concentration and dropped her head back as she let the contractions take over.

“Unghhh yeah baby,” Waverly yelled out as her walls pulsed around the vibrator.
Nicole didn’t slow down her movements. Instead, she turned the vibrator up to a higher speed as she pumped faster.

Waverly’s jaw dropped and she clenched her thighs as close together as the ropes would allow, as she rapidly approached a third orgasm. “Shit. I’m gonna come again. Oh my god. Oh my god. Ohhh my gooooood!” She crunched her torso forward as far as it could go before slamming back against the headboard. Her legs jerked involuntarily while Nicole kept the vibrator going.

“Shit. I think I’m gonna come again,” Waverly panted with tiny little whimpers, as if it were some kind of torture.

Nicole grinned as she turned the speed up a little bit more. This time, she pumped in a pattern of long and short strokes, switching between them every couple of seconds until her name was tumbling from Waverly’s lips.

“Nicooooole I’m coming again! Fuuuuuuck!”

Waverly panted as she tried to catch her breath from her fourth orgasm, but she felt like she couldn’t. Nicole was still pumping the vibrator inside her. She shook her head as she panted, “I can’t. It’s too much.”

“Just one more,” Nicole replied in a sweet voice. “Come on baby, you can do it. Just one more.”

“I can’t. It’s too much pleasure.” Waverly rolled her head around. “Fuck. What are you doing to me, Nicole. I’ve never come so much before!”

“I want to make you come again. Please baby? Just one more for me?”

“I don’t know if I can baby,” Waverly whined.

Nicole nodded to herself. Challenge accepted. She sucked on the fingers of her free hand before dropping it down to Waverly’s reddened clit and giving it repetitive, fervent strokes.

Waverly’s eyes nearly popped out of her head as she sucked in a huge amount of air into her lungs. “Fuck, Jesus Christ! Right there! You’re gonna make me come again Nic! Oh my... oh damn. Oh damn. Shit. I’m gonna— FUCK!” Waverly cried out as she was hit with her fifth orgasm in a row.

When Waverly finally came down from her high, Nicole pulled the vibrator out and turned it off before setting it down on the bed. She sat back on her heels as she soothingly dragged her short nails up and down the insides of Waverly’s calves. “You okay baby?” She asked in a caring voice.

“Mhm.” Waverly nodded as she sat there, tied up and leaning against the headboard and strived to catch her breath. She opened her eyes and looked at Nicole. “Shit that was good.”

“Right? Why did it take us so long to do that?” Nicole chuckled.

“I have no idea, but let’s not make it the last time please.”

“Deal,” Nicole nodded.

The pair fell into a comfortable silence as Nicole stared down between Waverly’s legs.

“What’s wrong?” The brunette asked in concern.

“No, it’s just...I really want to taste you right now.” Nicole chuckled.
“You can if you want baby.” Waverly shrugged.

Nicole’s eyes lit up. “Really? It’s not too much?”

“I mean, I probably won’t come again, but if you’re okay with that then no, it’s not too much.” She punctuated her sentence with a hopeful smile. The thought of Nicole’s soft tongue licking and massaging her center sounded really good right about now. Especially after all the work it had just done.

“Oh, I’m definitely okay with that,” Nicole beamed. “Do you want me to untie you?”

“Only my legs. You can keep my arms tied though. I kind of like it...” Waverly trailed off as a blush formed on her cheeks.

Nicole chuckled in amusement. “Okay baby.” She untied the ropes from Waverly’s legs and threw them on top of her bag.

“And can we get under the covers too? I’m getting kind of cold.”

“Oh yeah, sure. Want me to tie the robe back around you?”

Waverly nodded with a grin, and Nicole pulled the ends of her robe together before tying the satin belt in a knot over her upper abdomen. She pulled the covers up over her shoulders before disappearing underneath them. Waverly watched the lump of Nicole’s head under the comforter lower down, and she almost instantly felt her soft tongue drawing slow circles around her clit. She closed her eyes and dropped her head back as she relaxed against the soft headboard.

“That feels really good baby,” Waverly rasped.

Nicole hummed in response as she continued her strokes. She brought her hands up to the insides of Waverly’s thighs to massage with her fingers, and Waverly melted into the touch.

“I love you so much baby. This is perfect,” Waverly smiled.

The room gradually filled with soft moans and pants as Waverly rolled her hips against Nicole’s face.

“Yes. You lick me so good. Mmm your tongue feels like heaven on my puss—“

_Slam._ Waverly’s sentence was interrupted by the sound of the bedroom door being roughly pushed wide open, so hard that it slammed against the wall.

Waverly eyelids hastily parted to see her sister standing there with wide eyes. “Wynonna! What the hell!” She pulled her arms down, but quickly remembered that they were being restrained by the ropes. Her face went crimson at the thought of what Wynonna was thinking right about now.

“My water just broke!” Wynonna exclaimed as she continued to look at Waverly with wide eyes, and a plethora of emotions on her face.

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“My water just broke!” Wynonna exclaimed as she continued to look at Waverly with wide eyes, and a plethora of emotions on her face.

Waverly quickly realized that the look of shock on her sister’s face had nothing to do with her and Nicole. “You mean...” She trailed off as her eyes dropped to her sister’s belly.

Nicole quickly crawled up the bed and poked her head out from underneath the covers before instantly looking over at Wynonna with excitement. “It’s watermelon time?!”

Wynonna slowly nodded her head as a confident smile spread across her face. “It’s watermelon time motherfuckers!”

Chapter Summary

Waverly and Nicole meet Alice for the first time, but Nicole quickly realizes that the newest addition to the family means less time for her and Waverly.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your patience! This little break during my busy week was just what I needed :) Hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Waverly quickly paced back and forth across the waiting room with her arms folded across her chest. When the large blue double doors opened, revealing a man in light blue scrubs, Waverly froze. The doctor pulled down his surgical mask and she quickly realized he wasn’t the doctor she was waiting for. She sighed and continued her pacing.

“Why is this taking so long? Should it be taking this long? I don’t think it should be taking this long…” Waverly rambled as she continued her hurried steps.

“It’s not like in the movies, love. Labor usually takes a few hours,” Nicole reassured with a small smile that Waverly didn’t even look at. The brunette was too busy scanning her eyes around all of the doors, impatiently waiting for some news.

“What if something happened to her? Or the baby? And nobody’s telling us a damn thing!” Nicole stood up from her chair and carefully wrapped her hands around Waverly’s upper arms, effectively stilling her movements. “Hey,” she said in a soft voice, and hazel eyes looked up into hers. “If something were wrong they would tell us. I’m sure everything is fine.” The corners of her mouth pulled up when she felt the muscles under her grip let go of their tension.

With a subtle nod of her head, Waverly clenched her jaw and sighed. She knew Nicole was right, but it was difficult not to worry. Especially with how cursed her family was – metaphorically speaking, of course.

“Want to sit down with me?” Nicole gestured toward the chairs against the wall before leading the compliant brunette to sit down. She looked over at the brunette’s shaking leg and chuckled under her breath as she slightly shook her head. “I know that being in the hospital is usually a negative thing, but this is the one time where it’s actually something good. Wynonna’s about to have a baby. You’re going to be an aunt.” She nudged her girlfriend as she gave her a warm smile and a wink.

“We’re both going to be aunts,” Waverly replied as she smiled back as much as she could with all of the negative thoughts taking over her brain.

Nicole looked down at the floor between her boots as she tried to hide the dopey grin on her face.
She and Waverly had never actually talked about Nicole being an aunt, so the unexpected reassurance from Waverly warmed her heart.

“And I know, I’m happy and totally excited,” Waverly continued, “But I’m also nervous. I’ve never raised a baby before. Heck, I’ve never even held a baby before. I’m the youngest child, none of my friends have kids, and it’s not like there are a ton of people getting pregnant in this town. Most of the people who live here are old, and anyone young usually moves away after high school. I mean, we literally know everyone in this town who is in their 20s, and we know that none of them have kids. So, my textbook knowledge of babies may be impeccable with all of the research I’ve done in the past nine months, but my hands-on experience level is a little lacking at the moment. And by ‘a little’ I mean very much lacking.” She huffed as she simultaneously sunk back into her seat.

With a sympathetic look, Nicole grabbed Waverly’s hand sitting on her lap. “None of us know how to do this. It’s new for all of us. But we’re going to figure this out together. The four of us. And we have Gus to help us too. She raised you, so she’s obviously pretty good at it.” Nicole looked at Waverly with knowing eyes and a lopsided smile.

“Hey! Pretty good?” Waverly replied, feigning offense.

The redhead shrugged. “Well, I mean, you do tend to leave all of the lights on even when you’re done with them…and you have a habit of leaving the almond milk out…and come to think of it, I’m always finding empty containers in the pantry and fridge…”

“Oh, is it tell-each-other-our-pet-peeves-about-one-another time? Because I’ve got plenty of ammo.” Waverly quirked an eyebrow as she playfully folded her arms across her chest.

Nicole held her hands up in surrender. “No, no. I was just saying.” She wrapped an arm around Waverly’s shoulders and pulled the brunette into her side as she lifted her leg up to rest on the opposite knee. “Everything is going to work out. Don’t worry so much about it and just trust that we’re going to get it right.” She kissed the top of soft, brunette hair, lingering a bit to breathe in the familiar scent before dropping her head back to rest against the wall.

Waverly hugged Nicole’s waist as she relaxed into the comfortable position. She tried to keep her eyes open, but she couldn’t stop them from fluttering shut. It was nearly six thirty in the morning, and the caffeine she’d had earlier was beginning to wear off. She felt herself beginning to drift off to sleep. Ultimately, she blamed Nicole for having such a comfortable shoulder.

“Waverly,” Nicole said in a hurried tone as she patted the brunette’s leg.

Waverly’s eyes shot open and she bolted upright. “I wasn’t sleeping!” She immediately noticed the doctor walking towards them with a smile on his face and without missing a beat, she bolted up from her chair and rushed over towards him with Nicole following closely behind.

“Is she okay? Is the baby okay?” Waverly asked frantically as she looked at the tall, middle-aged man with hopeful eyes.

“Everything is just fine. Mom and baby are both doing great,” He replied with a warm smile. “Would you like to come and see her?”

A sigh of relief mixed with a small chuckle escaped through Waverly’s open-mouthed grin as she looked over at Nicole.

“You go ahead. I’ll call Gus and give her the news.” Nicole punctuated her sentence with a slight nod and a wide smile plastered to her face. She couldn’t wait to see the baby, but she knew Waverly
couldn’t wait even more. And someone had to call Gus to tell her to get down here ASAP.

“You sure?”

“Yeah, I’ll catch up in a few minutes.”

“Okay.” She squeezed Nicole’s hand and beamed at her in excitement before letting it slip from her grip as she followed the doctor. It was only a few paces later when she rushed back towards Nicole and wrapped her arms around the woman’s waist in a tight embrace. “We’re aunts.”

Nicole wrapped her own arms around the petite woman and rested her chin atop her head as she closed her eyes and smiled. “We are.”

Waverly pulled back and gave Nicole’s cheek a quick peck. “Don’t take too long!” She ordered before rushing back towards the doctor, who was waiting at the double doors for her with his usual charming smile that she had gotten used to.

As soon as she walked into the room, her eyes landed on Wynonna, gorgeous as ever, holding the tiniest human she had ever seen in her entire life. Doc was standing beside the bed, hunched over as if watching the most delicate thing in the world. He didn’t even take his eyes off of her when Waverly entered the room.

Wynonna looked up at Waverly with a small but endearing smile. “Come here,” she said softly.

Waverly quickly wiped away the tear that rolled down her cheek as she walked towards the side of the bed closest to her, opposite from Doc. She stared at her little niece, peacefully sleeping in her older sister’s arms. “She’s beautiful,” Waverly whispered without looking up. Now that she was closer, she instantly understood why Doc hadn’t taken his eyes off of the precious girl. The sight before her was mesmerizing.

“Her name is Alice. Alice Michelle.” Wynonna said as she looked up at Waverly.

“Named after both our mothers,” Doc added in the softest voice Waverly had ever heard from the usually ardent cowboy.

Waverly leaned over the bed and said in a high-pitched whisper, “Hi Alice.” She didn’t expect her niece to acknowledge her or even hear her since she was asleep, but she just had to say it.

“Auntie Waverly is here to see you,” Wynonna spoke in a similar tone before kissing the top of Alice’s head. “You’re lucky to have her as an Aunt, because she’s the best. Her and your other Aunt, Nicole. They’re going to help me take care of you so that we don’t fuck you up.”

Waverly’s ecstatic facial expression from the first part of Wynonna’s statement was quickly replaced by a disapproving one. “I know I’m still new at this, but I’m pretty sure we shouldn’t be dropping f-bombs around the baby.”

“Why not? It’s not like she can distinguish between the word ‘fuck’ and the word ‘poop’.”

Waverly rolled her eyes and shook her head. “Okay, but just don’t shout it around her or anything. I’m sure adding aggression behind the word will make a difference.”

“No promises,” Wynonna grinned.

“She’s waking up,” Doc interrupted with his eyes glued to her face. He reached out with his index finger and placed it in her hand for her to hold, which she gripped tightly. “She’s got a strong little
grip there.” He smiled.

“I think we both know that she gets that from me.” Wynonna smirked with a wink, making sure the innuendo wasn’t lost on him.

“Oh, I definitely do,” Doc replied with a mischievous smile as he and Wynonna locked eyes.

Waverly groaned as she rolled her eyes. “Only you two would talk about your sex life when we’re all admiring a newborn baby.”

“I mean, that’s kind of how she got here in the first place,” Wynonna replied as she looked at Waverly, as if it were obvious.

“Wait, look look! She’s yawning!” Doc whispered excitedly in a voice that arguably could’ve been higher-pitched than Waverly’s.

They all watched the cutest little yawn any of them had ever seen when Nicole walked through the door.

“Just in time, Haught. She just woke up.” Wynonna looked at the redhead and gave her a short nod.

“Her name is Alice Michelle,” Waverly beamed. When she felt Nicole wrap an arm around her waist, she placed her hand on top of the slightly larger one just above her hipbone and entwined their fingers together.

“She’s so cute,” Nicole grinned. “She’s got your eyes, Wynonna. And Doc’s nose.”

“I’m just glad she didn’t inherit his ‘stache,” Wynonna said dryly.

“I thought you liked my mustache,” Doc asked in slight offense.

“Yeah, but that’s because you look sexy with a mustache. I don’t want my daughter looking anywhere near sexy.”

Nicole frowned as she squinted at the two. “How did this conversation take such a weird and disturbing turn?”

After a few silent seconds of shrugging and shaking heads, Waverly asked, “What did Gus say?”

“She’s heading over here now.” Nicole smiled.

“Do you think she’s gonna cry? I’ve never seen her cry,” Wynonna asked in excitement as she looked up in thought. “I mean, Doc cried…”

“Of course I cried. What kind of a monster doesn’t shed a few tears at the first sight of his own daughter?” Doc replied.

“I think she’s going to be ecstatic,” Waverly smiled as she gently cupped her hand around the back of Alice’s barely fuzzy head before leaning down to place the softest kiss on her forehead.

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One week later

…okay, well, technically nine days later, but you get the point.
Nicole and Dolls pulled up to the station together in the squad car. As they took off their seatbelts, he looked over at her with a frown. She had been silent the entire car ride, aside from the occasional overdramatically loud yawn.

“Hey, you alright?” He asked as they walked towards the front doors.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she nodded. “Just a little tired is all.”

“Alice?”

Nicole nodded. “I love her to death, but she spends the entire night crying. And she’s so loud. I swear she gets that from the Earp side of the family.”

Dolls chuckled as he gestured for Nicole to sit down at the table in the break room while he made them coffee. “And how’s everyone else doing with it all? Has Waverly gone back to work yet?”

“Doc has been working a lot to make some extra money. Waverly’s still taking off work to help Wynonna. I think she’s going back on Wednesday. Everyone seems to be doing fine. Waverly is the best aunt.” Nicole smiled as she stared down at the table. “She’s going to make a great mom.”

Dolls’ eyes widened as he looked over at the redhead, who was staring off into space with a dreamy look on her face. “Are you…I mean, have you two…” He furrowed his brow. “You’re not…are you trying to get pregnant?”

Nicole quickly shook her head. “No, no. Not any time soon. We’re not making plans or anything. I just mean, some day. When the time is right, she’s going to make a great mom.”

“Oh,” he chuckled lightly at his misunderstanding. “You’re both going to make great moms, you know. And I’m sure you’re just as great of an aunt as Waverly is.” He handed the mug out for the redhead to take as he sat down in the chair beside her.

With a grateful smile, Nicole took the mug from him and instantly brought it up to her lips. She had already had a cup of coffee at the homestead before she left, but these days she could use the extra caffeine. After taking a modest sip, she carefully placed the generic navy blue mug down on the table in front of her. “I think the hardest part about all of this is that we haven’t had much alone time.”

“And by alone time, you mean…” He raised his eyebrows.

“Well, I mean just like any time in general to be alone. By the time I get home from work she’s either with Alice or she’s talking with Wynonna about baby stuff. And then when we go to bed she instantly falls asleep.” Nicole sighed as she slightly shook her head in disappointment. “But yeah, that too.”

“Have you talked to her about it?”

“I haven’t yet. I don’t want to sound too needy, or like I’m more important than Alice.”

“But you’re important too. Your relationship shouldn’t have to be put on hold just because there’s a new baby in the house. You should talk to her. Soon. Before you bottle it up and it just explodes in a negative way. Because that’s going to make it so much worse.”

Nicole pursed her lips together and furrowed her brow in thought when they were interrupted by the sound of loud, heavy footsteps entering the room.

“We’ve got an anonymous tip about a reckless driver. Possibly drunk.”
“It’s barely 8 a.m.?” Nicole replied in confusion.

“The woman who called it in says it looks like Steve Thompson’s car.”

Nicole rolled her eyes. “Of course it is.” They used to get a domestic abuse call about that son of a bitch every week. But since his wife finally divorced him and filed a restraining order, he’s become twice the drunk he was before. So it was no surprise that he would be out on the road, drunk off his ass this early in the day. Hell, Nicole wouldn’t be surprised if he was just still drunk from the day before. With this guy, nothing surprised her anymore.

“Do you want both of us to take it?” Dolls asked as he jumped up from his seat, ready to spring into action.

“Well, both of you seem to be the ones always taking his cases. After all, it was you two together who convinced Patty to finally leave that bastard and file that restraining order. I think putting both of my potential sheriffs on this case would be the smart way to go.”

Nicole grinned at the comment. Nedley had been mentioning the whole potential sheriff thing a lot lately, which got her excited. Of course, she’d miss having him as her boss, but she was ready to take on the responsibility. …that is, if she was picked for the job.

She jumped out of her chair and stood directly beside Dolls in the same eager pose. “Let’s go cuff that son of a bitch.”

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After five more calls about different kinds of disturbances – two of them being prank calls, enough paperwork to drive someone mad, and the most tiring 10-hour shift Nicole had experienced in a long while, she was finally on her way back to the homestead after checking in on Calamity Jane. She couldn’t wait to see Waverly, and Alice…and even Wynonna, if she were being completely honest with herself. She trudged up the steps of the front porch with a sigh of relief, happy to finally be home. When she walked through the front door, she immediately spotted Waverly and Wynonna sitting on the couch.

“Hey guys,” she greeted as she dragged her tired body into the house before swinging the door shut behind her.

“Shhh!” Wynonna hissed.

Nicole furrowed her brow in confusion. “What?”

“Alice is finally asleep,” Waverly clarified with a sweet smile as she walked over towards Nicole to give her a chaste kiss.

“Oh, sorry.”

As soon as the words left Nicole’s mouth, the sound of shrill crying rang out from the nursery down the hall.

“Looks like I spoke too soon,” Waverly chuckled, and Nicole smiled weakly.

“Nice going doofus.” Wynonna said while looking directly at Nicole. She sighed as she slumped into the couch and pressed her palms against her eyes.

“Sorry. I didn’t even shut the door that hard…” Nicole mumbled as she hung her coat up on the coat
“I think she’s just hungry. Isn’t it about time for her to eat again?” Waverly asked.

Wynonna’s eyes popped open as she sat up. “Oh yeah. Can you bring her to me?”

“I can get her,” Nicole volunteered as she started walking towards the nursery.

“You sure?” Waverly asked, even though she was already sitting back down on the couch.

With a genuine smile, Nicole replied, “Yeah, don’t worry. You two sit.”

It had been a long day of work and Nicole already knew that holding Alice would make her day ten thousand times better, even if it was only for a few short seconds. She walked into the nursery and peered over into the crib, where Alice was writhing around on her back as the strong cries escaped her tiny mouth. Yep, she definitely got those powerful lungs from Wynonna.

“Shh, it’s okay, I’ve got you,” Nicole cooed as she leaned over and picked her up from her crib. She rocked her niece in her arms for a little bit, and the cries diminished until Alice was silently looking up at red hair. Nicole smiled at how quickly she had gotten Alice to stop crying, until a small hand reached out and grabbed a chunk of her hair, tugging on it and watching it slip through her fingers with intrigue.

Nicole chuckled and shook her head. “Happy to entertain you, sweet girl.” She kissed the top of Alice’s soft head before taking her into the living room, where Wynonna was ready to take her. She figured she could use this opportunity to talk to Waverly while Wynonna was breastfeeding – something Nicole didn’t really want to observe.

“Hey, can we talk?” Nicole said quietly as she hovered down towards Waverly sitting on the couch. Waverly looked at her with concern for a moment before replying, “Yeah, of course.” She stood up from the couch and followed Nicole into the nursery, who shut the door behind her.

“Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, I was just wondering if we could spend some time together this week? We haven’t had a chance to be alone since Alice was born and I just miss you.” Nicole walked towards Waverly and wrapped her hands around her waist as she smiled down at her girlfriend, who looked beautiful as always.

“Guilt washed over Waverly’s face as she shook her head that was lowered down towards the floor, clearly disappointed in herself.

“Hey,” Nicole grabbed Waverly’s chin with her index finger and thumb and lifted it up so that the brunette was looking into her eyes. “Alice and Wynonna both need you. You’re not doing anything wrong, I’m just saying I miss you is all.” She wrapped a hand around the back of Waverly’s head and gave a gentle, lingering kiss on the smaller woman’s forehead.

Waverly closed her eyes and smiled at the gesture before grabbing Nicole’s face and pulling her down into a passionate kiss. She honestly couldn’t remember the last time they had even kissed like this. She had been so wrapped up in their new lives with Alice that she had unintentionally put Nicole on the back burner. She pulled out of the kiss and sighed as she rested her forehead against her girlfriend’s.
“I forgot how good that felt,” Waverly chuckled as she pursed her lips together. She could still feel Nicole on them, even though she wasn’t.

“I know. I think this is the longest we’ve gone without sex too,” Nicole said teasingly – even though it was true.

Waverly pulled back with a furrowed brow. “Really? It’s only been, what, like five days right?”

Nicole slowly shook her head in disbelief and amusement. “Waves, that was last Saturday. Today is Monday.”

As her jaw dropped in shock, her eyes also went wide. “Nine days?! Oh my god, I can’t believe it’s been that long! It feels like it was just a few days ago that we brought Alice home from the hospital. Ugh, I feel terrible.” Waverly buried her face in her hands.

“No, it’s okay baby. I wasn’t saying it to make you feel bad.” She reached out and effectively pulled Waverly’s hands away from her face. “I just mean, it’s been a little busy around here. I’m pretty sure Doc and Wynonna are in the same boat. It happens.”

“Well not anymore. Tomorrow night, we’re going on a date. No interruptions, just us. And we’re sleeping at your house.”

Nicole drew her eyebrows together. “What about Wynonna? Is Doc working late again tomorrow?”

“Gus can help her. I’m sure it’ll be fine. But we need some alone time. It’s been far too long, and I miss you as well.”

Nicole grinned at the thought of finally having Waverly all to herself for the first time in what felt like forever. Sure, it had only been a little over a week, but when you’ve spent practically every day of your lives together over the past nine months, nine days is a long time.

“Deal.” Nicole leaned forward and pressed her lips against Waverly’s soft ones. As soon as she began to drown in the comfortable and familiar feeling of her girlfriend’s sweet kiss, the sound of Wynonna calling out Waverly’s name rang through the house.

The pair pulled away and sighed.

“Only one more day,” Nicole said as she let out a heavy breath.

“One more day.” Waverly reassuringly wrapped her hand around Nicole’s arm and gave it a loving squeeze before walking out of the nursery and back towards the living room.

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The next twenty-four hours went by so slowly. Nicole had spent her entire time at work checking the clock, just waiting for the minute hand to hit the twelve, pushing the hour hand towards the seven. The moment it did, she practically jumped out of her desk and hurriedly put on her coat. A look of frustration spread across her face as she couldn’t find the hole of her other sleeve.

“It’s inside out,” Dolls said as he pointed towards the sleeve with his pen.

Nicole looked behind her and saw the sleeve hanging on the inside of her jacket. “Oh.” She pulled it out and successfully put the rest of her coat on.

“Where are you going that’s got you in such a hurry tonight?” He asked as he set his pen down and
leaned his head back into clasped hands.

“Waverly and I are going on a date.”

“Oh nice. Dinner?”

“Actually, we’re going bowling.” She grinned. “We wanted to do something fun.”

“Sounds awesome. Have fun!” He smiled.

“Thanks.” Nicole swiped her keys off of her desk and gave him a short nod. “See you later.” And with that, she rushed out of the station and headed straight for her house to get changed.

She already knew what she was going to wear – her gray henley baseball tee with maroon sleeves that Waverly loved so much. That, and her black skinny jeans. Waverly had mentioned once or twice semi-recently how much she had missed seeing that outfit, and Nicole made a mental note to save it for a special occasion just like this one. After getting dressed and giving Calamity Jane a little pep talk about how she knew that she hadn’t been home much but she would be home tonight – which only earned her a tail to the face in response – she headed out of the house to pick up Waverly, but was surprised to see the girl’s red Jeep pulling into driveway. Nicole drew her eyebrows together in confusion as she walked over towards the driver’s side door that Waverly was already stepping out of.

“What are you doing here? I thought I was picking you up?”

Waverly shut the door and went around to her trunk to grab her bag. “I know, but I really wanted to see you and I saw that you hadn’t left the house yet so I figured I’d just go ahead and come here.” She grinned as she shut the trunk door and swung her bag over her shoulder.

“Sounds good to me,” Nicole shrugged before leaning in for a quick kiss. “Well why don’t we go ahead and take your stuff inside then.” She took Waverly’s bag from her and swung it over her own shoulder as she walked up the front porch. Waverly followed closely behind, silently appreciating the outfit the redhead had strategically picked out.

When they walked inside, Waverly was almost instantly greeted by the orange tabby, who was purring and rubbing all over her boots.

“Hey Calamity, did you miss me? It’s been a while.” Waverly said in a high-pitched voice as she ran her hand over Calamity’s back before scratching behind the cat’s ears.

Nicole chuckled to herself as she set Waverly’s bag down on the couch. “I think she missed you more than she missed me.”

Waverly smiled as she stood up from the crouched position she had been in. “Yeah, well I missed you more than I missed her.” A confident smirk spread across her face as she unexpectedly pushed Nicole against the wall. She scanned her eyes down Nicole’s body before bringing them back up to slightly enlarged pupils. “And don’t think I didn’t notice the outfit.”

Nicole swallowed thickly before saying in a sultry voice, “Good. Because it’s all for you.” She swallowed thickly as she felt soft hands running up underneath her shirt and across her abdomen. She instinctively reached around and set her own hands on Waverly’s backside over her dark washed jeans and pulled the brunette in as close as possible, causing Waverly’s breath to hitch.

Without hesitation, Waverly leaned in and crashed their lips together as she simultaneously inhaled through her nose. Nicole wasted no time in reciprocating the kiss with her insistent lips. The room
was filled with the sounds of gliding lips, heavy breathing, and pounding heartbeats. The heated kiss was over in just a matter of seconds, when Waverly pulled back and stepped away from Nicole, causing the redhead’s eyelids to open and reveal sad eyes.

“After I beat you at bowling,” Waverly winked before making her way towards the door.

Nicole stood there in disbelief. She was sure that kiss had just completely ruined her panties. She internally debated whether or not to run upstairs and change them out for some dry ones.

“You coming?” Waverly called out from the stairs of the front porch.

“I wish,” Nicole muttered under her breath with a sigh before walking out the door.

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Waverly looked around the bowling alley with a huge grin on her face. The entire place was slightly dark with colorful neon lights everywhere. The electronic dance music that played from the overhead speakers wasn’t exactly her style, but for some reason she found it oddly satisfying for the vibe of the place.

After paying and grabbing their shoes, the couple sat at the table at their lane across from each other to change into their bowling shoes.

“Want me to go grab the food while you set everything up?” Waverly asked as she finished tying her laces.

“Sounds good to me,” Nicole smiled.

“Want a beer or anything?”

“Nah, just water is fine for me tonight.”

“Got it.” Waverly smiled as she shot up from her seat and practically bounced towards the counter.

Nicole chuckled as she watched the energetic brunette for a moment, enjoying the entertaining view, before grabbing some bowling balls for both of them and setting up the names on the scoreboard. She started to type in ‘Waverly’, when an idea hit her. She smirked as she typed both of their ‘names’ into the scoreboard on the screen.

When Waverly returned with a large order of vegan-friendly nachos and a couple of waters, she instantly noticed Nicole snickering behind her hand. “What’s so funny?” She asked with a quirked eyebrow as she cautiously set everything down on the table where Nicole was sitting.

The redhead cleared her throat and shook her head as she grabbed a chip. “Nothing.” She lied in a high-pitched voice before popping the chip into her mouth.

Waverly squinted her eyes dubiously. “Mhm. Then why do you look guilty of something?”

“I’m just excited to be hanging out with you,” Nicole shrugged.

Waverly continued to look at her girlfriend with hesitation, but eventually brushed it off. “Whatever. Who’s going first, you or—” As soon as she looked up at the scoreboard, she pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes. “Did you seriously put our names as ‘Winner’ and ‘Loser’?”

Nicole instantly busted out in a cackle as she rolled around in her chair.
“Nicole! That’s not funny!” Waverly whined.

“Oh, it’s funny all right. And it’s accurate, because I’m going to win!” Nicole challenged.

Waverly folded her arms across her chest and lifted a gorgeous eyebrow in the amused redhead’s direction. “Oh yeah? Well just for that, I’m going first.”

Nicole abruptly stopped her laughter when she noticed Waverly heading straight for the ball return. “Hey, wait a minute! I’m ‘Winner’!”

She chased after the brunette, but Waverly picked up her pace. The brunette giggled and squealed as she grabbed one of the balls and tossed it haphazardly down the lane.

