**Jostle that buckle**

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**Jostle that buckle**

by Chubby_Titan

Summary

Lecturer Waverly AU.

Nicole moves to town after inheriting a property from her Grandmother and makes fast friends with Wynonna and an even faster crush on Wynonna's little sister. Pity she has a burly boyfriend.

COMPLETE (or is it?)

Ok, so I know I marked this as complete but I have some more ideas rolling around so once I am happy with how my other story is I will put some more together for this one! I've been
feeling particularly inspired lately so if you are still keen for more of this let me know! Hit me up in the comments or on Tumblr @ladyliketitan

Notes

This is my first fanfic. I hope you guys like it. Love me some lady loving ladies. Wayhaught for life!! If you like it let me know <3

I am writing another fic at the moment if you are looking for some more Wayhaught to tide you over until I eventually come back and make this into a series, it's set in the Dragon Age fandom, so there's more sword fights, and there's magic and lots of awkward flirting! Check it out!

Feel free to hit me up on tumblr @lydballs
Chapter 1

Nicole kicked down the stand on her motorbike and sat back, stretching her shoulders and lower back. She had been riding for hours and had finally reached the outskirts of the rural city of Purgatory. It was just on dusk and she was starving and desperate for a shower to remove the grime of the road. She shook out her red locks relieved to finally be free of her helmet and glanced up at the pub in front of her.

“Shorty’s, huh, well I’m definitely going to fit in” she smiled to herself after getting off her bike and standing to her full height of 5’9”. First, she would see about getting a room and then she could worry about her rumbling stomach. There was a live band setting up and she could hear the mic checks from outside and the loud chattering of voices coming from inside the bar. Slinging her helmet onto her arm she climbed the stairs and entered the bar. It was still early evening on a Friday and there were a number of people enjoying drinks after work still in their uniforms, she didn’t anticipate bumping into the sheriff ordering a round at the bar.

“You must be Ms Haught?” he asked.

“I.. am..” she responded surprised that he knew who she was. Her shock must have registered on her face as he chuckled lightly and patted her on the shoulder.

“Don’t worry, I’m the Sheriff, it’s my job to know what’s going on in my town. Sheriff Nedley,” he said presenting a well calloused hand. “Don’t hesitate to drop into the station if you need anything,” he dipped his hat at her before returning to his table drinks in hand.

“What are you having love?” asked the chubby older gentleman behind the bar. He was wearing a name badge saying ‘Shorty’ telling her this was the owner. After organising a room Nicole returned to her bike to remove her saddle bags and was looking forward to a well needed shower when she noticed a group of people admiring her Harley. A tall woman with gorgeous wavy chestnut hair was making purring noises as she gently traced her fingers over the bike.

“Wynonna don’t touch it!” Said the shorter woman who was being held tightly by a stocky cowboy. Nicole coughed quietly to get their attention. “Oh!” she exclaimed as she turned around to see Nicole standing there, red hair flowing over her road leathers, helmet in hand. Nicole was struck by how beautiful the young woman smothered in cowboy was. Deep hazel eyes and long brown hair that Nicole’s eyes trailed to a bare and muscled midriff. She smiled at Nicole as though she had been caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

“Is this yours? She’s a beauty,” the woman named Wynonna sighed dragging Nicole’s attention away. “Pity, I’m not into girls. Nice ride though.”

“Wynonna!” the younger lady cried in horror.

“It’s ok you’re not really my type anyway,” Nicole chuckled and winked at them causing the cowboy to squeeze his partner even tighter.

“Come on Waves let’s go inside,” he grumbled trying to pull her away. Nicole could see the disgust in his face and sighed recognising the familiar prejudices rural areas tended to harbour.

Shrugging him off the woman introduced herself, “Hi, I’m Waverly, this is my sister, Wynonna
and my boyfriend Champ.” Champ grunted and walked away as Nicole held out her hand to shake his. Waverly winced an apology her way before following after him.

“God he is a dickcheese,” Wynonna muttered shaking her head causing Nicole to snort. “You passing through or here for the night?” she asked.

“I will be here for a while, I have some family stuff to sort out.” Nicole replied.

“Your family is local?” surprised showed on Wynonna’s face. “What’s your last name?”

“Haught, although I honestly never knew this place existed, so I wouldn’t say that my family is local. My Gran left me a property in her will that no one even knew she owned so I’m out here to decide what to do with it I guess.” Nicole was unhooking her saddle bags as they spoke and loading herself up to carry them inside. To her relief Wynonna took her helmet and helped her inside. Entering this time, she saw Champ and the people he was talking to stop and look at her, their distaste obvious.

“Don’t worry about them Haught-stuff,” she’d barely known her five minutes and Wynonna was already giving her nicknames. Nicole caught Waverly’s eye and noticed the blush and small smile appear on her face as they waved to each other. Wynonna glanced knowingly between them and chuckled. “Waves might be able to help you out you know. She’s a bit of a history buff. Anyway, you go hurry up and change, I can’t guarantee that the drink I shout you will still be here if you take too long.” She balanced the helmet on Nicole’s head and moved towards the bar as Nicole headed upstairs to her room.

As the hot water poured over her body she thought about how despite only being here 5 minutes she’d already managed to make a friend and then frowning realised also perhaps an enemy. Small towns and small minds. She sighed and held her head back under the flowing water. As she hadn’t planned on staying long her clothing choices were limited so she went with a classic; black jeans, Converse sneakers and a blue button up long-sleeved shirt. Suddenly nervous about returning downstairs she decided to braid her hair to give herself a few additional minutes peace before her rumbling stomach made her mind up for her.

As she descended the stairs, hand trailing on the hand rail, she once again locked eyes with Waverly who was at the bar ordering drinks. Waverly’s eyes widened, and a small grin formed causing Nicole to blush and look away. When she looked back up Champ was behind Waverly and kissing her neck possessively and Waverly’s smile was gone. Shrugging him off she collected her drinks and moved to the booth where Wynonna was sitting and waving a drink at Nicole. Nicole returned the wave before ordering some food from the bar and joining them at their booth. Champ glared as she approached placing his arms around Waverly’s shoulders as she talked animatedly to her sister. Wordlessly Wynonna slid a glass of brown liquor her way and Nicole took the seat beside her.

“You clean up good Red!” Wynonna said once Waverly had finished discussing the topic of her lecture from earlier that day.

Nicole grinned and took a swig of the liquor in front of her trying to look cool only to end up coughing as the alcohol burned her throat. “Damn,” she rasped. “You don’t start gently Wynonna.”

“Start? Psshhtt. I’ve been drinking since 3. SHORTY ANOTHER ROUND!” She shouted at the bar tender over the din, he flipped her the bird but began pouring the drinks anyway. The band looked like they were about ready to start playing and a crowd was starting to generate.
“So, you’re a lecturer?” Nicole asked amazed as Waverly fended off kisses from Champ. “You’re so young, wow.”

“I teach modern history, specializing in the local area. Being an Earp tends to interest a lot of students.”

“Earp as in pew pew,” Nicole said making finger guns.

“Yep! We are the descendants of the great gunslinger Wyatt Earp,” bragged Wynonna clinking glasses with her younger sister. “Not that that means much to the folks around here.” Irritated at not getting attention Champ left in a huff to go and play pool with some other cowboys. “Thank fuck, he’s finally gone.”

“Wynonna!” Waverly scolded. But a smile formed on her lips from what Nicole guessed was relief that he wasn’t still hanging all over her. Wynonna just shrugged, and she turned her attention to Nicole who suddenly had to pretend that she wasn’t blushing and grinning like an awkward school girl. “What brings you to town Nicole?” As they ate Nicole explained about her Grandmother’s will and about the property no one knew existed and how she had just hopped on her bike and headed out here to have a look and see what her options might be. Waverly’s eyes widened in excitement, “Oh my gosh do you want me to do some research about the property and your Grandma?”

“You’d do that for me?” Nicole asked with surprise and Waverly grinned nodding.

‘I’d do a lot of things to you.’ Waverly thought.

“Wow, thanks!”

“It’s kinda ma jam.” Just then the band introduced themselves and kicked off with an upbeat country song.

“Come on bitches!” Wynonna started pushing Nicole out of the booth and dragged them both up onto the dance floor. The rest of the night was a blur of drinking, dancing and laughter, eventually Nicole excused herself and stumbled back up to her room to finally get some rest.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

A hung over Nicole heads out to find her grandmother's property and receives an unexpected visitor.

Chapter Notes

I have already received a lot of love so I thought I would upload the next chapter. Please comment and I will keep uploading more!

Early the next morning Nicole woke to a pounding head and cotton mouth. Groaning she sat up slowly and took a large swig of water from the glass she had thoughtfully placed by the bed the night before. Reaching over she pulled the brown legal envelope from her bag and flicked through the pages trying to envision what she may find on the property that had been abandoned for over 60 years. After some breakfast and a lot of coffee she decided it was time to face the music and headed out onto the street and straddled her bike. Taking one last look at the map on her phone she kicked the engine of her bike to life and headed west.

It took her almost half an hour to find the property, the mailbox had rusted and collapsed, and she had to double back twice before she found it. Although rusted and ancient the gate still stood and when she approached to open it her foot connected with something metallic. Looking down she spotted a rusted-out sign, dusting it off with her thumb she read aloud “‘Inde Spes’. Then comes hope. Our family motto. I guess this is the place.” Her stomach churned with a mixture of dread, excitement and hangover, a not overly pleasant feeling. She walked her bike through the gate and then closed it behind her before riding carefully along the winding driveway and up the hill. She was impressed to see that the dirt track was in decent condition and then as she crested the hill she saw the small shack almost buried in over grown rosebushes and ivy.

“This is gunna be a bitch to get rid of,” she grumbled trying to not get her clothes caught on thorns as she approached the house. The front door had been broken in and Nicole assumed that there had been squatters here at some point. There was a thick layer of dust over the interior of the small house and Nicole moved to open every window she could find to try and air out the dank smell. She was surprised to find water still in the pipes in the kitchen and rinsed the dust from her hands. Looking out the kitchen window she could see a now wild garden that had a selection of roses and flowers that weren’t native to the area meaning that someone must have tended to and cared for the garden once. She wondered what must have happened out here that made her grandmother never speak of the place. She only knew that she had moved from away from here a few years before her father was born.

Smiling to herself she wondered if Waverly really would do some research for her and let her mind wander briefly to the things she could do in return. A sudden breeze stirred up the dust causing her to sneeze and snap out of her short-lived day dream. Wiping her nose on her sleeve she grabbed her phone and started writing a list of things she would need, starting with allergy nasal spray, garden
shears, and a new door. She spent the next hour working her way through the house and adding to the list of necessities, as the list grew she hoped the local hardware wouldn’t mind delivering the items for her. Once she was satisfied that she had enough on her list to keep her busy for what seemed like the next month she packed her things into her saddle bags and headed back to town.

The blonde woman behind the counter at the hardware was more than happy to help Nicole out with her extensive list and said that someone could deliver the rest of the supplies later this afternoon. As she was finishing up her purchase the young woman winked at her and wrote her number of the back of the receipt and made the universal call me sign with her hand. Nicole gave her a broad smile and nodded farewell. After packing what newly purchased tools she could carry into her saddlebags and grabbing a bite to eat from a nearby café she headed back out to her grandmother’s property.

As she pulled up she was surprised to see a small red jeep parked by the house. On approach she saw Waverly look up from whatever she was reading in the driver’s seat and begin to unbury herself from the mountain of papers she had in her lap. Nicole’s heart skipped a beat as she watched the small beauty climb out of the car and wave at her happily. She noticed that when Waverly smiled her whole face lit up and she got adorable crinkles by her eyes and nose. Nicole had to take a breath before she turned off the engine curious as to why Waverly was here.

She flipped up the visor on her helmet and gave Waverly her best smile, “Hey there! I wasn’t expecting to see you today?” Waverly suddenly looked insecure.

“Maybe I got a little too excited about my little research task.” Waverly answered waving some of the papers she was holding at Nicole.

“Research task?” Nicole asked feigning confusion.

“About your Gran, and this property. You do remember talking about it last night, right?” Nicole thought back through the whiskey haze and remembered getting upset at one point and asking for Waverly’s help.

“Was I crying in the bathroom?” Waverly nodded trying to hide a smile. “Good lord.” Nicole shook her head and sighed. “Well, we can pretend that that never happened, you’re here now. Have you found something?” Waverly nodded excitedly and started thumbing through the pages she was holding spreading them out onto the bonnet of her jeep. “How did you find the time to do all this research?”

“Oh, I basically have the town archive in my library at home and I always get up early.”

“Library?” Waverly ignored her comment and pointed to a small article in a printed copy of an old newspaper.

“It’s not a happy story I’m afraid.”

“Considering she never spoke of this place I’m not surprised,” Nicole sighed following Waverly’s perfectly polished finger she read of a car accident that killed a man and young child as well as four local high school students. “Gran had been married before?” She didn’t realise that she had tears pouring down her face until a soft hand wiped them away. She looked up to see Waverly’s beautiful face crinkled with concern.

“I’m sorry.”

“We weren’t even that close I don’t know why I’m so upset. I have another uncle, well had… Is it
weird that I feel sad like I’ve lost something that I never knew I had?” Waverly shook her head.

“Of course not. I could try and find where they’re buried if that’s something you would like?” Nicole nodded silently still in shock.

“I wonder if Granddad knew. I mean probably because he took her last name. Which was a big deal back then. He must have known how much they meant to her and loved her so much that he was willing to put up with the gossip.” Nicole was rambling in her confusion and not paying attention until Waverly placed an arm around her shoulders.