Nicole had reached out and grabbed Waverly to stop her, but she was half a second too late. The pair froze in their position of Nicole stood behind Waverly, holding the girl in her arms, as they watched the ball slowly drift down the lane, and straight into the gutter. As soon as the pinsetter began to check for any knocked-down pins, Nicole turned her head to look at Waverly with a scowl on her face, and Waverly grinned back in satisfaction.

“Well, you can either start the game with a gutterball, or you can be ‘Loser’. Your choice.” Nicole groaned as she let go of her girlfriend. “I really don’t like you.”

With an amused chuckle, Waverly followed Nicole over towards the table, and smiled when the redhead plopped down into the chair with a pout. “No you don’t. You really like me.”

“I don’t. I don’t like you at all.” Nicole said with her eyebrows pushed together in faux anger and sternly crossed her arms.

“Really? Not even a little bit?” Waverly sat down sideways on Nicole’s lap and crossed her legs at her knees, and Nicole instinctually wrapped her hands around the brunette for support.

“Nope. Not even a little bit.”

“Really?” Waverly placed her arms around Nicole’s neck and twirled the ends of her fiery locks around her finger as she sported a pout that was even cuter than Nicole’s.

Nicole started to crack a smile, but quickly pushed it away with an overcompensating scowl. “Really.”

Waverly leaned in and planted a kiss, and she instantly felt Nicole’s breath being taken away from her. After she pulled back, she smirked when she noticed Nicole sitting there in shock with her eyes closed. “You sure you don’t like me even the slightest bit?” She slowly ran her fingertips Nicole’s outer arm, all the way to her shoulder.

Nicole opened her eyes and shook her head. “Well now I hate you.”

With a playful laugh, Waverly pushed Nicole in the arm, earning a contagious chuckle from the redhead in response. “But maybe I kind of like you. Just a tiny bit.”

“So, it’s okay that I kissed you?”

“Oh, I’m definitely okay with that.”

“What about the whole ‘we can’t just go around making out with each other because I have to set a good example’?”
Nicole looked around the bowling alley and shrugged. “Nobody seems to be looking. Besides, it’s a Tuesday. The place is pretty empty anyways.

“So, does that mean you’re okay with us sitting here making out?” Waverly asked teasingly as she slowly leaned in, but was quickly stopped by Nicole pushing her off of her lap.

“Uh, no way! We’re here to bowl. Now hurry up and finish your turn. I’m ready to beat you.”

“Does that mean that you’ve chosen to be ‘Loser’ then?” Waverly asked with a satisfied grin on her face.

“It means I’m letting you be ‘Winner’.”

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Nicole ended up winning the first game, and Waverly won the second. They were now in the tenth frame of their third and final game. Waverly’s final score was 159, and Nicole needed at least two strikes to win. She held the ball in front of her face in concentration before swinging it back and gracefully rolling it down the middle of the lane.

**Strike.**

She fist-pumped and looked over her shoulder at Waverly with a look of triumph. “Only one more strike and I win!”

“Yeah yeah,” Waverly waved her hand in dismissal as she picked at the broken chips at the bottom of the basket. She really didn’t care about winning this game, but she kind of wanted to see her overly-competitive girlfriend take a beating.

She watched as Nicole rolled the ball down the lane, smashing into a few of the pins. More pins were slowly falling as the ones on the floor rolled around. Nicole licked her lips as she watched eight of the pins fall down.

“**Come on. Just two more pins.**” She whispered to herself. One more toppled and fell to the ground and began to slowly roll towards the last one. “**Just one more. Come on, you can do it.**”

The last one tipped back and forth a couple of times, before sticking to the ground in an upright position, ending the game and declaring Waverly the winner. She stood there and watched the pinsetter sweep up the pins in defeated silence.

Waverly skipped up behind Nicole and tapped her on the shoulder before clasping her hands behind her back. Nicole sighed and turned to face her girlfriend.

“Guess what?”

Even though she already knew the answer, Nicole played along and asked, “What.”

Without missing a beat, Waverly loudly declared, “I won!” She danced around the redhead in excitement.

Nicole tried to be upset, and a huge part of her was disappointed that she didn’t win. But she was also really entertained by Waverly’s dancing, and that was the part that took over her facial expression. She smiled as she let her eyes roam over her adorable girlfriend during her celebration. Nicole sauntered over towards the energetic brunette and took her hand, effectively stopping the girl’s movements.
“You ready to go home?” She asked with a smile.

Waverly beamed as she slid her fingers in between Nicole’s as far as they would go. “You bet.”

They spent the long drive back from the city enjoying the comfortable silence while holding hands and stealing glances. Waverly couldn’t believe how she could forget about the moments like these. Sure, there was a new baby in the house and a lot of things were different, but that was no excuse. She wasn’t going to neglect her girlfriend any more. And Nicole deserved an amazing night of her full attention. Which was why as soon as they got out of the car, Waverly practically yanked Nicole inside the house.

“Someone’s in a hurry,” Nicole chuckled as she jogged into the house behind Waverly, who’s hand was still clamped around hers.

“I just missed you is all,” the brunette smiled before leading them straight towards the bedroom. As soon as they entered the room, Waverly pushed Nicole down onto the bed and immediately began to crawl on top of her. “Now, where should we begin…” She smirked before leaning down to capture unsuspecting lips between her own.

Nicole hummed and gently pushed Waverly off of her. “Wait.”

The brunette quickly rolled off of her girlfriend in concern as she watched the redhead raise up into a sitting position. “What’s wrong?”

“Is it okay if I take a quick shower first? I didn’t have time to take one after work and I kind of want to be…you know, clean.”

“Oh. Yeah, of course. Want me to shower with you?” Waverly asked with a playful grin as she rubbed the inside of Nicole’s thigh.

Nicole chuckled and shook her head. “I really want to start with the bed. But I’ll be quick, okay? Promise.” She gave Waverly’s forehead a quick peck before jogging off into the bathroom and immediately turning on the water.

With a sigh, Waverly laid down on the bed as she waited for Nicole. Her heavy muscles relaxed in the comfortable position, and her eyelids involuntarily began to shut.

It was only about eight minutes later when Nicole emerged from the bathroom with nothing but a towel wrapped around her, but it was apparently enough time for Waverly to doze off, if her quiet snoring was any indication. Nicole let out a breathy laugh and shook her head at the adorable sight in front of her before walking over towards her dresser and putting on a clean pair of boyshorts. She ruffled the towel through her damp hair a little bit before hanging it over the curtain rack in the bathroom and slipping into bed beside Waverly. As soon as she wrapped her arm around the sleeping brunette, Waverly shot up in an upright position with wide eyes. “I’m awake!”

Nicole chuckled and urged Waverly to lay back down. “It’s okay baby, you’re tired.”

“But…we were going to have sex.” The brunette pouted as she reluctantly, yet eagerly, laid back down and curled up beside Nicole.

“I know, but it’s okay. You haven’t been getting much sleep with Alice constantly waking everyone up, and to be honest neither have I. This is the first quiet night we’ve had to ourselves, and it’s okay if you just want to sleep. I have the day off tomorrow, so we can sleep in and have sex after we’re energized.” She smiled as she reassuringly rubbed her hand up and down one of Waverly’s biceps.
“Are you sure?”

Nicole nodded without hesitation. “I’m sure. Honestly, as much as I would like to make love to you right now, I wouldn’t mind just cuddling until we fall asleep.”

Waverly grinned as she reached under the covers to dispose of her jeans before doing the same with her shirt and bra. She wrapped her arm around Nicole’s stomach as she tucked into the redhead’s side and rested her cheek on the woman’s chest.

“Okay, but tomorrow we’re definitely having sex.” She closed her eyes and took in a deep breath through her nose at the incredibly comfortable position.

“Definitely.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much to everyone who has been voting for my submission in the 2019 EFA Fic Challenge! I can’t believe I’ve made it to the final four. It’s seriously unreal. I’m so thrilled that you all enjoyed The Girl From Room 208 so much and continue to vote for it 😊 I could not be more grateful for you wonderful readers and friends ❤
I'm At The Airport

Chapter Summary

Sam unexpectedly shows up to Purgatory, and she and Nicole spend the day catching up with each other.

Chapter Notes

People...I've made it to the FINALS of the 2019 EFA Fic Challenge! You have no idea what this means to me. I know this is a little late, but voting ends tomorrow! Even if I don't win, I'd be okay with that because the winner would be interviewed on the podcast, and I'm so awkward Be sure to drop a vote for your favorite submission here...


Nicole’s eyes shot open as soon as she felt about eighteen pounds of orange fur ungracefully jump from the floor onto the bed and immediately begin walking up her abdomen.

“Calamity,” she wheezed when one of the cat’s paws pressed down on a sensitive area. She sat up and wrapped her hands around the cat’s middle before placing her on the floor. “Alright, alright. I’m coming to feed you. You win.”

With a soft meow, Calamity waddled out of the room and down the stairs. Nicole shook her head with a slight chuckle before standing up from the bed with a dramatic stretch and a yawn before making her way downstairs.

When she got back up to the room, she slid into bed underneath the covers and looked at Waverly with a soft smile. The brunette’s chest was slightly raising up and down due to her shallow breathing. Her entire body was relaxed as the subtle sounds of soft snoring escaped from her slightly opened mouth. Nicole thought back to the conversation they had the night before – before either of them had fallen asleep – about both of them enjoying being woken up by being touched. Waverly was strategically trying to hint that she wanted Nicole to wake her up like that this morning, but the redhead feigned ignorance and pretended like she had no idea what Waverly was getting at, even though she knew exactly what the brunette was asking for. But there had to be some sort of element of unexpectedness, right?

Nicole slowly moved closer to Waverly and gently placed her hand over the girl’s abdomen, checking her motionless face for any signs that she had woken up to the soft touch, but Waverly was still peacefully asleep. With her eyes glued to the brunettes’s face in front of her, Nicole slowly moved her hand down until she felt soft curls. Still no signs of being awake. She dipped one finger between warm folds and she could’ve sworn that she saw Waverly’s face twitch, but the girl was still fast asleep, if her breathing was any indication.
As soon as Nicole began stroking up and down Waverly’s slit, the brunette took in a deep breath and her eyes slowly opened, meeting with soft brown ones as Nicole continued to move her fingers in just the right way.

“Good morning,” Nicole said in a sultry voice before gently flicking her finger across Waverly’s clit, earning herself a small gasp from the brunette, who was still in the process of waking up.

“What are you doing?” Waverly croaked with a small smile on her face.

Nicole instantly paused her ministrations. “I was waking you up. Is this okay?”

Waverly nodded. “Yes, definitely. Always okay. I love waking up to your fingers touching me. Please, don’t stop.” She leaned forward and gave Nicole a sleepy but reassuring kiss on the lips before rolling onto her back, and Nicole immediately continued her movements.

With her hands gripped around the pillow underneath her head, Waverly relaxed her body and focused on what Nicole was doing to her; gently circling her clit as she placed delicate kisses along her collarbone. It was nice, really nice, but she wanted something else. She opened her mouth to say something, but quickly closed it. Nicole noticed this though. And she knew that whenever Waverly did that, it meant that she wanted to say something, but was unsure if it was okay to say it or not.

“What is it baby?” Nicole asked as she slowed her movements, but didn’t stop them completely.

“No, I just… Okay, I really like this, it feels really good. But can you…go down on me? I just really want to feel your tongue on me because that sounds really good right now. But it’s not because what you’re doing right now isn’t good, I promise.”

A breathy laugh escaped Nicole’s lips as she leaned her face closer to Waverly’s. “I would love to go down on you.” She smiled and leaned down for a quick kiss before pulling the covers back and crawling down Waverly’s body.

Waverly gulped in anticipation when she felt the coolness of Nicole’s fingers against her stretch marks that she’s had since she was a teenager, before hooking them around the waistband of her panties. Waverly lifted her hips and bent her knees up slightly to allow Nicole to pull the garment down her legs, before Waverly dropped her knees apart on the bed, completely exposing herself and opening up for Nicole.

Nicole licked her lips as she looked down at Waverly’s pink folds. They weren’t soaking wet yet, but she was determined to change that. She settled herself comfortably between perfect, tan legs – legs that she could look at all day long – and dropped her head down so that her face was as close as possible without actually touching the brunette. She inhaled through her nose and was immediately hit with the heady smell of just how much Waverly wanted her. She closed her eyes and focused on the aroma.

“Fuck Waves,” she shook her head and looked up at Waverly, who’s mouth was slightly open as she was panting. The brunette’s chest was heaving up and down as the oxygen quickly filled her lungs before hastily escaping in a repetitive pattern.

“Nicole, please,” Waverly whined. “I need you to touch me so badly. I’m so horny right now.”

With a quirked eyebrow, Nicole studied her girlfriend and noticed her slightly writhing in anticipation. A cocky smirk spread across Nicole’s face. “You want me to touch you baby?”

“Yes,” Waverly replied.
“You want me to run my tongue all over your pussy?”

Waverly quickly nodded as she stared at Nicole with wide eyes. “Yes. Yes, I want that very much.”

As soon as Waverly finished her sentence, Nicole ran a firm yet gentle tongue slowly up Waverly’s slit, and Waverly’s jaw dropped and her eyebrows furrowed as she watched attentively. When Nicole’s tongue ended with a swipe across Waverly’s bud, the brunette slightly jerked her hips and her breath hitched.

“Like that baby?” Nicole asked with her stupidly smug face, knowing full well that that was exactly what Waverly wanted.

“Yes! Yes, please keep doing that!”

“Are you sure baby?” Nicole ran her flat palms up and down strong, flexing thighs.

“Ni-cole,” Waverly whined, dragging out the second syllable.

“Yes?” The redhead answered with an amused smile on her face. Her hands were now running along the creases of where Waverly’s thighs met her center, touching close to where she needed her most, yet so far away.

“You know what I want!” Waverly replied with frustration and slight annoyance in her voice.

Nicole hummed as she looked up in thought. “Let’s say that I do.” She sat up and moved a little closer to Waverly’s face. “Why don’t you convince me to give it to you?” Her eyebrows bounced once, officially setting the challenge.

Without wasting any time, Waverly sat up and grabbed Nicole’s head, forcefully pulling her up and crashing their lips together. A small moan escaped the back of Nicole’s mouth and rang throughout Waverly’s at the unexpected move. She instantly wrapped her arms around Waverly and ran her hands all over the girl’s back, feeling every single muscle that was engaged. Their lips glided messily and Nicole quickly began to feel lightheaded by how rapid her breathing was.

Waverly pulled back and looked Nicole dead in the eyes, making sure that the redhead knew just how serious she was, before stating in a firm tone, “Fuck me. With your tongue on my clit. And your fingers inside me. Right now.”

Waverly might not have flinched, but Nicole sure did. The redhead felt a surge of arousal at how direct and bossy the brunette was being. It was so fucking sexy.

“Understood,” Nicole replied with a short nod. She crawled back down Waverly’s body and settled back down between her legs as Waverly relaxed back down onto the bed, biting the insides of her cheeks as she tried to hide her amused smile. Nicole hooked her arms underneath the brunette’s thighs and looked up to notice Waverly looking up at the ceiling. “Hey.”

Waverly looked down at Nicole.

“You have to watch me though.”

After releasing all of the air in her lungs, Waverly nodded.

With her eyes latched onto Waverly’s, Nicole dropped her head down and dipped her tongue down to Waverly’s center and began moving it in all the right ways along all the right places. She carefully inserted one finger, giving Waverly a moment to get used to it, before adding a second one. She
slowly pumped her fingers while tracing patterns with her tongue over the sensitive bud, enjoying all of the little movements and reactions she received from Waverly in response.

“Yes” Waverly softly moaned, letting Nicole know that she was doing everything right. Her hips started to roll as she clenched the bedsheets. She had a difficult time keeping her eyes open, but managed to do so with all of the willpower that she had.

A few minutes went by, and Nicole’s slow, lazy strokes gradually increased to quick, determined ones. She studied Waverly’s face, using it as the key to find out exactly what the brunette wanted and how she wanted it. Nicole pumped her fingers while simultaneously tracing unexpected patterns on Waverly’s clit. Their eye contact was unbreakable. It was like there was some sort of force keeping them from being able to look away or even blink – not that either of them even wanted to. Everything else in the room just disappeared. It was just the two of them. Just Waverly, and her super sexy cop girlfriend who was currently eating her out while fucking her with her talented fingers.

It was at that thought that Waverly began to feel her orgasm approaching. Her breathing picked up pace and her facial muscles tightened as she gripped the sheets even tighter in her hands. She dropped her legs down on the bed as far as they would go while her back simultaneously arched off of the bed, until it all exploded in a dramatic release. The sounds of pleasure rang out throughout the bedroom, until the only sounds were from Waverly trying to catch her breath, and from Nicole humming in satisfaction while cleaning up the mess she had caused. Nicole crawled up beside Waverly and wrapped her arm around the brunette as she curled into Nicole’s side.

“It always amazes me how such loud sounds can come out of such a small body,” Nicole laughed.

“We Earps can get pretty loud,” Waverly replied with a small shrug.

“Oh, trust me. I know. Alice’s lung power is so strong that it’s almost concerning.”

Waverly rolled on top of Nicole and smiled down at her as she ran her hands up and down the redhead’s collarbone. “How about we don’t talk about Alice for a little bit, and instead talk about how I’m going to make you scream just as loudly as you just made me scream?”

Nicole narrowed her eyes and slowly shook her head. “I doubt that’s even possible.” She gasped when Waverly dropped her hand down to Nicole’s crotch over her boyshorts and cupped her center, slightly squeezing and releasing in a repetitive pattern.

“Challenge accepted,” Waverly said in a sultry voice. A menacing smirk slowly spread across her face, and Nicole gulped at the thought of what was about to happen.

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It was nearly four hours later when Waverly and Nicole finally emerged from the bedroom to eat some food. While they were sitting on the couch in their pajamas eating their food while watching the final season of The L Word, Nicole’s phone started ringing. She picked it up and immediately drew her eyebrows together in confusion.

“Who is it?” Waverly asked.

“It’s Sam.” Nicole pressed the green answer button. “Hello?”

“Hey Nicole! How are you?” An unusually chipper voice replied.

“Um, I’m doing well. How are you?”
“I’m good! Yeah, pretty good. Hey, quick question…what are you up to at the moment?”

“Just hanging out with Waverly on my day off.” She looked over at Waverly, who was looking back at her in question, and Nicole just shrugged and shook her head, signaling that she had no idea why Sam was asking that.

“Cool, cool. So uh, another question for you,” she chuckled nervously. “How soon is too soon to come and visit?”

“Well, I mean, I guess you can come at any time really.”

“Cool, cool, yeah… Just wondering, because I’m currently at the airport.”

Nicole’s eyes widened. “Wait, here?”

“Yeahhh, um, I know this is very last minute, but is it okay if I stay with you for a couple of weeks?”

Nicole shot up from the couch and immediately began to straighten things up around the living room as she continued to talk on the phone. “Yeah, uh, sure. Do you need a ride?”

At those words, Waverly’s eyes widened to match Nicole’s. If Nicole was asking Sam if she needed a ride, then that meant that she was currently in town. And Waverly hadn’t prepared to meet Nicole’s best friend from high school so soon.

“Well I was just going to take a cab, but if you wouldn’t mind picking me up, that would be amazing.”

“Yeah, no problem. Waverly and I are on our way.”

“Awesome. See you then!”

“Yeah, see you then.” Nicole hung up the phone and looked at it, stunned.

“What happened?” Waverly finally asked.

Nicole slowly looked up at Waverly and subtly shook her head. “I have no idea. She just randomly called me and asked if she could stay here for a couple of weeks. She’s at the airport right now.”

“Do you think something happened?”

“Something must have. She’s never been known to be this impulsive. And she would’ve at least called me beforehand to make sure it was okay to stay.”

“That’s so weird,” Waverly stated with a quirked eyebrow.

“Agreed.” Nicole slowly inhaled through her nose before letting all of the oxygen expel from her lungs. “Well, I guess we’ll find out when we pick her up.”

Nicole cleaned up the downstairs a little bit while Waverly went upstairs to change into her jeans and a hoodie. Just as they were about to head out the door, Nicole stopped.

“Wait, did you put up the—”

“Yep,” Waverly interrupted, knowing exactly what Nicole was about to ask, as if she were expecting it. “I put everything back in the nightstand.”
“Good.” Nicole replied with a short nod. “Wouldn’t want her to see that laying on the bed, because she’d definitely give me shit for it for a very long time.” She chuckled as she opened the door for Waverly to walk out first.

“Why? Would she not expect you to own a strap-on or something?” Waverly asked with a small, breathy laugh.

“Well, back in high school I was pretty much against anything resembling male genitalia and told her that I would never get one. So, it’s more like I’d be hearing a lot of ‘I told you so’ from her.”

“Oh, I can’t wait to tell her all about how much you love using our strap-on.” Waverly wiggled her eyebrows playfully as she buckled her seatbelt.

Nicole immediately turned to look at the brunette with narrowed eyes. “You wouldn’t dare.”

“Guess we’ll just have to wait and see.” Waverly shrugged, earning a groan from Nicole as she began to back the cruiser out of the driveway.

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When they pulled up to the airport pick-up area, Waverly instantly began to scan her eyes around for who she thought might be Sam. She had never seen any pictures of the woman, so it’s not like she knew what to look for, but the anticipation was killing her. This would be the first time she’d be meeting someone in Nicole’s life from before she came to Purgatory – well, second time if you count Kathy, but she wasn’t counting Kathy. She became more and more nervous by the second.

“Oh, there she is.” Nicole nodded as she looked out Waverly’s window. She rolled it down with the control panel on the driver’s side door and leaned over Waverly. “Sam!”

Waverly looked around for someone to respond when she noticed a woman with a couple of bags walking towards the car. The woman had shoulder-length dark brown hair, somewhere around Wynonna’s shade, but it looked dyed. She looked a little bit taller than Waverly, yet shorter than Nicole, and a little bit bigger than average size around the middle. She was wearing a black and white horizontal striped top tucked into her dark blue skinny jeans, and a dark brown faux leather jacket. Waverly noticed Nicole walk past her door to hug her friend – she didn’t even notice her get out of the car – and immediately got out to walk towards them.

“Hey! Long time no see!” Nicole said excitedly as she gave her friend a hug.

“I know! It’s been, what, like three years?”

“Yes, crazy that it’s been that long,” Nicole chuckled.

“Damn, a police escort and everything, huh?” She smirked as she nodded over towards the cruiser.

Nicole shook her head and rolled her eyes. “Yeah, well I’m sure riding in the back of a police car isn’t new for you.”

Sam gasped in faux offense. “Ouch, Haught. That one hurt.”

As Nicole laughed and shook her head, she noticed Waverly walking up to them out of the corner of her eye. “Sam, this is Waverly, my girlfriend.”

“Hi, nice to meet you,” Waverly grinned as she held her hand out for Sam to shake.
Sam looked up and down Waverly with a huge smile on her face, obviously getting a good look at her. “It’s really nice to meet you, Waverly.” As she shook Waverly’s hand, she looked over at Nicole and gave her a huge nod of approval and a wink. Nicole turned beet red, and Waverly just laughed.

“Here, let me take your bags for you.” Nicole offered as Sam appreciatively handed over her luggage.

As Nicole walked around to the back of the cruiser to put the bags in the trunk, Sam wrapped her arm around Waverly’s shoulders and walked her towards the car. “So, Waverly, please tell me that you’re going to share every single bit of dirt that you have on Nikki.”

Waverly laughed as she eagerly nodded. “Oh, I have plenty of stories to tell you.”

“Excellent.” The taller brunette replied with an evil grin.

The entire car ride was spent with Waverly and Sam in the backseat sharing stories of Nicole, while Nicole chauffeured them back to her house. With every other sentence, Nicole tried to interject to defend herself, but was quickly shushed by one of the two, leaving her to purse her lips and shake her head with an eye roll. But deep down, she was genuinely ecstatic that Waverly and Sam were getting along. Not that she ever thought that they wouldn’t, but it was nice seeing it happen in reality instead of just in her head.

When they got to the house, the first thing Sam noticed was Calamity Jane. She gasped through her open-mouthed smile as she crouched down to greet the feline with a gentle pet behind the ears. “You have a cat!”

“Oh, yeah, I got her a little while after you and Danny moved. I guess I forgot to tell you.” Nicole shrugged.

“Of course you’d get a ginger cat,” Sam chuckled before standing back up.

“Damn right I did!” Nicole winked as she picked up the cat. “She’s my ginger partner in crime. Isn’t that right, Calamity?”

The orange tabby gave a quiet meow in response as she eyed the floor, obviously trying to figure out how to get back to it as she wiggled her stumpy legs around. Nicole rolled her eyes and put the struggling cat down. “Fine. You’re getting heavy anyways.” She shook her head and sighed as Calamity waddled off into the living room.

“Her name is Calamity?” Sam asked as she stifled her laughter.

Nicole nodded. “Calamity Jane, actually. We just call her Calamity for short.”

Sam laughed as she nodded, as if she should’ve known. “Of course you would name your ginger cat after an American frontierswoman. That is just so you!”

“I mean, you’re not wrong,” Nicole shrugged as she picked Sam’s luggage back up and situated everything in her arms. “Come on, I’ll show you to the guest room.”

“Is it far away enough from your room where I can’t hear any moaning?”

Nicole narrowed her eyes at her friend, who obviously hadn’t changed one bit since high school. “Hopefully it’s far enough to where I can’t hear your fucked up snoring. Seriously, to this day it’s still the worst noise I’ve ever heard in my life.”
Waverly chuckled as she watched the two interact with each other. Even though Sam unexpectedly being here gave Waverly a little bit of anxiety, she was happy that Nicole had a friend here of her own. She felt a little guilty that Nicole didn’t really have that like she did with Chrissy. Sure, she had Dolls, but sometimes Nicole needed a female friend, which Waverly knew. And seeing them interact really showcased the special bond they had that Nicole didn’t have with anyone else.

As the reunited friends were walking back into the living room together, Waverly got a text from Wynonna.

“Hey, so I wanted to show Sam around and stuff. Want to come with us?” Nicole smiled as she looked at Waverly.

“Actually, Wynonna’s asking if I can go with her and Alice to get some baby supplies. Gus had to go into Shorty’s since Wynonna is taking some time off from the place, and last time Jeremy was left alone he was threatened by a gang of bikers to pass out free booze.” Waverly frowned. “But you two go ahead.”

“You sure?” Nicole asked.

Waverly smiled as she stepped closer towards Nicole. “Definitely. You two should spend some time catching up with each other.” She placed a soft kiss on Nicole’s lips before pulling away. “It was nice to meet you, Sam.” She waved.

“Yeah, you too, Waverly.” Sam smiled back. “We’ll hang out soon, yeah?”

“For sure.” She nodded before walking out the door.

As soon as they were alone, Sam whistled and gave a few slow claps.

“What?” Nicole asked in confusion.

“Um, that girl,” Sam pointed towards the door with raised eyebrows, “Is a solid ten out of ten. I mean, she is absolutely gorgeous. And charming, and funny, and obviously smart. I mean, she’s…” the brunette nodded as she gave Nicole a knowing look. “She’s a good one.”

Nicole blushed as she looked down at the floor and nodded her head while trying her best to bite back her smile. She looked up at her best friend and shook her head as she sighed. “I really love her, Sam. Like, really love her.”

“I know, it’s so obvious. And it’s obvious that she loves you too. You’re lucky that you found each other, because what you two have is so rare.”

Nicole nodded in agreement. “So, does that mean that you approve of me wanting to marry her?”

“Oh, I definitely do,” Sam laughed. “Which is what she’ll be saying at the altar soon enough.” The dark brunette winked.

“Yeah, soon we’ll have the perfect marriage like you and Danny.” Nicole nudged Sam in the arm.

“Ha, yeah,” she replied with a small smile. “Hey, uh, have you eaten yet?”

“Oh yeah, all morning long actually.” Nicole grinned.

Sam’s eyes widened as a huge smile formed on her face. “Nicole! Oh my god! I can’t believe you just said that!”
Nicole shrugged. “Yeah, well. We’re adults now. Sex isn’t that big of a deal anymore.”

“Seems like Waverly’s turned you into a bit of an animal, huh?” She wiggled her eyebrows playfully.

With a small laugh, Nicole replied, “I mean, it’s not like I didn’t like sex before. I guess I was just shyer with talking about it.”

“Yeah, I remember. You’d get so red just talking about your crushes,” Sam chuckled. “Which was always so funny because you’re so tall and always towering over everyone, and you’re confident in everything else, but girls just always turned you into this small pile of mush.”

“Hey, Waverly still does that sometimes.” Nicole chuckled. “But yeah, I’m more open about it I guess.”

“Well, that’s good. That means I get to hear all about you and Waverly.” An amused grin spread across Sam’s face.

Nicole narrowed her eyes at her friend. “Why does that give me a bad feeling?”

“Beats me,” Sam shrugged. “So, did you finally give into the ways of the strap-on?”

“And now I know why I had a bad feeling about this.” Nicole pursed her lips and nodded.

“Hey, you have to tell me! We’re catching up, remember? I need to know everything.”

“Oh, we can talk about you and Danny, since we just spent the last hour talking about me.” She paused for a moment before mumbling, “Or, at least you and Waverly did…”

Sam slightly shook her head. “You know what, how about we just go out for some lunch. I’m starving.”

Nicole could tell that Sam’s demeanor had suddenly changed to something less light-hearted and a little more solemn, but she brushed it off. She figured that Sam would talk to her about whatever it was that was bothering her eventually.

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Nicole and Sam walked through the large, brown doors of Shorty’s. It was that time between the lunch crowd and the get-drunk-after-work crowd, so the place was pretty quiet. Nicole looked at the counter and immediately spotted Jeremy arranging and rearranging some bottles, as if he was doing it more to keep busy than for organization purposes.

“Hey Jeremy,” Nicole waved as she approached the bar with Sam directly beside her.

Jeremy looked up excitedly with a big grin on his face. “Nicole! I’m so happy to see you.” He looked around before leaning in closer and continuing in a much softer voice. “These people are so boring.”
Nicole chuckled. “So, not a lot of action, huh?”

“No. Not at all,” Jeremy sighed as he shook his head in disappointment. “I mean, I was hoping to see at least one bar fight, or maybe a squabble. But everyone’s just being... quiet. Can you believe that?”

“Man, you’ve got it rough,” Nicole said sarcastically as she patted him on the shoulder.

“I know,” Jeremy replied. Nicole’s sarcasm was completely lost on him, and she tried her best not to laugh. “Anyways, who’s your friend?”

“Hi, I’m Sam.” She reached out to grab his hand.

“I’m Jeremy,” he smiled as he shook her hand.

“Sam is my friend from back home. But she moved to the United States with her husband a few years ago.”

“Oh, married life, eh?”

Sam chuckled. “Yep. Married life.”

“I’m not really sure if I ever want to get married.”

“Not even to Robin?” Nicole playfully drew out his name with a smirk.

“Nah. I mean, he’s great and all, and I love him, but I like what we have now. I don’t want to get married and then feel trapped in our relationship, you know? We don’t need a piece of paper to be committed.” He turned to Sam before adding, “I mean, no offense.”

Sam held her hands up. “No, none taken. You’re not completely wrong.”

He awkwardly nodded for a moment, quickly picking up on the negative energy behind the words before deciding to quickly change the subject. “So, you knew Nicole back in high school, right?”

“Yep. Since grade 6, actually.”

“Oh nice! You two must have been planning this reunion for a while then.”

“Actually, she just showed up unexpectedly.” Nicole looked over at Sam with narrowed eyes, and the brunette just shrugged.

“Huh. That’s two people in two weeks unexpectedly showing up from your past! Isn’t that crazy?” He said excitedly as he looked at Nicole. “I mean, the odds of that happening are just so low that’s it’s statistically impressive. I would say that maybe now I should be expecting some friends from my past to show up, but we had to bury Ralph when I was fifteen.” He nodded sadly as he looked down at the counter. When he looked back up, he noticed a couple of confused looks. “Ralph was my turtle.”

Sam shook her head and furrowed her brow as she turned towards Nicole. “Wait, who’s the other person?”

“Oh, I didn’t tell you on the phone the other day?”

“Uh, no? I would remember that. Is it someone I know?”

Nicole looked between Sam and Jeremy, who was already starting to occupy himself with some
other meaningless task. “Um, well…kind of? You know of her, but you don’t know her all that well.”

Sam slowly nodded as she waited for the redhead to reveal who this mystery person was. She lowered her head a bit and raised her eyebrows as she looked at Nicole expectantly. “Well, are you going to tell me who it is or not?”

Nicole let out a short breath and looked around the bar. “Here, let’s get a table first.” She carefully grabbed Sam’s arm and pulled her over towards the nearest empty table.

Nicole looked around the room, making sure nobody was listening – not that it really mattered – before leaning in about an inch closer to Sam. “So, my work partner started dating someone recently. This girl he met in the city, and he really likes her. Said she was cool, down to earth, and bisexual.”

She paused for a moment and looked at Sam.

“Oh huh?” Sam looked at her in confusion, unsure of where exactly this was going. It couldn’t have been any of the people from their friend group, because she knew that none of them lived around here. And they were all either in long-term relationships or married. And there was definitely no one who identified as bisexual.

“Well, I didn’t think anything of it. I mean, I never thought that it would be someone I knew. I know it’s a joke that all queer people know each other, so I just shrugged it off when he hinted that I might know her. But then we finally met her…”

Sam impatiently nodded and waved her hands around in the air, waiting for the reveal. “Well, who was it?!”

Nicole let out a deep breath before answering, “Kathy Yarrow.”

Sam’s jaw dropped. “No. No freaking way.”

“Yes freaking way! It was her!”

“Oh my god! Does Waverly know?!”

“She was with me when we met her!”

“Well what did she say?!” Sam was practically vibrating with excitement. The woman always loved gossip, especially juicy gossip like this.

“I mean, she was a little bit territorial at first, but eventually she realized that Kathy wasn’t a threat. But still, it was crazy.”

Sam shook her head with a look of amusement on her face. “Oh man, this is like something from a TV show. I wish I had come here sooner just so that I could see the look on everyone’s faces.”

“Oh, and Dolls, my partner, was a little weird about it at first. I don’t think he expected to imagine her with me when he found out that she played both sides of the field. So yeah, it was a memorable moment for everyone for sure.”

“I’ll bet it was. But Waverly’s all good with it now? I mean, I can’t imagine how it was for her meeting the woman who practically showed you how gay we all knew you were.”

Nicole rolled her eyes at that last comment. “Okay, yes. I was very gay, even back then. But yeah, she’s okay with it now. She actually kind of likes Kathy.”
“Waverly seems to be the kind of person who gets along pretty easily with everyone. She’s very likeable.”

Nicole chuckled as she nodded. “Funny story, she was actually voted the nicest person in Purgatory a few years ago. She even got a sash.”

“Of course she did,” Sam shook her head as she laughed.


“Oh, you don’t want to hear about my boring life.” Sam chuckled nervously as she looked down at the table and rubbed the back of her neck.

“Are you kidding? Of course I do! But let me go order us some food first. Do you want to look over the menu or did you still want a burger?”

“A burger is perfect.”

“Alright, I’ll go let Jeremy know.” She knocked on the table twice before getting up and heading towards the counter.

The further away Nicole got, the smaller Sam’s smile became, until she felt like the redhead was far away enough that she could drop it completely and stop pretending like everything was perfectly fine. Everything was a shitshow. And she wanted to tell Nicole, but not yet. The redhead had this seemingly perfect life, and the last thing Sam wanted to do was bring her down with her problems. She didn’t want to lie to her best friend, but she was enjoying the pleasant conversations they were having. She didn’t want to delve into her shitstorm of a life just yet.

“Alright, so tell me everything,” Nicole said as she sat back down at the table. She leaned back in her seat and got comfortable, readying herself to listen to the intriguing update of how the life of her best friend was going.

“Actually, I’d love to hear more about you and Waverly, if that’s okay?”

Nicole sat up in her chair. Sam’s voice was small and less energetic than before. She could definitely tell that something was wrong, but she didn’t want to push. “Yeah, sure. Whatever you want.” She shrugged nonchalantly, knowing that Sam would appreciate her not making a big deal about it. But she knew that something was wrong. She could always tell when it came to Sam, just like Sam could always tell when it came to her. But she knew that the woman would open up to her before the end of the night. She couldn’t hold stuff like that in for very long. It was only a matter of time before Nicole would be given the full story, and she already knew what they would need in preparation for it; pizza and wine.

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Later that evening, Nicole and Sam found themselves sitting on the living room floor of Nicole’s house with their backs against the couch, laughing at some memories from their past that they were reminiscing on. More than half of the pizza was gone, along with almost the entire bottle of wine they’d picked up from the liquor store. When the laughter started to die down and Sam got quiet as she stared off in thought, that’s when Nicole knew she was about to tell her whatever it was that had been bothering her. That’s how it always happened. She’d get really quiet and distant, and then spill.

“So, are you ready to tell me yet? Or should I get another bottle of wine?” Nicole asked with a small smile.
“What do you mean?”

“I know something’s wrong. And we’ve been ignoring it all day, which is fine, but I’m starting to worry about you.”

“Oh, is that why you poured me all of this wine? To get me to spill my secrets?” Sam asked as she playfully quirked an eyebrow.

“I’m being serious, Sam. I’m really worried about you. And you just showed up here without any warning, which means that something’s obviously wrong. And not a small something, a big something. So what is it?”

Sam sighed as she sat her wine glass down on the coffee table in front of them and leaned back against the couch. “I haven’t been fully honest with you.” She looked over at Nicole, who was just patiently waiting for her to continue. “Danny moved out about a month ago.”

Nicole swallowed thickly. She had so many questions that she wanted to ask, but at the same time she wanted to let Sam continue to talk. She knew her friend would give her all the information that she wanted to share. So, she plastered on the most supportive facial expression she knew how to make as she waited in silence.

While still looking ahead and avoiding eye contact, Sam finally continued, “Turns out, he does want kids. He was just saying he didn’t because he thought that I would change my mind later down the road, but I haven’t. I just don’t want to be a mom. So, we’re just stuck here. He says he wants a family, and I say we’ve already got one. So we decided to take a break, and he moved out.” She looked over at Nicole, showing that she was ready for the redhead to say something.

“Sam, I don’t even know what to say. I’m so sorry. Have you two talked at all since he moved out?”

“Not really. Just about necessary things like bills and stuff we still have to pay together, but other than that, we haven’t really talked to each other.”

“What do you think is going to happen? I mean, that’s probably a stupid question, but do you have any ideas on how to fix it?”

The brunette shrugged. “I don’t know. I mean, right now our options are either for him to give up wanting kids, or me to give into it, and I don’t see either of those things happening anytime soon. So we’re both just kind of at a loss right now.”

Nicole sighed. “I really wish I could give you the answers. I just want you two to be okay, because I know how much you love him.”

“I do. I really do,” She whined. “That’s what makes this so difficult. He’s my person, you know? I’ve never connected with anyone else like I do with him, and we’ve been together for so long. I can’t imagine my life without him.”

Nicole nodded. She really didn’t know what else to say. She wanted to give her best friend advice and say something that would make it better, but she didn’t know what that was. So instead, she just continued to nod in sympathy as she rubbed Sam’s back for support.

“Also, I kind of lost my job yesterday.”

Nicole paused her movements as her eyes widened. “Wait, what?”

“Yep. They were downsizing, and I got laid off.”
“What the hell! You loved that job! You worked so much overtime just to make sure the job always got done!”

“I know.” She sighed as she shook her head and leaned further back into the couch. “But I guess they chose who got to stay based on who had been working there the longest. And that definitely wasn’t me.” She grabbed her wine glass and chugged the last little bit she had left. “After they let me go, I didn’t know what to do. I couldn’t really talk to Danny, and all of our friends are also his friends so talking to them about any of this is kind of weird. And my parents are on Danny’s side and just try to convince me that I need to ‘come to my senses’ and have children with him and stop living like a selfish millennial.” She pursed her lips and shook her head at the thought of her parents giving her so much shit for knowing exactly what she wanted, even though it was different from what they wanted. “So yeah, my life is kind of falling apart right now. And I really just needed to get away from it for a bit. And I really needed to see my best friend.”

Nicole wrapped her arm around Sam and pulled her into her side. “You can stay here as long as you like. I’m sorry you’re going through a lot right now. I’m here for you in any way you need me.”

“Thank you.” Sam smiled before sitting back up and looking at the redhead. “I’m sorry I showed up so unexpectedly. I was just afraid that you would say that you were busy this week and I couldn’t come, so I just figured that if I bombarded you, then you couldn’t say no.” She gave an innocent, toothy smile.

“Why am I not surprised by any of that?” Nicole rolled her eyes as she shook her head. “But seriously, it’s okay. I’m actually really excited that you’re here.” She beamed at the thought of actually getting to hang out with her best friend for a while. It had been so long since they’d seen each other, and she didn’t realize how much she actually missed the brunette until now, hanging out with her in person. They’ve always just been able to naturally click and talk about anything and everything.

“So, when is Waverly coming back? Should we save her some pizza?”

“Actually, she texted earlier and said that she was staying with Wynonna and that we should spend some time together catching up. So it looks like we’ve got the house to ourselves tonight.”

“Oh my god, a sleepover?!” Sam asked excitedly.

“I mean, it’s not officially a Sam-Nicole sleepover without sleeping bags and marshmallows.”

Without wasting any time, Sam stood up from the floor and pointedly shouted, “To the store!”

Nicole quirked an eyebrow as she looked up at the giddy brunette. “For marshmallows? Or sleeping bags?”

“Yes.” Sam replied with a short nod before yanking Nicole off of the floor and practically pushing her out the front door.

Nicole pretended to be annoyed by all of her exaggerated groaning, but on the inside, she was just as excited as Sam. They hadn’t had a sleepover like this since senior year when Nicole moved out of her parents’ house and stayed with Sam’s family. She grinned as she started up the car and backed out of the driveway, smiling as the nostalgic feeling of being a teenager again washed over her.

Chapter End Notes
I know I’ve been horrible about responding to comments, but it’s just because I get email notifications for them now so I’ll read them in the email and forget to go online and respond. But I read every single comment and they give me so much encouragement to continue this story ❤️ I will try to be better about responding and interacting with you in the comments section!
Can't Take It Anymore

Chapter Summary

A night of teasing at the bar leaves Waverly and Nicole drunk and horny

It was a nice Saturday afternoon in Purgatory. The temperature was starting to warm up a bit (well, at least warm for Purgatory), the sun was starting to make its way through the cirrostratus clouds, and Wynonna was finally finished with her shift at Shorty’s. Gus had given her the earlier shift so that she could have the night off, and even volunteered to babysit Alice later. Something about Wynonna needing to go out with some friends to the bar and get drunk because it’s in her nature, and it’s been way too long since.

Wynonna parked her blue and white Ford F-150 in the dirt driveway in front of the homestead. As soon as she walked through the front door, she immediately looked to her left and noticed Doc slumped on the couch with his feet up on the coffee table and his black Stetson resting on his chest. He opened his eyes and sat up, placing the hat on the table before preparing to stand up.

“Don’t get up, I’m about to sit down,” Wynonna said as she took her coat off. She stepped over his legs that were already bridged from the couch to the coffee table like before, and plopped down beside him with a sigh.

“Long day?” He asked.

“Not really. Being on my feet is just still a little tiring. But it’s better than sitting on my ass all day. I’m just glad Gus let me come back to work so soon, even if it was only for a few hours.”

Doc nodded with a simple hum in response. He definitely did not approve of Wynonna going back to work only two weeks after giving birth, but he knew that he couldn’t stop her. Nobody could.

Wynonna lazily rolled her head to the side to look at Doc. “How was Alice?”

“She was a perfect little angel.” He smiled.

Wynonna snorted. “Even through all that crying?”

Doc shook his head as he sat up a bit. “No, I’m being serious. She didn’t cry once and it didn’t take long to put her to sleep. All I had to do was sing her a few of those lullabies my Mama used to sing to me when I was a child.”

“And she fell asleep right away?” Wynonna asked with one eyebrow raised in doubt.

“Yep. Like I said, a perfect little angel.”

“Huh.” She scrunched her eyebrows together in thought. “Maybe I should learn those lullabies if they’re that boring enough to put her to sleep so easily.”

Doc pursed his lips and shook his head. “Don’t talk about my Mama’s lullabies like that, woman.”

“Or what?” She challenged with a smirk and a quirked eyebrow. “You’ll punish me for being a bad
He looked down at her with narrowed eyes as he grabbed the finger that was trailing along his bare chest where the top of his shirt was unbuttoned. “Now you know we can’t do that with the baby in the house.”

Wynonna rolled her eyes. “Doc, we’ve done it with her in my uterus. More than once.”

“I know, but she’s sleepin’. I don’t want her to wake up.”

“We’ll be upstairs in my room, and that’s far enough away for her to not be woken up. And plus, we’ll be quiet. It’ll be fun, like we’re teenagers trying not to get caught by our parents.” She beamed in excitement.

“I don’t know…”

“Come on, cowboy.” She ran her palm up his denim shirt before grabbing the lapel of it. “Don’t you wanna go for a little ride?” She smirked.

He pursed his lips and looked down the hallway where the nursery was before looking back at Wynonna with an arrogant, lopsided smile. “I believe that you are the one who is gonna be doin’ all the ridin’.”

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Waverly handed the freshly made tea over to the elderly woman in front of her with her famous friendly smile plastered on her face. “Here you go Mrs. Johnson! I hope you have a lovely day!”

“You too, Waverly dear.” The woman smiled as she grabbed the paper cup with slightly shaky hands. She jumped when the front door forcefully swung open and Wynonna marched through with a giant grin on her face.

“Guess who just got laid?!”

Waverly looked at Wynonna with a chastising look, and Mrs. Johnson looked at her with wide eyes of terror.

“Oh, like you’ve never had sex before, lady,” Wynonna said to the woman with accusing eyes.

The elderly woman scoffed and walked swiftly passed Wynonna with clear judgement in her eyes as she mumbled something about her needing to go to church more often.

Wynonna watched her walked out the door behind her with a furrowed brow, and turned back around to face Waverly as she pointed behind her with her thumb. “Is it just me, or did that old lady seem a little prudish to you?”

“Either way, she’s probably never coming back here again, so thank you for that.” Waverly said with her arms folded across her chest in slight irritation.

Wynonna shrugged before walking towards Waverly. “Whatever. The point is, I finally took the train to D-town for the first time in way too long.” She leaned over the counter and whispered behind her hand, “’D’ means dick.”

Waverly held a hand up as she slightly shook her head with pursed lips and closed eyes before opening them again to look at her sister. “Yeah, I got it. Thanks.”
“Well, anyways, it was really good sex. And now I’m in a really good mood and have lots of energy!” She punched the air a few times with an excited smile. “So, let’s go out tonight…to the bar. Have a lot of drinks, get completely wasted, and just engage in complete fuckery!”

“What about Alice?”

“I just dropped her off at Gus’s for the night. She wanted to spend some quality time with her, and she told me I need to get drunk so that I don’t completely lose it. So whaddya say? Fun night out at the bar?”

Waverly shrugged. “Sure. A night out sounds good to me.”

“Excellent!” She knocked on the counter a couple of times. “Tell your girlfriend and her girlfriend that we’re meeting up at the bar in the city around 8.”

Waverly narrowed her eyes at her older sister. “Sam isn’t Nicole’s girlfriend. Sam is straight. They’re best friends.”

“Yes, duh. I didn’t mean it in a gay way.” Wynonna chuckled as she reached into her pocket and pulled out a few quarters. “Oh, and invite Jeremy and Robin too. I miss those dorks. And baby Nedley! And the other one too. The sex store worker.”

“You mean Rosita? Whom you’ve met dozens of time?” Waverly asked with raised eyebrows.

“Yeah, her too. Invite the whole crew.” She slapped the quarters down on the counter and grabbed a sprinkled donut from the dessert dish before strutting towards the door.

“Thanks for paying this time!” Waverly yelled teasingly.

Wynonna held the donut between her teeth as she opened the door and looked back with a smirk and her middle finger raised high in the air before snatching the donut out of her mouth and leaving the shop.

Waverly shook her head with a breathy laugh as she slid the quarters off of the counter and into her hand to place in the cash register.

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_Later that night_

Nicole, Waverly, Wynonna, and Sam all pulled up to the bar in a cab, and Wynonna wasted no time in hopping out and slamming the door behind her.

“Hey, watch it!” The cab driver complained.

“Sorry about that,” Waverly smiled apologetically as she handed him a tip in cash. “She’s a little eager.”

The blonde man mumbled to himself as the rest of the group got out of the car.

“Hurry up slowpokes!” Wynonna called out. “I’m ready to get wasted and you nerds are slowing me down!”

Everyone exchanged glances and rolled their eyes as they followed behind Wynonna. When they got inside, they found the rest of the gang – Chrissy, Rosita, Jeremy, and Robin – sitting at a booth in the corner.
“Hey guys!” Chrissy said excitedly as she sipped her drink. There was loud music playing over the speakers as half of the people were in the middle of the room dancing, while the other half were sitting down and talking.

“‘Sup.” Wynonna slid into the booth beside Jeremy and grabbed his beer out of his hand. She immediately brought the glass up to her lips and began audibly gulping down its contents.

“Hey! That was mine!” He whined as he watched her drink the entire glass and slam it down onto the table.

“Relax, I’ll buy you another one. I just needed some juice in me. You know, something to get me warmed up for the main event.”

Nicole shook her head as she silently judged the older Earp before looking around the table. “Hey everyone, this is Sam.”

“Hey Sam!” The gang said in unison.

“Hey!” Sam replied with a smile and a wave.

“Sam, this is Robin, and you know Jeremy, Rosita, and Chrissy.”

“Nice to meet you all,” Sam smiled before sliding into the booth with Waverly and Nicole following behind.

The next hour went by with everyone talking about how their week went, relationship stuff – which Sam kept quiet during – and other random topics. At this point, Wynonna and the boys were pretty drunk, but Waverly, Nicole, Sam, Chrissy, and Rosita had just been nursing their drinks, making them only tipsy at best. Wynonna was already on the dance floor with Jeremy and Robin, while everyone else was sitting at the table, talking. And Nicole had spent the entirety of that hour teasing Waverly; running her hands up the brunette’s tight jeans, squeezing her knee, and even running her boot up and down her shin. It was torturous, and Waverly was undoubtedly soaked. She knew her panties were completely ruined.

“What about you Waverly?” Chrissy asked, and everyone turned their attention towards the brunette.

“Huh?” Waverly hadn’t been paying attention to a single word they were saying, for obvious reasons. She glanced over at Nicole, who was stifling her laughter behind her index finger curved across her lips.

“Do you want to go and dance with us?” Chrissy reiterated.

“Oh, uh, sure. But first I need to go to the bathroom.”

“Want me to come with you?” Nicole asked, earning a knowing look from everyone who was sitting at the table, including Waverly. “What? I meant in a girl way. Not in a girlfriend way,” she defended as she knocked back the last sip of her beer.

“Yeah, sure,” Sam replied sarcastically as she rolled her eyes. “We all know that you two can’t go five minutes without touching each other.”

“Oh, so you’ve caught onto that too?” Chrissy asked with a light chuckle.

“Definitely. You know, back in high school Nicole would actually follow her crushes into the bathroom.”
“Ohh tell me more!” Chrissy rested her chin on top of her hands as she leaned forward in excitement.

“Hey, I did not follow them into the bathroom! I just needed to go when they did.” Nicole shrugged.

“Yeah right!” Sam snorted. “It was so obvious! Whenever you’d see Casey Sanders get up from her seat across the cafeteria, you’d get up too and legitimately follow her only like five paces behind! You weren’t fooling anyone!”

“I was working up the courage to ask her out! It wasn’t that I was following her to the bathroom, I just wanted to talk to her when she was away from her friend group.”

“Yeah, but every day?” Sam quirked an eyebrow.

Nicole shrugged. “It took me a while to work up the courage.”

Sam looked at her skeptically. “Mhm. And did you ever actually ask her out?”

“Well…no.”

Sam looked around the table with a proud smile. “See? Stalker!”

Nicole rolled her eyes. “Whatever. I was not a stalker. I was just very gay and very shy.”

“Well you’re still very gay, but you’re not so shy anymore,” Rosita laughed, and the rest of the table agreed.

“Yep, I’ve got game now.” Nicole reached her arm out and wrapped it around Waverly’s shoulders as she playfully wiggled her eyebrows.

Waverly rolled her eyes and shook her head as she pushed Nicole’s arm off of her. “I’m not happy with you right now.” Of course, she only meant it playfully, but she still got an ‘ohhh’ from the rest of the table.

“What did I do?!” Nicole asked in defense.

“You know exactly what you did! Now, move over. I’m going to the bathroom.” She gestured for Nicole to get up to let her out of the booth, with the redhead did with a sigh. “I’ll meet you girls on the dance floor.” Waverly said as she shuffled out of the booth and headed straight for the bathroom with Nicole following closely behind. As soon as they got inside, Nicole immediately pulled her in by the wrist and smashed their lips together in a searing kiss. And as much as Waverly wanted to stay there, kissing Nicole, and maybe doing more, she really wanted to tease the woman like she had been teasing Waverly all night. So, much to her reluctance, she pulled back and wagged a finger in Nicole’s face.

“Nope.” Waverly said sternly.

“Why not?” Nicole pouted.

“Because, you’ve been teasing me all night. You’ve been very mean.”

“Maybe I was just working you up for this very moment.” Nicole smirked as she wrapped her arms around Waverly’s waist, only to have the brunette step away from her grasp.

“Well maybe I want to be the one teasing you now.” Waverly shrugged before going into one of the stalls and locking the door behind her. She unzipped her pants and pushed them down. “Oh wow.”
“What?” Nicole asked in concern.

“I didn’t think it was possible to be this wet.”

Nicole’s eyes widened as she rushed towards the stall door. “Let me see!” She tried to push the door open, but it was locked.

“Nope! Sorry.”

“Waves!” Nicole whined. “Please?”

Waverly cleaned herself up as she smiled to herself, enjoying how much she was torturing Nicole, before pulling her pants back up and flushing the toilet behind her. She opened the door and walked over towards the sink to wash her hands. When she looked up in the mirror, she noticed sad eyes looking back at her. “You’re just going to have to wait until we get home.”

Nicole groaned and rolled her eyes as Waverly dried her hands off with an amused chuckle. When she was finished, she grabbed Nicole by the belt buckle. “Come on pouty, let’s cheer you up with some dancing.”

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Another couple of hours went by, and both Waverly and Nicole were both drunk and unbelievably horny. They couldn’t keep their hands off of each other, and had a drunk Wynonna breaking them up a couple of times, claiming that they needed to ‘save room for Jesus.’ They blamed it on the whole being a mom now thing. But still, it was annoying to be interrupted just when they were really starting to get into dancing – AKA, bumping and grinding – with each other.

By the time eleven o’clock rolled around, neither of them could take it anymore. All of the teasing, the sexy dancing, the knowing looks, the alcohol…it was all too much for them to stay away from each other at this point. They needed to be together. They needed sex.

“Hey, we’re going to catch a cab back. Do you want to come with us?” Waverly asked Wynonna.

“Nope. The night is still young! I’ll catch one back later,” The older and more drunk Earp replied as she continued to flail her arms around.

“Okay. Text me when you get home then.” Waverly met up with Nicole by the front door, waiting for her to finish talking with Sam. “Is she coming with us?”

“Nope. Apparently she and the bar tender are having fun flirting with each other, so I think she’s staying for a while.” Nicole grinned.

“Good.” Waverly nodded with a giddy smile as she practically skipped out the door.

They spent the entire twenty-minute cab ride to Nicole’s house making out in the back seat, too drunk and in love to give a shit about the driver occasionally looking at them in the rearview mirror.

As soon as they stumbled into the house, Nicole slammed the door shut and pushed Waverly up against it, running her hands all over the brunette’s body as they crashed their lips together in a heated kiss – a kiss that sent a jolt of arousal shooting straight between Waverly’s legs. Nicole pulled back, short yet heavy breaths leaving her body, before almost immediately attaching her lips to Waverly’s neck. Small moans of elation escaped her mouth as she kissed the sweet-smelling skin and slid her hands down the brunette’s jeans-clad thighs before bringing them up underneath her shirt.
“I’m so horny right now I can’t stand it,” Nicole whispered. She pushed herself up against Waverly’s body, connecting her crotch with Waverly’s thigh and moaning at the stimulation she received from the touch. “Fuck,” she hissed as she almost immediately began grinding against the smaller woman.

Waverly rested her head back against the door and closed her eyes as she rocked in sync with Nicole, feeling her own center being touched in just the right way. “I’m horny too, baby. I just want to fuck all night long. I feel like I could go for hours, with you inside me and making me come over and over again. And I want to make you come too. I want us to come together and just, ruin the sheets with our come everywhere. I want you all over me so badly.” She bit her lip and closed her eyes as she smiled at the mental image of Nicole plunging their strap-on inside her, along with the feeling of her center currently rubbing back and forth against Nicole’s leg.

“Shit, Waves. That’s so hot. Fuck, do you have any idea how much you turn me on?” Waverly giggled as she shook her head.

Nicole took a step back and unzipped her jeans before she grabbed Waverly’s hand to shove inside the front of her soaked boyshorts, and Waverly immediately gasped as her fingertips hit the pool of arousal.

“Fuck.” Waverly moved her fingers around, feeling the slick juices between them. “Oh my god. You’re soaking wet, Nic.”

Nicole inhaled through her nose and nodded fervently. “Mhm. That’s how badly I need to come.” With her hand still wrapped around the back of Waverly’s, she pressed the brunette’s fingers against her clit and moved them around the slick bud as she simultaneously rolled her hips. “Ohh yeah, so fucking good.” She slapped the palm of her free hand against the door beside Waverly’s head to brace herself and threw her head back as she let out an audible groan. She didn’t even care how quickly she was already getting the involuntary contractions, signaling that she was getting close.

“Are we okay to be here? What if Sam comes back?” Waverly asked as she continued her movements against Nicole’s clit with Nicole guiding her hand – which Waverly found unbelievably hot.

Nicole opened her eyes and lifted her head up to look at Waverly. “Screw Sam. We’re gonna fuck right here against the door. And I don’t care if she comes back or not, because I’m drunk. And you’re drunk. And this is so good I can’t stop…fuck! Keep doing that. Whatever you just did.”

Waverly rolled both of her lips between her teeth and nodded as she repeatedly shifted her gaze between Nicole’s eyes and her lips. Feeling desperate for the touch of Nicole’s plump lips against her own, she grabbed the back of the redhead’s neck and pulled her into a greedy kiss, completely taking in the taste of her girlfriend.

A strained moan fell from Nicole’s lips in reaction to unexpectedly being pulled into such an intense kiss. She pulled her hand out of her pants, letting Waverly take over completely as Nicole continued to hastily rub her center against Waverly’s hand, and reached down to undo Waverly’s pants. As soon as she did, she reached one hand around to the lower part of Waverly’s back as she pushed the other hand down inside her panties and almost instantly begin circling Waverly’s clit – or at least attempting to move in circles with the amount of alcohol that was in her system.

Waverly almost immediately pulled out of the kiss as her jaw dropped. “Oh my god…oh my god…” She whined with her eyebrows pushed together and up. “Ohhh god this feels so good. How can this feel so good?”
“I don’t know baby. But fuck, I’m so close and you’re so good at touching me. I’m gonna come any second now.” Nicole squeezed her eyes shut and bit her bottom lip as she pushed her body against Waverly’s so that the back of their hands were pressed against one another inside each other’s jeans.

“Wait, don’t do it yet…wait for me.” Waverly panted as she picked up the pace of her hips to match Nicole’s, which were now moving at full speed.

“I…fuck…I don’t think I can…” Nicole whimpered as she tried to hold off, but with Waverly touching her the way she was, it was nearly impossible. “I can try, but—…shit…oh fuck…nope. Nope, definitely can’t hold it. I’m gonna come…” She widened her stance a little more and pressed her hips further against Waverly’s fingers rapidly moving against her clit as she gave quick and short thrusts of her center, until she was coming against Waverly’s hand. She closed her eyes and smiled as the incredible feeling of her release took over her.

“Ughhh Waverly, fuck that was good baby.” Nicole said after the bulk of it was over. She opened her eyes and immediately locked them with Waverly’s bold ones, and she knew that she had to finish the task she had started, or else Waverly would explode.

Without warning, Nicole dropped to the floor before situating herself up on her knees. She desperately grabbed the waistband of Waverly’s jeans and panties, struggling for a few moments to pull them down. She craved that erotic taste so badly that she practically clawed at the denim in desperation. When they were finally out of the way enough to give her access to Waverly’s sex, she immediately pushed her tongue between dripping folds until she felt the stiff bundle of nerves. She moved her tongue haphazardly, earning an array of differently pitched moans and whimpers from the brunette above her.

“Yeah,” Waverly panted as she nodded her head. She looked down at Nicole and bunched red hair in her fist as she used her other hand to hold her shirt up above her abdomen so that she could see. “Mhm,” she hummed in approval as she pursed her lips and nodded some more.

“Yeah?” A muffled voice responded from between Waverly’s legs.