“Do you need to sit down?” She asked worried.

“No, I’m… I’m ok. Wow. That was just unexpected I guess.” Nicole undid her braid and ran her fingers through her red hair, finding the repetitive motion soothing. When she finally made eye contact with Waverly she noticed something else in her face, other than concern, what was that? Attraction? They both blushed when they realised how close they had gotten to one another and coughing awkwardly they pulled apart. “Gosh I don’t normally like girls seeing me cry until at least the third date,” Nicole laughed lamely.

“Oh!” Waverly pulled back further. “Oh, we aren’t… I mean… we can’t… I’m in a relationship with a boy. Man.” Nicole couldn’t help but laugh.

“A boy-man?” Nicole smiled at how that very accurately described Champ and his behaviour last night. “Yeah, I’ve been there. It’s the worst.” She said winking, Waverly’s face was bright red. “You’re so adorable when you’re embarrassed. Can I keep this?” Nicole asked tapping the article on the hood of the car.

Stunned by the sudden change of topic Waverly stuttered “Oh yeah, of course, sure.”

“Thanks,” Nicole took the page and after carefully folding it she placed it in the back pocket of her jeans. “I honestly didn’t expect any answers at all so soon after arriving. Thank you, Waverly it means a lot to me.” Waverly blushed when Nicole said her name aloud. She removed the shears from where they were stored on her bike and asked, “I don’t suppose you like gardening do you?”

“Ha! Does anyone?” Waverly laughed collecting her papers and returning them to her car.

“Worth a shot. Thanks again Waverly. I owe you one.” As Waverly climbed back into her car Nicole turned to the task at hand. Already sweating from the heat of the day she removed her leather jacket revealing a small tank top and prepared to get to work.
Waverly outwardly groaned as she watched Nicole strip off her jacket in her review mirror. “Don’t forget sunscreen!” She heard her voice call out before inwardly kicking herself. Nicole turned and saluted her as she drove away. What on earth was going on with her. Well she knew what was going on. She had developed a crush on the beautiful red head from the first time she flashed that dimpled smile. Waverly had thought about that smile all night, long after Champ had left in a huff because she wasn’t in the mood. At least not in the mood for him. She shook her head as if to physically shake the thoughts from her mind.

When she entered the homestead, she could hear Wynonna shuffling around upstairs and decided to make them a late lunch and a hair of the dog for her sister. “Oh, you’re an angel!” Wynonna cried as she entered the kitchen, hair still dripping from her shower. Waverly served their lunch and watched her sister cautiously sip at her drink groaning and looking a little green around the gills. “What have you been up to this morning? I heard you working in your office when I got up to pee.”

“Oh, I was just looking up something for Nicole.” She answered desperately avoiding her sister’s eye contact.

“You mean super Haughty?” Waverly could tell her sister was trying to get a rise out of her, but she couldn’t help but blush. “I knew it!” Wynonna laughed. “Baby girl’s got a crush!”

“Just eat your damned breakfast,” Waverly grunted at her older sister.

“So, did you end up finding anything?” Wynonna asked once she’d finished chuckling to herself. Waverly nodded solemnly. “Not good news then huh?”

“No, her grandma’s first husband and child were killed in a car accident in 1958. Looks like she packed up and left Purgatory soon after.”

“Are you going to go tell her?”

“I, uh, already have.” Waverly caught Wynonna glance at the clock and then back to her sister.

“Did you get any sleep? Its only just past 1pm.” Avoiding her sister’s gaze Waverly began to tidy up the dishes from their lunch and stack them in the dishwasher.
“I slept very well thank you,” she lied. Pretending that she hadn’t been up tossing and turning thinking of that beautiful smile. Wynonna scoffed as though she saw straight through the lie. “I just got up early…” she trailed off knowing that it was no use.

“Uhuh. And how did she take the news?” Waverly could still picture the sorrow and confusion on Nicole’s face and her brow furrowed with concern. “Not great I take it?” her sister asked. She shook her head sadly and sighed.

“It looked like she was going to throw herself into one hell of a pruning job when I left.” Wynonna raised an eyebrow in surprise.

“She’s getting to work quickly!”

“Idle hands and all that I guess” Waverly finished awkwardly trying to stop herself from thinking about Nicole’s long fingers and now probably very sweaty body. She heard her sister chuckle and looked up in surprise.

“Go have a cold shower baby girl.”

“What?!” Waverly laughed throwing a tea towel at her older sister. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“No secrets between us Earp’s baby girl. I’m watching you like a hawk.” Wynonna said as she left the room pointing from her eyes to Waverly and back again before walking down the hall laughing. Waverly sighed staring out the kitchen windows at the Rocky Mountains in the distance. She had never felt this way about a woman before and a had a thousand questions streaming through her mind.

Waverly spent the rest of the afternoon keeping herself busy with lecture preparation for the following week. She found that the busier her brain was the less likely she was to imagine Nicole removing more than just her leather jacket. When she finally checked her phone it was after 8pm and she had missed several calls and texts from Champ. It sounded like he was back at Shorty’s and after seeing Wynonna was wondering when she would arrive.

The last text read “Switch that big brain off for a while and lets party.” Waverly snorted in irritation. She didn’t want to switch her brain off, she was getting sick of his constant attempts to dumb her down. Shaking her head got up from her desk thinking she would have an early night until she remembered that Nicole was staying at Shorty’s. Blushing like a school girl she responded to Champ’s text.

“Maybe just one drink.” What was the worst that could happen?
Waverly entered the bar fidgeting nervously with the hem of her dress. She glanced nervously around the bar and spotted Nicole laughing animatedly talking to the blonde who worked at the hardware. Waverly could never quite remember her name. As if feeling eyes on her Nicole looked up and smiled. That mouth, those dimples. Waverly suddenly felt very awkward and caught herself waving animatedly at Nicole. Blushing and desperate for a distraction she looked around for her boyfriend.

Champ was already very drunk by the time she arrived, playing pool with several other rodeo riders they were surrounded by a gaggle of girls, as always. He cheered when he spotted her and pushed through the crowd and gave her a big slobbery kiss.

“Oh, I’ve missed this,” he moaned grabbing her ass. She swatted his hand away and glanced towards Nicole who quickly averted her eyes and with a barely discernible shake of her head returned to her conversation. “Come on baby. It’s been ages. I could ask Shorty for a room for a few so that we could catch up,” his beer laden breath was heavy in her face as he wiggled his eyebrows at her seductively. She once again pushed his hands away. “Let me guess? You’re not in the mood?” he scoffed.

“BABY GIRL!” she heard Wynonna shout over the noise of the crowded bar. Grateful for the interruption she pulled herself out of Champs arms and headed over to her sister. “Look who’s back in town?” Wynonna cheered as she approached the table seeing that she was drinking with some old friends from high school.

“Mercedes! Hi! Gosh it’s been what?”

“12 years.” Mercedes interrupted.

“Wow. What brings you back to town?”

“She’s essentially buying the whole town.” Wynonna laughed. “Global domination didn’t stick so she thought she’d start with Purgatory.”

“That’s right bitch,” Mercedes laughed. “Gotta start somewhere. Champ’s looking sexy as always…” Waverly turned to see Champ flexing his muscles to anyone who would look. “Trouble in paradise?” she asked seeing Waverly roll her eyes.

“He’s just so…”

“Sexy?” offered Mercedes.

“Dumb as box of hammers?” Suggested Wynonna.

“Needy.” She finished. The older girls raised their eyebrows at her. “And clingy.” It felt like once
she had started she wouldn’t be able to stop.

“SHORTY!” Wynonna called out and indicated that she wanted another round. “I think we’re gunna need some more drinks.”

“Why are you still with him then?” Mercedes asked. “Set him free.”

“Please stop eye-fucking my sister’s maybe not boyfriend.” Wynonna said smacking her old friend on the hand.

“I dunno,” Waverly responded. “We’ve been together forever. I think it’s just become easy.”

“If it’s ‘easy’” Wynonna began. “When was the last time you knocked boots?”

“Wynonna!” her sister snapped.

“A while then huh? Guess easy isn’t the problem then hey baby girl?” she said tickling Waverly’s ribs. Slapping her sister’s hands away she couldn’t help wondering if they weren’t right. Maybe it was time to let go of her high school sweetheart. Without realising it her eyes had settled on Nicole and she couldn’t help the small smile that crept onto her lips. At that moment Nicole glanced over and caught Waverly looking at her, surprised she grinned and nervously tucked her red hair behind her ear.

“Maybe you need just need a change?” Mercedes asked bringing her back to reality. Both girls laughed as Waverly blushed. Rolling her eyes, she finished her drink and excused herself. Exhausted from being up half the night researching her body was aching for bed.

Champ grabbed her arm as she made her way towards the exit. “You going my way?”

“I don’t think so Champ.”

“Oh, come ON!” he snapped.

“Champ, people are staring lower your voice.” Waverly said through gritted teeth. “You’re drunk. Go home.”

Attempting to turn on the charm he asked, “Well why don’t you take me?” Looking up into his face she placed a hand on his chiselled jaw.

“I don’t think so.” She turned and walked out of the bar.

“Waves! Waverly wait!” he called after her. Jogging to catch up he grasped her hand. “Waverly?” aggravation beginning to show in his voice “When?”

“I’m just not interested right now.” Waverly was surprised at the confidence in her voice.

“Are you ever? I bet if I was that red headed bitch you’ve been making eyes at all night you’d jump at the chance.”

“Champ? What the hell are you talking about?” Waverly exclaimed trying to hide the panic from her voice.

“I’m not stupid you know!” Waverly had tried hard not to roll her eyes.

“You’re drunk. And I’m leaving.” She climbed into her jeep and looked back at his angry face. “Goodnight Champ.”
As she pulled up at the front of the homestead her phone started buzzing like crazy as a bunch of texts from her sister started streaming in. “What did you do to Champ?” “He came in wiping his eyes and ordered 7 shots of tequila.” “Oh Lord. Did you finally do it?” “You finally dumped that loser” the last text sounded more like a statement than a question.

“What? No. We just had fight.” She replied before putting her phone back in her purse. As she made her way inside and put the kettle on she heard her phone ping again. Wynonna’s face showed up on the caller ID.

“Just confirming that you didn’t break up.”

“No Wynonna, we just had an argument he’s been really possessive and” she stopped when she heard her sister drop her phone and start yelling.

“YOU ASSHOLE WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING?!?” she heard a scuffle and a thud as someone fell to the floor by the phone. Waverly’s heart dropped.

“What’s going on?” she called out. Amidst the noise she could hear fighting and her sister still yelling. Then she heard Champ pleading with her to stop before Sheriff Nedley called for them to break it up. Then a crunch as the line went dead. She leaned against the table in shock, what the hell had just happened.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Is this the end of Champ? Waverly cleans through her frustrations. Nicole gets to work on the house and yard.

Nicole helped the sheriff drag Wynonna off Champ even though she would have much rather let her get a few more swings in. “That crazy bitch broke my nose!” he cried blood pouring from a swelling nose.

“Do you want to lose your badge?” the sheriff asked as they pulled her further away from Champ her arms and legs still swinging wildly.

“He’s a cheating sack of shit!” Wynonna yelled spitting in Champs direction.

“And he’s going to regret it. Let’s get you outside.” The sheriff looked around and then back at Nicole. “Have you been drinking? Can you get her home?” Nicole shook and then nodded her head answering both his questions in turn.

“I’m fine. I can take myself!” Wynonna grumbled pulling her keys from her pocket.

“Oh no you don’t.” Nedley said snatching them from her hand and tossing them to Nicole. She helped Wynonna to the passenger side of her truck and turned back to Nicole. “Sorry I know it’s a lot to ask.”

“It’s no problem.” Although not the best time to be seeing Waverly she thought. Shaking his head, Sheriff Nedley walked back into the bar to talk to Champ.

“What a shit ticket!” Wynonna yelled kicking the dash. “Did you see him?” Nicole nodded. “He was all over that girl in there. What am I going to tell Waves?” she asked no one in particular. “Oh shit, I was on the phone to her!”

“Sorry I didn’t get to it in time.” She winced handing Wynonna the shattered phone. They drove the rest of the way in partial silence, only broken by Wynonna grumbling and giving the occasional direction. Eventually they pulled into the driveway of a ranch, signage indicated that this was the Earp homestead. Waverly was on the porch as they pulled up arms raised quizzically at her sister.

“Thanks, Haught. You can leave my keys with Shorty I’ll come collect my car in the morning. Now to go break my sister’s heart.” Wynonna sighed as she climbed down out of the truck and headed towards her confused little sister. Nicole watched as she threw an arm around her and lead her inside. She gave Waverly a small wave and then turned the car around and headed back to the hotel.

The next week passed by quickly. As the only people she’d made friends with so far were in the middle of a messy situation Nicole threw herself into working on the house and yard, just trying to stay out of everyone’s way, collapsing exhausted each evening. She had managed to get the water reconnected and had an electrician coming out to see about reconnecting to the power grid. She felt
like she was finally starting to achieve something.

It was another humid day and Nicole had removed her long sleeve shirt and tied it around her waist hoping that the barely existent breeze might cool her down a little. She was pruning back the rose bushes to clear a path for the electrician when she heard a car coming up the drive. She removed her Stetson and wiped the sweat from her brow as she watched the small red jeep round the bend. Waverly’s eyes widened at the sight of a Nicole hat in hand, sweat drenching her dirty white singlet. Nicole’s stomach flipped seeing the effect she had on the younger woman. Replacing the hat on her head she made her way over to where Waverly had parked. “I didn’t expect to see you.”