“Yeah. Oh yeah…yeah…” Waverly repeated the word over and over again with each time getting a little more high-pitched and strained, until all that was coming out of her mouth was the verbal representation of her orgasm in the form of gasps and moans. She hunched over Nicole’s head with her mouth wide open in shock before dropping to the floor and sitting with her back against the door. She ran a single hand through her hair to move it out of her face as she continued her ragged breathing.

Nicole shifted her position so that she was on her hands and knees and leaned forward to kiss Waverly’s lips, pushing her tongue inside the brunette’s mouth, not so that Waverly could taste herself, but so that she could savor Waverly’s kiss. She wanted all of her senses to be filled with everything Waverly Earp – her taste, smell, sound, touch…Nicole wanted to drown in all of it.

They sat there on the floor, sloppily kissing for about ten minutes, until they were both ready for more.

Nicole pulled back and looked at Waverly with half-closed eyes. “Bedroom?”

“Mhm.” Waverly hastily nodded.
her. Waverly covered her mouth as she giggled at the woman in front of her struggling to get off the floor.

“Are you sure you’re going to be able to use the strap-on, honey?” Waverly asked in a teasing yet sweet voice as she pulled her jeans up over her thighs from where she was still sitting on the floor. She then rolled over onto all fours before pushing herself up, using the door for balance.

“Oh, I’ll be fine. Don’t you worry about that,” Nicole said with a smirk as she lowered her eyes at the shorter woman.

They both stumbled up the stairs until they got to Nicole’s bedroom. Waverly instantly plopped onto the bed as Nicole went straight for the bedside table to grab the strap-on. She sat on the edge of the mattress to take off her jeans and boyshorts, kicking them to the floor. While still sitting on the bed, she then put her legs through the straps of the harness and pulled it up. Once the harness reached her thighs, she stood up and pulled it the rest of the way over her hips. After stepping back over towards the bedside table, she pulled out the box of condoms, only to realize that it was empty.

“Uh oh.” She looked over at Waverly with wide eyes, who was sitting up on the bed, struggling to take her bra off. “It’s empty.”

“What is?” After a couple of frustrated grunts, Waverly finally managed to pull the garment off, sighing in relief when her boobs were freed.

“The box!” Nicole brandished the empty box in front of Waverly’s face. “We’re out of condoms.”

“Oh oh.” Waverly looked at Nicole with worry all over her face. “You know what that means?”

“No. What?!”

Waverly giggled before answering, “You’re gonna have to pull out!” Her giggling almost immediately turned into cackling as she dropped onto the bed, clutching her stomach as she rolled around on her back.

Nicole narrowed her eyes and dropped the box onto the table. “Ha ha, funny.” She tried to keep an annoyed look on her face, but she couldn’t help but laugh.

As Waverly’s laughter began to subside, she sat up on the bed and moved to the edge of it as she pulled Nicole closer to her by the hand. “Want me to clean it?”

“No, that’s okay. I’ll do it. You just finish taking off the rest of your clothes.” Nicole winked before shuffling off towards the bathroom.

Waverly managed to pull her skinny jeans off from around her ankles just in time for Nicole to come back into the bedroom, ready for action. The redhead grabbed the lube and rubbed it all over the purple dildo as she smirked down at Waverly.

“How do you want it?” Nicole asked boldly.

Waverly looked up in thought for a moment before answering, “How about we start off easy with you on top?”

“Sounds good to me.” Nicole nodded before crawling on top of Waverly. She braced herself with her left hand as grabbed the dildo with her right. She looked down between their bodies and ran the tip up and down Waverly’s slit a few times, making sure she was still ready and didn’t need to be worked up again, before pushing it in.
“Mmm” Waverly moaned as she wrapped her legs around Nicole and pulled her in deeper. She had been craving this kind of penetration from her girlfriend all night. Her walls ached to be completely filled with Nicole. She relaxed down into the mattress as Nicole began to thrust her hips back and forth, when she unexpectedly ended up pulling too far back and slipping out. Waverly opened her eyes to say something, but stopped when Nicole looked down.

“Shit. It fell out, didn’t it…”

“Yeah.” Waverly smiled. She was instantly reminded of their first time together with their toy, and how Nicole kept slipping out on accident. It hadn’t really happened much since then, but with Nicole still being a little drunk, she wasn’t all that surprised. The fact that Nicole could feel that it had slipped out shows just how much skill she’d gained with using the member since their first time.

Nicole wrapped her hands around the dildo and pushed it back inside Waverly before continuing her motions. But once again, she pulled back too far and slipped out. She groaned in frustration as she sat up and grabbed her forehead, causing Waverly to immediately drop her legs. “I’m sorry. I can’t keep a steady rhythm with it and I keep going too far.”

Waverly nodded in understanding as she sat up and smiled at Nicole reassuringly. “Then how about I get on top?”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I like being on top.” She leaned closer to Nicole. “And riding you…” With her right hand behind her back on the mattress, she wrapped her left arm around the back of Nicole’s neck. “And coming around you.” She pulled Nicole in for a slow kiss, which quickly turned into something filled with undeniable greediness and desperation.

After a few seconds, Waverly grabbed Nicole’s shoulders and rolled them over as she pushed the redhead down onto her back. She wasted no time in straddling the taller woman as she raised herself up onto her knees.

Nicole watched with wide, attentive eyes as Waverly reached between her legs and positioned the dildo at her entrance. This was Nicole’s favorite part of being on bottom with the strap-on; watching Waverly drop down and taking the entire length of the shaft. Which is exactly what she did. Waverly dropped down until she was flush against Nicole as she rested her hands on Nicole’s abdomen for support.

“Damn. I love watching you bounce on my cock,” Nicole smirked as she shamelessly eyed Waverly’s breasts bouncing in sync with her movements.

“Like this?” Waverly slowly lifted herself all the way up to the tip before unexpectedly dropping back down, crashing against Nicole’s legs.

“Fuck! Yes. That’s such a turn on babe,” Nicole practically moaned in response.

“You’re such a turn on,” Waverly said in a sultry voice as she rhythmically bounced up and down on Nicole’s length. “You make me so horny when you fuck me like this. And when I’m fucking your cock with my pussy…fuck it’s so good.” She closed her eyes and brought her right hand up to stroke her clit. “Ungh. Baby. You’re so deep inside me right now. Hitting me in all the right places. I’ve been wanting this all night. I’ve been wanting to feel you inside me with your big, thick cock…”

Nicole felt her stomach drop as a surge of arousal made its way to her center. She spread her legs open a little wider, allowing the base of the dildo to rub against her clit a little better. “Oh shit.
Waves, I can feel you on me.” She grabbed onto Waverly’s hips and laid back against the bed. She sloppily thrust her hips up into Waverly and the brunette continued her own movements. “Fuck, it feels like I’m really fucking you.”

“You are fucking me baby. I can feel you inside me,” Waverly whimpered as she moved her fingers faster against her clit, almost instantly feeling the tension begin to build up. “And you’re gonna make me come all over your cock.”

“You gonna come baby?” Nicole panted from the efforts of her thrusting hips.

With her eyes closed and her lips rolled between her teeth, Waverly nodded. Her breathing began to pick up as her heart raced inside her chest. She increased her speed to quick movements on top of the redhead, until the waves of intense pleasure crept up and hit her at full force with intense contractions around Nicole’s length. “Ohhhhhh FUCK Nicole! I’m fucking coming!” She yelled as her quick movements transformed into rough, slow ones.

“That’s right baby. Come for me. Come all over my dick...” Nicole moaned as she continued to rub her clit against the harness. With the dildo now stilled and buried inside Waverly, it was easier for her to keep a steady rhythm of pleasure against her own center. She thought about Waverly’s walls clenching around her cock, as if it were her own, until she reached her own climax. “Fuck I’m coming too! Shiiiiiiit baby, that’s soooo good! Oh yeah, fuck!”

Nicole continued to ride out her orgasm with her fingers gripping tightly around Waverly’s hips, until she completely finished and dropped down against the mattress with a deep sigh of satisfaction. She draped her arms over her face as she shook her head and chuckled. “Fuck.”

“I know,” Waverly replied with a small, worn out smile as she lifted herself up off of Nicole and dropped down beside the redhead onto her stomach.

The two laid in silence as they took a minute to regain their energy. After a few moments had gone by, Waverly turned her head to look at Nicole, who still had her arms covering her face. “You asleep?”

Nicole moved her hands onto her chest and turned her head so that their faces were just inches apart. “Nope.”

“Think you can do one more?”

A smug grin spread across Nicole’s face as she replied, “Baby, I can do hundreds more.”

“Really?” Waverly asked with doubtful eyes.

“Well...okay, at least one more.”

Waverly giggled as she sat up. “Good. Because I want you to take me standing up.”

Nicole sat up to match Waverly. “Wait, like both of us standing up?”

“No, I don’t think I could do that right now. I’m still a little tipsy,” she chuckled. “I meant like me laying on the bed and you standing up.”

Nicole thought about it for a moment, but had trouble actually picturing what Waverly was talking about. “I’m sorry, but I’m not getting a clear picture here. What do you mean?”

“Here, stand up.” Waverly gestured for Nicole to get off of the bed and stand to the side of it. Once
she did, Waverly scooted towards the edge of the side and laid down on her back with her legs dangling over the edge. “Now come here.”

Nicole walked towards Waverly until she was standing in between her legs.

“Like this. Put it inside me.”

Without hesitation, Nicole reached down and grabbed the dildo before pushing her hips forward, smiling as it slipped in with ease. She thrusted her hips back and forth as she looked down at the purple cock moving in and out. “Oh yeah, this is way easier like this. I don’t feel like I’m going to slip out.”

“Good. Now grab my leg.” Waverly lifted one leg up in the air, and Nicole wrapped her hand around it just above Waverly’s ankle, feeling how much of a deeper angle she was getting.

“Is this good?” Nicole asked as she continued her imperfect rhythm.

“Yes baby. That’s perfect.”

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Sam stepped out of the cab and handed the driver a decent tip. “Thanks again!” She made her way up the porch steps and pulled out the house key that Nicole had given her earlier that week. When she walked inside, she took off her shoes and went straight for the bedroom in the back. She turned the doorknob, only to find that it was locked. “Dammit,” she whispered to herself as she sighed. Back home she was used to locking the front door knob from the inside before closing it behind her, so she must have subconsciously done the same thing with the bedroom door before leaving.

After reaching above the door frame in search of a key and coming up empty, she decided to just ask Nicole. Surely the couple would be asleep by now, considering it was almost one thirty in the morning. She went upstairs and immediately opened the door, not wanting to knock and make either of them get up to answer, since she only needed to ask where the key was. To her surprise, she was met with the sight of Nicole standing in front of Waverly, holding one leg high in the air, as she fervently thrusted her hips. It didn’t take long for the lewd sounds of wet slapping and small moans to hit her ears.

Sam gasped and gave a quick “Sorry!” before quickly shutting the door.

Nicole paused and looked behind her just in time to see the last little bit of Sam in the crack of the door before completely closing it. She looked back at Waverly, who was looking at her with slightly wide eyes.

“What do we do?” Waverly finally asked after a few seconds of just looking at each other.

Nicole shrugged. “Do you want to stop?”

“No really.”

“Me neither.” Nicole picked back up where she had left off, pounding Waverly with quick, firm strokes of the entire length of her erection, until Waverly was falling apart beneath her.

Waverly tried to stay quiet, she really did. But she couldn’t help it. The sounds were tumbling from her lips at a volume she knew anyone could hear clearly from anywhere inside that house. As soon as her contractions had subsided, she dropped her leg down onto the edge of the bed and apologetically bit her bottom lip. “Oops. I was loud.”
Nicole shook her head as she pushed the harness down her legs, leaving the strap-on laying on the floor – she figured she’d just clean it tomorrow. “It’s okay. It’s just Sam, she knows we’re together and that we have sex. Besides, we’re all drunk. She probably won’t even remember it tomorrow.” She gestured for Waverly to move over so that they could situate themselves under the covers.

“Do you think you’ll remember this tomorrow?” Waverly asked as she wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

“Oh, I’m going to remember this night for the rest of my life,” Nicole replied with a grin before leaning down towards Waverly and capturing her lips in a passionate kiss. After a couple of seconds, she reached behind and turned off the lamp, leaving them to continue their sleepy makeout session in total darkness.
Nicole trotted down the stairs in full uniform as she worked the black tie up through the neck loop. She crinkled her eyebrows when she noticed Sam sitting on the couch with a pillow beside her and a blanket in her lap.

“Did you sleep on the couch last night?” Nicole asked as she slipped the tie through the knot.

“Mhm.” Sam brought her coffee mug with both hands wrapped around it up to her lips.

Nicole looked down the hall towards the spare bedroom — which still had the door closed — before looking back at her friend in confusion. “Why? You don’t like the bed?” She chuckled, half joking and half hoping that wasn’t the case. Although, she was prepared to buy a mattress topper if her friend was uncomfortable.

“I accidentally locked the door before we went out and couldn’t find a key. I was going to ask you, but you were a little...*preoccupied.*” An amused smirk spread across Sam’s face as she slowly brought the mug back up to her lips without breaking eye contact.

Nicole’s eyes widened for a moment before she brought her hand up to the back of her neck and chuckled in embarrassment. “So, you remember that, huh?”

“Oh, I’m never going to forget that. I will forever have that image of you schtupping Waverly burned into my memory. But at least now I know what your strap-on looks like.” The dark brunette grinned.

“Hey, you should’ve knocked,” Nicole shrugged.

“I thought you two would be asleep with how drunk you were! But you’re right. With all of the eye humping, and then *actual* humping you were doing on the dance floor last night, I should’ve known you were coming back here to fuck.”

“We were not *humping* each other!” Nicole defended as she sternly folded her arms across her chest.

“Yes. Yes, you were. I have video proof.” She brandished her phone in front of her face with a sly smile. “Ten minutes of pure lesbian content right here. Oh, and not to mention the best part…when you slipped on a puddle of beer and fell on your ass!”

Nicole rolled her eyes as she sat down on the armrest of the couch beside Sam. “Let me guess, you’re going to keep it for blackmailing purposes?”

“No way! More like I’m going to keep it to play at your future wedding.” Sam cackled as Nicole tried to wrestle the phone away from her. They froze at the sound of Waverly clearing her throat from the bottom of the stairs – Sam with her arm stretched above her head and Nicole on top of her reaching for the phone.

“What are you doing?” Waverly asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“She has video footage of us dancing last night,” Nicole pouted as she straightened herself up and gestured towards her friend.
“And footage of Nicole falling on her ass,” Sam added with her index finger pointed up in the air.

“Oh! I want to watch!” Waverly exclaimed excitedly as she jumped onto the couch beside Sam, both of them huddled around the device as Sam hit play. She skipped to the part where Nicole slipped on the floor, and both of them laughed.

“Oh my god, how do you manage to look cute even when you’re falling on your heinie!” Waverly giggled as she looked over at Nicole, who was shaking her head in disapproval while she got up to put her jacket on.

“It’s a gift, I guess.” Nicole walked over behind the couch and kissed the top of Waverly’s head. “Bye, love.” She then glared at Sam, who was just looking back at her with innocence. “I’m going to get you back you know.”

“Don’t hold back,” Sam challenged, earning a look from Nicole that silently said ‘challenge accepted’ before the redhead walked out the door.

After finally noticing the pillow and blanket, Waverly asked, “Did you sleep out here?”

“Yeah, I locked myself out of the spare room apparently. Couldn’t find a key.”

“Oh, Nicole lost the key for that door a while back. But the doorknob is messed up, so if you just jiggle it a bit a give the door a good push, it should open.”

“Good to know. I could’ve avoided that whole situation last night.” Sam gave a light chuckle as she shook her head.

Waverly drew her eyebrows together in confusion. “What situation?” Suddenly, the memory of Nicole’s oldest friend walking in on them came back to her. Her eyes widened as her face quickly turned a deep shade of red. “Oh, right. That situation.”

“I was going to ask Nicole for the key, but she was a little busy,” Sam teased lightheartedly, trying to make the situation less awkward so that Waverly wouldn’t feel so embarrassed. The girl was looking redder than that one time Nicole had gone to the beach without putting any sunscreen on. Something about being stronger than the sun. Needless to say, she learned her lesson.

“I’m so sorry,” Waverly apologized.

Sam shook her head. “I should’ve knocked, so it was my fault. But I only saw for a second, so I don’t even remember that much. And I was drunk. I only really remember the situation happening, if that makes sense.”

Waverly felt the heat slowly leaving her cheeks and gave a couple of nods.

“And I do remember that your strap-on is purple,” she chuckled. “But don’t be embarrassed. It’s not a big deal, at least not to me. I’m just glad that Nicole has finally found someone who loves her back just as much as she loves them, because it’s about time.” She smiled, showing how genuinely happy she was about their relationship.

The corners of Waverly’s eyes crinkled as she nodded towards the floor while tucking her hair behind her ear. “Well, I’m the lucky one. She does so much for me and I just don’t deserve her.”

“I feel like the nicest girl in Purgatory is the most deserving of that kind of love.” Sam winked as she nudged Waverly’s arm, eliciting a chuckle from the younger woman.
“Still, I just want to make her as happy as she makes me.”

“From what I’ve seen, you definitely do. I can see just how much you love her.”

“I do love her, I really do,” Waverly whined with raised eyebrows and the corners of her mouth curved up in a smile. “Which is why I know that one day I’m going to marry her. But I don’t want to bring it up and freak her out or anything. We’ve only been together for a few months.”

Sam brought her hand up to her mouth as she stifled her laughter. These two were so oblivious.

“What?” Waverly asked with a raised eyebrow.

“No, nothing,” Sam shook her head and waved her hand in dismissal as she cleared her throat. “That’s just really cute. And I’m sure you wanting to marry her won’t freak her out. Like, really sure.”

“I hope not. Because I’m thinking about maybe proposing to her soon. Especially now that Wynonna isn’t pregnant anymore. But I just don’t know if it’s the right time yet. What if she’s not ready and says no?”

Sam’s eyes widened as she opened her mouth to say something, but quickly closed it. She couldn’t exactly tell Waverly that Nicole was wanting to propose to her, but she also couldn’t tell Nicole that Waverly wanted to propose. So there she was, stuck in the middle of the couple both wanting to propose to each other, and unable to say anything about it. Just when she opened her mouth to ask Waverly if she had already made any plans to pop the question, the lighter brunette quickly jumped up from the couch.

“Oh, fiddlesticks! It’s a little later than I had expected. I’m going to hop in the shower before I head over to the coffee shop.” She rushed over towards the stairs. “I’ll help you with that door on my way out!”

Sam nodded and waved before laying down on the couch and letting out a sigh. She shook her head and chuckled as she stared up at the ceiling. “Idiots.”

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Waverly walked into the station with a bag of sandwiches from Mom and Pop’s in her hand, and a grin plastered on her face.

“Hey Waverly!” Lonnie greeted.

“Hey Lonnie, how are you today?” Waverly asked with a smile as she walked up to him.

“I can’t complain. Just manning the front desk.” He knocked a couple of times on the wood before giving his signature toothy grin.

“Anything exciting happen today?”

“Well, I got a phone call about a dead body in a bag…”

Waverly’s eyes widened.

“But turns out it was just some kids prank calling the station,” He shrugged.

With a sigh of relief, Waverly clenched her shirt over her chest.
“Other than that, the only exciting part of my day has been refilling the toilet paper holders in the bathrooms. Which is surprisingly a much more soothing task than expected.”

“Right,” Waverly chuckled awkwardly as she held the bag up. “Well, I’m going to drop off some lunch to Officer Haught.”

“Cool. See ya!” He waved before staring at the phone, waiting for it to ring with some news, preferably on the thrilling side.

Waverly rounded the corner and beamed when she saw the redhead she was looking for. “Special delivery for Officer Haught!” She waved a hand across the bag, as if it were on display.

Nicole looked up and smiled as Waverly walked around to stand beside her and set the food on the desk. “Baby, you brought me lunch?” She wrapped her arms around the brunette’s waist beside her and Waverly hooked an arm around the back of Nicole’s neck and twirled the ends of her red hair around her fingers.

“I figured you could use some sustenance from all of the hard work you’ve been doing.”

“Oh, you mean the hard work of sitting on my ass, filing reports?” Nicole chuckled.

“Hey, that sounds like hard work to me,” Waverly shrugged.

“It’s definitely not fun. But someone has to get these reports done, since Nedley took Dolls with him on some sort of mission.”

Waverly drew her eyebrows together. “Mission for what?”

“No idea,” Nicole replied as she held her hands up in defeat. “But between you and me, I think he’s just testing us to see who he wants to pick for sheriff.”

“You think he’s about to retire soon?” Waverly asked in a hushed tone as her eyes widened in excitement.

Nicole nodded with a smile. “Yep. He’s been in his office a lot more lately while letting Dolls and I handle most of the cases. He looks like he’s ready for retirement.” She stood up and grabbed the bag as she led them over towards the break room to eat.

“So, you could be sheriff soon?!” Waverly asked eagerly as she followed Nicole into the room and sat down beside her.

“Well, I don’t want to get too excited. Dolls could get the job.” Nicole shrugged as she took the sandwiches out, handing one over to Waverly.

“Well, between you and me, I think you’re a shoo-in.” Waverly winked.

“Thanks baby.” Nicole grinned before taking a bite of her food. She hummed in approval as she reached out and grabbed Waverly’s hand with a smile. “Thank you for bringing me lunch today.”

Waverly couldn’t help the grin that spread across her face as she looked down at Nicole’s thumb rubbing the back of her hand. “I may have been a little selfish in my motives.” She looked up at the red-haired police officer. “I really just wanted an excuse to come and see you. I’ve been thinking about you all day.”

“Yeah? What specifically about me? Last night, perhaps?” Nicole smirked.
“Well, maybe a little bit of that,” Waverly replied with a knowing look before her face shifted to something more serious. “But mostly, I’ve just been thinking about how much I love you, and how lucky I am to have you in my life.” She looked up into Nicole’s eyes looking back at her with a faint glimmer as the light reflected off of them.

“I love you too baby.” The corners of Nicole’s mouth pulled up as she placed her other hand on top of Waverly’s, sandwiching it between her own. “More than anyone I’ve ever met.”

“Do you think you could love me forever?” Waverly asked with hopeful eyes. Ever since she had let it slip to Sam that she wanted to marry Nicole, it was all she could think about. Before that moment, it had only been in the back of her mind. Being married to Nicole was just something that she knew she wanted. But now, it was something she had been picturing actually doing. She could see their little family, with Wynonna and Doc, and Alice. Of course, they didn’t need to be married in order for them to be committed to one another, and Waverly knew that. But the thought of calling Nicole her wife just felt right. She really wanted that, and she couldn’t see a reason why she had to wait for it.

Nicole nodded with a sweet smile as she brought Waverly’s hand up to her lips. “Waverly Earp, I could love you forever and then some.” She punctuated her proclamation with a gentle kiss on the back of Waverly’s hand.

The kiss was a small one, and it was only on her hand, but it was enough to give Waverly that feeling of dragons in the pit of her stomach – since butterflies were never good enough to convey just how much of an effect Nicole had on her. Waverly blinked a couple of times, urging the tears to retreat as she tried really hard to keep her emotions from getting the best of her. She knew that if she started crying, Nicole would know that something was up. “Good. Because I could too.”

They sat there for a few moments, just smiling as they stared into each other’s eyes, before Waverly pulled her hand away and picked up her sandwich.

Nicole slightly shook her head as she was brought out of her fantasy of carrying Waverly bridal style into their home to pack for their honeymoon. “Why do you ask?” She questioned before mirroring Waverly’s movements and picking up her own sandwich.

“No reason.” Waverly smiled with a slight shrug. She knew exactly what she was going to do.

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Nicole slammed the front door behind her. “Sam!” She called out in excitement as she shimmied out of her coat.

“What? What’s wrong?” The dark brunette rushed out of the guest room in a panic while tying her cotton robe around her waist.

“I’ve got some big news!” Nicole paused as she saw a man walk out of the room behind Sam. He put his arms through the hole of his shirt before pulling it down over his abdomen. It didn’t take long for Nicole to recognize him as the bartender from the night before. She cocked an eyebrow in Sam’s direction.

“I’m just going to see myself out.” The man said before skirting past Nicole and out the door. In all of her excitement since her lunch with Waverly earlier that afternoon, she hadn’t even noticed his car parked on the street in front of her house. Nicole stood there as she gave her friend a knowing look.

“He called me,” Sam shrugged before walking over towards the couch and sitting cross-legged on
And that’s how he ended up here?” Nicole sat down beside Sam, still giving her a knowing look.

“I know I should’ve asked, but I haven’t had sex in such a long time, Nicole. It’s been months. Literally, months. I mean, since Danny left I just haven’t really been in a mental space of even wanting it, but now…” She trailed off as her eyes simultaneously shifted down towards the floor before looking back up at Nicole. “I promise I’ll clean the sheets before I leave.”

Nicole gave a light chuckle. “I’m not mad that you had sex in my guest room. Although, I am really glad that I didn’t walk in on anything.”

“Oh, you mean like I did last night?” Sam laughed as she shook her head. “That would’ve been karmic if you had done the same.”

“Uh, more like traumatizing. A head’s up next time would be highly appreciated.” She narrowed her eyes at Sam, who nodded apologetically in return.

“From now on, I’ll tell you next time there’s a penis in the house.”

Nicole cringed as she wrinkled her nose. “Do you have to say it like that?”

The sound of Sam’s laughter filled the room as her shoulders bounced up and down. “I couldn’t resist.”

Nicole rolled her eyes and inhaled through her nose. She shook her head lightly as the playfulness of her demeanor shifted. “So, you and Danny have some sort of agreement about sleeping with other people then?”

“Actually, we didn’t before, but I talked to him this morning. He says he wants us to be able to see other people. Turns out he’s been sleeping with one of his coworkers for the past week now.” She rolled her eyes as she folded her arms across her chest. “But that’s fine by me. Bartender dude called, and he was able to satisfy me in a way Danny hasn’t even tried to in two years. So maybe I’m better off without him anyways.”

Nicole lowered her eyes in sympathy. She could hear the pain in her friend’s voice, but she didn’t know how to help. “Sam—”

“It’s fine. I don’t really want to talk about it anymore.” She shook her head as she forced a smile. “So, what was your big news?”

“Oh, right! So, Waverly brought me lunch today, had we had this moment, and I saw it.” She beamed.

Sam looked at Nicole with raised eyebrows. “Saw what?”

“Our future. I could see us getting married, and officially moving in together, and us having kids, and maybe a dog. Of course, Calamity Jane would have to approve.”

“Of the kids?”

Nicole narrowed her eyes. “Of the dog.”

“I’m just kidding,” Sam chuckled. “But that’s so sweet! Sounds like you know what you want.”

“I do know. And that’s the news I want to tell you.” She took a deep breath in through her nose and
nodded before letting all of the air expel from her lungs. “I think I want to propose to her.”

Sam’s eyes widened. “Now?”

“Well, not right this very minute, but I want to start planning it. I’m ready to ask her.”

“Nicole! Oh my god!” Sam started laughing when she remembered Waverly’s confession from earlier that morning.

“What’s so funny?” Nicole questioned with a furrowed brow.

“No, nothing. You and Waverly are just perfect for each other, that’s all.” She reached her arms around Nicole’s neck and pulled her into a hug as she rocked them back and forth in excitement. “I’m so so happy for you, Nic.” She gave one last squeeze before releasing the redhead from her embrace. “You better get it on video for me to see!”

“Oh, you’re going to be there when it happens.” Nicole grinned.

Sam slightly shook her head in confusion. “I am?”

“Yep. I’m going to do it before you leave next week.”

“That soon?!”

Nicole shrugged. “Why not? I already know I want to marry her. Why wait?”

“Do you have time to plan everything?”

“Waverly’s not the type of person to want an extravagant proposal. Actually, I’ve thought about just doing it at the homestead. Maybe I’ll plan a get together with everyone and pop the question.”

“That would be so cute! I love that.”

“Yeah?”

“Oh, definitely. And I think she would really love that.” Sam smiled. “Speaking of Waverly, where is she? She’s usually here by now.”

“She went over to her Aunt’s house. Said she was going over there for a bit to help her with something.” Nicole shrugged.

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Waverly paced back and forth in Gus’s kitchen as Gus and Wynonna watched her from where they were sitting at the kitchen table.

“Well, are you going to tell us or what?” Wynonna finally asked as she continued to rock a sleeping Alice against her chest.

“Yeah. Yeah, sorry. I’m just a little nervous.” Waverly paused her movements for a moment before she sat down in the chair across from them, but then quickly shot back up. Standing was much better.

“You’re not pregnant, are ya?” Gus teased as she eyed Wynonna, making it obvious that she was referring to her big news a few months ago.

“Hey, thanks to me you don’t have to wait until you’re a complete dinosaur to be a great aunt.”
Gus backhanded her older niece in the shoulder that didn’t have Alice laying across it.

“No, I’m not pregnant.”

“Are you going to tell us that you’re gay? Because we already know.” Wynonna smirked in her usual smartass way.

“I’m going to ask Nicole to marry me,” Waverly blurted out as she looked between the two frozen faces of her sister and her aunt before continuing, “Now, I know we’ve only been together for nine months, which is only three quarters of a year. But I know that I want to be with her forever. I can’t imagine being with anyone else. I love her, and she takes really good care of me, and if anyone can make me happy, it’s her.”

Wynonna looked over as Gus for a moment before shrugging. “I mean, I’m actually surprised you two haven’t already gotten hitched. You and Haughtstuff have my support.”

Waverly let out a quick sigh of relief before looking over at Gus, who was looking down at the table in thought. Waverly’s smile quickly dropped from her face and she began to feel nervous again.

“Gus?”

“Do you know how long your Uncle Curtis and I were together before he asked me to marry him?” She said in a soft voice before slowly looking up at Waverly. Her expression was unreadable.

Waverly swallowed thickly before answering. “Two years.”

“Two years. That’s when I was sure. Because marriage is a commitment. It’s a commitment that a lot of people jump into before they really know what they want, and it’s a commitment that not enough people take seriously.” A small smile spread across her face. “Curtis wanted to marry me on our second date. Actually, he was sure on our first date, but he thought that would be too soon to ask.” She chuckled. “But I turned him down. He wasn’t surprised though. I think he was even expectin’ it. I said that I wanted to wait until we were both sure, and that it was silly to want to get married on the second date. His response to my rejection was that he was sure, but that he would wait for me to be sure too, no matter how long it took. And lookin’ back, I always knew that I was sure on our first date too. But I was too scared to trust myself and instead listened to everyone around me who believed that love and commitment have a set time limit on it. But it doesn’t. Only you can say when you’re sure, not anyone else. So…are you sure, Waverly?”

Waverly mirrored her aunt’s serious expression and gave a confident nod without a single beat of hesitation. “Yes, I’m sure.”