“Oh, hum.” Waverly stammered. “I have been meaning to thank you for bringing Wy home the other night and..” her eyes misted over as she remembered why Wynonna had to be dropped home in the first place. She coughed clearing the frog from her throat. “Like I said, I wanted to say thank you but didn’t have your number, so I thought ‘everybody eats right’?” showing Nicole the picnic basket on the seat beside her.

“They sure do,” Nicole replied giving Waverly her best dimpled smile and opening the car door for her.

“I also thought that maybe you could use some help out here. I’ve had the last two days off work and the house is spotless. Wynonna caught me polishing the silverware this morning for a second time and told me that I needed to get out of the house. So, I brought a broom and some other cleaning supplies and thought I could be productive out here helping you…” she trailed off embarrassed that she had started to ramble.

“I welcome the help. Progress is slow going.” Nicole added as she took the basket and picnic blanket Waverly was passing to her.

“Have you made a decision about whether you might stay or not?” Waverly hoped she didn’t sound too invested in what Nicole’s response may be.

“I’ve taken the next month off work to see what I can get done. I haven’t really decided what it is that I want to do just yet though.”

“I never asked, what is it that you do?” Waverly noticed that the front door had already been fixed and replaced. “Are you a carpenter?” Nicole laughed.

“No, but my Dad is, he taught me a lot about building as I was growing up. I think he really wanted a boy but had to make do with me.” She grimaced. Coming back to the present she continued “No, back home I’m a police officer.”

“Aha, Wynonna did say you moved quickly to break up their fight.” Nicole watched Waverly’s eyes darken again. “You should have let her kick him a few more times.”

“I almost did. I’m real sorry about what happened. Are you doing okay?” she tilted her hat back to make eye contact with the smaller woman.

“I, uh, I don’t really want to talk about it if that’s ok?”

“Sure, sure, no problem. Let’s keep you busy then huh?” They took the food and supplies inside, and Nicole asked, “Where do you want to start?”

“Guess I could start at the top and work my way down?”

“Always a good way to go,” Nicole winked as a blush crept onto Waverly’s cheeks. “I’ll be in the
garden if you need me.” She tipped her hat and stepped back out into the bright sun leaving Waverly blinking in shock.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Nicole gets a booboo and the girls have a heart to heart.

Chapter Notes

My Wayhaught shirt was delivered today so I am feeling very gay! Have another chapter!

A small smile crept onto the younger woman’s face as she climbed the creaky wooden stairs. She had to shove with her shoulder to get the first door open. The room was mostly empty except for a tiny crib and an old rocking chair both covered in what once must have been white sheets. The walls were covered in peeling baby blue wall paper and cobwebs. “May as well start in the saddest room in the house,” she lamented. She heard music start playing outside and peered out the window to see Nicole’s head bopping along to an upbeat tune as she continued trimming the hedges. Waverly watched the muscles in her shoulders flex as she snipped away happily at the rose bushes. She must’ve felt eyes on her as she turned around and smiled up at the window where Waverly stood and tipped her hat again. Panicking about being caught spying Waverly pretended to be trying to open the window as Nicole went back to her work. “What the hell is going on with me?” she sighed before succeeding to open the window and getting stuck into the cleaning. Knowing that is wasn’t just Champ she needed distraction from.

Once she’d finished the baby’s room she moved further along the corridor to the bathroom. A room that Nicole had obviously spent a few minutes in previously but was far from clean. Most of the room was covered in webs and dust except the sink and part of the mirror that had been wiped clean. Waverly grinned as she could only see the top of her forehead in the grimy mirror and realised just how much shorter she was than Nicole.

Just as she was finishing up in the master bedroom her stomach started to rumble, and she decided to head back downstairs to start making herself some lunch. Suddenly Nicole started swearing loudly and came running into the house holding her left arm, blood beginning to drip from her hand. She grabbed her bandana from her helmet and wrapped it tightly around her forearm crying out in pain.

“Oh my god, are you ok?” Waverly asked running to her side.

“Biggest fucking thorn I have ever not seen,” Nicole winced as Waverly gently removed the cloth from her arm and saw a deep gash before more blood began pouring out.

“Oh, that’s going to need stitches!” Nicole only groaned in response. “Ok, grab your things we’re going to the hospital.”

“But the electrician is coming.”
“Yeah, and so is septicaemia. Get in the car and I will write the electrician a note okay.”

“Okay…” Nicole murmured as she pocketed her things and headed out to the car. The blood from her arm was seeping through her makeshift bandage as Waverly sped to the hospital. “Mother. Arse. That’s a lot of blood.” Her face was pale as she held her arm tightly.

“It’s ok. We’re almost there.”

“You’re cute when you’re worried,” she smiled through the pain.

“Really Nicole?” Waverly laughed anxiously.

“What? I might be bleeding to death here. I may as well speak the truth.” Waverly rolled her eyes. “But I will stop flirting, if that is what you would prefer.” There was an awkward pause, Waverly didn’t really want her to stop flirting.

“I… That’s not… Oh look, we’re here!”

“Well ok then,” Nicole grinned at Waverly’s non-answer. Because she was bleeding she didn’t have to wait long before seeing a doctor. “Last tetanus shot?”

“Two years ago.”

“Alright, so that’s up to date. Any known allergies to anaesthetics?” He asked before cleaning the wound.

“Yes, thiopental could kill me.”

“Good to know, next of kin? Just in case.”

“Shae Pressman.”

“Relationship?”

Nicole sucked in air between her teeth glancing at Waverly guiltily. “Wife.” Waverly winced in shock.

“You’re married?” she blurted out in surprise.

“We separated a few months ago but haven’t got around to the paper work just yet.”

“Oh,” Waverly’s eyes were glued to the floor, her face was stony and unreadable. “How did you meet?” she asked eventually.

“Rock climbing in Nevada. Whirlwind romances are dangerous in Vegas.”

“Ok this is going to sting!” The doctor interrupted as he injected Nicole with a local anaesthetic.

“Ow! Ow!” she winced watching the needle.

“We’ll just give it a minute to kick in and I’ll clean and stitch it and have you back at it.” He ducked out of the room, seemingly eager to be away from the awkward conversation the girls were having.

“Waves, are you okay?” Nicole asked watching Waverly who was intensely interested in a scuff
mark on her shoe.

“I just didn’t know you were married, you don’t wear your ring.”

“Only as far as paperwork is concerned. We’ve practically just met. It would have come up sooner or later.”

“I guess.” Waverly mumbled.

“Hey,” Nicole reached for Waverly’s hand, only reaching the pinky and ring finger on her left hand. “You only got around to asking what I do for a living this morning. Don’t worry, we have forever to get to know each other.”

“Forever? Does that mean you’re staying?” Waverly tried to hide her optimism.

“I mean, maybe. I’ve been waiting for a reason to stay and I…” Nicole stopped as the doctor re-entered the room.

“Let’s get you out of here, shall we?” He asked. As he cleaned and stitched he told them how to care for the wound at home. “Minimal movement for a couple of days, this sucker was deep. And keep your arm in the sling as much as possible.”

“I guess I won’t be riding my bike then?”

“I’d try and avoid riding for at least five days. Give yourself a chance to heal.” He handed her the discharge papers. As she reached for them she had to let go of Waverly’s hand which she realised she’d been holding the entire time. She looked up at her in surprise and Waverly just gave a small smile in response before letting go.

Silence hung heavily between them as they travelled back to Nicole’s property. Each time she glanced over Nicole was staring out the window and smiling to herself. “So…” Waverly said suddenly causing Nicole to jump up with surprise.

“Woah there! I was a million miles away.” Waverly laughed as Nicole put her hand to her heart. “You nearly gave me a heart attack.”

“Sorry!” she grinned sarcastically. “I was just wondering whether you were looking for a reason to stay or a reason to go home.”

“Home?” Nicole sighed before continuing. “I guess I’m currently homeless. I’m still living with Shae. Not the most ideal situation I know. And I think I saw this as a decent excuse to escape. At least for a while.” She paused meriting an eyebrow raise from Waverly. “I’m honestly not sure I can go back. I’d been looking for a flat but hadn’t had much luck, so I was living out of boxes for the last six months.”

“Wasn’t seeing Shae each day difficult?”

“Oh, it was the worst! I mean it was an amicable breakup. As amicable as two people falling out of love can be I suppose.”

“Couldn’t you have stayed with your parents?” Waverly regretted it as soon as she asked. Nicole’s face fell, and she looked away quickly.

“No.” They spent the next few minutes in silence.
“You know,” Waverly started, “I think there may be a position available in the sheriff’s office, with Wynonna and Doc being assigned to this special cross-borders task force that Deputy Marshall Dolls has been running for the past few years they have been short staffed for a while now. I could put a word in for you? If that is something that you may be interested in?”

“Cross-border task force? For what?”

“Super-secret apparently. Wynonna can’t even tell me anything.”

“Well, it is certainly something to think about. I might have to give the sheriff a call.” Waverly took that as a positive sign and decided to leave it at that. Nicole’s stomach rumbled loudly as the pulled up at the front of her grandmother’s house. “Hey! The porch light is on! We have electricity!” she cheered climbing awkwardly out of the jeep.

After eating a very late lunch on the floor in the loungeroom they decided to call it a day. “I’m glad you came over,” Nicole said watching Waverly wheel her Harley into the slightly dilapidated car port.

“Otherwise you would have bled out and died?” When she smiled her whole face lit up and Nicole couldn’t help but acknowledge just how beautiful this tiny woman was. And strong. She thought as Waverly helped her back up into the jeep.

“At least had a hefty ambulance bill.” Nicole laughed, tucking her red hair behind her ear and looking away.

“Or that. Do you want me to pick you up to come back here tomorrow?”

“You’re not sick of me yet?” Nicole grinned slyly at her friend’s raised eyebrows. “I mean, if you’re not working, or busy…” she added awkwardly. Waverly pulled to the curb in front of Shorty’s.

“Tomorrow is Saturday Nicole. No classes on the weekend.”

“Of course. I guess you can text me if you want to do some shopping or something, if you’re sure that is.” She scrawled her number on the back of her business card and handed it to Waverly. “To do with as you please. I won’t be upset if I don’t hear from you.”

Her phone chimed as she closed the door to the jeep. It was a text from an unfamiliar number. “Boop!” Waverly waved goodbye and drove off leaving Nicole smiling on the footpath wondering what to do next.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Surprise job interview for Nicole. Will Nicole decide to stay?

Waves takes some me time ;)

Chapter Notes

Because you've all been so wonderful have another chapter before I go to bed xx

Now that she had water and electricity connected to the property perhaps it was time to move out of the hotel room. There was a decent wooden bedframe in the master bedroom, but it desperately needed a new mattress. She dug out her computer once she got back upstairs and looked up local shops. After debating wording for a couple of hours she sent a text to Waverly asking if she would be interested in mattress shopping tomorrow instead. She jumped into the shower as soon as she hit send. Too anxious to wait and to see what her reply would be. She practically leapt at her phone when she heard it chime. It was a text from Waverly’s number.

“Are you trying to get my baby sister into bed Officer Haught?” Wynonna had obviously read the message instead.

“What?!” she replied probably a little too quickly. Still half in the shower she was dripping water all over her phone and the floor.

“Lol. I knew it! On our way to Shorty’s come have a drink!” Attached was a selfie Wynonna had taken, tongue out giving a peace sign as Waverly kept her eyes on the road. She could have sworn Waverly was blushing. Another text came through “Also, Nedley will be there. Waves said you were job hunting. See you soon.”

“Shit.” She still hadn’t decided if she wanted to stay and suddenly she was buying a mattress and having a job interview, informal as it may be. Things were starting to happen very quickly and her heart was pounding in her chest. She dressed as quickly as possible using only one arm. After putting her arm back in the sling, she tried to straighten her appearance in the bathroom mirror and brushed her hair one final time. “Alright Haught, that’s as straight as you’re gunna get.” She told herself with a smile. She could hear Wynonna laughing as she approached the stairs and smiled knowing that that meant Waverly was nearby. Nicole thought about turning around and heading back upstairs but she spotted Waverly’s burning ears behind Wynonna and decided that it was worth being the butt of the joke at least once. She took a deep bow and the group of people with the Earp’s cheered loudly. Knowing that pain meds and alcohol don’t mix Nicole ordered a ginger beer before heading towards the Earp’s table.

“Officer Haught, if I may?” called Sheriff Nedley from an adjacent booth. Nicole gave him a nervous smile and shifted her direction to join him instead. “I hope you don’t mind, word passes
quite quickly in this town, Wynonna told me you were considering staying on for a time.”

“It is certainly becoming enticing to stay.” Nedley turned to see what she was smiling at over his shoulder and saw a blushing Waverly glance quickly away.

He coughed to cover a chuckle. “I did some research. You graduated top of your class at the academy and have a stellar arrest record. Seems you always get your man, or woman” he added coyly. “I know you’re from the big city and Purgatory is a small place. But, if you are interested we would be lucky to have an officer such as yourself serving the town.”

“Wow, really?”

“If you’re interested I will start lobbying for your transfer.” Nicole ran the fingers of her undamaged arm through her hair in surprise. “Let me know what you decide,” Nedley shook her hand in farewell and left her his card. “I look forward to hearing from you.”

Nicole sat a moment, dumbfounded at the events of the day and just how much her life had changed in the last year. Maybe it was time to embrace the change? And just see how things turned out. Her brow was furrowed, deep in thought she looked up, eyes focusing on Waverly who was watching her with concern.

“Get over here already!” Wynonna called out as she threw a coaster in Nicole’s direction. “So…? What do you think? Awesome friends, job lined up AND a house. Do you think you are willing to give Purgatory a shot?” she asked as Nicole took the only remaining seat next to Waverly.

“You know what Wynonna? I think I just might.”

Waverly was silent as she drove her sister home that night. A content sigh escaped her chest as if bubbling from happiness she couldn’t quite explain. After a few minutes she realised that Wynonna’s eyes were on her. “How are you doing baby girl? That was one hell of a sigh.” Wynonna’s face was full of concern as she placed her hand over Waverly’s on the drive shaft.

Waverly thought a moment before responding. “I think I’m doing okay. Keeping busy is helping.”

“It’s nice to see you making friends as well. Nicole is great.”

“Yeah, she is.” Waverly sighed again and saw a grin flash across her sister’s mouth.

“That’s why you’re sighing? You’re smitten!” Wynonna exclaimed.

“I am not!” she quipped with childlike fervour.

“Baby girl’s got a lady crush!” Waverly frowned as Wynonna was chuckling in the passenger seat. Maybe that’s all this is? She thought. Just a crush on the new person in town. Her brain tricking her into not thinking about Champ’s betrayal. She’d never been interested in girls before, maybe her body was just craving a rebound and Nicole was the first nice person she encountered. Her frown deepened. If that was the case then she wasn’t being fair to Nicole, she didn’t want to get her hopes up, she didn’t want her getting the wrong idea. Especially if that lead to Nicole to making big life decisions like moving to Purgatory. She decided that she would talk to her about it tomorrow, before she made any big decisions.

As she lay in bed Waverly closed her eyes and sighed for the hundredth time. Each time she closed her eyes she saw Nicole. Tipping her Stetson at her, ginger hair tangled up in a French braid. She
blacked open her eyes before closing them again with a smile. The first time she laid eyes on her, hair flowing over her shoulders. She looked incredible, casually confident in her leather jacket, her arm slung through her helmet. The dimples that appeared as she smiled at Wynonna’s comment and how she winked in reply. Her heart fluttered but there was something else. A sweaty Nicole in a dirty tank top saluting her in the rear-view mirror as she drove away. Heat flushed into Waverly’s cheeks as she clenched her thighs together, her body reacting to thoughts of Nicole. Her hands rested lightly on her stomach as she breathed deeply, remembering the vanilla scent that emanated from the tall woman, and she made a mental note to buy donuts the next day.

Thunder rumbled in the distance, promising a break to the heat of the last week, and Waverly’s eyes closed again. This time wondering about what it would be like if Nicole was here with her now. She imagined the beautiful dimpled smile Nicole gave when she blushed, blinking slowly as she looked up from her shoes. Waverly traced her hands up her stomach and gently brushed her breast outside her pyjama shirt, imagining kissing Nicole she bit her lower lip. She wondered what she would taste like.

She imagined hands, rough from hard work, trailing over her soft tanned skin. Breathing becoming laboured, Nicole’s illusory body heaving over the top of her, a strong thigh pressing against dampening underwear. A cupping hand mimicked the pressure. Moaning as fictional lips closed around a nipple her hips began gyrating against her hand. Her left hand following the trail of kisses ‘Nicole’ left, goose bumps forming in its wake. Thunder rolled again. The storm was approaching. Biting her lip harder her hand, in place of Nicole’s, slipped beneath her underwear. Imagining an approving moan from Nicole as she felt the warm wetness between her thighs. Fingers gently snaking their way between her folds. Lightning flashed outside her window as she picked up the pace, neither being able to, nor wanting to, take this slow. Breath heaving her back began to arch as she felt her climax approaching. She imagined hot wet kisses as a hand clasped over her breast firmly, tweaking the nipple in her palm. That was all it took, and Waverly moaned loudly, body shaking, as the rain began to fall.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Dinner with Doc and the Earps. Waverly’s plans go awry. Have a little angst. <3

Chapter Notes

Here you go lovelies! Another chapter is up! Thanks again for all the wonderful comments. I can't believe how well this is being received. I get so excited reading your posts so more comments = more chapters!

Nicole woke later than she would have liked the next morning, her arm aching and brain foggy with medication. She had tossed and turned half the night trying to get comfortable as the storm raged outside. It was still drizzling and overcast as she glanced out the window reaching for her phone. It vibrated alerting her to a missed text from Waverly saying something had come up and she couldn’t make it today. Nicole’s face dropped with disappointment. She flopped back down on the firm hotel bed and sighed. She hadn’t realised how much she was looking forward to seeing the stunning brunette until now. Wondering what had happened she hoped that Waverly wasn’t thinking of spending time with her as a burden. She closed her eyes and listened to the rain trying to clear her brain of anxious thoughts. Reading the text again she realised that it had been sent hours ago and decided she had better reply, but what to say? She didn’t want to sound too needy, too aloof or too nosey.

“No problems. Just woke up. Hope everything is ok” she debated for a few minutes as to whether add a kiss or not. Deciding against it, aiming for friendly instead of flirtatious. Burying her face with a pillow she growled frustrated. She could tell she was developing feelings, something that she always ended up regretting. This was not the first time she had fallen for a straight female friend. Remembering how her awkward confessions as a teen and again as a young woman always seemed to sour friendships, either leading to outright rejections or even worse her ending up being the potential experiment for her straight friends. Her heart aching, she decided that that wasn’t going to happen with Waverly. She would cool off with the flirting and aim for somewhere around friends. Maybe she could call the blonde from the hardware as a distraction. Maybe not today though.

Nicole’s phone chimed as she sat on the edge of what felt like the fiftieth bed she had tried. It was heading into the middle of the afternoon and there were several families milling about looking at furniture. It was a call from an unknown number. “Hello? Nicole speaking” she answered using her professional voice unsure as to what to expect on the other end.

“You’re coming over for dinner tonight.” Wynonna stated as though it was a fact.

“Okay…”

“It’s the least you could do after bailing on my baby sis today.”
“I... uh…” Nicole stammered confused. “What?”

“I assumed you bailed on your planned shopping trip, she’s been moping around the house all day and has started cleaning again. I will pick you up at 6. Do you have anything you don’t eat? I’m sending Waves to the shops now.”

“I’m a celiac. And a vegan.” She added, uncomfortable about forcing her dietary restrictions on others. “I can bring something for myself” she started before being interrupted.

“No gluten, no problem.” She could hear Wynonna’s pen scribbling on paper. “Waves is a vegan too. Kids these days. Forcing me to eat more than just steak and whiskey. See you soon.” Before Nicole could reply Wynonna had hung up.

She laid back on the display bed rubbing her face with her good hand. She relaxed into the comfortable mattress pondering the whirlwind conversation. Why did Waverly lie about being busy today? Perhaps she was being too needy? Would she be okay with her just showing up at her house? Her phone buzzed again with a text from Wynonna “Bring whiskey or tequila.” Nicole shook her head as she thought about the pile of dirty clothes on the floor of her hotel room. She decided to buy the mattress she was lying on and organized to get it and some linen delivered before heading into the shop next door to buy some clean clothes.

Nicole was waiting nervously on the curb by ten to six. She tugged at the cuff of her new top in the sling, slightly uncomfortable at the blue and pink unicorn print which was more feminine than she would prefer but was the only long sleeved collared shirt they had in her size. The tongues of her orange adidas sneakers sticking out over the new black jeans. Unable to put her hair up due to her injury it cascaded over her shoulders with gentle curls. Wynonna pulled up in Waverly’s red jeep right on six and tooted the horn unnecessarily.

“Looking good Haughty! New duds?” she asked leaning over and removing a tag from Nicole’s jeans.

“I need to do my laundry,” she laughed grateful for the darkened interior of the car obscuring her blushing face.

“We’ve all been there buddy. How’s your arm holding up?”

“I mean, it hurts like a bitch, but it’s more irritating than anything. It’s barely been a day and I am already missing my freedom.”

“Especially with that sexy ride waiting for you huh?” Nicole jerked her head to the side in confusion. “You’re bike.” She added. “What did you think I meant?” Shrugging Nicole stared straight ahead stiff as a board. She saw Wynonna smirk to herself out of the corner of her eye, as she began to hum happily along to the radio.

Waverly was singing along to some electric jazz playing on her laptop, as she busied herself in the kitchen. She knew that Wynonna would be returning shortly with guests. She loved cooking and jumped at the chance to cook a family dinner. Anything to keep her distracted from thinking about Nicole. She blushed thinking about what happened the night before and shook her head to focus back on her cooking. Her eggplant and chickpea curry staying warm in the oven as she finished up her entrees sweet potato, bell pepper and vegan cheese and fake bacon on gluten-free zucchini crepes. She didn’t know which of Wynonna’s friends had been diagnosed coeliac recently, but it was surprisingly easy to adapt her recipes. She heard the car pull up and the front door open as her sister told her friends to grab some glasses from the kitchen. She attempted to dust the flour from her apron and turned to greet her them right as Nicole entered the kitchen. She gasped audibly in
surprise.

“Oh. Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you.” Nicole smiled shyly. “I thought you would have heard us come in?” she indicated towards the front door. Waverly looked her up and down eyes landing on Nicole’s as she took a shaky breath. Those dimples would be the death of her. She realised she was still staring as colour started to build in the taller woman’s cheeks.

“Is Doc home yet?” Wynonna asked entering behind Nicole and beelining towards the fake bacon sizzling in the pan.

Waverly broke eye contact to smack her sister’s hand away from the food. “No. And it’s not ready yet.” Waverly turned back to the stove, hiding her smile, as the crepe in the skillet started to bubble. Seizing the opportunity Wynonna snatched some of the bacon before winking at Nicole and narrowly dodging a flung tea towel. “Get!”

After a moment Nicole cleared her throat. “I, uh, Wynonna told me to bring tequila and whiskey” She brandished the paper bag and the bottles clinked together. Waverly showed her where the glasses were, and Wynonna reappeared right as the first glass was poured.

“Thanks Red,” she swooped in taking the first pour. Making a satisfied “Ah!” as she sipped. “How did your shopping go today? Find a bed for that love shack you’re renovating?”

“I did actually,” she nodded ignoring the quip. “I am looking forward to sleeping in a real bed again.”

“Yeah the beds at Shorty’s aren’t usually used for sleeping!” she wiggled her eyebrows. “Gross Wynonna.” Nicole heaved jokingly. Doc arrived and after kissing his girlfriend helped Waverly plate the dishes before insisting they sit around the small dining table. He introduced himself as he served the entrees. Nicole was trying desperately to pay attention, but Waverly’s thigh pressed up against hers lightly as she stood to collect her glass that was absentmindedly left by the stove.

They chatted and laughed as they ate. Discussing some of the craziest things they had seen whilst on the force. Normally Waverly didn’t enjoy when Wynonna talked shop over dinner, but Nicole was so animated and hilarious as she spoke, she couldn’t help but smile at the woman sitting next to her.

After dinner was cleared away Doc produced an ancient deck of playing cards. “Anyone up for some Texas hold ‘em?”

“No strip poker tonight then?” Wynonna pouted at her partner.

“Ew.” Waverly’s nose wrinkled in disgust.

“Now Wynonna,” Doc said in his southern drawl. “You know we have guests. Mayhaps we can play that a little later,” his eyes shining.

“Gross. I’m surrounded by straight people.” Nicole joked. Waverly hoped no one would notice as she avoided eye contact with everyone at the table.

“No hits on Tinder then?” Wynonna asked making Nicole’s ears redden.

“Last time I swiped right was over two years ago in Vegas. After seeing Britney live and a big win on the slot machines we ended up in a drive thru chapel. I haven’t used the app since.”
“Classy!” Wynonna raised her glass.

“Where is the lucky lady?” Doc asked as he dealt the next hand. Waverly grimaced as she made eye contact with her sister over the table.

“In the city.” Nicole responded. “We broke up about six months back.”

“Well, I am sorry to hear that. Seems she lost herself quite the catch.” He gave Nicole a genuine smile that eased her discomfort. Wynonna turned the music back up and poured out shots of tequila offering them each one and a slice of lemon. After she salted the backs of their hands she raised her shot glass.

“To getting rid of toxic people!” They all repeated her before taking their shots.

Waverly was the first to lose all her chips to the table. “Stupid detectives,” she grumbled as she wrapped a poncho around her shoulders and headed out to watch the lighting flash in the distance as another storm approached. She sipped at her drink and sighed leaning against the veranda railing. Her thoughts drifted to the events of the last week, of last night, her face flushed with a mixture of pleasure, alcohol and shame.

Suddenly there was a loud commotion from the remaining players inside. “No!” Nicole cried. “You’re joking?” She could hear Wynonna cackling loudly.

“Suck it Haught!” her sister cheered. Smiling as she listened to her sister continue laughing she attempted to take another sip from her glass before realising it was empty.

“Need a refill?” Nicole’s voice was husky, Waverly turned to see her leaning against the door frame casually bottle in hand. She angled her empty glass towards the red head. Nicole joined her at the railing before topping up their glasses. They stood in silence watching lightning dance through the sky. “It really is beautiful out here.” The temperature dropped as the storm closed in and Waverly shivered involuntarily. She found herself moving closer to Nicole who placed an arm around her shoulder and drew her in close.