“Then if it’s my blessin’ you’re after, you have it.”

With a wide grin, Waverly shuffled over behind Gus and Wynonna and wrapped her arms around them both as she pulled them into a hug. “Thank you both for your support. It really means a lot to me.” She gave Gus a quick kiss on the cheek before doing the same to Wynonna.

Wynonna nodded. “Yeah yeah, just let me know when you’re gonna do it so I know how much time I have to prepare my shovel talk for Red.”

Waverly drew her eyebrows together as she stood up from her bent position. “You already gave Nicole the shovel talk when we first started dating?”

“Yeah, but that was just the dating shovel talk. The married shovel talk is a much different one.”

Waverly rolled her eyes as she sat down at the table beside Wynonna and gently rubbed Alice’s
back. She smiled at the thought of starting her own little family with Nicole, and one day, having a baby of her own.

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**Two days later**

Chrissy and Waverly walked through the mall as they headed towards the ring shop. The more the store front came into view, the more nervous Waverly got.

“Relax. It’s just a ring.” Chrissy smiled as she nudged Waverly’s arm.

“It’s not just *any* ring. It’s an important ring. A ring she’s going to have for the rest of her life. One that symbolizes our entire marriage.”

Chrissy shook her head as she chuckled. “Waves, I don’t think the ring is what makes the marriage. It’s just a piece of jewelry. You and Nicole love each other. You’re practically already married. And no matter which ring you pick, she’s going to love it, because she loves you. So stop stressing out about this and just enjoy the fact that you’re going to get married before I am.” She winked.

“Yeah, you’re right.” Waverly sighed as she nodded. “This is why I brought you ring shopping with me.” She smiled as she looped her arm around Chrissy’s.

“What are best friends for?” The blonde smiled back as they walked into the ring store.

“Hello, what can I do to help you today?” A middle-aged dark-skinned woman with short brown hair asked with a bright smile.

“Just looking around for now.” Waverly smiled back.

“Okay. Let me know if you need any help,” The woman replied before walking back over to her seat behind the counter.

Waverly ran her hand over the glass as she looked through one of the cases. She frowned when she got to the end of it without liking a single thing. Everything just seemed too sparkly and flashy for Nicole’s taste. She didn’t quite know what she was looking for, though. She figured she would just know when she saw it, but now she was starting to regret not doing any research beforehand. She turned to Chrissy and sighed. “I should’ve asked Nicole what she wanted before coming here.”

“How can you ask her what ring she wants without her knowing that you’re going to propose to her?” Chrissy asked, as if it were obvious.

“I don’t know. But I have no idea which one to get her. None of these seem like something she would want. Or maybe all of them are something she would want? I have no idea what I’m doing.”

“Just keep looking. I’m sure one of these is going to be the one. Here, let’s try this case over here.” She pushed Waverly over towards the other side of the store.

“But these are men’s rings,” Waverly stated with a furrowed brow.

“Rings are rings. Anyone can wear any ring. Just look, okay? Don’t give up yet.”

Waverly sighed as she shook her head in doubt. “Fine.” She browsed around for a few minutes, running her hand over the glass like she did before, and paused when a simple, thin gold band caught her eye. She could actually see this ring on Nicole’s finger. A small smile spread across her face, but
quickly dropped when she saw the price tag.

“You find one?” Chrissy asked as she walked over towards Waverly.

“I think this one,” The brunette replied as she pointed towards the glass.

Chrissy gasped. “Oh my god, that one is perfect for her!” She beamed.

“Yeah, but look at how much it is.”

Chrissy peered down at the price tag. “Eighty dollars. That’s a lot less than you were planning on spending!” She said excitedly.

“Exactly.”

The blonde scrunched up her face. “I’m confused.”

“That’s too cheap! I can’t spend only eighty dollars on Nicole’s ring! She’ll think I don’t care about her. Like I’m saying she’s not worth spending more money on.”

“Waverly, that’s ridiculous. She’s not going to be looking for the price.” Chrissy folded her arms across her chest.

“I mean, isn’t a ring supposed to be worth two months’ salary? That’s what I read online…”

“Okay, that’s just a myth by the diamond companies wanting to scam people out of their money. There is no set price a ring should cost, and if anything, I can almost guarantee that Nicole would murder you if she found out that you spent two months’ salary on a ring for her.”

“Yeah, but—”

“Waverly, listen to me.” Chrissy rested her hands on the shorter woman’s shoulders in front of her. “Don’t think about the price right now. Does this ring feel right to you?”

Waverly nodded.

“Then you’re getting that ring. And Nicole is going to love it. And you can use the money you saved to buy a sex toy or something. She’ll really love you for that.” She smirked as she dropped her arms by her side.

Waverly chuckled and shook her head. “Okay, you’re right. I’m just being silly.” She looked down at the ring once more and smiled. She knew it was the one for her future wife. “Excuse me,” Waverly waved and the clerk hurried towards her.

“You find something?” The woman smiled as she slipped the coil bracelet with a key dangling from it off of her wrist, ready to unlock the case Waverly was standing in front of.

“I’d like to take a look at this thin gold one please.” Waverly smiled as she pointed towards the gold band.

With a smile still spread across her face, the woman unlocked the case from her side and took the ring out to show Waverly.

After inspecting it up close, and earning a nod of approval from Chrissy, Waverly smiled. “I’d like to buy this one.”
“Lovely choice! What size?”

“Six.”

The woman quirked an eyebrow. “That’s a small ring size. But surprisingly enough, I do have this one in a six.” She put the ring back in the display case and grabbed one near it. “I’ll grab you a box.”

Waverly followed her over towards the register while the woman reached under the counter for a black ring box. “So, is this for a special occasion?”

“I’m proposing,” Waverly beamed as she handed over her card to pay.

“Oh how exciting!” The woman exclaimed as she handed Waverly’s card back over and put the receipt in the bag. “It’s not every day you see a woman proposing to a man.”

Waverly smiled weakly as she nodded. She glanced over at Chrissy, who was looking back at her, as if she were waiting for Waverly to say something, but Waverly just took the bag from the woman and smiled.

“I wish you a happy engagement and marriage!”

“Thank you,” Waverly nodded. “Have a good day!”

When they got far away enough from the store, Chrissy finally asked, “Why didn’t you correct her?”

Waverly shrugged. “I don’t always want to have to come out to people. It’s a little exhausting going through the whole thing of mentally preparing for someone to not take it well. And even when it is taken well, it’s often followed by an extra conversation, mostly about that one gay family member, and I don’t always want to have to deal with it. Sometimes I just want to buy a ring and leave like everyone else gets to, you know?”

“I’ve never thought about it like that,” Chrissy replied. “That really does sound annoying.”

Waverly shrugged. “It’s not that bad. You kind of get used to it after a while. But sometimes I just don’t feel like doing it.”

“Does it ever bother you that people just assume you’re straight?”

“I mean, I wish people would just not assume that I’m anything at all, but it’s just how it is. I’m not really surprised by it.”

Chrissy nodded. “You know what, since you and Nicole got together, I’ve been more conscious about assuming things. I don’t ask if someone has a boyfriend or girlfriend, I just ask if they’re seeing anyone. It’s actually pretty interesting because I’m not really surprised by their answer that way. If I were assuming someone had a girlfriend and they said they had a boyfriend, I’d be a little surprised. But when I leave it open for any answer and I don’t have any expectations, it’s not really all that shocking, you know?”

“You started doing that because of me?” Waverly asked, a slight smile creeping onto her face.

“Yep,” Chrissy nodded as one corner of her mouth pulled up in a half smile. “And I know I’m not the only one your coming out has had a positive impact on. So just know that even though you go through some bullshit, you’re also inspiring positive change.”

Waverly beamed as she continued to walk beside Chrissy with a little more pep in her stride. “Oh,
before I forget, can you be at Shorty’s tonight?”

“Sure. But for what?” Chrissy asked in curiosity.

“That’s when I’m going to propose.”

The blonde halted her movements in the middle of the mall hallway and grabbed Waverly by the arm to pull her back. “Um, hold up. You’re proposing tonight? As in, in just a few short hours?!”

“I am,” Waverly nodded.

“Waves! Why didn’t you tell me tonight was the night?!”

Waverly shrugged. “Because I kind of just decided it.”

“Okay, we need to get back to Purgatory, pronto! Do you know what you’re going to wear? What are you going to say? Oh my god, I haven’t even prepared my ‘congratulations’ yet!”

“Chrissy, calm down. I don’t want this to be such a big thing. You know how Nicole doesn’t like to make a big deal about things, so I just want to keep it simple. Just like the way Nicole likes things to be.” She held up the bag with the ring in it and shook it. “Simple.”

“Okay okay, fine. Sorry for getting excited about my first proposal. I just like extravagant things,” Chrissy said sarcastically as she held her hands up in mock surrender.

Waverly shook her head as she wrapped her arm around Chrissy’s and urged her to continue walking. “So I guess this is a bad time to tell you that our wedding will probably be at the homestead.”

Chrissy whined as she trudged along beside Waverly.

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“Come on Dolls, we’re going to be late!” Nicole yelled from where she was sitting on the front desk of the station, impatiently swinging her legs back and forth.

“Okay okay, I’m coming. I just have to finish up this last little bit of this report and then I’m done. What’s the big deal anyways?” He asked as he read the text on his phone from Waverly…

Waverly: We just got to the bar. You two can leave now! :)

“I don’t know. Waverly wants us all at the bar for something. She said it’s important, and I don’t want to keep her waiting.” Nicole replied.

“Sounds like you’re whipped to me,” Dolls chuckled as he typed his reply…

Dolls: Okay, we’re leaving now.

He shoved his phone in his pocket and grabbed his coat from the back of his chair as he walked out towards the lobby.

“Okay, yeah, I’m whipped. So what?” As soon as Nicole heard him coming, she jumped off the desk and rushed towards the front door. “I just like making her happy. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“No, there’s not.” Dolls smiled as he locked the door behind them. He knew exactly why they were
going to Shorty’s, and he was finding it amusing that Nicole had no clue.

Nicole had to focus really hard on not speeding down the road. Waverly said she wanted them there by 8:00, and it was already almost 8:15. And Nicole was usually very punctual.

When she pulled into a parking spot, Nicole wasted no time in getting out of the car before rushing towards the door.

“Haught, slow down,” Dolls laughed. “We’ve got plenty of time.”

“She said to be here fifteen minutes ago.”

“Yeah, but I’m sure she’ll be fine if we’re a little late.”

“You don’t know Waverly like I do,” Nicole replied.

“Whatever you say,” Dolls mumbled with an amused smile as he shook his head.

As Nicole got closer to the door, she heard shouting. “Oh great, someone’s yelling. I’m sure it’s Waverly yelling something about us being late.”

“Would you chill out? I’m sure it’s just Wynonna being drunk and not realizing that she’s using her outside voice.”

Nicole sighed as she grabbed the front door handle and eagerly swung it open. When she walked inside, she immediately locked eyes with Waverly standing by the bar, but her smile quickly dropped when she saw the look of panic on her girlfriend’s face. It was only a second later when she realized that the entire place was dead silent, and everyone inside was motionless, as if they were frozen. She looked over to her right and saw what everyone was staring at, and that’s when it clicked. There was a teenage boy – about fifteen years old – pointing a gun at somebody. When she saw that he was pointing it at Wynonna standing behind the bar with her hands in the air, she drew her own gun from her utility belt.

“Drop your weapon!” Nicole shouted in a firm voice. As soon as the words left her mouth, the sound of a gunshot rang through the bar, followed by a second gunshot, and then some screams.

It took Nicole’s brain a moment to catch up to what was happening. She looked around the room, and everything was dead silent. She couldn’t tell if it was because her ears were ringing from the sound of the gunshots, or because nobody was talking. Her eyes landed on Dolls, who seemed to be calling for an ambulance as he looked at her with his gun pointed at the kid, who was now lying face down on the floor, with blood slightly pooling around his body. She looked around some more to make sense of the scene, when her eyes landed on Waverly. The brunette was shaking as she stared at her with wide eyes and a trembling hand over her mouth. Tears started to run down her cheeks, and Nicole wanted to tell her that everything was going to be okay. That an ambulance was already on the way to get the boy some help, and that they were going to figure this out.

Nicole had lost all sense of time. It felt like it had been several minutes since the shots were fired, but in reality, it had only been about three seconds. Suddenly, something caught her eye. She looked down and noticed the blood dripping onto the floor from her abdomen. There was a giant patch of red on her uniform shirt, and suddenly she realized what had happened. She touched the spot to feel the blood, just to make sure it was real; to make sure this wasn’t all a dream. When she felt the warm liquid on her fingers, she immediately looked at Waverly, who was now running towards her, shouting something, but Nicole couldn’t hear anything. Before Waverly had reached her, everything slowly faded to black, and reality slipped away from her.
Chapter End Notes

Feel free to complain over at odaatlover.tumblr.com where you’ll get the most interaction from me!
Nicole walked through the front door of Shorty’s and sighed as she sat down at one of the stools. After setting her Stetson on the bar in front of her, she looked around for Wynonna, but didn’t see her. Typical.

“Evening, Officer. Is there something I can get you?”

Nicole smiled. She knew that voice better than anyone’s. She looked up and instantly noticed Waverly standing in front of her, wearing a Shorty’s shirt that was short enough to expose her midriff with sleeves that went midway down her forearms. Her high-waisted shorts rested just above her hips, and were so tight that it sent a shot of arousal straight to Nicole’s core. She eyed her girlfriend up and down with a giddy grin.

“Okay, is this some sort of roleplaying game? Because if so, I’m all for it.” Nicole shook her head as she bit her bottom lip, eyeing the brunette’s cleavage.

Waverly blushed and used the rag to cover her chest. “Um, I don’t really know what you mean, but let me know when you’re ready to order.” She gave a small smile as she walked to the other end of the bar to help another customer.

Nicole shrugged with a small smile. Maybe this wasn’t roleplaying and Waverly was covering Wynonna’s shift for some reason. But whatever the reason, she was enjoying the view of that outfit. She made a mental note to ask Waverly to keep it on for later.

Nicole grabbed a menu and scanned her eyes over it. She squinted when she noticed the addition of sweet and sour soup with a dollop of peanut butter. With a light chuckle, she shook her head. “Waverly,” She whispered to herself in amusement, figuring the brunette must have convinced her aunt to put her favorite food on the menu…despite how gross it sounded.

“Hey Nikki!” Sam greeted as she slid into the stool beside Nicole and slung an arm around the redhead.

“You’re never going to stop calling me that, are you…”

“Probably not.”

Nicole rolled her eyes and bit back her smile. As much as she truly didn’t like the nickname, she did enjoy their occasional banter over it.

“So, you on a lunch break?” Sam snatched the menu out of Nicole’s hands and began to look over it.

Nicole furrowed her brow. She suddenly realized that she had no recollection of how she got there, or what she was even doing before. She figured it had just been a long day, so she shrugged it off.
“Yeah, I must be.”

“Cool. Me too.”

“Um, lunch break from what?” Nicole snorted. “Bartender dude?” She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Sam looked at her in confusion. “No, a lunch break from work, duh. And who’s bartender dude?”

“You know, the bartender from the other night. The one that you slept with? I don’t know his name…”

Sam’s eyes widened as she placed the menu down on the laminated counter. “What are you talking about? I would never sleep with another man! I only have eyes for Danny!”

Nicole could tell that her friend was getting really defensive, which only confused her even more. “Are you having second thoughts?”

“Second thoughts about what?”

“About your separation with Danny?”

Sam slowly shook her head as she looked at Nicole in confusion. “Nicole, I have no idea what you’re talking about, but Danny and I are happily married. I’ve never once thought about leaving him.”

Nicole looked around for a moment in thought. “He was the one who left you though. You know, because you don’t want to have kids and he does? Is none of this ringing a bell?” She waved her hand around.

The brunette aggressively jumped off of her stool and scowled at Nicole. “I don’t know what’s been going on with you lately, but I’d appreciate it if you stayed out of my marriage.” She stomped towards the door, leaving Nicole sitting there, looking stunned.

“Sam, wait!” She paused for a moment in thought as some words from earlier finally hit her. “And since when do you work around here?” She shouted, but Sam was already gone.

“Figure out what you want yet?”

Nicole turned back around to see Waverly looking at her impatiently. “Did you hear all that?”

“Um, hear what?” Waverly quirked an eyebrow as she ran her hand through her hair.

A quick sparkle from Waverly’s hand as it brushed through her hair caught Nicole’s eye, and the redhead immediately noticed a ring. But not just any ring, the ring. The ring she had picked out for Waverly. Her heart began to race. She couldn’t remember proposing to her. And yet, Waverly was wearing the ring. Why was she wearing the ring? And why couldn’t she remember giving it to her? She stared at the piece of jewelry as Waverly brought her hand down to rest on the counter.

“How did you find this?” Nicole asked as she grabbed Waverly’s hand.

The brunette squinted in confusion. “Huh?”

“Hey baby!” A deep voice called out, followed by the approaching sound of bulky footsteps.

Nicole immediately looked up. As soon as she saw who it was, she felt rage fill her entire body. She
shot up so quickly that the stool she had been sitting in fell over onto the floor, attracting the attention of everyone in the bar. “What the hell are you doing here!” She fumed, hoping that there was no mistake in the threatening tone of her voice.

Champ drew his eyebrows together. “Uh, just saying hey to my girl? Is that a crime?” He chuckled as he wrapped his arm around Waverly.

Nicole narrowed her eyes at him and reached over the bar to push him away, causing him to stumble back. “Get your fucking hands off of her! You don’t get to touch her ever again!” She attempted to jump over the bar to kick the shit out of him – she didn’t care about her job at this point. She was too furious that he had the audacity to not only come back here, but to put his arm around Waverly like that – but was stopped by a couple of hands on her shoulders pushing her back.

“What the hell is wrong with you?!” Waverly barked.

Nicole looked up, and that’s when she noticed it for the first time. That look that Waverly always had in her eyes whenever she looked at Nicole wasn’t there. She had never not seen that look. Even with that very first time she walked into the coffee shop after moving to Purgatory, it was there. She didn’t know what it was back then, but it was there. Now, there was nothing. Her eyes were just empty.

“Waves?” Nicole asked in a soft voice. Something was different. Waverly instantly dropped her hands by her side as anger took over her features. “No, you don’t get to call me that anymore. You lost the right to do so when you broke up with me.”

Nicole’s eyes widened. “Broke up?” She asked barely above a whisper, but Waverly had continued speaking.

“I’m with Champ now, and we’re getting married. You moved on, and so did I. I don’t know what you’re trying to do here, but if you think you can just weasel your way back into my life after leaving me like that, then you’re wrong. Now get the hell out of my bar!”

“Uh, babe, I think you mean Curtis’s bar.” Champ stated matter-of-factly.

“Can you just go and clean the bathrooms like I asked please?” Waverly replied, trying not to sound too mean. But the hurt in her voice from previously yelling at Nicole was still present.

“God, it’s so hot when you boss me around like that.” He gave her a quick peck on the cheek before grabbing the mop and bucket, and making his way towards the bathrooms.

Nicole just stood there, trying to wrap her head around everything. First Sam and Danny are still together and are apparently living in Purgatory, Now Waverly is engaged to Champ, and Nicole had broken up with her? Nothing made sense. She didn’t have any memory of any of those things, and yet it felt like maybe she did.

With the look Waverly was giving her, she knew that her best bet was to leave for now and figure it out somewhere else. She grabbed her Stetson from the bar, not once taking her eyes off of the woman she was in love with, before turning around and slowly walking out the door.

When she pushed opened the wide double doors of the saloon, she was oddly led to the front porch of her house. She looked around and saw her squad car in the driveway behind her, but didn’t remember even driving it here. Everything was becoming more confusing by the minute. She shook her head and pushed the front door open. When she walked inside, she froze. She looked around the room at the packed boxes and lack of furniture. It was exactly like she last saw it. When she found...her; in bed, with that guy.
There you are sweetie! Home from work already?"

Nicole’s keys slipped out of her hand, causing them to make a harsh sound against the wood floor, as her eyes widened. “M—…Marissa?” After all this time, Nicole was staring directly at the one person she never thought she would see again – her ex.

The woman chuckled. “Oh, are we going by first names now? Well, Nicole, dinner is going to be ready in a few minutes. I was going to unpack some boxes while I wait for the casserole to finish cooking in the oven. Want to help me?”

Nicole swallowed thickly. This didn’t make any sense. None of this made sense. She shook her head in confusion before finally asking, “What are you doing here?”

“Uh, I live here, silly,” Marissa chuckled.

“With…with me?” Nicole stuttered.

The woman quirked an eyebrow. “I mean, yeah? You’re my wife now, so of course we live together.” She smiled.

Nicole looked down at her finger and first the first time saw a ring. It was big, and bulky, and not at all the type of ring she liked. She suddenly felt sick to her stomach. This wasn’t right. It couldn’t be. She felt like she was in some alternate reality that she didn’t belong in, and yet somehow, she knew that it was real. This was her life. She didn’t know how she got to this point, but this was her life now.

“Her vitals look very good,” The doctor said with a smile as he wrote something down in Nicole’s chart on his clipboard.

“Good, now wake her up.” Wynonna demanded as she folded her arms across her chest.

“I’m afraid I can’t do that.”

“Well why not? You’re supposed to be a doctor! So be a doctor and wake her up!”

“Wynonna.” A small, hoarse voice said from the chair in the corner behind her.

Wynonna turned around to look at her sister. It was the first thing she’d said since they found out that Nicole came out of surgery in a coma last night. Her face was red and puffy from crying so much. She looked like she wanted to cry, but like she didn’t have any tears left. So instead, she just sat there; quiet and broken. After moving to stand beside her little sister, Wynonna reached out and grabbed Waverly’s hand and gave it a light squeeze before looking back at the doctor. She just looked at him, silently begging him to do something to fix this; to fix the love of her sister’s life.

“I wish there was more I could do,” He sighed as he flipped the papers over on his clipboard and held it down by his side. “Her surgery went very well, and there are no signs of any physical issues. Right now, it’s up to her to wake up. I’ll keep you updated if her condition changes.” He gave a small smile of sympathy and a short nod of his head before walking out the of the room.

Wynonna gritted her teeth and she sighed in frustration as she plopped down in the chair beside
Waverly. She knew the circumstances and that there was nothing that could be done, but being angry at the doctor made her feel better. She looked at Nicole, just lying there in the same position she had been in for the past twenty-four hours, looking no different. It was as if time for her was frozen while everything else moved around her. Wynonna shook her head and stood up. “I’m going to go to the cafeteria to get something to eat. Wanna come with me?”

Waverly shook her head as she looked down at her lap.

“Well, do you want me to bring you something?”

She shook her head again.

“Well, do you want me to bring you something?”

“Okay,” Wynonna replied as she placed her hand on the back of Waverly’s head and gently kissed the top of it before walking out of the room.

As soon as Wynonna was gone, Waverly quickly shut the door and dragged her chair over towards the bed to sit beside Nicole. It was the first time she’d had some privacy with her since everything went down. She knew that she wasn’t the only one who was worried, and she didn’t want to ask anyone to leave because of her own wants; she thought that would be too selfish. So, she patiently waited for her time alone; for this time alone.

As she sat down in the chair, she immediately took Nicole’s hand in her own, intertwining their fingers. Her hand was cold. She hoped that Nicole was warm enough, but was afraid to pull the blanket over her arms in case she got too warm. She brought Nicole’s hand up to her lips and inhaled through her nose, breathing in the natural scent of the redhead, before giving it a long and lingering kiss. A small smile formed across her face at the familiar smell, and almost immediately tears began to form in her eyes. She opened them, releasing the tears and allowing them to fall down her face.

“I hope you’re okay in there,” She whispered with a smile as she placed her free hand on Nicole’s cheek and gently brushed her thumb across it. She pushed some of the red hair out of her face before returning her hand to its previous position on her cheek.

“I know how strong you are, and I know you’d never give up without a fight. The doctors say that everything is okay with you, and that it’s up to you to wake up now.”

She took in a shaky breath and quickly wiped the tears from her cheeks.

“I don’t know how any of this works, but it’s okay if you need a little break. You went through a lot, and they weren’t sure if you were even going to make it to the hospital. But you did. And they said they lost you for a bit during the surgery, but you came back. So I know you’ve been fighting a lot.” Her voice became shakier as the tears fell harder.

She closed her eyes and tried to steady her breathing before opening them back up to continue.

“But I need you to wake up. It doesn’t have to be now, but eventually. I need you to come back to me, because I can’t do this without you. I don’t know how anymore. So please. If you can hear me baby, come back to me.”

“You called me?” Nicole said as she entered the sheriff’s office.
“Huh?” Dolls looked up from his papers in confusion.

“Didn’t you just say to come back to you or something?” He quirked an eyebrow. “Uh, no?”

“Huh.” Nicole scrunched her face before shaking her head. “Sorry, it’s been a weird few days. Sometimes I wonder if I’m going crazy.”

“You’re not going crazy. You’ve just been through a lot lately. With the funeral and then having to plan a wedding…it’s a lot for one person to take on in such a short amount of time.”

Nicole nodded. “Yeah, maybe you’re right.”

“Here, sit down,” He smiled, and watched as Nicole plopped into the chair before rubbing her eyes with the palms of her hands. “How are you doing with it?”

“With being married, or with watching the man who was like a father to me get shot in the stomach in the bar owned by my ex-girlfriend’s uncle?”

Dolls dropped his smile and looked down at his desk with sad eyes, and Nicole sighed.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know why I said that.”

“It’s okay, I get it.” He nodded down towards his desk before looking back up at her. “When I heard the news, I didn’t believe it. I can’t imagine actually watching it all go down; having that memory replaying in my head.”

Nicole shrugged. “It’s a part of the job.”

“Watching your boss die in front of you is not part of the job. Or at least, you don’t think it is until it happens.” He shook his head as he pursed his lips. “Sometimes I don’t even feel like I belong here. Sitting in his chair, working at his desk…it feels wrong. Anytime someone calls me sheriff, I look around for him first, and then realize that they’re talking to me.”

Nicole reached out and took his hand. The feeling of a hand in hers felt familiar, but she couldn’t place it. She shrugged it off and looked up at him. “You do deserve it. You earned this job fair and square. I know you’re still trying to get over shooting that kid—”

“What? What kid?” He asked curiously.

“Huh?” Nicole replied in confusion as she pulled her hand away, but it somehow still felt like it was there; like her hand wasn’t empty.

“You said I shot a kid?”

“I did?”

“Yeah, just now.” His face quickly changed from confusion to concern. “Are you sure you’re alright?”

Nicole sat back in the chair and shook her head. “I guess I’m just stressed.”

“Speaking of, how’s married life?” He smirked as he picked up a paper ball from his desk and began tossing it back and forth between his hands.
It’s okay I guess. I just never thought that Marissa and I would get back together after she cheated on me with that guy.

He froze. “Whoa, wait a minute. Marissa slept with a dude?!”

“Yeah. I came home one day and caught her in bed with him.”

“Wait, I’m confused. Didn’t you two just move in together last week? Was this recently?!”

Nicole looked over in thought. She couldn’t exactly remember when it happened. “It must have been recently, but it feels like it was so long ago.”

“You sure this wasn’t a dream?!”

“I don’t know. Maybe? I’ve been getting these weird thoughts lately and I have no idea where they’re coming from.”

“You might want to get that looked at,” Dolls said in a serious tone of voice.

“You know how much I hate doctors,” She rolled her eyes.

“I know, but this could be serious. You have to see a doctor. Go to the hospital and they can help you. You have to go because they’re waiting for you. You have to come back.”

Nicole shook her head. “Come back where?”

“What do you mean?”

“You just said I have to come back. Come back where?”

“I said that?” He continued to toss the ball back and forth between his hands.

“I think so? Didn’t you?”

“I don’t remember,” He shrugged.

“Oh.” Nicole blinked a few times as she rubbed her eyes with her hands some more. “What were we talking about again?”

“I don’t remember,” He shook his head.

Nicole sighed as she slowly stood up from the chair, careful not to hurt her stomach. “I’m going to get back to work.”

“Okay.” He said shortly as he continued to throw the paper ball from one hand to the other in perfect rhythm.

Nicole groaned and snatched it out of his hand. “And would you stop with the paper balls already! It pisses me off when you and Lonnie mess around with those things.” She threw it in the recycling container.

“Who’s Lonnie?”

She shook her head and sighed. “I don’t even know anymore.”

As soon as she stepped out of Dolls’s office, she looked around the bar. Everyone was silent. She
locked eyes with Waverly, who was standing beside Wynonna. She felt an initial feeling of fear, but she didn’t know why. She shook it off and walked over towards the younger Earp before sliding into the stool as the chatter of the customers progressively filled her ears.

“Know what you want yet?” Waverly asked in a tone that sounded like she was slightly annoyed.

“Can I get an Americano with a little bit of half and half steamed in, and a dash of cinnamon?” Nicole asked as she gave her most charming smile.

Waverly shook her head and bit back her smile. When Waverly handed the to-go cup over, Nicole reached out and grabbed it, brushing her fingers against the brunette’s. The electricity that surged through her entire body was enough to light up an entire city. Before she could even say anything, Waverly pulled her hand away, and Nicole frowned. She was about to say something, when the words on the cup caught her eye.

“Why does the cup say ‘The Grind’ on it?” She asked curiously.

“I don’t know,” Waverly said dryly with a shrug. “Is there anything else I can get you, officer?” She asked with a raised eyebrow as she folded her arms across her chest.

Nicole sighed. “Can we talk?”

“Here?”

“I was thinking more like somewhere private.”

“Nobody’s here.” Waverly replied as she waved her hand around.

Nicole looked around the bar and saw that it was completely empty. There wasn’t a single other person in the room. She turned back to look at Waverly. “You’re right. Here is fine.”

“So what do you want to talk about?” She leaned over the bar so that her face was about a foot away from Nicole’s.

Nicole sighed as she looked at Waverly’s ring. She reached out and took the brunette’s hand as she ran the pad of her thumb over the diamond. “Do you want to get married?”

Waverly stood up from her previous position and frowned. “I don’t know how to answer that.”

“Why are you engaged to him and not to me?”

“Because, you broke up with me.” She pulled her hand out of Nicole’s and began to wipe down the bar with a rag.

“I didn’t mean to.”

Waverly shook her head and chuckled. “Yeah, right. You didn’t mean to leave me. Sure.”

Nicole furrowed her brow. “What do you mean leave you?”

She threw the rag down on top of the bar and sighed as she ran her hands through her hair in frustration. “You left me, Nicole. We were happy, and then suddenly you were gone. You left me all alone. It’s okay if you needed a little break, you were fighting. But you left me. And you’re still gone.”

Nicole shook her head in confusion. “I’m right here baby. I didn’t go anywhere.”
“You’re here physically, but you’re not here with me. And now I’m with Champ. And you’re with Marissa.”