“Nicole, I wanted to apologise...” she started.

“It’s ok Waverly. You don’t have to say anything.”

“You’re not upset at me for cancelling today?” She looked up into the Nicole’s face gasping as she realised quite how close they were to each other. Nicole sighed as the rain begin to fall, her face unreadable.

“Of course not,” she thumbed Waverly’s shoulder absentmindedly. “I don’t expect you to run around after me just because I’ve got a booboo.”

“You got ten stitches. That’s hardly just a booboo.” She tentatively moved a hand towards Nicole’s arm. “And that’s not why I cancelled.”

“Waves, it’s ok. You don’t have to explain.” Nicole tilted her head down and smiled. “Wait, are you crying?” Once the tears began to fall she couldn’t stop them.

“I’m sorry,” she sniffed trying to wipe away the tears. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me.”

“It’s ok. You never need to apologise for your emotions. And you have had a hell of a week. You need to take some time for yourself. Sleep in, read a book, listen to some...” before she could finish her sentence Waverly turned into her and reaching up drew her in for a shaky but passionate kiss.
Groaning audibly Nicole pulled away. “Waverly…” she bit her lower lip and pulled back further.

“I’m… Oh god. I thought you… I’m sorry!” she turned and ran into the house sobbing her poncho caught on the door frame and she let it fall.

“Waves!” Nicole called after her, but she was gone. “Fuuuuuckkk!” she slammed her good hand on the railing. The rain was coming down heavily now. She was suddenly exhausted. Shivering from the loss of body heat she picked up the discarded poncho. Wynonna and Doc had already headed upstairs when she finally moved back inside, and Waverly was nowhere to be seen. The house was eerily quiet, and she suddenly felt very alone. She entered the kitchen and filled the kettle before flicking it on. She filled the sink and began to clean the dishes, an awkward job to do one handed, as she waited for the water to boil humming quietly as she worked, glancing up every now and then at particularly bright flashes of lightning. She finished the dishes when suddenly the fridge door behind her opened and she whipped around with a start. Waverly looked up at her guiltily holding a packet of vanilla dipped donuts. “Hot chocolate?” Nicole offered as the kettle came to a boil.

“Why are you being nice to me? I was just a total jerk.”

Nicole shrugged sadly. “I think you’ve just been dating too many shitheads,” she offered.

“We’re not dating!” Waverly snapped.

“I know… That’s not… God, I’d never ask you to be someone you’re not.”

“Good.” She accepted the mug of hot chocolate and as Nicole moved to walk past her she stopped her with a gentle hand. After a painfully long pause added, “Maybe just friends?”

“Sure Waverly, whatever you want.” She removed herself from Waverly’s grasp and wrapping the poncho around her shoulders she took her hot chocolate back out to watch the storm. Waverly watched her go before taking her hot chocolate and all the donuts back up to her room. She was on her third donut and sighing sadly when she heard the crunch of tyres. Sitting up to look out the window she watched as Nicole moved quickly through the rain to the waiting taxi.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Waverly and Wynonna have a heart to heart.

Chapter Notes

I have received over 100 kudos! Thanks guys! Have a little chapter to celebrate!

“What am I doing?” she asked her sister the next morning. “It’s been barely a week since I broke up with Champ. I have never even thought about being with a girl and then in swaggers Officer Haught-sauce.” Wynonna grinned as she rifled through the refrigerator.

“I swear there were donuts here last night.” Waverly shifted guiltily in her chair and avoided her sister’s gaze. “You ate them?” she asked incredulously. “ALL of them?” her sister nodded slightly.

“They were my favourite...” Wynonna eyed her baby sister with concern.

“Baby girl, I’m gunna be honest. My heart breaks each time I see you sad. And you have been sighing around the house a lot lately. Even before breaking up with that numbnard and I thought maybe an experimental dalliance with a certain redhead might alleviate your stress.”

“Hence the tequila.” Her eyebrows raised at her older sister who repeated the statement back to her.

“You’ve always been a horndog on tequila” smiling at Waverly’s flushed cheeks. “But maybe,” she said suddenly getting serious, “maybe just a dalliance isn’t what you really want.”

“But I’m not even gay!” Waverly cried unable to hold back the tears as the stress finally got too much for her.

Wynonna moved quickly to her side and pulled her in for a hug. “Baby girl,” she cooed. “It’s okay. Shhhh” holding her sister tight as she rested her chin on the top of her head. “The heart wants what the heart wants. Maybe you are?” She planted a kiss on Waverly’s head and squeezed her tightly. “There’s nothing wrong with being gay.”

“That’s not what Daddy would say,” Waverly mumbled into her sister’s shirt, as they both sighed. Wynonna patted her head and lovingly tucked brunette locks behind an ear.

“Baby girl, Daddy isn’t here. His opinion no longer matters. I will always love and support you no matter what, as long as you’re happy.”

“Thanks, Nonna,” Waverly sighed squeezing her big sister. “But I don’t think Nicole is interested.” Wynonna pulled back raising and eyebrow.

“I have eyes baby girl. She’s interested.”
“She wasn’t last night” Waverly murmured barely audible.

“What?!“ Wynonna’s eyes narrowed.

“I kinda kissed her.” Wynonna tilted her head forward, eyebrows raised, encouraging her to continue. “I’d been crying, and she was so nice, and I just wanted to kiss her so much.” She blushed as she spilled the beans to her sister. “She pulled away from me and then I ran away apologising.”

“You ran away?” Wynonna roared with laughter as Waverly pushed her away pouting. Her laughter was contagious however, and Waverly couldn’t help but smile at her silliness. “You cried, kissed her, apologised and then ran away? Such a romantic!” The laughter continued for a few moments before Wynonna wiped a tear from her eye. “I haven’t seen you this awkward since you were a teenager.”

“Emotions are hard okay? Especially with tequila involved.”

“Did you speak to her again before she left last night?” Waverly described their brief interaction, the hot chocolate and the donuts. “Maybe give it some time. You’ll figure out what’s best. You always do.”
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Nicole is settling in and starting to think that her house is haunted.

Chapter Notes

i live for your feedback guys!! it makes it so much more fun to write!

Nicole sat on the veranda railing as she watched the sun rise; it was the first night she had spent in her grandmother’s house, and she had had a restless sleep. The old house creaked and groaned despite the lack of wind outside. Nicole couldn’t shake the feeling that it was judging her, as though it was trying to sense her worthiness. A house judging her - how ridiculous. She yawned as the first rays of sun began to crest the horizon. Adjusting her seat, she felt paper crumple in her back pocket. She reached back and pulled out the folded paper Waverly had given her.

Waverly. It had been over a week since they kissed. And while she had kept herself busy organising to have Shae ship her stuff, sorting out a transfer with Sheriff Nedley, and trying to get the rest of the house in a liveable state, she still found herself thinking often of that kiss. While she was annoyed that their first kiss had been while Waverly was drunk and upset, she couldn’t help remembering what it had been like for her when she first realised that she liked girls. And she wasn’t even sure Waverly did! Wait. First kiss? She chuckled to herself as she had just assumed that there would be a second and hopefully a third or more.

Nicole sighed as she felt the warmth of the rising sun on her skin; it was going to be another hot day. Looking at the creased paper in her hands, she read the article again.

‘6 KILLED IN WORST MOTOR ACCIDENT IN PURGATORY HISTORY!!!
Four Purgatory high school boys, were killed Tuesday when the sedan they were riding in crashed at high speed into an oncoming vehicle. It was estimated by local law enforcement officers that the car carrying the school boys was travelling at approximately 90 miles an hour before colliding with the Haught family vehicle. Fragments of the cars were scattered over a wide area at the bottom of the embankment. The accident is considered one of the worst in Purgatory traffic history. Both vehicles were a tangled pile of junk and the bodies were so badly mangled and jammed into the wreckage it was not immediately determined who was the driver.
TIMOTHY CLAIRE 16, CHRISTOPHER ROBERTS 17, MARVIN FLEEK 18 were declared dead at the scene. ISAIAH HAUGHT 24 and his 18-month-old son, CHARLES HAUGHT, were also declared dead at the scene; they are survived by wife and mother Melody Haught, 19. EARL FLINT 18 died at Purgatory General soon after arrival.

A candlelight vigil will be held this Friday at Purgatory High School at 7pm.”

Such a short article for such a catastrophe. She felt tears spilling down her cheek as she read over the article again. She was overcome by a profound sense of loss that she didn’t quite understand. She had never even known about her grandmother’s first marriage, but it felt like she was
experiencing her loss. The house creaked and groaned as Nicole wiped her eyes. She could have sworn she heard the rocking chair scrape on the floor in the room above her head and she looked up quickly feeling thoroughly creeped out, but her cop sense was telling her she should check it out anyway. She re-entered the house and felt goose pimples form all over her body. She gritted her teeth. “It’s an old house, in dire need of repairs; you’re just freaking yourself out. No more serial killer documentaries before bed.” Ignoring her own pep talk she picked up a hammer that lay on the kitchen bench before making her way upstairs. When she got to baby Charles’s room she tested the handle before retracting her hand quickly. The iron door handle was ice cold. She took a step across the hall and tested the handle to the bathroom, warm and worn. Her breath began to quicken as she moved back by the door to the baby’s room. The handle was warm to the touch and she started to think that maybe she had been imagining things. Perhaps the pain meds and lack of sleep were getting to her.

Nicole had to lean her shoulder in to the door to get it to budge, and as she opened it she could have sworn she saw a woman in white standing by the window. She blinked, and the figure was gone, ancient lace curtains curled in the slight breeze that had picked up outside. An open window. Suddenly everything made sense. Sighing she entered the room and closed the window that must have been left open for the last week and the house became silent. She exited the room closing the door behind her, grinning at how foolish she had been. As she headed back down the stairs towards the kitchen, however, she could have sworn she heard the rocking chair scrape again.

“Nope. That’s it.” She picked up her wallet and keys and headed for the door. “I am going to adopt all of the cats. I am not sleeping in this house alone again.”
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Nicole bumps into Waverly at the university.

It had been three, long and awful, weeks since Waverly had laid eyes on Nicole. She had learned through Wynonna that she had been approved for transfer to the Purgatory Sheriff’s Department and Wynonna and Doc had been over to help her unpack earlier in the week after the moving truck had finally arrived with her things. Her heart felt like it was in her throat as she wondered about the decision Nicole had made. And she had been thinking about it, almost nonstop since she had heard the news. She could hear students laughing as they passed by her office door. Sighing she looked down at the paperwork she had been attempting before getting caught up in thought. At least work had been busy, she was developing a new course with a colleague and it was a huge job. Rubbing her eyes wearily she replaced her glasses on her face and glancing at the clock that hung above the door to her office decided to give herself an early mark.

Clutching her leather briefcase in one hand she swung the door to the history building open and breathed in the sunshine. She heard her before she saw her as Nicole approached from the side of the building, she was taking a someone’s statement, note pad open in her hand attentive to the description being given. Waverly stopped dead in her tracks, Nicole hadn’t seen her yet, maybe she could turn and walk the other way. Her brain whirred as she stood rooted on the spot. Nicole was wearing her deputy’s uniform, khakis and a navy button up. Her red hair was braided and tucked neatly under her Stetson. She must have sensed someone watching her as Nicole looked up from her notes and spotted Waverly staring, a smile grew on her face and her dimples deepened and Waverly felt herself redden. She swallowed dryly and hugging her case to her chest and forced herself to continue to move towards her vehicle, parked behind the building. Nicole watched her approach and tipped her hat at her.

“Have a good evening Ma’am,” the deputy smiled, their arms brushing as they passed each other on the narrow path. Waverly felt as though a jolt of electricity had passed through her as picked up her pace practically jogging towards her jeep. Rounding the corner, she stopped suddenly as she saw the deputy’s cruiser was parking her in. For a moment she considered attempting to hop the curb to escape but decided against it as there were several students milling around that she didn’t want to have to explain herself to. They were going to have to speak to each other eventually. She reapplied her lipstick in the side mirror before placing her case on the passenger seat. Endeavoring to flatten the creases from her sleeveless collared shirt she tried a number of positions in an attempt to appear nonchalant before Nicole appeared from around the corner pocketing her notepad.

“You appear to have parked me in officer,” she tilted her head at the deputy eyebrows raised.

“Have I?” feigned sincerity dripping from Nicole’s voice. “I am terribly sorry about that ma’am.” She smirked. Waverly thought she would approach her cruiser from the other side of the car but instead she walked straight towards her. A small gasp escaped Waverly’s mouth as she backed into her car attempting to escape. Nicole bit her lower lip as she brushed against Waverly in the cramped space between cars. “Let me fix that for you.” Nicole’s voice was deep and husky now and Waverly melted against the car behind her. Waverly swallowed, her breath quickening as a hand touched her waist gently. “Excuse me,” Nicole continued past her and stopped before getting
into her cruiser, she turned with a devilish grin. “Ma’am.” She doffed her hat, eyes shining, at the young lecturer and slipped into the driver’s seat leaving Waverly flushed and heaving unmoving against the jeep. Tilting her head back against the window behind her she struggled to control her breathing as she heard the cruiser pull away.

“How was it seeing Deputy Haught-pants today?” Wynonna asked over dinner.

“Why? Did she say something?” Waverly asked a little too quickly, resulting in a surprised eyebrow raise from her older sister.

“Just that she bumped into you at uni.” She could feel Wynonna’s eyes boring into her. “Why? Did something happen?”

“No.” Responding rapidly again. A grin began to form her sister’s face. “It was fine.”