“I don’t want to be with her, I want to be with you,” Nicole shook her head.

“But you’re not with me. You wanted to get engaged to her, not me.”

“I didn’t know you then!” Nicole shouted.

Waverly shook her head. “What are you talking about?”

Nicole sighed. “I don’t know. I just…look, I know I messed up. But I can fix this.”

Waverly slung the rag over her shoulder and shook her head. “It’s too late. You weren’t here. We could’ve been together if you had been here, but you were late, and now you’re gone.”

“Waves, wait! I’m still here! Don’t leave me! I can’t do this without you!” She watched as Waverly faded away into the darkness of the bar. Suddenly, she felt her heart painfully beating in her chest.

She clenched her uniform shirt over her chest and looked down to see blood falling from her stomach and onto the wooden floor in front of her. She cried out as a sudden sharp feeling of pain filled her chest. She fell out of the stool and dropped to the floor, writhing around in agony, calling out Waverly’s name to help her.

“Help! Somebody, help, please!” Waverly shouted as she scanned her eyes around at the machines beeping rapidly. Something was wrong, but Nicole wasn’t moving. She looked exactly the same as she had been, and yet according to the monitors, something was really wrong.

“Code blue!” One of the doctor’s shouted as he ran into the room, followed by a couple of other doctors and some nurses. “Ma’am, I’m going to need you to step back,” He said as he urged Waverly out of the room, but she pushed him back.

“I’m not leaving her! I promised I wouldn’t leave her!”

“Ma’am, please. Let us do our jobs. We’ll keep you posted, but right now you have to go so we can help Nicole.”

“No!” She pushed around him as hard as she could and ran over towards Nicole. She grabbed her hand and shook it in an attempt to wake her up. “Baby, it’s me. Please wake up. I know you’re in there, you just need to wake up!” Tears were streaming down her face as she tried so hard to wake up the redhead, but it was no use.

“Someone get her out of here!” A female doctor beside her yelled.

“I’m on it,” The previous doctor grabbed her again and took her out of the room and led her towards the waiting area.

Waverly immediately plopped down into the chair and began to sob as Wynonna rushed down the hallway towards her sister with two coffees in her hand. “What happened?!” She demanded as she sat down beside her sister, setting the cups on the floor by her feet.

“I’m sorry, but we’re doing everything we can. I promise we’ll update you as soon as we have any
news. But for now, it’s best if you both wait here.” The doctor gestured in their direction as he swiftly turned around and headed back towards the room Nicole was in.

“Hey, hey. What’s going on? What happened?” Wynonna cooed as she raked her fingers through Waverly’s hair.

“She…I was just sitting next to her. I was just talking to her, and she looked like she was about to wake up maybe. But then she…” Waverly dropped her face in her hands as the sobs took over once again.

Wynonna immediately wrapped her arms around Waverly and rocked her back in forth as she continued to run her hands through her light, brown waves.

“It’s been three days. Why is this happening now?” Waverly managed to ask.

“I don’t know baby girl. I don’t know,” Wynonna replied softly as she stared down the hall at the door of the room, watching the shadows of everyone through the blinds over the window. Suddenly, she knew exactly what was happening. She swallowed thickly as she watched the shadows of all of the doctors raising their hands in the air.

“Clear!”

Nicole looked around at the beautiful flowers surrounding her. She inhaled through her nose and smiled at the sweet, familiar smell of lavender. She looked ahead at the unmoving water of the lake in front of them. There were no clouds in the sky, but it wasn’t hot. In fact, it was a comfortable temperature. Everything was perfect.

“Why are you here?” A man with salt and pepper hair asked. He picked up a rock and skipped it across the lake.

Nicole shook her head as she watched the rock hit the water three times before disappearing underneath the surface. “I don’t know,” She shrugged. She sat on the grass beside him with her knees bent in front of her and her forearms resting on top. “It’s nice here.”

The man looked over at her. “You don’t belong here, you know.”

She shrugged. “Maybe I do.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Because, I was careless. And reckless. I wasn’t thinking and I just reacted.”

“To what?” He skipped another rock, which bounced three times again before sinking.

Nicole shook her head. “I don’t remember. But I know it’s true. I messed up, and now Waverly thinks I left her.”

He held his hand up to throw another rock, but paused with his hand in the air for a moment before resting it back down on his knee. “Did you leave her?”

“Not on purpose. But now I can’t find her, and I’m just so lost. But I found this place and…I like it
here. It’s nice; peaceful.” She ran her hands along the soft green grass beside her.

He inhaled through his nose and nodded as he fidgeted with the rock. “Do you love her?”

Without hesitation, Nicole turned to look him dead in the eyes and replied, “More than anyone.”

He nodded as a small smile grew. “Ever since she was a little girl, all I wanted was for her to be happy. That’s all Gus and I ever wanted for her. You see, she was special. She wasn’t like Willa or Wynonna. Something about her was just…so bright. I loved Willa, and I loved Wynonna, but Waverly and I just had this special bond. And I just wanted to protect her from everything. I wanted her to live a happy life with someone who really loves her and cares about her.” He looked over at Nicole. “And it’s pretty clear that you’re the one for the job. So, you can’t stay here.”

Nicole sighed as she shook her head, when she felt a rock being put in her hand. She looked down at it with a furrowed brow before looking up at him.

“Try it.” He gave a quick nod before skipping his own rock – three skips – and then looking expectantly at her.

She studied the rock curiously for a moment before throwing it as hard as she could. It bounced three times…then four, then five, then six, and so many more until it continued to skip out of sight. She watched in confusion as she shook her head. “I don’t understand.”

He chuckled with a smile and nodded. With his hand on top of hers, he leaned over and said, “You don’t belong here.” He punctuated his words with a wink before pushing himself up off the ground and reaching his hand down for her to take. “Come on. I’ll take you to her.”

Nicole looked at his hand for a moment in hesitation, before slowly taking it. As soon as their hands touched, Nicole looked around and saw white walls with baby blue trim. There were no other people around, only empty chairs. She realized where she was – the hospital waiting room – and sighed before folding her arms over her chest and sliding down in her seat until the back of her head was comfortably resting on the back of her chair. She closed her eyes and began to drift off, but just before she could fall asleep she felt a hand on her shoulder. She quickly opened her eyes and saw a doctor standing in front of her. She didn’t recognize his face, only his voice. She didn’t know where she recognized it from, but she knew she had heard it before.

“They’re ready for you,” The doctor said.

Nicole slowly sat up in her chair. “Who’s ready for me?”

He smiled as he began to walk away, urging her to follow with a few waves of his hand.

She pushed herself out of her chair, groaning at the pain in her stomach as she did so, before rushing over to catch up with him. When he opened the double doors, all she could see was a bright white light. She covered her arm over her face and squinted as she proceeded through the doors, and into the unknown.

Waverly sat by Nicole’s bed with her arm resting on the mattress beside Nicole, and her cheek resting on her arm as she traced hearts on the top of Nicole’s hand. It had been nearly a week since the shooting, and she had spent every single day by Nicole’s side, despite everyone telling her she
needed a break. They were adamant, but she was stubborn, and she always won that argument. And even though with every passing day the chances of Nicole waking up were getting smaller and smaller, she never once gave up hope.

She sighed as she looked up at Nicole’s face, and instantly noticed the redhead’s eyelids slightly moving. She quickly jumped out of her chair and hovered over Nicole’s face as she held her cheeks in her hands. “Nicole? Baby, can you hear me?” She asked rapidly.

The redhead’s eyes slowly fluttered open, and Waverly gasped. “Wynonna! She’s waking up!” She yelled, hoping that she was loud enough for her sister to hear from the waiting area. There was no way she was leaving Nicole’s side, not even to go outside the door to properly call for her sister.

The sound of leather boots swiftly hitting the floor grew louder until Wynonna was in the room. Waverly instantly turned around and smiled, tears of joy rolling down her already tear-stained cheeks from crying so much over the past few days. “Her eyes are opening. She’s finally waking up. I told you she would.”

“I’ll get the doctor,” Wynonna said firmly before running out the door. It was only a matter of seconds before she appeared with the doctor by her side, hurrying to check on his patient.

“Nicole, can you hear me?” The doctor said.

Nicole recognized the voice. It was the voice of the doctor that took her from the waiting room. The sound of a groggy voice came from the redhead’s mouth as her eyelids opened halfway and closed a few times, trying to make everything less blurry and more clear. She looked over at Waverly and struggled to lift her hand, and desperately trying to latch onto any part of the brunette that she could reach.

Waverly grabbed Nicole’s shaky hand and held it tight as she raked the fingers of her free hand through fiery locks. “I’m here baby. You’re okay. I’m here.” She smiled, trying to reassure her girlfriend.

“C-curtis” Nicole rasped.

Waverly scrunched her eyebrows in confusion and slowly shook her head. “Curtis? Uncle Curtis?” Nicole slowly nodded a couple of times as she made small incoherent sounds.

“What about him? I don’t understand.” Waverly shook her head, wanting all the answers, but trying to convince herself that she wasn’t going to be able to get them anytime soon, judging by the state of her girlfriend.

“She may be a little disoriented,” The doctor explained as he shined a light in each of Nicole’s eyes before putting the small flashlight back in his coat pocket. “Her responses seem to be fine. But she’s very weak right now. It may take her some time to be able to really speak, or to fully get her memories back.”

“Her memories?” Waverly questioned. “You mean, she might not remember anything? Or…us?” She squeezed Nicole’s hand tighter, and the redhead tried to squeeze back, but she was too weak.

Nicole laid there, helplessly. She had so much she wanted to say. She wanted to tell Waverly that she remembered everything. That she remembered who she was and where she was, and what happened at Shorty’s – however long ago that was. It felt like it happened last night, but the lack of strength in her body was telling her that it may have been longer. But most importantly, she wanted to tell her that she was sorry for being late, and for handling the situation poorly. She shouldn’t have drawn her
gun like that on a kid who was obviously scared. She wished she had done everything differently. She wanted to say all of that, but she couldn’t. She knew that she only had enough strength to get a few words out; and she wanted them to be the right words. The words that she had been wanting to say for so long, but was just waiting for the right time. She wasn’t sure if this was the right time or not, but she didn’t care. She had to say them. She squeezed Waverly’s hand as hard as she could and groaned to get the brunette’s attention.

Waverly looked down at Nicole’s hand in her own when she felt the slight pressure, then she looked up at Nicole, who was looking at her like she was trying to tell her something.

“What is it baby?” Waverly leaned down and gently rested her hand on top of Nicole’s before placing a small kiss on her forehead. “I’m here, tell me.”

Nicole swallowed, wincing at how dry her throat was before taking in a couple of deep breaths. She wanted this to come out right. She didn’t want to have to repeat her words, so she prepared herself to physically speak. As she looked into Waverly’s eyes, she saw it – that look. Her eyes weren’t empty like before, but rather full of love and desire, and it gave Nicole the strength to say what she needed to say. With her eyes locked onto Waverly’s, and their fingers intertwined, she opened her mouth and in a hoarse voice asked...

“Will you marry me?”
Every Step of the Way

Chapter Summary

Waverly gives her answer to Nicole's question, and we see how Nicole is recovering.

UPDATE: I’m seeing that some readers think this is the last chapter or that this is the end? There will be plenty more chapters, people! There will be a happy ending! So don’t stress 😊

Chapter Notes

Just a heads up, this is a pretty emotional chapter. So be prepared! Why am I so bad at chapter titles and summaries 😕

“W-what?” Waverly stuttered as she stared down at Nicole with wide eyes, completely caught off guard by the question.

The doctor awkwardly cleared his throat. “I’ll give you two some privacy.” He walked out of the room before shutting the door behind him.

It wasn’t that she didn’t hear Nicole, but more so that it was taking her a little bit longer to process the words. When she noticed the look on Nicole’s face at having to repeat herself, Waverly shook her head and gave a wave of her hand in dismissal. “No baby, sorry. You don’t have to ask again. I heard you the first time.” She smiled as Nicole relaxed a little into the hospital bed.

With a gentle pat on the back of Nicole’s hand, Waverly looked around the room. As soon as she spotted her purse, she made her way towards it – holding onto Nicole's hand for as long as she could until the distance caused it to slip away – and pulled out a small box. She turned around with a grin as she opened it and slightly shook her head in amusement.

“I bought this last week.” She paused and her smile dropped when she realized that what she wanted to say next might not be the best thing to say at the moment. But she wanted Nicole to know; she needed her to know. With a deep breath, she slowly sat on the bed beside the redhead and locked eyes before continuing, “I was going to ask you at Shorty’s that night. I told Dolls to stall because I wasn’t ready yet, so that’s why you both were late. I wanted you to be.”

Nicole felt a wave of relief wash over her. She’d been feeling guilty, like all of this was her fault. If she had only gotten there sooner, maybe none of this would happen. But it wasn’t her fault. It wasn’t anyone’s fault. She was starting to realize that now, even though everything was still a little bit hazy.

“But I was planning on proposing to you.” Waverly pulled the ring out of the box and slid the gold band on Nicole’s finger with a giant grin painted on her face. “That’s a ‘yes’, by the way.” She leaned down and placed a delicate, yet passionate kiss on Nicole’s lips.

“Haught damn! You’re awake!” Wynonna shouted as she barged into the room, followed by Sam,
and Doc holding Alice. “I called the rest of the gang. They’re all going to stop by at some point to check in on you.” She narrowed her eyes when she realized she had caught them in mid-kiss. “You two weren’t just about to get frisky, were you? Not that I’m judging, because honestly sex would be the first thing on my mind if I were in a coma for a week…”

Waverly gave her sister a warning look. Sometimes her bluntness was a little inappropriate, and this was definitely one of those times. “She’s still a little weak,” Waverly said while protectively brushing her hand through Nicole’s hair as she glared at her sister.

Nicole initially winced at the words. She hated being referred to as ‘weak’, but she eventually relaxed into the touch, knowing that Waverly meant well.

“I’m so glad you’re okay,” Sam said as she rushed over to give Nicole a hug. When she earned a small grunt in response, she quickly pulled back. “Sorry, sorry. Too much?”

Nicole slowly shook her head with a small smile, and welcomed her friend back into her arms.

“We’re glad you’re okay too.” Doc said as he walked over with Alice in his arms. “She’s been asking for her Auntie Nicole all week.” He winked as he held Alice out for Nicole to give her a little eskimo kiss followed by an actual kiss on her forehead. After pulling her back against his chest, Doc leaned down to give the redhead a one-armed hug.

Waverly’s heart fluttered at the sound of Doc calling her ‘Auntie Nicole’, when she realized she still hadn’t announced their new status yet. “Oh, that reminds me!” Waverly held Nicole’s hand up to show everyone the ring and practically squealed, “We’re engaged!”

“Finally!” Wynonna exclaimed as she walked over to give both of them a hug before pulling back. “I’m happy for you two. And I’m still going to give you that shovel talk, Haughtpants. So don’t think this whole hospital thing means your off the hook.” She pointed a firm finger in Nicole’s direction.

“Can’t wait,” Nicole rasped with a smile and a wink, and Wynonna winked back as she supportively rubbed Nicole’s shoulder.

Nicole looked around the room, listening to everyone engage in casual conversation, as she held tightly onto Waverly’s hand. She never wanted to let her go, and she knew Waverly felt the same. She could tell by how tightly the brunette held on, even while she was preoccupied with telling Wynonna about how Nicole was the one to propose. She smiled and took in a refreshing breath of air as she relaxed her head against her pillow and closed her eyes, allowing the chatter to fade away as she drifted off.

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**One month later**

Nicole sat at the kitchen table as she pushed her pancakes around her plate. Her stomach was in pain from not having eaten since Waverly brought her lunch to work the day before, but she just didn’t feel like eating. And if she were being honest, she hadn’t felt like eating since she got out of the hospital. She could tell that she had lost a bit of weight with the way her hips and ribs stuck out a little more, and she could feel her muscles getting weaker every day. But she just didn’t feel like working out, and she definitely didn’t have the energy to stick to a regime.

“What’s wrong? You don’t like the pancakes? I knew I shouldn’t have assumed you would want blueberry.” Waverly internally chastised herself.
“No, they’re great baby.” Nicole smiled weakly in an attempt to reassure her fiancé.

“Still not much of an appetite, huh?” Waverly asked with a sympathetic look, even though it was more like an observation.

Nicole dropped her fork before resting her elbows on the table while rubbing her eyes. She shook her head and released a heavy sigh before dropping her hands on the table. “I don’t know what’s been wrong with me lately.”

Waverly reached across the table and held Nicole’s hand. “You’ve been through a lot. I think it’s normal to be a little… off, after an injury like that. And plus with…” She hesitated for a moment before continuing on, “Well, you know. The thing with not being able to have ch—” She was abruptly cut off by the sound of Nicole’s chair roughly scooting across the floor.

“I’m going to be late for work,” Nicole said dryly as she stood up and walked around the table to give Waverly a quick kiss on the cheek, followed by a mumbled, “Love you,” before she was out the door.

Waverly sighed and shook her head before dumping her plate of pancakes onto Nicole’s and wrapping it up to store in the fridge. Suddenly, she didn’t have much of an appetite either.

After rinsing the dishes, she turned off the water and stood over the sink with her palms resting on the counter. Ever since the shooting, everything was different; Nicole was different. She was distant, and she didn’t smile much anymore. What Waverly wouldn’t give to see those captivating dimples again. She couldn’t blame Nicole, though. If anything, she was blaming herself. If she hadn’t have had Dolls stall that night, then he and Nicole would’ve been there before the kid even showed up. All he wanted was for Wynonna to serve him a drink. He looked upset, like he had been through something and just wanted to drown out his sorrows in some vodka. Nicole could’ve easily talked him down, but instead she showed up right in the middle of it all, with no idea what his intentions were. And Waverly felt like it was all because of her. It was because of her that Nicole had gotten shot, and nearly died. In fact, she technically did die a couple of times, and it was a miracle that she had even come back. Waverly could’ve lost Nicole that night, and she couldn’t help but think that in a way, she did lose her. The Nicole she used to know was still lost somewhere, and she wasn’t sure if she’d ever get her back.

She shook her head and sighed as she slammed the door of the dishwasher shut before turning it on. After snatching her phone from the kitchen table, she immediately pulled up Wynonna’s contact and curled up on the end of the couch with her knees pulled up to her chest and rubbed her hand up and down the stubble on her legs as she waited for her sister to answer the video chat call.

“Hey baby sis,” Wynonna said in a slightly quiet but chipper voice.

Waverly squinted her eyes at the screen and noticed her sister completely topless with Alice’s head at the bottom of the screen against her chest. “Are you breastfeeding?”

“Yeah,” Wynonna shrugged.

“Why am I not surprised that you would video chat topless while feeding Alice,” Waverly chuckled as she shook her head.

“Hey, you called me, remember?”

“Well you didn’t have to pick up if you were busy,” Wynonna groaned. “Do you want to talk or not?”
“Yes, I do.” Waverly sighed as she rested her chin on top of her knees. “Nicole is still being weird.”

“She just needs time baby girl.”

Waverly lifted her head and threw her hand up in the air. “Well how much time? It’s been a month. I figured by now she’d be at least somewhat back to normal.”

Wynonna looked at her sister sympathetically. “She went through a traumatic experience. That kind of thing takes a toll on a person, cop or not.”

“I know. But she won’t even talk to me about it. Anytime I bring it up she just shuts down. She needs to talk to somebody, even if that somebody isn’t me.”

“Well have you talked to her yet about maybe seeing a therapist? I know you were wanting to encourage her to do that after how much it’s helped you.”

“I brought it up once and she said she’d think about it, and then she said she had to get to work.” Waverly let out a short laugh. “Seems to be her go-to lately.”

“Just let her do things at her own pace. She’ll come around eventually, but right now she just isn’t ready to talk about it. You have to be patient with her.”

With a sigh, Waverly nodded her head. She knew Wynonna was right, which was why she always called her whenever she got frustrated like this. “You’re right.”

“I know I’m right. I’m always right,” Wynonna said in a cocky tone of voice before changing the subject. “So, what’s on your schedule for today? You have time to stop by at all?”

“I’m seeing my therapist after work today, so maybe after that I can stop by. I need to pick up those last couple of boxes too.”

Wynonna frowned. “That room looks so empty without your stuff in it.”

“Hey, I left the bed!” Waverly exclaimed in defense.

“Yeah, only because Haught’s is better.” Wynonna winked. “Speaking of which, you two made any progress there?”

Waverly shook her head sadly as she rested her chin back down on her knees. “No. She’ll still barely give me more than a peck on the cheek.”

“She’ll get there. You just have to—”

“Be patient, I know,” Waverly snapped. She didn’t want to be patient. She wanted everything to go back to the way it was before. Nicole would barely even let Waverly see her naked. She always changed clothes in the bathroom, and every night she slept in a shirt and shorts. Waverly missed the feeling of the redhead’s bare skin against hers so much. She didn’t want to be selfish, but masturbating just wasn’t enough anymore. She wanted Nicole.

“Right. Be patient with her, just like she was patient with you.” Wynonna gave Waverly a knowing look.

Waverly swallowed thickly. She never truly understood what Nicole had gone through during that time after the Halloween party, until now. Nicole was nothing but supportive, even when Waverly had pushed her away, and Waverly wanted to be exactly that for Nicole. No matter how hard it got,
she was going to be whatever her future wife needed her to be.

“I’ll be the most patient,” Waverly said confidently with a nod of determination.

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As soon as Nicole walked into work that morning, Nedley called her into his office. She walked into the room cautiously before closing the door and sitting down in the chair. She had a bad feeling about this, and if the look on his face was anything to go by, she was right to.

“I just wanted to give you a heads up that I’m going to announce the new sheriff tomorrow.” He looked at her with pursed lips.

Nicole stopped breathing for a few moments, until her burning lungs reminded her that oxygen was a necessity. “Oh?” She said as coolly as she could manage.

“I’m picking Dolls,” Nedley finally said in his typical ‘bad news’ tone of voice.

“Oh.”

The room fell awkwardly silent as Nedley nodded his head a few times while looking down at his desk.

“May I ask why?”

“It’s not that I don’t think you’d be anything short of excellent as sheriff. I just feel like after everything that’s happened, this may not be the best job for you at the moment. It’s just the timing of it, really. You’ve got a lot on your plate already.”

“The doctors say I’m pretty much recovered, sir.”

He waved his hand around. “I don’t mean physically. I mean mentally; emotionally. What you went through was gravely traumatic.”

“And Dolls didn’t? He put a kid in a wheelchair! He hasn’t been able to shoot a gun since!” She winced at the sound of her voice echoing around the room, and realized that her words came out a little more passionately than she had intended.

“I know,” He replied firmly with his clasped hands resting on his desk in front of him. “And that’s pretty traumatic too. But not as traumatic as being shot. Trust me, I know some guys who have taken a bullet. They’re never the same again and they often don’t come back. And even when they do, they realize that it’s too much for them and eventually leave because it’s too much to handle.”

“Well I’m not like those guys. I’m passionate about this job. I wanted to come back to work as soon as I got out of the hospital.”

“I know that—”

“No, I don’t think you do, Nedley.” She shrunk in her chair as she shifted her eyes. “I mean, sir.” After pausing for a moment, she shook her head and sat forward in her chair again. “No, you know what? If you’re going to accuse me of not taking this job seriously after all of the work I’ve put in, then I think I get to call you Nedley.”

He sighed as he leaned back against the chair, inviting her to continue.

“There are two things I’m completely committed to, and that’s Waverly and this job. And yeah, I
may have gotten a little shot, but I came back. And I came back ready to work my ass off. I’m not afraid to go out into the field and put myself in the line of fire if that’s what it takes to protect and serve. I’m not afraid of this job, and you know that. So if you want Dolls to take over as sheriff, then fine. But let it be because he’s a better fit for the job, and not just because I’m the one who got shot, or because—” She paused for a moment, debating whether or not to continue, but her frustration eventually took over. “Or because he’s a man.”

Nedley quickly sat up in his chair as he furrowed his brow. “I never said that—”

“But I want to make sure you don’t. You think that it’s going to take longer for me to recover mentally and emotionally because I got shot, and what, you don’t think I can take a hit? Just because you knew some guys who couldn’t and you don’t think I’m as tough as them, so therefore I must not be able to either?” She stood up from the chair and hovered over his desk. “I’m here. I’m the one going out and responding to calls while Dolls chooses to stay behind to do desk work. Why do you think that is?”

He paused for a moment as he relaxed his eyebrows a little.

“I’m ready for this job. I’ve been ready for this job, and I think you know that. Now, I don’t know why you don’t want me to take over, but I’m not just going to stand by and let you give my job to someone else. And I know that’s arrogant to say, but I was unfairly passed by for promotion at my old job and I never fought for myself, and I’m not going to let that happen again. If there’s anything this whole thing has taught me, it’s that life is too short to wait around for things to fall into your lap. You have to go out and get the things you deserve, and that’s what I’m doing. Because I deserve this. So, I highly consider that you reconsider your decision.” She turned on her heels and marched towards the door. Just before she shut it behind her, and peered her head inside the office and added, “Respectfully, sir,” before firmly closing it behind her.

Nedley gave a breathy chuckle as he leaned back in his chair and ran his index finger and thumb through his mustache in thought.

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“Hey Waverly, come on in,” The therapist said with a welcoming smile as she gestured for the brunette to enter her office. “It’s been a while.”

Waverly plopped down onto the couch. “I know. I’m sorry, I haven’t had much time to come in lately and I’ve just been doing so well and—”

Amy held her hand up to stop the brunette’s rambling. “It’s okay, Waverly. It’s up to you to decide when you want to come into therapy.”

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“Right.” She nodded as she shifted her position to get comfortable on the solid gray sofa. “I just feel bad because I know you rely on patients to make a living and all…”

The short-haired brunette narrowed her eyes at Waverly, silently reminding her of what they had worked on in their last session weeks ago.

“The short-haired brunette narrowed her eyes at Waverly, silently reminding her of what they had worked on in their last session weeks ago.

“Right, right. I have to put myself first sometimes.”

“Exactly.” Her face softened as she relaxed a bit in her chair. “So, what’s been on your mind lately? I remember you mentioned over the phone that you’ve been having some wariness around Nicole lately.”

“Yeah, well…where do I even begin?” Waverly chuckled lightly. “First of all, we’re engaged.” She
held the ring up to show Amy, who looked at it with wide eyes.

“Oh, wow. Congratulations!”

“Thank you.” She dropped her hand down with a smile. “We’ve actually moved in together since then. I moved into her house. It started out as me taking care of her after she got out of the hospital, and then we just decided that it made since to move in together. And since Doc and Wynonna are living at the homestead, her house was the obvious choice.” Waverly nodded a few times.

“I see. So, tell me more about this hospital visit?”

“Oh, right.” Waverly smiled awkwardly. “Well, so, I had this plan to propose to Nicole at Shorty’s. But then there was a kid there who demanded that my sister give him some vodka, and pulled out a gun on her. Nicole walked in with her work partner right when he pulled the gun out, and when she told him to drop the gun, he shot her in the abdomen. She had to get surgery, and she was in a coma for about a week. Oh, and she can’t get pregnant.”

Amy slowly nodded as she took in the information. “Well that’s quite a lot for a couple to go through.”

“Yes, she’s been different ever since.” Waverly sighed as she leaned back into the couch. “She won’t really let me touch her. At least, not like she used to. I mean, we’ll have a heavy makeout session every once in a while, and just when I think it’s going to go somewhere, she pulls away. We haven’t done anything – erm, below the belt, since the shooting.”

“She got injured in a vulnerable place, and she lost a part of her. It’s not like she got shot in the arm or the leg, she got shot in the abdomen. And then she lost a part of her reproductive system. I mean, I’m assuming that’s what you mean by she can’t get pregnant…”

Waverly nodded.

“It makes sense that she would be cautious about anyone touching her anywhere close to that area, even you.”

“I mean, I do get that. But it’s not just that she won’t let me touch her, but she won’t even talk to me about it. Whenever I try to bring it up, she either changes the subject or makes a quick exit. And I know I’m not the only one she pushes away. I understand if she doesn’t want to talk to me, but she really needs to speak with a therapist.”

Amy nodded as a small smile formed on her face. She crossed her right leg over her left knee as she rested her hands on her lap. “And how long was she saying that to you before you decided that you were ready to talk to a therapist?”

Waverly sunk down into the couch as she folded her arms across her chest. “A while.”

“Mhm. And how did you react when she first suggested that you talk to someone about your personal experiences?”

Waverly shrugged as she picked at the hem of her cream-colored cardigan before mumbling, “I said that didn’t really feel like sharing my personal experiences with a random stranger, and then I went the entire day without talking to her.”

Amy nodded as she looked at Waverly with soft, blue eyes. “I know how much you want her to be okay. But she went through a very traumatic experience. That sort of thing takes some time to heal from. All you can do is be patient with her and be there for her however she needs you to be. She’ll
talk about it when she’s ready, but for now she’s probably just still trying to process it all; not only
the memory of being shot and waking up from being in a coma, but also the huge change to her
body. Give her time.”

With a breathy chuckle, Waverly shook her head in amusement. “You sound like my sister.”

“Well she sounds like a wise person.” Amy smiled.

“She is, sometimes.” Waverly nodded.

Amy wrote down a couple of things in her notepad before looking back up at Waverly. “So, how are
you doing with all of this? Seems like we’ve only really talked about Nicole. But it must have been
traumatic for you too, watching her get shot like that.”

Waverly forced a smile and nodded as tears began to fill her eyes. She quickly dropped her smile
when she realized that she didn’t have to pretend to be okay here. She was allowed to be upset about
it, whereas around Nicole she felt selfish anytime she got upset, since she wasn’t the one who got
shot. And so most of the time she held it in. “I thought she was going to die. I thought that I was
never going to see her again and that her lying on the floor, so lifeless and bleeding out, was the last
memory that I was going to have of her.” She wiped the sleeve of her cardigan across her cheeks
before Amy handed her a box of tissues from her desk, which she took gratefully before adding,
“And it was my fault.”

“And why do you think that?”

“I don’t think that, I know that. She was supposed to be there at 8. She’s always punctual, it’s one of
the things I love about her. But I wasn’t ready yet. I wasn’t done practicing my whole speech of how
I wanted to spend the rest of my life with her. So I told Dolls to stall because I had gotten there later
than I had planned.”

“And Dolls is…” She looked at Waverly expectantly, waiting for her to fill in the blank.

“Her partner.”

“Right.” Amy nodded.

“And because of me, they were twenty minutes late, and showed up right when that kid pulled out a
gun. If she had been there before, when I had planned for her to be there, then she would’ve
understood the situation and she would’ve been able to talk him down. I mean, he might not have
even pulled the gun out in the first place with two cops there sitting at the bar. Everything would’ve
been different, and this whole thing wouldn’t have happened.”

“You don’t know that.”

“I do. I had a plan, and I didn’t stick to it. And now everything is all messed up. We’re supposed to
be planning a wedding and anytime I bring that up she just says ‘whatever you want’ and it just
makes me feel like maybe she doesn’t even want to marry me anymore.” She balled her fists, digging
her nails into the flesh of her palms. “See, this is why I always stick to the plan. Anytime I get off
track, things go wrong.” She shook her head as she rested her face in her hands. “This is all my fault.
I ruined it.”

“Waverly, look at me.”

She sniffled as she lifted her head to look at Amy with red, puffy eyes.
“This is not your fault. This is just something that happened. You can’t always control what’s going to happen in life, and you certainly can’t always predict it. You can’t place the blame on yourself for this, or else you’ll only drive yourself mad wondering what you could’ve done differently. Thinking about the past won’t fix it. You have to focus on the present and shift your energy towards focusing on how you and Nicole are going to get through this together. Try telling her how you feel. Maybe she’s not ready to talk yet, but that doesn’t mean that she’s not ready to listen. So, open up the dialogue by sharing your feelings about everything, including your engagement. Let her know that she doesn’t have to talk, but that you want to talk to her. Maybe she’ll give you something back, and maybe she won’t. But maybe if you let her in a little, she’ll let you in some too.”

Waverly let all of the air out of her lungs through her mouth as she nodded. The wheels were already turning in her head – she was going to make a romantic meal for when Nicole got off work, and then she was going to bring up the conversation. And hopefully, things would start to get better.

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Waverly poured two glasses of water before setting them both down in front of her plate and Nicole’s.

“This looks really good. Thank you babe,” Nicole said with a smile as she reached for Waverly’s hand and brought it up to her lips for a sweet kiss.

Waverly beamed at the action – An action that Nicole used to do all the time, but not as much anymore. So whenever those small, intimate moments did happen, Waverly relished them.

“How was work today?” Waverly asked, trying to hide her hesitation. These days, asking about work was a sore subject, but she still wanted to check in to make sure everything was going okay.

Nicole pursed her lips as she thought back to her conversation with Nedley about picking Dolls for Sheriff. She thought about bringing it up, but didn’t want to give Waverly another reason to be disappointed. The brunette had been excited about her getting the promotion, constantly saying that she was a shoo-in for the job, and having to tell Waverly that she wasn’t good enough was just something that she wasn’t ready to deal with yet.

“It was fine,” Nicole said shortly before taking a small bite of quinoa. She didn’t really have much of an appetite, but she didn’t want to waste the food Waverly had clearly spent a lot of time making. “Sam stopped by today asking if we could help her move into her new apartment this weekend.” She hoped that Waverly would accept the change of subject, since she didn’t really feel like talking about herself. She didn’t mind talking about others, but talking about herself was too much right now.

Waverly nodded, taking the hint. “Yeah, we don’t have any plans so that should be fine.” She smiled.

“Cool. I’ll let her know that we’ll be there.” Nicole nodded with a smile that was somehow even smaller than Waverly’s. She waited for the brunette to reply, but instead silence just filled the room. Normally silence between the two of them was comfortable, but this kind of silence made Nicole nervous, seeing as how it was an invitation for Waverly to ask her more about work, so she decided to change the subject to Waverly just in case. “How was your day today?”

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“It was good,” Waverly nodded. She paused for a moment before continuing, “I saw my therapist today.”

Nicole stilled her movements as guilt and apprehension washed over her. Guilt because she knew that she was the reason Waverly needed to see her therapist, and apprehension because she had a
feeling that Waverly was going to try to push her into talking about it when she still wasn’t ready yet. She swallowed thickly and slowly nodded as she continued to look down at her plate. “Oh?” Her voice lifted up slightly at the end in an attempt to sound intrigued and hide her uneasiness.

“Yeah,” Waverly nodded.

“Well uh, what did you talk about?” Nicole immediately regretted that question, seeing as she just opened a door she was constantly trying to keep shut. But it just sort of came out as a reflex.

Waverly, however, had hoped that Nicole would ask that. It was her plan to start up the conversation and share her feelings with Nicole, just like Amy had encouraged her to. But just when she was about to reply, Nicole held up a hand, effectively cutting her off.

“Actually, it’s okay. You don’t have to answer that. I know that’s a private thing.”

With a shake of her head, Waverly quickly replied, “No, I want to tell you. I’ve been wanting to tell you for a while, actually…”

Nicole looked at the brunette with curiosity before setting her fork down and giving her full attention.

“I know this whole thing has been a lot on you, and that’s completely understandable,” Waverly began as she nervously picked at her nails. She was afraid that this conversation might trigger Nicole in some way, but she knew it had to be said. She couldn’t keep her feelings in any longer. She looked up into Nicole’s eyes and continued. “But it’s been a lot for me too. You’ve just been so distant lately, and it makes me feel like maybe you don’t want to marry me anymore.”

“I do want to marry you!” Nicole reassured with wide eyes. “Waverly, I love you so much.”

Waverly shrugged. “Well, it doesn’t really feel like it. All you do is push me away.”

Nicole sighed as she slumped in her seat a little. “I just don’t like to talk about it.”

“Bottling it all up inside isn’t good, Nicole. It’s not going to help you. And it’s not going to help our relationship.” Waverly’s voice was a bit firmer now, but still had some tenderness to it.

“Look, I’ll talk about it eventually. I’ll even go see a therapist if that’s what you want, but I’m not ready yet.”

“I don’t want you to see a therapist because it’s what I want, I want you to do it because a professional is going to know how to help you best. Not just with getting shot but with the doctors removing your—” She froze as soon as she saw the hurt in Nicole’s eyes.

This was exactly what Waverly was wanting to avoid. She hadn’t planned on bringing up the part where Nicole had to get a partial hysterectomy due to the severity of the wound. The doctors tried to figure out a way to save it and keep her alive, but there was no way to do so. And with Nicole’s parents not answering their phones, Waverly was the one to make the decision, telling them to do whatever it took to save Nicole’s life. She wasn’t thinking about the lasting consequences; only about Nicole being alive. Now she wondered if she made the right decision. When Nicole found out about it, she reassured Waverly that it’s what she would’ve wanted, but Waverly still felt a little selfish for only thinking about keeping Nicole in her life and not about her never being able to carry a child. They’d never even really talked about Nicole getting pregnant before; only Waverly. She wasn’t sure if it was something the redhead ever wanted, but she certainly wasn’t going to ask now.

“I’m sorry.” Waverly said quietly after a moment of internal reflection.
“It’s okay.” Nicole said back in the same quiet tone. “I’m going to go take a shower.” She scooted her chair back and walked towards the stairs with slow, tired movements.

“Do you want me to join you?” Waverly asked with obvious hope in her voice. But as soon as Nicole let out a sigh, Waverly knew what the answer was. Her face dropped and she shook her head. “It’s fine. I need to unpack those boxes I picked up from Wynonna’s anyways.”

Nicole pursed her lips and nodded, knowing full well that she had disappointed Waverly, yet again. She could feel it – she wasn’t stupid. She knew that she wasn’t being the best fiancé right now, but she couldn’t help it. Usually she was good at turning off her feelings, especially with the type of job she had. It was a skill that she found to be very useful. But she had no control over her emotions towards this. This was something that went deeper than just being upset about something. It’s not like she had this desire to ever get pregnant anyways, but the fact that the choice was ripped away from her was almost too much to bear. She felt like a part of her was missing, and she had no idea how to fill in that gap. She felt empty, and she knew that there was nothing that Waverly could say to fix that. So she continued to keep it to herself. The last thing she wanted was to burden Waverly; she loved her too much for that.

With heavy footsteps, Nicole trudged up the stairs with her fingers lightly trailing over her scar. She felt the tears begin to form in her eyes, but desperately held them in until she was alone. She didn’t want Waverly to see her like this. She didn’t want her to worry, and to make a fuss, because she wasn’t ready to talk about it yet. She wanted to hold in that pain and keep it all to herself for just a little bit longer, because letting it out into the world would make it more real.

As soon as she reached the bathroom, she shut the door behind her and fell to the floor with her back against the door as she let the sobs take over.

Waverly quietly entered the room to check on Nicole, but when she heard the sound of the redhead crying, she gently rested her forehead on the door with both palms flat on either side as she slowly rolled her head back and forth across the wood. She desperately wanted to just burst in there and hold Nicole to let her know that everything was going to be okay, but she knew that she couldn’t. It would only make things worse. So instead, she sat with her back against the door, opposite of Nicole, and waited there with her – unbeknownst to Nicole – until she heard the water running. She knew that this was something that was going to take some time, and Waverly was going to be there for Nicole every step of the way, no matter what it took.
Nicole sat in the patrol car in silence as she stared blankly out at the road, radar gun in hand. As soon as a car caught the corner of her eye, she sat up and checked the speed – 38 mph. She sighed as she relaxed back into the chair.

“What was it?” Dolls asked from the passenger seat.

“38. In a freaking 45.” She shook her head as she rolled her eyes. “God, don’t people speed in this town anymore?”

“It’s probably because they can see us,” he shrugged.

“Yeah well, all I want is some action. Even if it’s just a broken taillight.”

He chuckled as he shook his head. “I don’t know how you do it.”

She looked over at him with her eyebrows drawn together in question. “Do what?”

“How you’re able to just go out there and want some action after what happened. I wish I could be like that, but I just…” He lowered his head and shook it slightly in frustration.

Nicole pursed her lips and looked at him sympathetically. “I mean, what you and I went through were two completely different things. I got shot, and you—”

“Shot a kid in the back and now he’s in a wheelchair forever. He’s never going to walk again.” He blew out some air as he dropped his head back against the headrest. “We’re supposed to protect and serve.”

“You were protecting me.”

“No, I didn’t do it right.” He shook his head. “I reacted too fast. I didn’t assess the situation correctly.”

“I reacted too quickly too. If anything, it’s my fault that everything happened the way it did. I’m the one who pulled my gun on the kid.”

He sighed in defeat and slowly nodded. The car got quiet for a few moments; the silence deafening to both of them as they dwelled on past events. “Look, if we keep focusing on who’s to blame then neither of us are ever going to get past this.”

Nicole looked at him with a weak smile and nodded in agreement, when the sound of a car rapidly
approaching caught her attention. She quickly pointed the radar gun out the window and waited for a reading. When the numbers popped up, she grinned excitedly. “52. What do you think?”

“I think we can at least give ‘em a warning.”

Nicole gave a quick nod as she sat up in her seat and turned the key in the ignition. After flipping on the lights, she pulled out of the spot and chased after the car.

It was only a few seconds later when the dark blue sedan pulled over, and Nicole parked behind them. “You want to do it?” She asked as she looked over at Dolls, who held his hand up and shook his head.

“All yours.”

She already knew what his answer would be, but figured she’d ask just in case. She grabbed her aluminum storage clipboard containing her ticket book and eagerly hopped out of the car. About halfway through her walk to the blue sedan, she changed her quick pace to a leisurely stroll, trying to play it cool so that she wouldn’t come off as too keen. When she reached the car, the man in the driver’s seat immediately rolled down his window.

“Afternoon, officer!” He said in a chipper voice with a grin painted on his face.

“Afternoon.” She gave a quick nod and kept her neutral facial expression. “Do you know why I pulled you over?”

“Was I going too fast, Officer…” He trailed off as he squinted his eyes to read her badge. “Haught?” He regained his smile, but it slowly faded as the wheels turned in his head. “Wait a minute… aren’t you the cop that got shot in that bar?”

Nicole gritted her teeth as she opened the clipboard to pull out her ticket book along with her pen. “You were going 52 in a 45. May I see your driver’s license please?”

“Oh, right right. That’s way too fast.” He shook his head a little too eagerly and pulled his ID out of his wallet to hand over to her.

She took the license with a tense smile and copied the information down onto the paper.

Ever since the news spread about the shooting, any time she stopped someone they always asked her if she was ‘that cop’, or gave her a funny look. And quite frankly, she was getting really sick of it. She worked so hard to not be looked at any differently from any of the other officers – especially the male officers – and yet here she was, constantly getting looks of pity.

“I suppose I’ll be getting a ticket then, huh,” the man said in a way that was more of a statement than a question.

Quite frankly, she kind of wanted to give him a ticket at this point, just for bringing up the situation in the bar and bringing down her mood. But it wasn’t worth the paperwork. So instead, she just pursed her lips and shook her head as she ripped the warning ticket off to hand to him. “Actually, I’m just going to let you off with a warning this time. Just promise me you’ll slow down.”

He took the paper with confusion washed over his face as he looked over it. “Yeah but, I think I deserve a ticket for speeding.” He handed the ticket back out for her to take back.

Well, that was definitely a first. “You actually want a speeding ticket?”
He nodded with a smile.

“So, let me get this straight. I pull you over for speeding, give you a warning, and instead you want me to write you a speeding ticket where you’ll have to pay a pricey fine and get points on your license? I’m confused…”

He shrugged. “Well, if you giving me a ticket helps you out, then I don’t mind. I want to help. Especially after what that kid did to you.” His smile grew bigger, as if he was being a hero and doing her some sort of favor.

Nicole clenched her fist around the pen and inhaled deeply through her nose, attempting to avoid showing her frustration. She shook her head and calmly put the ticket book up in her storage clipboard before looking him dead in the eyes. “If I wanted to give you a ticket, I would’ve given you a ticket. I don’t need your permission to do so, are we clear?”

He quickly shook his head. “No, I didn’t mean—”

She sternly held her hand up, effectively cutting him off. She really didn’t care to hear what he had to say. This wasn’t an argument, it was a lesson, and she was going to get the last word in. “Now, please use this warning that I’ve kindly given you to remember to slow down in the future. Got it?”

He silently nodded as he looked at the paper, obviously avoiding eye contact out of embarrassment.

“Good. Have a nice day.” She walked back to the squad car and dropped down into the seat, sighing as she aggressively buckled her seatbelt and turned the key in the ignition.

“What’s wrong?” Dolls asked in concern.

“Nothing. It’s lunch time. Want to grab something to eat?” Without even waiting for his response, she pulled out onto the street from the side of the road and headed towards town.

Dolls just nodded his head in response, considering he genuinely wasn’t sure if the question was rhetorical or not. He decided to sit quietly for the rest of the ride, knowing that Nicole wasn’t in the mood to talk, and he certainly didn’t mind the silence.

Nicole and Waverly stood at the front door of Sam’s new apartment, who was conveniently on the first floor. Waverly had spent all afternoon helping her move boxes and small pieces of furniture before picking Nicole up from work to help them. It was a quiet car ride, which was becoming the norm these days with the officer. It seemed like Nicole just kept putting up more and more walls since the accident, and without her wanting to seek help, Waverly was at a loss. She wanted to fix everything, but she just didn’t know how. So, she gave Nicole her distance in hopes that her fiancé would eventually be ready to talk and get the help she needed so that they could work on rebuilding their relationship and moving forward. Because being where they were at the moment, frozen and stuck in the same place, really sucked.

“There you are!” Sam said excitedly as she gave Nicole a quick hug.

Nicole looked at her friend apologetically. “Sorry, I wish I could’ve gotten off sooner.”

Sam gave Nicole a knowing look as she laughed at the double meaning behind the words. When Nicole realized what she had said, she just rolled her eyes and shook her head. She felt the heat creeping up to her cheeks in awkwardness, considering she and Waverly hadn’t done anything remotely intimate in a month.
With a quick wave of her hand in dismissal, Sam replied, “It’s okay. Waverly and I got a lot done. There’s just a few more boxes left and that’s pretty much it until the movers bring the big furniture tomorrow.” She smiled and led them out to the moving truck to get the rest of the stuff.

Everything had been going well. They efficiently created an assembly line where Waverly would pass boxes from inside the truck and hand them to either Nicole or Sam, who would then carry the boxes inside. They had a pretty good groove going, until Nicole managed to carry one of her boxes inside the apartment quicker than Sam, meaning that she returned to the truck quicker too.

Waverly lifted the box and turned around to hand it over to Sam, only to find Nicole reaching out for it. She quickly pulled it back and set it down to grab different box to hand over.

“What’s wrong with that box?” Nicole asked with a slight chuckle as she pointed to the box Waverly just had in her hands.

“Nothing.” Waverly shrugged. “I’d just rather you take this one.” She attempted to hand the box out to Nicole again, but the redhead just looked at her in confusion.

“How come?”

“Just because.”

Nicole shook her head and reached out for the previous box, but the brunette kicked it back to where she couldn’t reach it. Nicole scoffed and folded her arms across her chest as she scrunched her eyebrows in frustration. “Okay, what’s your deal?”

“I just don’t want you taking that one.”

“Why?” The word came out a little more demanding than she had intended, but she was getting annoyed. Waverly was being weird, and she wanted answers. As soon as she saw the look on Waverly’s face though, she realized what the brunette had been doing. “Wait a minute, have you been giving Sam all the heavy boxes and me all the lighter ones?”

Waverly dropped the box on the floor inside the truck and sighed. “I don’t want you to hurt yourself carrying something that’s too heavy for you.”

Nicole took a step back and rested her hands on her hips as she shook her head. “Wow. Seriously, Waverly?”

“Well, excuse me for wanting you to be safe.”

Without thinking, Nicole lifted her shirt to show Waverly her abdomen. It was the first time she had ever shown the mark to Waverly, considering she didn’t need anyone’s help changing her bandages or anything. Waverly stared at it for a moment, unsure of how she was supposed to react. She knew it was a big deal that Nicole was showing her the scar, but she also knew it was the wrong time to make a big deal about it. Thankfully, Nicole broke the awkward silence…

“See, it’s all healed. Now it’s just a big, ugly scar.” She yanked her shirt down before jumping up into the truck to grab the box, and then gracefully jumping back down.

“Nicole—”

“No, you know what? I think we can take it from here. Why don’t you just go home. Calamity needs to be fed anyways.” Without even looking back to see Waverly angrily jumping out of the truck and stomping towards the Jeep, she carried the box into the apartment and aggressively dropped it on the
living room floor.

“Whoa, careful with that! My rare glass collection is in there!”

Nicole quickly looked up with worried eyes. “Really?”

“No,” Sam laughed amusedly as she waved her hand around. “It’s just some books.”

Nicole rolled her eyes and groaned before heading back out towards the truck, with Sam following directly behind. As soon as the dark brunette noticed that the third member of their team was missing, she looked around in confusion.

“What’s Waverly?”

“She went home,” Nicole answered dryly as she grabbed another heavy box from the back of the truck before heading back towards the apartment.

Sam stood there for a moment, trying to figure out what happened, before finally chasing after Nicole to get her answers. “What do you mean she went home?”

“I mean, she went home.” Nicole dropped the box in the same manner as the other one and started to head back out, but was stopped by Sam pulling her back.

“Okay, wait, stop for a second. Sit down.” She led Nicole towards the couch by the hand and the redhead plopped down beside her friend – who had her feet up on the couch facing Nicole with her right elbow resting on the back of the couch and her right hand balled into a fist against her cheek – as she let out a frustrated sigh. “Okay, what happened?”

“I’m just so sick of everyone treating me like a baby! Yeah, I got shot. But I’m not shot anymore. There are no bullets in me. I’m all healed now, but just because this one thing happened to me everyone acts like I’m fragile.”

“Maybe it’s because you’ve been closing yourself off? You may be physically healed, but we both know that you’re not completely recovered from what happened.”

“Well I’m recovered enough to do my job without any handouts. And I’m certainly recovered enough to carry some damn boxes!” She huffed as she folded her arms tightly across her chest and sunk deeper into the couch.

Sam lifted an eyebrow as she looked over at the redhead. “Who was trying to give you a handout?”

“Just some guy I pulled over for speeding. I let him off with a warning, but he wanted me to give him a ticket, like that would somehow make up for getting shot.” She let out a breathy chuckle.

“Okay, well that guy was just being super patronizing in order to boost his own ego. But Waverly actually cares about you and wants to help you, not to make herself feel better, but because she loves you. She’s your fiancé, and she’s worried about you. Don’t you think you might have been just a little bit harsh on her?” She drew out the word ‘little’ with a high-pitched tone.

Nicole shrugged. “Maybe I was. A little.” She sighed as she sat up. “I know she cares about me and it’s all out of the kindness of her beautiful heart, but it’s just too much sometimes. I don’t need someone to hold my hand and tell me what I can and can’t do. I need someone to support me and tell me that I’m going to be okay. That everything is going to be okay again, and that I can still be the person I was before, even without…” She trailed off while looking down at her torso as she rested her hand over her lower abdomen and patted it gently a couple of times. “Without half of my
reproductive system.”

Sam lowered her arm to lay across the back of the couch. “Well, have you told her that?”

Nicole shook her head. “I haven’t.”

“Then do that, doofus!” She playfully shoved the redhead, earning a groan in response.

“I know, I know. It’s just not that easy to be vulnerable.”

“But it’s Waverly. You’re going to marry her. If you’re able to be vulnerable with me, then you should be able to be vulnerable with her.”

She always hated when Sam was right, because that usually resulted in Sam rubbing it in her face, and thinking that she was always right just because she was right one time. But in this case, Sam was definitely right. And Nicole knew that, but she didn’t like it any better. She let out a long and drawn out sigh before saying the dreadful words, “You’re right.”

“I’m sorry, can you repeat that one more time?” Sam said in a serious tone as she reached into her back pocket and pulled out her phone. “I want to get a recording of this to set as your ringtone for when you call or text me.”

Nicole lightly backhanded Sam in the arm before standing up from the couch. “You’re annoying, do you know that?”

“Yes, but I’m also right. Do you know that?”

Nicole rolled her eyes as she walked away towards the front door to grab some more boxes, with Sam pestering her on the way out.

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When Nicole rode into the driveway from the passenger’s side of Sam’s car, she noticed that all of the lights were out except for the lamp in their bedroom...which meant that Waverly was in bed, waiting for her; and more specifically, waiting for an apology. She said her goodbyes to Sam and walked into the house, practicing what she was going to say in her head.

When she reached the top of the stairs, she noticed the bedroom door was slightly cracked open. She paused for a moment and took in one last deep breath before pushing the door open, and locking eyes with Waverly as she looked up from the book she was reading.

“Hey,” Waverly said with a small smile. She set her book down on the bedside table before sitting up a little more. “Did you guys get everything?”

Nicole slowly shut the door behind her as she looked at Waverly in surprise. She had been expecting the brunette to be a little more upset, but she seemed perfectly fine. “Uh, yeah. Yeah, we got everything out and returned the moving truck.”

“Good.” Waverly nodded her head as she continued to smile.

“Yeah,” Nicole smiled back. She was a little unsure about Waverly’s unexpected mood, so she decided to just accept it with caution.

After brushing her teeth, Nicole grabbed a t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants from the dresser before making her way over to her side of the bed. She turned around and pulled her slacks down before
kicking them off.

Waverly glanced over, catching full sight of Nicole’s boyshorts-covered ass as she picked up her uniform pants and folded them neatly. She pulled her gray sweatpants up over her hips and immediately lifted her shirt up over her head, leaving her in just her baggy sweatpants and a black sports bra.

Waverly studied the woman’s back intently. She watched the muscles moving and flexing as Nicole picked up her t-shirt and prepared it to put over her head. She bit her bottom lip as she stared at the redhead for as long as she could, trying to savor the image, before Nicole pulled the shirt over her head and slipped into bed underneath the covers. Waverly quickly looked away, hoping Nicole wouldn’t notice how turned on she was right now. It had been so long that even the smallest things made her aroused; and she didn’t always do anything about it. She hadn’t even touched herself in about a week, and she was just now starting to feel how much her body craved to be touched. She subtly squeezed her thighs together as she swallowed thickly.

“I’m sorry for being an ass earlier,” Nicole finally said as she stared down at her fingers picking at some loose threads in the comforter.

Waverly looked over at Nicole. “What do you mean?”

She turned her head to look at Waverly, making eye contact. “Before, at Sam’s. When I snapped at you. I was being an ass.”

A small, reassuring smile spread across Waverly’s face as she slightly shook her head. “It’s okay. I was being overprotective.”

“You weren’t though. You were being just the right amount of protective. I know how worried you are about me, and I love you for that. But it’s all just so frustrating.” Nicole sighed as she leaned back against the headboard and looked down at her lap in thought.

Waverly hesitantly brought her hand up to Nicole’s hair, but when Nicole relaxed more into the touch, Waverly took it as a sign of approval and ran her fingers through vibrant hair as she allowed the woman to collect her thoughts.

“It’s just a lot for me, you know? I’m not used to being in a situation like this where I can’t control something about myself and I have to be patient. I know the wound is recovered, but I still have a long way to go to get back to where I was before, and that scares the shit out of me because I don’t know if I can ever get back to that.”

Waverly tried her best not to look at Nicole with pity as she waited for the redhead to continue.

“And when people try to help me out, it makes me feel weak.” She looked up at Waverly. “I know you mean well, but when you tell me I can’t do stuff, it makes me feel weak. And I can’t handle that.”

Waverly nodded in understanding. “I won’t do it anymore, scout’s honor.” She held up three fingers and winked, earning a chuckle from Nicole before continuing. “So, what do you need from me then? Is there anything I can do that will help?”

“I just want you to tell me everything will be okay.” She sighed and dropped her head.

“Hey,” Waverly said softly as she gently turned Nicole’s head to look at her. “Everything will be okay. We’re going to get you through this, however you need to. Okay?”
Nicole nodded as she pursed her lips and exhaled through her nose. She noticed Waverly begin to lean in closer, and flitted her eyes down to the brunette’s soft lips, before they made contact with her own in a gentle kiss.

They hadn’t meant for the kiss to go on for that long, but neither of them could pull away. The soft, tender movements progressively turned into more needy and passionate ones. Nicole moved her hand underneath Waverly’s tank top and brushed her knuckles across the skin above her hips, eliciting a whimper from the brunette. Taking this as a sign to move forward, Waverly tugged at Nicole’s shirt, but before she could get any further, Nicole pulled back and looked at Waverly with hesitant eyes.

“I’m sorry,” Nicole said as she shook her head. She could feel the guilt begin to bubble up inside. “I just don’t think I’m—”

“It’s okay,” Waverly replied with a soft smile. She dragged her fingertips up Nicole’s forearm, and the redhead watched with attentive eyes as goosebumps formed all over her body. Her eyes fluttered shut for a moment and she swallowed thickly before opening them again.

“It’s not that I’m not turned on, because I am. I just don’t think I could handle being touched. I don’t know, is that stupid?”

Waverly quickly shook her head. “No, that’s not stupid. After what you’ve been through, I think that’s normal.” She paused for a moment as an idea hit her, and a mischievous smirk spread across her face.

Nicole looked at Waverly in curiosity. “What?”

“I have an idea.” Waverly sat up and lifted her tank top above her head, giving Nicole only a few seconds to take in the image of her breasts sitting perfectly in her maroon bra before unhooking it and throwing it to the floor—leaving her with an even better view.

With slightly widened eyes, Nicole asked in confusion, “What are you doing?”

But Waverly didn’t reply. Instead, she just smiled at Nicole as she laid down on the bed and lifted her hips to drag her cotton shorts down her legs. She dragged her fingertips up her torso towards her chest to grab her breasts. She unashamedly moaned when she tugged at her nipples with both hands, catching each one between her fingers and the fleshy part of her palms, before slowly sliding her flattened right hand down her abdomen and slipping it underneath the waistband of her panties. As soon as her fingers slid through her wet folds, she pushed her eyebrows together and gasped. She was so aroused that the touch triggered what felt like electricity shooting throughout her entire body at full speed. Her eyebrows relaxed and she bit her bottom lip as the corners of her mouth tugged up into a satisfied smile. She looked over at Nicole, and tried not to laugh at the woman staring at her with wide eyes and her jaw practically hitting the mattress.

“Is this okay?” Waverly asked in a soft, sultry voice.

Nicole had to force herself to nod, considering she had momentarily forgotten how to move her body. She didn’t even realize how long it had been since she’d seen Waverly like that, and she didn’t realize how much she missed it until now. She felt her arousal starting to pool between her legs as she stared at the brunette; her right hand moving between her legs underneath the teal fabric of her panties as her left hand continued to squeeze one of her breasts. When she realized Waverly was giving her a look that indicated that she was waiting for verbal confirmation, Nicole quickly spoke…

“Yes. Yeah, yes, this is okay. This is really okay.” She fervently nodded as she shifted her eyes
between Waverly’s hands on her body, and her eyes.

“Good. Because I’m so horny right now that I don’t even think I could stop even if I tried.” She continued to move her first two fingers up and down around her entrance, still not yet touching her clit. When she decided that she was worked up enough, she lifted her hips again and slid her panties down her legs.

Nicole licked her lips when she noticed the crotch of the fabric stick to Waverly’s center for a brief moment before releasing in a spring-like motion. She watched Waverly get settled back into the mattress to run her fingers up and down a few more times before steadily bringing them up to her sensitive bud for the first time. The sound of Waverly’s moan hit Nicole’s ears, and it was almost as if she could feel it herself as her own clit twitched in excitement.

“Fuck, Waves” Nicole whispered. She hadn’t really had much of a sex drive lately, and she was beginning to feel the build-up of not having had an orgasm in a few weeks hit her at full force.

Waverly opened her eyes and looked at Nicole. Her pupils were blown with arousal and pleasure. “It feels so good baby.”

“Shit,” Nicole said under her breath. She couldn’t take it anymore. She pushed the covers down and swung her legs over so that she was on top of them like Waverly. Without taking her eyes off of the brunette’s center, she pushed her hand down the front of her sweatpants, underneath her boyshorts, and straight into her arousal. A guttural moaned escaped from the back of her throat and she shivered at the sensation.

“Oh my god” was all Nicole could say. She didn’t ever want this feeling to end.

“Are you wet baby?” Waverly asked as she drew large circles around her own clit while rolling one nipple between her fingers before moving to the other one.

Nicole nodded. “Mhm,” she hummed through pursed lips. “I’m so wet. Jesus, I don’t think I’ve actually ever been this wet before.”

Waverly gasped as she felt a surge of arousal shoot straight to her center at the words. “That’s so fucking hot, Nic. You’re gonna make me come so fast.” It wasn’t long after the words left her mouth that she had an idea. “I love it when you touch me like this baby. Your fingers feel so good.”

Nicole looked over in confusion at first, but then realized what Waverly was doing. She didn’t need any time to decide whether or not she wanted to play along. “Yeah? You like when I rub your clit like that?”

With a fervent nod of her head, Waverly rasped, “Yes baby. Oh god, yes. It feels so good.”

Nicole slowed down her pace on her own clit, not wanting to reach her orgasm too quickly – even though she really wanted it right now. Instead, she moved her fingers on the outsides of her clit and slowly ran them along the insides of her slick folds. “I want to feel inside you. Can I feel inside you baby?”