“Fine? You have been avoiding the woman like the plague and seeing her today was just fine?” A slight chuckle beginning to form behind Wynonna’s grin. The younger Earp sighed and tilted her head at her older sister who raised her hands in defeat. “Fine!” she laughed eyes rolling. Waverly’s phone pinged, grateful for the distraction she got up to fetch it from the kitchen bench. Her breath caught when she realised it was from Nicole.

“Last one finished does the dishes.” She quipped exiting the kitchen leaving Wynonna to finish her dinner. She practically ran up to her room taking the steps two at a time. Closing the door behind her she took a moment to get her breath back holding the phone against her chest. Panic washing over her as she thought of what the message may say.

“Just read it already!” she heard Wynonna holler from downstairs. How did she know? Cautiously Waverly unlocked her phone and opened the message.

“Loved bumping into you today,” Waverly smiled at her obvious choice of words. “We should do it again sometime. Soon.” Another text came through as her breath hitched. “Dinner? I know you’re a planner. How about Tuesday next week? It’s my turn to cook.” She knew that she wouldn’t finish work until late on Tuesday and was usually too tired to cook after a full day of lecturing. After a few moments consideration she replied.

“I think I’d like that.” She explained the heavy course load for that day and warned that she may be tired and grumpy. Nicole responded that she was looking forward to it and she would take care of everything. “Everything,” Waverly breathed, feeling warmth growing between her thighs, “I certainly hope so.”
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Date night, what could possibly go wrong?

Nicole looked up at the clock in the office, only 7 minutes had passed since she had looked last, but she couldn’t help herself. She got off work in less than an hour and despite having everything prepared she was racked with anxiety. Waverly had said she wanted to be friends, but her eyes had said something completely different. She decided it was best to give her time but couldn’t resist when the opportunity to see her had so perfectly presented itself last week. She shifted in her seat as she thought of their brief encounter. Breathing deeply, she remembered the scent of books and lavender and the way her chest heaved with every breath simply from their proximity. She glanced agitated at the clock again. Her eyes fell on the express post envelope sitting in her out tray, she sighed, hoping against hope that Shae would agree that it was time.

“For crying out loud Deputy,” Sheriff Nedley growled from his office. “Go home early.” Nicole stood in surprise, he was leaning over his desk shaking his head at her. “I can hear your leg jigging from her and your constant sighing is driving me nuts.” Softening he smiled at her. “Well go on,” he waved his hand towards the door before sitting back down and resuming his work. Not needing to be told again Nicole unlocked her desk drawer and returned her pistol to the holster on her hip. Grabbing her helmet from the hat stand before thanking the sheriff and making a brisk departure.

The sky was already beginning to darken with the threat of more stormy weather as Nicole rode home. Her anxiety had waned as she busied herself in the kitchen. After showering and dressing in jeans and a short sleeved collared shirt she took a moment to uncork a bottle of vegan red wine before checking the clock again. Waverly should have just finished her last lecture of the day and would be heading here shortly. She realised that her hands were shaking when her phone rang suddenly. She winced seeing Waverly’s number flash on the screen thinking that she was going to be eating alone tonight.

“Everything okay Waves?” she asked answering.

“Yes, and no.” she waited impatiently as Waverly was thinking on the other end of the phone. “My car won’t start, can you come get me?” she sounded tired. “I don’t have the energy to deal with it right now.” Relief washed over Nicole.

“Oh,” suddenly she remembered that she had left the cruiser at the station. “Are you okay to double on my bike?” She could hear Waverly remove her glasses and rub her eyes.

“Can you bring me a jacket?”

“Yes. Of course. I’ll leave now.” Grateful that Wynonna had left her old helmet with her in case of emergency designated driver situations Nicole turned off the stove and gathered her things before racing out the door.

Waverly was resting her forehead on the steering wheel of her jeep as she heard Nicole’s bike
approaching. It had been a particularly trying day and it felt like everything that could have gone wrong had. Nicole parked next to her as she climbed out of the car, locking it behind her. Wordlessly Nicole opened her saddlebag for Waverly to store her things in and waited for her to be ready before handing over her work jacket. Waverly pulled it on without a thought and her nostrils filled with the smell of her favourite doughy confection. She wondered what perfume or shampoo it was that Nicole used that smelled so good.

“It looks good on you,” Nicole was watching her with a warm smile on her face, her dimples more pronounced inside the helmet. Waverly sighed contentedly as she unclasped the clip holding her hair up and pulled Wynonna’s helmet down on her head. Attempting to swing a leg over behind Nicole she realised another problem. Her new pencil skirt wasn’t built for straddling motorbikes. She looked up at a now unabashedly grinning Nicole.

“Can you,” she indicated covering her eyes with her hands.

“Oh, of course.” Turning around in the seat, eyes front, and patiently waited for Waverly. It took her a moment to shimmy her skirt up and climb on behind Nicole. She gasped as she slid down in the seat flush against Nicole’s behind very aware of the flimsy piece of material between them and wrapped her arms gingerly around the redhead. Nicole’s hips rolled as she wheeled the bike backwards out of the park and Waverly couldn’t breathe. The vibration of the bike underneath them did nothing to help matters and Waverly could feel herself getting moist as Nicole opened the throttle on the straight stretch of road outside the city limits. Waverly adjusted slightly trying to minimise contact but there was nothing she could do. She decided to just accept her fate. Today was just going to keep throwing things at her she may as well embrace it. She rested her helmeted head on Nicole’s back moaning softly. They arrived at Nicole’s property both too late and too soon and Waverly clenched her jaw in frustration.

“Enjoy the ride?” Nicole asked smugly removing her helmet and shaking out her long ginger hair. Waverly froze. “I know I sure as hell did.” She jostled her belt buckle firmly knowing the effect it would have and felt thighs clench tightly around her.

“Can you just... don’t move for a moment,” Waverly’s voice cracked barely discernible through the helmet she had yet to remove. The engine was still idling, and Nicole was using all her strength to hold them and it upright. After sitting still for maybe thirty seconds she twisted her wrist on the throttle and the engine roared in neutral. Waverly’s helmeted head fell forward with a thump into Nicole’s back.

“Totally worth it,” she winced. Chuckling she shut the engine off and kicking down the stand she waited for her cue to move.

Waverly removed her helmet voice no longer muffled, “I’m just going to go die now. Tell no one.” She climbed clumsily off the back of the motorbike quickly wiping off the seat with her elbow and realised with horror that there was a darkened patch on the back of Nicole’s tan belt. “Oh my god.”

“I mean, you can just call me Nicole,” the redhead quipped. Waverly groaned burying her head in her hands. “Waves it’s fine. It happens.” Waverly peeked at her through her fingers eyebrows raised in disbelief. “I mean, probably. To other people.”

Rolling her eyes, face still flushed Waverly turned and headed towards the house. She tried the door and was relieved to find it unlocked and let herself in and moved straight towards the bathroom in dire need of cold water. She heard Nicole enter the house soon after, swearing as she dropped a helmet, she couldn’t help but smile. She looked at herself in the mirror admiring how she looked in the deputy’s oversized jacket thumbing the embroidered name patch. The piping in the old house creaked and moaned as a tap was turned on in the kitchen. Waverly splashed her face
again, the cold water doing nothing to calm her nerves. There was a gentle knock on the door.

“Dinner’s ready.” Waverly felt something brush against her leg and she looked down in surprise to see fluffy ginger cat sniffing at her tentatively. She reached down slowly offering her hand to the cat who smooched it and accepted pets graciously. Assuming she had been accepted she picked the cat up and figured she could use this as a physical barrier between her and Nicole. “There you are baby, you must be starving.” The cat meowed before Waverly could respond and she realised that that was who Nicole was talking to. “I see you’ve met Calamity Jane,” she placed a bowl of kibbles on the floor and the cat wriggled free of Waverly’s grasp and trotted over happily to her bowl. A sudden crack of thunder shook the house and before either of them could say another word the power failed. “Not again!” Nicole cried. “These storms have been playing havoc with the electricity out here.” There was a spark of light as a match was struck and Nicole began lighting candles that were dotted around the room, placing a couple on the table before pulling out a chair and indicating for Waverly to sit. She moved to the stove and removed a baking dish from the oven and the house filled with the delicious smell of dinner, Waverly’s stomach rumbled causing both girls to chuckle.

“That smells really good,” Waverly managed as Nicole began to dish out servings.

“God I’m suddenly ravenous,” Nicole joined Waverly at the dining table her smiling face in the flickering candlelight caused Waverly to gulp.

“You can call me Waves when we’re alone,” she quipped a grin curling to one side of her mouth.

“I guess I deserved that” Nicole laughed. They ate in relative silence stealing awkward glances at each other and looking away quickly both blushing. Once they had finished their meal Nicole mentioned how she had planned on watching a movie, Waverly followed her line of sight and saw the darkened television in the loungeroom.

“Oh, my laptop is in my briefcase, if you still wanted to?” she offered. A smile formed on Nicole’s face taking that as affirmation Waverly got up from the table and headed towards the front door where she found her things piled neatly on the nightstand. Nicole must have brought them in from the bike for her. Relieved that she wouldn’t have to go out to the carport in the rain that was now pouring down she removed her laptop from her bag. Nicole patted the couch beside her, she had a blanket over her knees and held up the other side for Waverly. She heard Nicole’s breath catch when their thighs brushed as she sat and couldn’t help grinning to herself. The room was illuminated with bright light as she lifted the lid of her computer, blinking quickly she adjusted the brightness before closing her work documents and opening Netflix. Nicole smiled seeing Sense 8 in her recent playlist. “What would you like to watch?” Waverly turned to the woman next to her tilting her head up slightly to meet her eyes. Eventually they settled on watching a few episodes of Brooklyn Nine-nine. Part way through the second episode Nicole felt Waverly snuggling into her and she moved her arm to envelop the smaller woman’s shoulders. Waverly scooted closer, enjoying the added warmth and nuzzled her head into Nicole’s shoulder, before she knew it she was sound asleep.

The brunette stirred as she felt herself being lifted off the couch, strong arms held her, and yawning she nestled into Nicole’s chest and let herself be carried up the stairs and gently placed into bed. Nicole tucked her in and placed a light kiss on her forehead before leaving the room. Calamity Jane leaped up onto the bed and whiffled her face before curling up bedside her. The shower started in the adjacent room as Waverly drifted off again.

She was jerked awake a few minutes later as cold feet pressed up against her warm ones. “Ah! Get off!” she cried as Nicole cackled placing freezing fingers against the small of her back. Waverly
wriggled trying to escape her and Calamity Jane growled and leaped off the bed grumpily swaggering out of the room. Nicole slipped an arm underneath the brunette and dragged her towards her freezing body.

“There was no hot water. Just lend me some of your warmth” Waverly fought to free herself from the icy grasp, but it was no use as Nicole wrapped a leg around her to keep her still. “Ah.” Nicole sighed contentedly.

“Get off me you jerk,” Waverly managed half-heartedly enjoying the proximity of their bodies, despite the temperature difference. Once Nicole had warmed up she loosened her hold on Waverly, she moved her arm to underneath Waverly’s neck gently cradling her to her chest, as Waverly scooted herself back into the curve of her body. Planting a small kiss between Waverly’s shoulder blades she closed her eyes and let sleep take her.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

The girls head back to uni to get Waverly's car towed.

Chapter Notes

Heading out so thought I would upload another chapter for you lovelies first!

Nicole woke early the next morning sweating. It was humid after the nights storm and there were too many blankets on the bed. Throwing them off her she accidentally connected with the mound of blankets beside her and hear a small grunt. “Sorry,” she whispered and received another grunt in reply. She got out of bed as gently as possible and grabbed her joggers, sports crop and yoga mat before closing the door quietly behind her. She worked hard, trying to distract herself from the events of the previous evening. Calamity Jane joined her stretching sleepily as she finished a set of crunches. She scratched the purring cat behind the ears before rolling over and starting her push ups. Being helpful, as always, the fluffy cat leapt onto Nicole’s back as she pushed. Her whole body was aching, but it was successfully distracting her from the bundle lying in her bed upstairs. No longer in bed, she realised as the stairs creaked and she heard Waverly yawning. The shuffling on the stairs stopped, and she felt eyes on her. She finished her reps before pushing the cat off her, sweat trickled down her chest and between her breasts as she stood stretching.

“Morning,” Waverly mumbled licking her lips as her eyes trailed the bead of sweat rolling down Nicole’s chest towards her tight yoga pants. She blinked back to her senses as Nicole towelled herself down with a gym towel.

“Sleep well?” Nicole asked. Her arms already hurt but seeing the greedy look Waverly was giving her she decided to do dips as well. Moving two dining chairs to her sides she lowered herself between them. The muscles in her arms and core screaming. She looked back up at Waverly who still hadn’t moved, her eyes glued to Nicole, ears reddening as she watched muscles flex with each dip. “Coffee’s brewed,” Nicole said grunting and nodding her head towards the kitchen.

Acknowledging that she was staring Waverly jumped slightly before turning her attention to the coffee. Her brain was on fire. She needed to distract herself from Nicole’s body, but she could hear her grunting from the next room as she finished exercising and knew that making coffee just wasn’t going to work. There were footsteps behind her and she turned to see Nicole enter, slinging her gym towel over her shoulder. She chewed on the inside of her cheek as Nicole drew close and reached an arm around her. She smelled of sweat and vanilla and Waverly breathed her in deeply. When Nicole pulled away mug of coffee in her hand and winked at her. She blinked in shock as Nicole flopped down onto one of the dining chairs.