Without hesitation, Waverly moved her fingers down and slipped one finger inside with ease. She moved in and out slowly as she dragged her curved finger along her wall, groaning at the feeling of pleasure.

Nicole was now using her wrist to slide her fingers along the outside of her clit at a moderate pace. She knew that if she went any faster, she would push herself into her climax, and she wanted to hold off until Waverly was close enough.
“Can you add another finger baby?” Waverly asked in a tone that sounded nearly like a whine.

“Yeah baby,” Nicole panted.

Waverly pushed in a second finger, and inhaled sharply before exhaling out a long moan. “Fuck, Nicole…that’s good. That’s so, so good. God, you’re so deep inside me. How do you always know how to touch me in just the right ways?”

Nicole felt her center twitch at the words. “I always want to make you feel good, baby. I love feeling you around my fingers, pulsing around me in warning. I can already feel how close you are.”

“Fuck” Waverly hissed. She closed her eyes tight and moved her fingers faster inside of her.

“Want me to touch your clit baby?”

“Mhm,” Waverly nodded. But just as she was about to move her left hand down to her clit, she felt Nicole’s fingers on her. She looked down and saw pale skin circling her as she pumped her own fingers at a matched speed, and she nearly lost it. Nicole was touching her, for real, and the thought of that alone sent her hurdling into an orgasm so strong that she couldn’t stop herself even if she tried. She reached over with her freehand and grabbed onto Nicole’s forearm, holding on for support, as she felt herself contracting around her fingers.

“Nicole, I’m coming! Oh fuck…s-so…good unghh,” Waverly moaned as she writhed around on the bed.

Nicole watched the brunette’s strong abdominal muscles contracting as she repeatedly lifted herself up a bit before dropping back down, as if she were doing crunches. She slowed down her pace on Waverly’s clit, patiently waiting for her to remove her fingers from her core. When she did – with a heavy sigh – Nicole immediately dropped her fingers down and gave lazy strokes up and down the brunette’s center, enjoying the way the woman’s arousal coated her fingers.

“Are you gonna come too baby?” Waverly asked in a languid tone.

Nicole was so wrapped up in feeling Waverly, that she had completely forgotten about her own fingers moving through her folds on autopilot. She moved her fingers directly on her clit and began to draw quick circles, already feeling herself approaching her orgasm. She nodded as her panting became more and more apparent. “Yeah, I’m gonna come Waves.” She moved her left hand from Waverly’s center to up above her head and grabbed onto the pillow.

Waverly bit her bottom lip as she watched Nicole’s hand moving underneath her baggy gray sweatpants, and she could’ve sworn it was the sexiest thing ever. “Can I feel your hand?”

Nicole nodded. She wasn’t even sure if she knew what Waverly was asking in the haze of her arousal, but she would’ve said yes to just about anything at this point, seeing as the only thing on her mind right now was releasing all of the built-up tension.

While still keeping her distance just in case, Waverly reached over with her right hand and rested it gently on top of Nicole’s over the fabric, feeling it rapidly moving underneath. Almost immediately, Nicole’s breathing began to pick up pace. She moved her hand from the pillow to one of Waverly’s breasts, squeezing the fleshy mound against her palm.

Waverly smiled as she watched. She loved that Nicole was using her body to get herself off. It made everything feel so much more intimate. With the rate that Nicole’s hand was moving between her legs, and the rapid progression of her panting, Waverly knew that it would take just a little bit of dirty talk to get Nicole coming in her pants.
“I love it when you jerk off for me baby. It’s so fucking sexy watching you touch yourself.” She gently squeezed Nicole’s hand between her legs while simultaneously pushing her chest up a little more into Nicole’s palm, and the woman’s panting became slightly more vocal as her hips began to rock. “That’s right baby, make yourself come for me. I want you to make a mess in your pants so that they’re absolutely ruined.” She punctuated her statement with a high-pitched moan, just for show. “God I want to suck you off so badly. I just want to wrap my lips around you and suck on you until you’re coming in my mouth—”

“Unnngh shit! Ohhh god!” Nicole brought her hand from Waverly’s breast to her own inner thigh and squeezed as she pushed her hips up into her stilled hand, putting pressure on her clit as she felt what was probably the most intense orgasm of her life. She could feel the several days of pent-up frustration in every single contraction. It was so intense that anything more than stilled pressure on the sensitive bundle of nerves was too much for her.

Waverly was in awe as she watched Nicole moaning and squirming for at least a full minute. All she really wanted to do was just hold her fiancé, but she knew she couldn’t without permission. And now definitely wasn’t the time to ask for it. So instead, she watched from her side of the bed; roaming her eyes up and down the redhead’s clothed body as she pulled her bottom lip between her teeth. Witnessing Nicole experience such an incredible orgasm made her aroused again, and she was already craving to touch herself some more.

She debated whether or not to do so as she impatiently dragged her nails across her abdomen. Should she wait until Nicole was finished? Would it be okay to have a second orgasm when Nicole had only just had her first?

…Fuck it, she finally thought to herself, and swiftly brought her fingers down to her clit. She circled rapidly, already feeling herself getting close.

As Nicole felt herself coming down from her high, she relaxed into the mattress with her eyes closed and caught her breath. It only took a few moments for her to realize that the mattress was slightly moving, and small closed-mouth moans were coming from the woman beside her. With a furrowed brow, she opened her eyes and turned her head to see Waverly already back at it again. She chuckled and shook her head – not in judgement, but in amazement.

“You gonna have another one?”

Waverly hastily nodded her head. “Mhm,” she replied with her bottom lip caught between her teeth in concentration.

“Good. I love it when you come. And don’t hold back. I want to hear how good you feel.”

Waverly opened her mouth – releasing her lip in the process – as the closed-mouth moans turned into loud open-mouthed moans. The sounds became louder and louder, until screams of pleasure were rebounding off of the walls of their bedroom, and Waverly was hit with another satisfying orgasm.

“OH FUCK!”

A string of various curse words and moans filled the room as Waverly rode out her second orgasm, and Nicole couldn’t help but smile. When Waverly let out a sigh of satisfaction while relaxing into the bed, Nicole reached over and grabbed her hand, intertwining their fingers as she brushed her thumb along the knuckle of Waverly’s index finger.

Waverly opened her eyes halfway and gave her fiancé a lazy smile. “You okay?”
“Yeah, I’m okay,” Nicole replied with a reassuring smile. “I really liked that.”

“Me too.” Waverly scooted a little bit closer towards Nicole until the redhead happily embraced her in her arms. Waverly wrapped her arm around the redhead’s torso as she comfortably rested her head on her chest.

“Waves, I’m really sorry I haven’t been…in the mood lately.”

Waverly shook her head as she hugged Nicole a little tighter. “It’s okay. This was worth waiting for.” She chuckled lightly as she began to fall asleep.

Nicole nodded while she stared up at the ceiling. She let her mind wander a bit before speaking again. “I think I’m going to start talking to someone.”

“Yeah yeah, that’ll be good. Talking is good. Good…talking…” Waverly mumbled as her breathing became slower and heavier.

Nicole looked down to see the brunette’s eyes closed and her muscles fully relaxed. “We’ll talk about it tomorrow,” she whispered with a small smile before kissing the top of Waverly’s head and getting comfortable. She started to drift off only a few minutes later, making it the first night in weeks that it didn’t take her hours to fall asleep; and hopefully, the first night without a single bad dream.

Chapter End Notes

As always, you can talk to me on Tumblr @odaatlover!
“Hey,” Nicole gave a short upwards nod as she rolled her chair over towards Dolls’s desk. “Everything go okay last night?”

Dolls furrowed his brow as he reclined back in his chair. “What do you mean?”

Nicole rolled her eyes and groaned. “You know, with Kathy.”

“Oh, right right.” He shrugged as he clasped his hands behind his hand. “Yeah, it went alright. We had a good talk…and then we stopped talking.” He winked while sporting a playful a smirk and Nicole fake gagged, earning a small chuckle from him. “But yeah, we’re doing much better now. Things have been less tense between us since I started talking to someone about everything.”

“Yeah, I get that. Things between Waverly and I have already been getting much better and I’ve only had two therapy sessions. Which is crazy. I figured it would take much longer to actually start seeing the benefits of therapy.”

“I know! Why didn’t we do this before?”

“Because we’re stupid,” Nicole laughed. “Nah but seriously, because it’s difficult for us to talk about our feelings I guess.”

He nodded his head dramatically in agreement. “I never talk about my feelings. I’m not gonna lie, that first session was incredibly awkward. I thought he would make me talk and try to do all this reverse psychology shit like you see on TV, but he lets me set my own pace and talk about what I want to talk about, which is pretty cool. I guess I’m kind of glad that you convinced me to do it.”

“Me too,” Nicole replied as she gave him a light punch on the arm.

“Yeah,” he nodded before changing the subject. “So, you nervous about today?”

“You mean Nedley announcing the new sheriff?” She blew a stream of air upwards, causing a few of the small hairs above her forehead to quiver. Even though Nedley had already told her that he was picking Dolls to take over, she had hoped that her speech would give her at least somewhat of a chance. “A little. What about you?”

He shrugged. “Not really. I guess I’m okay with whichever way it goes you know?”
Nicole dropped her shoulders as she forced herself to relax a little bit in her chair. “Yeah, same here. I guess the part that makes me the most nervous is the possibility of it coming between us.”

“That won’t happen,” he said with confidence and without missing a beat, leaving Nicole feeling a little more relieved.

They were both brought out of the conversation by the sound of heavy footsteps entering the room. As soon as they saw Nedley, they both stood up and straightened out their uniforms, as if they were soldiers. The older man paused in front of them and looked at them with a raised eyebrow.

“Um, at ease?” He said, mocking the way Nicole and Dolls were standing, and the two relaxed with a couple of unnoticeable eye rolls in no particular direction. “Well, I guess you want to know what my decision is.”

They nodded as they awaited his response with Dolls seeming a little more patient and nonchalant than Nicole.

“Right, right.” Nedley gave a few slow nods as his eyes wandered around the room, building up the suspense. “Well, I uh—I mean, you’re both a couple of good, hard-working officers…” he scratched the back of his head uncomfortably until he finally gave up and threw his arms down. “Oh for Pete’s sake. Haught, the job is yours.”

Nicole’s eyes widened in shock. “Wait, seriously?”

Nedley nodded.

“But, I thought—I thought you were going to pick Dolls?”

“Well, I was. But you brought up some fair points when we talked about it a few weeks ago and really gave me something to think about. And then yesterday when Dolls came into my office, advocating for you to be the new sheriff, it only confirmed my realization that you were the best candidate for the job.”

Nicole looked over at her partner in confusion. “Wait, so you didn’t want the job?”

“It’s not that I didn’t want the job, but that I knew you’d be better at it than me. Yeah, it’d be great to be sheriff, but this town needs a strong leader like you to run this department. I’m good with where I’m at.” He stuffed his hands in his pockets as he shrugged in a relaxed manner.

Nicole bit back her smile, knowing that Dolls wouldn’t want her to make a big deal about it. So instead of some big gesture or even a ‘thank you’, she just gave him a quick nod before looking back at Nedley.

“Well, we’ll get you all settled in the next couple of weeks. Show you the ropes and stuff.” The corners of Nedley’s mouth curved up in the slightest smile as he awkwardly rested his hand on her shoulder as a sort of ‘congratulations’ before strolling off into his office.

As soon as the door shut, Nicole pursed her lips and backhanded Dolls in the upper arm, which he immediately grabbed with his opposite hand.

“Ow! What was that for?!”

“You knew I was going to be sheriff this whole time and let me sit here all morning, nervously twiddling my thumbs and thinking that this decision would potentially ruin our friendship?”
“Well how was I supposed to know you were freaking out about it this much?”

“I wasn’t freaking out, please.” She held up a hand in dismissal. “I was just slightly worried for your sake, you know? Didn’t want to hear you crying about it when I got the job.”

“Yeah yeah, sure.” He rolled his eyes and let out a short laugh as he shook his head.

“Well whatever, I’m just glad the anticipation is over now. And since I can now breathe again, I’m going to the break room to finally get something to eat. Want anything?”

“Nah, I’m good.”

“Suit yourself,” she shrugged before making her way towards the hall.

“Hey Haught,” he called out and she paused her stride to turn around. “Don’t think you only got the job because I took myself out of the running. He was already going to pick you anyways.”

“Yeah, I know.” She gave him a smug smile and a wink before continuing her peppy stride.

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It had been a slow day at The Grind, which seemed to be the norm lately. Business always got pretty slow around the end of May due to people going out of town on vacation and students no longer needing copious amounts of caffeine to help them study for exams. But even with the expectation of the slight downfall, Waverly still wasn’t expecting to be this level of boredom. She had already cleaned and organized everything twice, so there was nothing else for her to do except sit and wait for another customer to arrive. She sighed as she dragged a stool from the back room over towards the counter and hopped up to begin reading one of the books she had brought from home – considering she had already gone through all of the magazines.

“Whatcha reading?” Darren asked as he entered the coffee shop to begin his shift.

“Just a book on the evolution of language Gus found while cleaning out her attic. It belonged to Curtis.” She smiled as she held up the opened book to show him the cover.

“Sounds…interesting,” he gave a small smile, and Waverly rolled her eyes as she set the book back down on the counter in front of her.

“I know it sounds boring, but I like this kind of stuff.”

“Oh, no doubt. I mean, you’d have to like it in order to do a four-year degree on that stuff,” he chuckled. “So, how’s business been so far today?”

Waverly shrugged. “About as expected.”

“So dead, huh?”

“Pretty much. We’ve only had five customers so far, including Nicole and Dolls.”

“Only five?!” His eyes nearly popped out of his head. “It’s almost noon! I mean, I know it’s that time of year for slow business, but five?”

“I know. Seems a little odd…” she trailed off in thought.

“You don’t think it has anything to do with that other coffee shop, do you?”
Waverly quirked an eyebrow as she sat up in her stool. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, maybe they’re doing some sort of promotion or something? Attracting all the customers to their side?”

Waverly slowly nodded as she squinted. “Maybe? I haven’t heard anything though. I know the other shop is the place people go to when they want to hang out, but we at least get the people who are in a hurry and want to get their coffee from some place quiet and not crowded. But I haven’t really seen any of our regulars today.”

“Want me to go check it out? See if there’s something fishy going on over there? I mean, you seem to be handling this place just fine on your own,” he stated sarcastically as he waved his arms around, showing the lack of customers.

“Yeah, you know what, that’s actually a good idea. See if there’s something going on.”

“Got it,” he saluted, earning himself a groan from Waverly. “Oh, uh, since we’re here, there’s something I’ve been meaning to tell you.”

She looked up from her book and shrugged. “Okay.”

“Well, there’s not really an easy way to say this, so I’ll just cut straight to the point. I’m going to start looking for another job.”

She looked around in confusion, as if she had heard him incorrectly. “Wait, what? You’re quitting? But…you can’t leave! Is it the hourly wage? Because I can talk to Gus about giving you a raise once business picks back up again.”

“No, it’s not that. I’m just ready to move onto something new.”

“Like what?”

“Well, I don’t know yet. I was thinking about maybe doing some construction work? Or maybe seeing if they’re hiring in that auto shop? Something more hands-on, you know?”

“Well, this place is pretty hands-on,” Waverly held her arms out as she looked around, but quickly retracted them when she realized that looking around the place wasn’t helping her statement. “Don’t you like it here?”

Darren sighed as he slipped his hands into the pockets of his blue jeans. “It’s not that I don’t like working here, because I do. I really enjoy working with you. But I just feel like it’s time for me to move on. I never planned on spending the rest of my life working in a coffee shop. This was always just a temporary job to earn some cash, and now I’m ready to do something else. I mean, can you see yourself working here for the rest of your life? Is this really what you see yourself doing until retirement?”

Waverly paused. The truth was, she hadn’t actually thought about it all that much. Sure, she had a degree in ancient cultures and languages, and she always wanted to do something with that degree, but she had gotten so comfortable with where she was at in life that the thought of changing that now was slightly terrifying. “I guess,” she shrugged.

“Well, I think you’re meant to be more than just a barista. I know your family owns this place, but maybe you should think about moving on too. Put that smart brain to better use than cleaning an espresso machine,” he winked before his face shifted to a more awkward expression as he held his hands up in the air. “I mean, if that’s what you want, that is. If working here is what you want to do
then by all means, do that. That’s cool too. But if not, I think you’d be really great at some other stuff.” He shrugged. “But yeah, just wanted to let you know so you can start looking for someone new. Anyways, I’ll let you know if I find anything out with the competition.” He nodded before walking out the door.

Waverly stood there with her eyebrows drawn together in thought for a moment, before shaking it off and sitting back down in her stool to continue reading her book, hoping that she’d get at least one customer to make her feel like she was at least doing something productive.

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Nicole drove home from work with a giddy grin on her face as she fidgeted in excitement and slight nervousness. She had originally planned on making a trip over to the coffee shop during her lunch break to tell her fiancé about becoming Purgatory’s new sheriff, but ended up thinking of a much better plan.

As soon as she got home, she darted straight for the bedside table and pulled out the purple dildo. After attaching it to the harness, she slipped out of her uniform pants and boyshorts, and pulled the harness up her hips before doing the same with her boyshorts and situating the member inside exactly how she wanted it. Once she was satisfied, she then pulled her slacks back up and smoothed out the wrinkles as she nervously bit her lower lip. Sure, she had worn the strap out in public before, but it didn’t keep her from being worried about someone catching her with it on. She wanted it to be obvious enough for Waverly to notice, but not obvious enough for anyone else to see it…not that she had planned on running into anyone else on her way to pick Waverly up from work, but the worry still crossed her mind.

When she finished putting her boots back on, she pulled out her phone and sent Waverly a text…

Nicole: Don’t drive home today. I want to pick you up. We can leave the Jeep there and I can drive you back into work tomorrow.

As soon as she sent the text, she saw the three dots pop up, indicating that Waverly was typing.

Waverly: Is something up?

Nicole: I have some good news and a surprise for you :)

Waverly: Oooh well in that case, I’ll go ahead and start closing up ;)

With an eager grin, Nicole shoved her phone back into her pocket as she rushed out the door to the cruiser, and almost immediately began driving towards Waverly’s work.

With her left hand relaxed coolly on the steering wheel, she dropped her right hand down to rest in her lap as she gently brushed her palm over the bulge in her slacks before giving it a light squeeze. She pushed her hips forward slightly and was met with the rewarding sensation of the dildo pressing against her aroused clit, and she inhaled through her nose as her eyelids fluttered shut. She hastily brought her hand back up to the steering wheel and shifted in her seat, attempting to stay focused on the road. The last thing she wanted was to have a wreck because she couldn’t keep it in her pants – so to speak. She could feel herself already getting wet and her clit throbbing more from the thought of slipping the cock inside Waverly’s ready center and just pounding her. She craved it so badly; the roughness of it all. She just wanted to hear her fiancé screaming her name as she thrusted her hips hard enough to have to worry about breaking the bed, while focusing on the lewd sounds of Waverly’s slick arousal coating her cock as she moved it deep inside her, and maybe pulling on her brunette locks…maybe.
Nicole kept her eyes locked on the road as she subconsciously rocked her hips a little, needing to feel some pressure. She could’ve come right then and there if she wanted to. All she had to do was press on the bulge just a little bit harder and grind against it so that it hit just the right spot, but she couldn’t. She had to wait for Waverly. So, she settled on the slightest bit of pleasure; just enough to get her through the car ride without feeling too much discomfort from being aroused but not being able to release it yet. A small whine emerged from the back of her throat in desperation as she pressed on the gas a little more.

Due to her lack of patience, Nicole arrived at the coffee shop a little bit quicker than expected. When she didn’t see Darren’s car, she quickly unbuckled her seatbelt and hopped out. She looked down and checked to make sure everything was correctly in place before shutting the car door behind her and practically running towards the front door of the coffee shop.

“Hey!” Nicole called out as she walked inside, and smiled when she saw Waverly’s head pop out from the back room.

“Hey babe. I’m just putting these things up and then I’ll be ready to go.”

“Okay.” Nicole nodded as she looked around the shop. “Do you want me to stack these chairs on the tables?”

Waverly popped her head back out. “If you don’t mind, that would make things go quicker.”

“If it means getting you out of here sooner, then I don’t mind one bit,” Nicole beamed as she began putting the chairs on top of the tables in record time. “Anything else I can do to help?”

“Well I was going to give the floor a quick mopping after I finish with this stuff, if you want to do that for me.”

Before Waverly had even finished her sentence, Nicole was already rolling up the sleeves of her uniform shirt. “I got it,” she said as she rushed towards the back room where Waverly was to grab the mop and bucket. When she saw the brunette, she reached out and grabbed her hand. “Hey,” she smiled before pulling Waverly into a quick kiss.

As soon as their lips touched, Waverly went slightly weak in the knees. They had been together for nearly a year and the redhead’s kisses still managed to give her butterflies. When Nicole pulled away, she instantly pouted and sighed as she watched the officer carry the stuff over to where the tables were to begin mopping. She froze and licked her lips as she scanned her eyes all over Nicole’s body. Her attention was caught on toned forearms, flexing and releasing as the officer moved the mop around, before Waverly lowered her eyes to the backside of Nicole’s black uniform slacks, which looked slightly tighter around her ass than usual. Waverly had no idea why, but she wasn’t too pressed for answers at the moment; she was just thankful for the view. She suddenly remembered that she had a job to finish, and shook her head to bring herself out of her fantasy as she turned her attention back to the task at hand.

“So, what’s the big news?” Waverly asked after finishing up what she had been doing.

Nicole put the mop and bucket back where she found them with a smile as she watched Waverly untie her apron – a telltale sign that she was officially finished with her job. “Well, I got a promotion at work.”

Waverly wasted no time in turning her head to look directly at Nicole, who was beaming back at her in excitement. “Wait, you mean…?”
Nicole nodded. “Nedley picked me to take over as sheriff! He’s going to show me the ropes over the next couple of weeks. I officially start two weeks from Monday.”

“Nico! That’s amazing!” Waverly exclaimed as she wrapped her arms around the redhead’s neck in a slightly aggressive hug, causing Nicole to stumble back a bit. She quickly caught her balance and planted both feet firmly on the floor as she reciprocated the hug by wrapping her arms around Waverly’s waist.

Waverly quickly pulled back and looked at Nicole with a lifted eyebrow. “Okay, so if that’s the good news, then what’s the surprise?”

A mischievous smirk formed on Nicole’s face as she turned them around and pushed Waverly up against the counter. The brunette instinctively gripped the edge of the counter behind her on either side of her body, and Nicole grabbed onto her backside, pulling her in so that their hips were flush against one another’s as her smirk grew even more arrogant.

Waverly’s eyes widened when she felt the bulge pressing up against her. “Oh.”

As soon as the small word left the brunette’s mouth, Nicole took a step back. She was expecting something that showed a little more enthusiasm, and she quickly began to worry. “Is this okay?”

“Yes!” Waverly stepped closer to Nicole, closing the gap between them so they were back to being right up against each other. “I’m just a little surprised, is all. I know we’ve been… progressing in the bedroom over the past couple of weeks, but I wasn’t expecting to be using it so soon I guess.”

Nicole shrugged. “I really feel like using it tonight. I mean, as long as you’re okay with it?”

Without hesitation, Waverly nodded. “If you’re feeling good about it, then I am too.”

“Good.” Nicole smiled.

“And if I’m being completely honest…” Waverly brought one hand to the back of Nicole’s head to twirl her fiery locks around her index finger as she slid the other down the front of Nicole’s body before cupping it around her bulge, and Nicole’s breath instantly hitched. She brought her lips up to Nicole’s ear and whispered with hot breath, “I’ve been thinking about your cock being inside me for quite some time now; filling me up and hitting all the right places until I’m screaming your name…” Waverly moaned as she closed her eyes and moved her lips a little bit closer so that they were pressed up against Nicole’s ear. “I’m dripping just thinking about it, Sheriff Haught.” She lightly nipped at Nicole’s neck while simultaneously pressing her hand harder against her bulge, and smiled when the redhead’s knees gave out a bit, causing her to grab onto the brunette for support in order to keep herself from falling.

“Jesus, Waves! Keep that sort of dirty talk up and I’m not even gonna last two minutes,” Nicole shook her head as she grabbed Waverly’s hand.

“Oh, are we leaving now?” Waverly teased as Nicole dragged her out of the coffee shop.

“Yes. We’re leaving now. You know why? Because you’ve got me so turned on that it’s actually physically painful.” She shook her head, and Waverly giggled in response.

When they reached the car, Nicole reached for the handle on the driver’s side door, but was stopped by Waverly’s hand on hers.

“Actually, can I drive?”
Nicole looked at her in confusion. “You want to drive the police cruiser?”

“It works better for what I want to do,” Waverly winked. “Is that okay?”

Nicole shrugged and continued reaching out for the handle to open the door. “Go ahead,” she said as she gestured for Waverly to get in. After handing the keys over to her, she shut the door and walked around to the other side.

As soon as Nicole slid into the passenger’s seat, Waverly leaned over and planted a kiss on Nicole, hungrily gliding their lips together as she undid the woman’s belt and reached inside her pants to situate the dildo so that it was resting on her thigh. She enjoyed the sounds of Nicole’s moans for a brief moment before zipping her pants back up, buckling her belt back, and dragging her teeth along Nicole’s bottom lip until it slipped out of her grasp. Then, as if nothing had happened, Waverly started the car and began backing out of the parking space.

Nicole sat there, unmoving and trying to catch her breath at the unexpected action as she stared at Waverly with wide eyes. “What the hell just happened?!”

“I was just fixing it,” Waverly smiled. “Don’t forget to put your seatbelt on.”

As soon Nicole buckled her seatbelt, Waverly’s right hand gripped the dildo over Nicole’s slacks and she began stroking up and down the shaft as she drove with her left hand. “I’ve got to keep you nice and hard if you’re going to fuck me.” She winked before putting her eyes back on the road.

Nicole swallowed thickly as she gripped the armrest on the car door with one hand, while gripping the center console with the other. With every stroke, Waverly pushed the base of the dildo against Nicole’s center, and the redhead knew that it was going to be a long car ride.

After a few minutes of what Nicole couldn’t decide was torture or pleasure, she finally noticed that Waverly wasn’t going towards their house. “Wait, this isn’t the way home.” Her voice rose slightly, indicating that it was more of a question than a statement.

“Yeah, we’re not going home,” Waverly replied with a smirk as she continued to look straight ahead at the road.

Nicole looked around the empty road in confusion. They were practically on the edge of town, with nothing in sight – not even a streetlight. “Then where are we going?”

As soon the question left her mouth, Waverly pulled over and parked the car before quickly unbuckling her seatbelt. She looked over at Nicole and answered, “Here” as she reached down underneath Nicole’s seat and pulled up on the lever, causing the seat to slide back as far as it could before slamming into position. She then unbuckled Nicole’s seatbelt and climbed over the center console and into Nicole’s lap as she frantically began undoing Nicole’s belt buckle. “Recline your seat back a bit.”

Everything was happening so quickly that it took Nicole’s brain a little longer than usual to catch up to what was happening, but the one thing she did understand was Waverly’s order. She wasted no time in searching for the handle on the side of the seat and pulling it up as she pushed back, reclining the seat into a more comfortable position.

Waverly reached inside Nicole’s slacks and pulled the cock out before grabbing her panties and pulling them down her legs.

“Thank god I wore a skirt today,” she said through her rapid panting in anticipation of having Nicole deep inside her. It took a little bit of struggle, and some help from Nicole, but she eventually got the
garment off of her legs and threw them in the backseat. With a heavy sigh of relief and a wide grin, Waverly grabbed Nicole’s cock and lifted herself up to position it at her entrance.

“Wait, I didn’t bring any lube,” Nicole said with labored breath.

Waverly shook her head and replied, “I don’t need it,” before slowly dropping all the way down Nicole’s length with ease.

Both of their jaws dropped – Waverly’s because of how good it felt to be filled up, and Nicole’s because of…well, everything – and Waverly grabbed onto the seat beside Nicole’s head as she closed her eyes and began riding her cock.

Nicole sat there, frozen and in awe as she watched Waverly bouncing up and down as the sound of both their panting filled her ears, before she finally grabbed onto Waverly’s hips and began thrusting up in perfect rhythm.

“Oh my god,” Waverly’s face scrunched up and she sunk her teeth into her bottom lip as she gripped the back of the seat in front of her harder. “You’re in…so deep…holy…shit that feels so fucking good,” Waverly rasped between ragged breaths. Her head slightly hit the roof of the car, but she couldn’t find the desire to care at this point. All she was focused on was Nicole’s cock inside her, gliding along her walls and bringing her closer to her orgasm.

It was only a matter of seconds – and a few good thrusts from Nicole – later, that Waverly was falling into her orgasm. Her cries of pleasure were amplified by the small space as her walls repeatedly gripped and released Nicole’s length.

“Nicole!” She yelled a few times, each time getting louder and then weaker, until she collapsed forward on top of the redhead.

Nicole soothingly dragged her nails up and down Waverly’s back underneath her shirt as she regained her strength, smiling as the sound of her name tumbling from Waverly’s lips rang inside her head. Waverly slowly sat up and gave Nicole a quick kiss on the lips before pulling back and asking, “Did you come?”

Nicole shook her head and smiled. “No, but it’s ok—”

Before she could even finish her sentence, Waverly lifted herself up, clenching her jaw at the feeling of the dildo sliding out of her, and dropped to her knees on the floor in front of Nicole. She wasted no time in wrapping her hand around the cock and pumping. The wet sounds alone of her own arousal on the cock was enough to bring Nicole right back to where she was before, nearing her orgasm. Nicole grabbed the base and pressed it against her center as Waverly continued to quickly glide her hand along the shaft, and it wasn’t long until the repetitive pressure against her clit sent her hurdling over the edge.

“Fuck” Nicole rasped through gritted teeth as she writhed around in her seat, riding out her orgasm until she felt the contractions subside. She let out a deep breath and dropped her head back against the headrest as she smiled down at Waverly, who was licking her arousal off of the dildo.

“Hey, that’s no fair. I want to taste you,” Nicole whined before giving her signature pout that she knew Waverly couldn’t resist.

“Aww, tell you what,” Waverly began as she leaned up to where her face was level with Nicole’s. “How about we go home and continue this in the bedroom, where you can taste as much of me as you want?”
Nicole nodded hastily. “Yes. I am one hundred percent down for that.”

“Good,” Waverly smiled before wrapping her hands around Nicole’s neck and pulling her into a heated kiss; one that she hoped would tie the both of them over during the 10-minute drive home, until they could pick things back up in their bed. She smiled against Nicole’s lips at the thought of all the things she had planned for the soon-to-be sheriff.

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