“Do you have plans today?” Nicole asked casually. Waverly adjusted her pencil skirt and replied that she had the day off but would like to shower and change before heading back to the university to see to her car. She knew that her clothes were wrinkled with sleep and she attempted to flatten
her hair. “OK, well I can take you home after I have a quick shower. And then to the uni if you’d like me to wait.” Nicole offered. The thought of another ride on the back of Nicole’s bike made her catch her breath. “And I can lend you some shorts for the ride home, if you think that you’d need them.”

“Yeah that may be for the best...” she trailed off as she looked up from the floor and into Nicole’s shining eyes. Her smile was wide, and her dimples, ‘those dimples’ Waverly thought.

“Well alright then. I’ll grab something out for you now before I shower.” Calamity Jane waddled after her owner as she headed back up the stairs to shower and change leaving Waverly alone in the kitchen. After a few minutes Waverly heard the shower start and climbed the stairs to change into the shorts Nicole had placed out for her. There was a scratching at the bathroom door as she passed, and the cat yowled. “Waves!” Nicole called out loudly unsure where she was. “Can you please let Calamity out for me?” Her heart beating quicker she gently placed a hand on the door handle, she opened the door just wide enough to let the cat escape keeping her eyes away from the direction of the steamy shower. As she turned to close the door her eyes caught movement in the mirror and obscured by the shower screen she could see Nicole, arms up, washing her hair. “Thank you,” she called out before dipping her head under the stream of the shower. Waverly closed the door with a slam and walked away quickly trying to calm her beating heart. She changed into the jean shorts Nicole had left out for her and collected her things before returning to the kitchen to finish her coffee. Nicole came down the stairs shortly after, in a singlet and the jeans she had been wearing yesterday, still buckling her belt. Hair damp and flicked to one side as though she had just unravelled it from a towel. She braided her hair quickly and flexing every few moments as Waverly watched her from behind her mug.

“Ready?” she asked shrugging on her leather jacket and picking up her helmet. Waverly poured out the rest of her coffee and rinsed the mug before nodding. Nicole handed Waverly her patrol jacket and spare helmet before she picked up her briefcase and opened the front door. “Just pull it closed behind you.” The front door thudded gently as Nicole reversed the motorbike out of the carport. The engine rumbling idly as Waverly climbed on and snaked her arms around Nicole’s waist.

This ride was thankfully less eventful than that of the previous night and Waverly was relieved to see that her sister’s truck wasn’t at the house when they pulled up. She didn’t want to deal with Wynonna’s sarcasm right now. After a very speedy shower and change of clothes she found Nicole bending over the veranda railing, looking out at the mountains in the distance, legs crossed casually. A blush returned to her cheeks as she spotted the darkened mark on Nicole’s belt. Taking a deep breath, she said “I’m ready.”

Nicole stood tall and turned to face her, eyes widening as she took in the sight. Waverly had her hair in two plaits, she was wearing a singlet that was tied in a bow revealing her midriff above high waisted jean short shorts. Her chest rose with a deep shaky breath. “Wow.” Waverly grinned slyly having achieved the desired result she slipped Nicole’s patrol jacket on and picked up her helmet. “Shall we?”

Nicole pulled in beside Waverly’s jeep and kicked down the stand of her motorbike shutting off the engine. She waited as the small woman stepped off the back of the bike before removing her helmet.

“You don’t have to wait with me, if you don’t want to…” Waverly’s voice trailed off.

“But we have so much to talk about.” Nicole’s eyes sparkled. She jostled her belt buckle at Waverly biting her lower lip. Waverly threw a gentle punch at the laughing ginger.

“I don’t… I’ve never…” she sighed, flustered and lost for words.
“Hey,” Nicole swung a long leg back and dismounted her motorbike. “It’s ok.”

“It’s not. I want to…” Nicole took the remaining steps towards her and cupped her soft face in rough hands. Their breathing was hot and heavy. Waverly grabbed the back of Nicole’s head pulling her down until their foreheads touched. “I want to.” She repeated. Taking that as her cue Nicole tilted Waverly’s face up by her chin. She kissed her softly at first, taking her time. She moaned as Waverly’s mouth opened and she pulled her in by her leather jacket for a deeper kiss, her tongue sliding inside. Waverly’s hands were grabbing at her back, desperate moans escaping their mouths as Nicole kissed a trail down her neck and back up to her wanting lips. Waverly wrapped a leg around her and Nicole lifted her with ease leaning into her against the car door. Both legs around her waist Nicole ground her hips against Waverly.

“WOOOHOOO!! GO PROF!” The women pulled apart quickly and looked around spotting a gaggle of shocked students. “YOUR GIRLFRIEND’S HOT!” one of them yelled at the mortified pair.

“Alright guys, shows over.” Nicole shooed them away.

“I like it when you use your cop voice,” Waverly’s eyes twinkled up at her mischievously.

“Is that right?” Waverly nodded. “Well, ma’am that was a mighty inappropriate display in a public place. I’m going to have to write you up.”

“Yeah?” Waverly wet her lips. “What is the punishment for such a deed?”

“Oh, I’m sure I can think of something,” Nicole winked. “Like maybe I just stand like this…” she moved so that she was millimetres away from Waverly whose chest began to heave “and just…” she took a step away as Waverly attempted to kiss her.

“Well, that’s just rude.” Her voice was breathy, and her smile was wide, crinkles forming around her eyes and mouth. The mechanic pulled up behind them and Nicole returned to her seat on her bike. As the jeep was getting hooked up to the tow truck Waverly climbed on behind Nicole. “Looks like you’re my ride for now.”

“Oh, we can do that later,” Nicole snapped the visor down on her helmet with a grin and started the engine.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Hot and steamy make it home. Will they? Wont they? Will they ever not get interrupted?

Chapter Notes

because i love y'all have another chapter before bed!

Waverly slammed Nicole’s back into the wall as soon as they were inside. Planting hot, wet kisses where ever she could reach. Nicole reached down unzipping Waverly’s jacket before pushing it off her shoulders. She spun them around and pinned the smaller woman against the wall, eyes flashing with need she nipped at her neck. Leaving a trail of small hickeys down to her collar bone making Waverly moan in pleasure. Waverly began unbuckling Nicole’s belt and felt a hand stop her. Breathing heavily Nicole looked down at her, eyelids heavy.

“Are you sure?” Nicole watched her face intently.

“God yes,” her hands moved underneath Nicole’s shirt and she ran them up her back, goose bumps forming as they went, pulling them closer together. She nuzzled her face against Nicole’s breasts through her leather jacket causing a deep sigh to escape the ginger’s lips. Nicole moved quickly to remove the obstruction, her jacket falling to the floor with a loud clunk. She winced, briefly distracted by the imagined state of her phone before she felt soft hands, still underneath her shirt, trace across the front of her lacy bra. A low groan escaped her lips and Waverly cupped her breasts firmly. She looked down to see a sly smile form as Waverly began to make slow circles, each ending with a slight pinch of her palms right overtop of Nicole’s now very erect nipples.

“Fuuuuuccckkk…” The smile on Waverly’s face broadened as she hurriedly lifted Nicole’s singlet. As the redhead moved to remove it completely Waverly began to fumble with the clasp on the back of Nicole’s bra. Grunting with frustration after having no luck she instead began to unbutton her own top and in her haste she sent more than one button skittering across the hardwood floor.

“Oh no!” she was distracted momentarily before Nicole picked her up, guiding her legs around her smooth pale waist, and leaned into her further. “Oh…” she moaned.

“I can fix it later,” came Nicole’s breathy reply from the nape of Waverly’s neck. The brunette merely tilted her head to the side in response giving her more access to her throat and chest. Calloused hands slid up into the legs of her jean shorts, fingers grasping at whatever they could reach. Nicole grinded her hips repeatedly in to the woman in her arms eliciting strangled gasps between wet kisses. Waverly’s arms wrapped around the back of her neck pulling her in for a deeper kiss, tongues sliding past each other before Nicole pulled away slowly nibbling on Waverly’s lower lip. “Did you want…?” Nicole tilted her head to the stairs. Waverly’s eyes glanced to the stairs and then around the room.
“Couch?” she suggested, her brow furrowing and nose wrinkling with the question. Nicole nodded, getting a firmer grip on Waverly’s rump she lifted her away from the wall with ease before lowering her gently onto the lounge. She knelt in close kissing her softly at first, gradually becoming deeper and more passionate. Waverly’s eyes were aflame with desire as she finished unbuckling Nicole’s belt and began on the jeans and zipper behind. Nicole adjusted herself so that she was straddling Waverly’s thigh and flattened her own against Waverly’s dampening crotch. Both girls groaned as the ground into each other when Nicole’s phone began to ring from the pocket of her discarded coat. “Ignore it,” Waverly pleaded into her mouth. Nicole’s eyes clamped shut and she growled in frustration.

“It’s the station ringtone,” she whimpered before dragging herself away. She reached for the jacket and after fumbling with zippers for a few moments managed to answer the call just before it rang out. “Lo?” her voice still husky she coughed before finishing, “Nicole speaking.”

“Is Waverly with you?” Wynonna. “I can’t get a hold of her, and I saw her car getting towed, and she isn’t answering her phone.” Nicole glanced over to a very flustered Waverly, who was still attempting to catch her breath, lips slightly swollen from kissing and handed her the phone. “Nicole?” Waverly heard her sister’s concerned voice on the other end of the line.

“Wynonna?” Waverly’s voice squeaked in confusion.

“Baby girl. Oh my god. I was so worried.” Waverly’s eyes were on Nicole who, shirtless, pants undone, was rubbing her face in frustration as she leaned back against the couch. Waverly followed a light ginger snail trail down to where is met her underwear. “Wave?” came the voice from the phone against her ear. “Are you okay?”

“I’m… I’m fine,” she stammered causing Nicole to chuckle.

“Thank fuck. What happened? You didn’t come home last night, and I saw your car being towed and I have been trying to call you for almost an hour.” Waverly winced with guilt at the concern in her big sister’s voice.

“My car wouldn’t start yesterday, and I was so tired that I just got Nicole to pick me up.”

“Oh, I forgot you guys were having dinner last night. Wait…” realisation dawning on her. “You’re still with Nicole now? And she… Oh.” Wynonna began laughing. “Did I interrupt something?” her voice suddenly sarcastic.

“I’m going to go now.” Waverly responded. She could hear her sister roaring in laughter as she hung up the phone. “Sorry,” she scowled at the phone in her hand before turning her eyes back to the redhead at the other end of the couch. Nicole was sighing in frustration but there was a smile playing on her lips as she stretched her arms over her head, her toned muscles firm against soft pale skin. Waverly was caught gawking and glanced away blushing, a smile pulling at the corners of her mouth. The tension in the room was cut suddenly as they both burst out laughing.

“Well then...” Nicole cleared her throat trying to control her chuckles. “Are you hungry?” Waverly’s stomach rumbled in reply. “I’ll take that as a yes.” She crawled back over Waverly and placing a gentle kiss on her reddened lips and then swaggered into the kitchen humming happily to herself. Waverly watched her from the lounge. Her jeans, still undone, were riding low on her hips showing the band of her underpants as she pottered around the kitchen preparing lunch. Stretching the nerves out of her body Waverly got up of the couch to help her as she made sandwiches.

“Oh, you bought bread?” Waverly asked spotting the two different loaves on the bench.
“Believe me, no one likes gluten free bread.” Nicole laughed setting her own sandwich aside before beginning Waverly’s. “Although between soy milk and this,” she waved at her lunch, “people must think I love the taste of cardboard.”

“That bad huh?”

“I miss white bread so much…”

“How long have you known?”

“That I was gay?” Nicole asked with a coy smile.

“No silly, that you were a coeliac.” Waverly nudged her with her shoulder.

“I was diagnosed pretty late, I think I was 25?”

“That recent?”

“Yeah, I have pretty bad reactions now because I had ignored the symptoms for so long. Ended up in hospital a couple of years ago after a bad case of getting ‘glutened’.”

“Jesus! I will keep that in mind.”

“I would prefer not to die on the toilet.” Her laugh was deep and infectious, Waverly couldn’t help but smile.

“You must have been sick a lot as a child. Didn’t your parents pick up on it?

“No. They didn’t.” Nicole’s voice had changed. She sounded hurt, angry. Waverly watched her in silence for a moment, concerned at the dark thoughts that were evidently flooding her mind.

“Does that mean no kissing for a while then,” Waverly asked gesturing to her sandwich, desperate to pull Nicole out of whatever private hell she was currently in. Blinking back to reality Nicole nodded.

“Unfortunately, yes.” Nicole smiled stealing a quick peck before she began to eat.

“Am I really that hungry then?” she asked smiling up into Nicole’s brown eyes. Her stomach rumbled again. “I guess I am.” She took Nicole’s hand and led her back to the couch.

They spent the next few hours snuggling and watching TV and before they knew it the sun had begun to set. Waverly sat up abruptly. “Do you want to go on a date with me?” she asked suddenly nervous.

“This isn’t a date?” Nicole gestured to her half naked body. Waverly attempted a frown but was distracted as flexed her arms slightly.

“You know what I mean!”

“If we leave the house I will have to put a shirt on. Annndd… Find those buttons…” she added with a grin.

“Hmm… How about a compromise?” She trailed a finger over her lips, brown eyes watching her intently.

“You have my attention.” Nicole sat up a little straighter.
“We swing by my place to pick some things up and then order in Thai food when we get back.”

“Oookaaayyy…” she was more than a little confused. “Should I be concerned about what you need to pick up?”

“It’s nothing naughty don’t worry.”

“I don’t want to say I’m disappointed but…” Waverly tsked. “Okay. Okay. Whatever we do spending time with you will be great.” Nicole bent to pick her singlet up off the ground before she felt a hand on her wrist.

“Leave it off.” She raised her eyebrows at Waverly, who had a malicious grin, and picked up her leather jacket instead. “I’ll allow it.”

“Safety first.” Nicole chuckled. Waverly shrugged the deputy’s parka on over her partially buttoned top. “I will need that back for my next shift you know.”

Waverly snuggled into the coat in response. “Too bad. It’s mine now.” She leaned up and pecked her on the cheek, her hand resting on Nicole’s breasts. “And you look so good in leather.” She squeezed her palms over taught nipples. “Ready to go?”

“Uhhhh… do we have to?”

“Come on you.” Waverly beckoned her with her finger as she stalked to the front door.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

The girls stop in at the homestead to pick up supplies and order in some loving... dinner... I meant dinner.

Chapter Notes

Happy holidays! Have some smut!

“I’ll be back in a minute,” Waverly ran up the stairs to her bedroom, leaving Nicole waiting in the doorway of the Earp homestead. She could hear Wynonna in the kitchen and would give anything to avoid talking to her. Unfortunately, Wynonna had other ideas.

“Haught-diggity-dawg!” she called loudly, whiskey in hand, as she entered the front room. “How has your day been?” She wiggled her eyebrows sarcastically. Frowning Nicole placed her hands on her hips and felt the leather brush over her breasts with each move and decided that standing still was probably the best bet. “Wanna stay for dinner?” Wynonna continued.

“She already has a date,” Nicole looked up to see Waverly coming back down the stairs with a backpack in her hands.

“Another sleep over huh? When is the u-haul coming?”

“Shut up Wynonna,” both girls said in unison.

“Struck a nerve with that one,” Wynonna laughed into her glass. “Well, you two have fun. And don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

“Is there really anything you wouldn’t do?” Nicole asked grinning wildly. Wynonna tilted her head to the side thinking.

“Damn, you got me there Red,” she shook her head and headed back into the kitchen.

“Let’s go before she gets weirder,” Waverly said glancing over her shoulder at Wynonna’s disappearing form.

“I heard that!” she called out from the next room.

Chuckling the girls headed back out to where Nicole had parked and climbed back onto her bike. Waverly snuggled in close to Nicole and listened as her breath hitched. Her hands casually slid up and squeezed her breasts. Nicole moaned loudly.

“I can still see you!!” Wynonna called from the kitchen window causing Waverly to drop her hands suddenly and Nicole to nearly drop the bike.
“Shit!” Waverly burst out laughing as Nicole started the bike. Both girls anxious to be anywhere but here.

The sun was starting to set as they arrived back at Nicole’s property. It was still hot and humid even though Summer was almost over. And Nicole couldn’t wait to change out of her jeans and into something more comfortable. She ducked upstairs as soon as they got in and rifled around her closet finally settling on a loose-fitting pair of basketball shorts. She heard Waverly ordering their dinner as she came back down and went straight to the fridge after a cool drink. After a minute of umming and ahh-ing she grabbed them both a beer. Waverly accepted it gratefully, taking a big sip as she finished up their order. Sighing contentedly, she smiled up at Nicole who was leaning casually against the fridge watching her. By now she had removed her jacket but hadn’t put another shirt on, much to Waverly’s delight.

“Wait? Isn’t beer made from wheat?” she asked glancing down at the beer in her hand and seeing ‘Gluten Free’ in big letters. “But it doesn’t taste like cardboard?” she jibed.

“I allow myself some luxuries.” Nicole smiled.

“It actually tastes like normal beer.” Waverly was clearly impressed.

“It’s Australian,” Nicole filled her in. “I found it when I was travelling and order it in whenever I feel like splashing out. God, I am so pleased that craft beers exist.” She said taking another large swig her hand resting lightly on her toned stomach. Her eyes wandered curiously to Waverly’s backpack. “So…?” she gestured a hand in the same direction.

“It’s not dark enough yet,” Waverly stated matter-of-factly drawing a quizzical look from the half-naked red head. They moved together out on to the veranda to watch the rest of the sunset. Waverly pulled Nicole’s arm around her and sighed happily as she received a small kiss on the top of her head. Her thumb grazed gently over the dark pink scar on Nicole’s forearm causing her to hiss quietly. “Oh I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to…”

“Wave, it’s ok.” Nicole reassured her. “It’s still quite tender is all.” They stood holding each other, remembering that day, there was so much blood.

“I was so worried about you. You’d lost a lot of blood and I was hurrying to get you to the hospital…” she trailed off.

“I obviously still had my wits about me because I remember a lot of flirting.” Nicole smiled into the brunette’s hair.

“I thought you were going to die and you were just cracking onto me!” Waverly laughed and felt Nicole chuckle behind her.

“Yeah well… when I see something I want I don’t want to wait.”

“Even if you’re bleeding out?”

“Apparently so.” Nicole squeezed her tightly and placed a gentle kiss behind her ear. Waverly tilted her head to the side, emitting a low moan, to give her more room to move. Taking the instruction clearly Nicole began to trail kisses down the side of Waverly’s neck and along her trapezius. Waverly turned into her then and reached her hands up and around the back of Nicole’s neck playing with her hair and kissing her ear as Nicole worked her way along her collarbone.

Waverly reached behind her and pulled herself up onto the veranda railing, dragging Nicole towards her by the waist of her pants, and wrapping her legs around her. Nicole hastened to undo
the remaining buttons on Waverly’s blouse before pushing it off her shoulders and letting it fall to the ground. Waverly guided her face back up to share warm wet kisses. A calloused hand with gentle fingers slid underneath Waverly’s bra working her up into a fervour. Waverly placed firm hands on Nicole’s ass and pulled her even closer to her. She began grinding against Nicole’s stomach, all reason blown to the wind, and Nicole let out a deep groan. Nicole lifted her off the railing and they clumsily made their way upstairs.

Waverly pushed Nicole roughly backwards onto the bed, sending a very gruntled Calamity running out of the room hissing, and moved to climb on top of her before Nicole stopped her. Nicole sat upright panting.

“Are you sure?” she asked. Waverly held Nicole’s hand to her chest where she could feel her heart pounding.

“I’m terrified, and have no idea what I’m doing, but I know that this,” she gestured to Nicole, “is definitely what I want.” She unbuttoned her denim shorts before pushing Nicole back onto the bed and straddling her. Deftly Nicole flipped them both so that she was on top. A thigh wedged firmly against Waverly’s warm wet groin, an enthusiastic mouth teasing a nipple through her lacy bra. Waverly’s moans were becoming louder, her breath more laboured. Suddenly her back arched and her whole body tensed, she shook as the orgasm rippled through her. When she finally opened her eyes, she saw dark excited eyes staring at her wide open with surprise. “Woah…” she panted.

“I’ll say,” Nicole grinned mischievously biting her lower lip. Waverly pushed Nicole back over and straddled her again. She kissed a long line down her throat and around the edges of her areolas. She tugged at Nicole’s shorts and she lifted herself up to help her remove them. She gently cupped Nicole’s vulva and felt her thrust eagerly into her hand. Nicole’s hands were on her back, her chest, her face, as she began to make slow circles with her fingers. Nicole shifted so that her hips were spread wider and Waverly snaked her fingers into her hot wet vagina. Nicole rushed to remove Waverly’s pants and began following the same slow pattern with her own fingers. Waverly began to speed up as Nicole slid a finger inside her and began to twist.

“More,” Waverly whimpered into Nicole’s mouth. Nicole slid in a second and then a third. Both girls were groaning loudly now, openly thrusting against each other’s hands. Waverly began to suck a hickie on Nicole’s collar bone. The harder she sucked the louder Nicole moaned. Nicole felt her whole body flush with heat.

“Oh God! Don’t stop! Fuck, fuck, FUUUUUCCCCKKKKKK!!!” she screamed as she came hard but Waverly didn’t stop. She moved to a new spot on the deputy’s neck and began the process anew. Realising what was happening Nicole ran her tongue across her teeth and adjusted her hand slightly so that she could reach Waverly’s clitoris as she rode her fingers. Waverly squeaked at the unexpected touch and was soon clamping down on Nicole’s hand, head thrown back, hickies forgotten. Nicole reached up with her other hand and gripped Waverly’s breast as she began thrusting her hips. Each thrust moving her fingers in deeper and bringing Waverly closer to orgasm.

Suddenly she twisted her fingers around inside Waverly and found her G spot. Waverly’s whole body began to shudder, and she felt her eyes roll back into her head. She heard screaming. Was that her? She collapsed onto Nicole’s chest heaving. Her eyes still seeing stars. She realised Nicole’s fingers were still inside her as she they began to move in slow circles. Waverly moaned loudly, she could hear her own wetness as Nicole moved, she was dripping. Had she come that hard? Without warning Nicole twisted her fingers around again and found that spot that had Waverly heaving and coming hard again. She felt herself shuddering again. She couldn’t help it. Her whole body was convulsing, and it felt so damn good. This time she felt Nicole’s body trembling underneath her and her breath beginning to catch. Waverly expertly wove fast circles over her clitoris and had Nicole
writhing and screaming her name in no time.

They didn’t dare move. It was one hell of a come down. Sweat clung to their bodies when Nicole finally removed her hand. Causing Waverly to shudder again with an aftershock. Chuckling Nicole wiped her now wrinkled hand on the bed sheets.

“That was…”

“Yeah…” Neither of them able to finish their sentences. All of a sudden there was a loud knock on the front door.

“Shit. Dinner.” They scrambled to put on some clothes, Nicole grabbing the first shirt she could find in the drawer, before clambering down the stairs.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Waverly is annoyed that Nicole's alarm wakes her but decides to make her make up for it.

Chapter Notes

another heavily smutty chapter for your xmas eve x

Waverly grumbled awake early the next morning. Nicole’s alarm had been blaring for five minutes and she hadn’t turned it off yet. She threw the blankets back in a huff and realised that Nicole was no longer in bed beside her. Muttering under her breath she reached over and turned off the alarm and was about to snuggle back under the covers when she heard the shower running in the next room. With a devilish grin she slipped out of bed and gingerly opened the bathroom door. Nicole was humming happily to herself and scrubbing her legs with her back to the door. Waverly watched for a moment as she took off her pyjamas before asking if she needed any help. Nicole screamed, the loofah went flying, and she nearly fell over, feet sliding desperately for a moment before righting herself.

“Jesus fucking Christ!” Nicole screeched. She turned around eyes furious. Then she spotted Waverly, laughing too hard to be embarrassed at her nudity.

“I’m so sorry,” she laughed. “Are you okay?” Nicole had a hand on her chest trying to steady her breathing. “I wanted to surprise you…” Waverly trailed off suddenly feeling awkward.

“Come here you.” Nicole smiled. “Did you see where the loofah went?” she asked looking around and seeing suds on the ceiling. “Hmm…” she made a face.

“Oh, you mean this ol’ thing?” Waverly bent over slowly beside the tub, very aware of Nicole’s eyes on her. She felt water dripping on her back before she felt Nicole’s touch.

“You are so beautiful.” It came out almost as a whisper and Waverly looked up into shining big brown eyes. Her heart welled up in her chest.

“You’re not so bad yourself officer,” she said stepping into the shower beside her and giving her a long kiss on the lips. “Do you want me to do you…”

“Yes.” Nicole interrupted.

“I was going to say your back,” Waverly laughed waving the foamy loofah.

“Well that’s awkward,” Nicole pulled at a pretend collar trying hard not to grin.

“Mmhmmm…” Waverly mumbled pulling her in close for another kiss. And then another. She began gently rubbing the foamy loofah over Nicole’s shoulders and chest paying special attention
to her pert breasts, drawing a loud moan from the taller woman, before stopping and looking up at
her with a devilish smile. “I guess you better finish getting ready for work then.” Nicole looked
down at her in horror as Waverly shifted her around so that now she was under the water spout. “I
have a few things I need to work out on here before I head to uni. Nicole’s eyes were wide as she
watched tanned hands trail down Waverly’s chest and stomach before cupping herself firmly, eyes
pressed tightly shut. The smaller woman began thrusting into her own hand as practiced fingers
entered her folds and found her clitoris. She hissed with pleasure at her own touch and stole a peak
at Nicole, mouth slightly ajar, eyes watching her hungrily. She shifted so that one of her legs was
on the side of the tub, giving herself easier access and began to slowly pump a finger inside herself.

“Waves,” she opened her eyes again at the soft groan. Nicole had begun touching herself as she
watched, entranced. Waverly grinned widely as she slid her other had down and began slow circles
around her swollen clit. Nicole was groping her own breast and twisting a nipple firmly. Her right
hand between her own thighs, holding herself open as she rubbed herself with increasing speed.

“Oh,” was all Waverly could manage as she found herself keeping speed, swirling and thrusting
into herself faster and faster before a loud cry escaped her throat. “Fuuucckkk!” she heard herself
screaming, shuddering into her own hand.

“Umf… Uhh… Ahhhh!!” Nicole moaned. She was getting close and watching Waverly come had
brought her to the edge. Suddenly Waverly’s hands were on her, dragging her towards her. She felt
a light kiss on her collarbone before the brunette began to suck, hard, knowing that she would leave
another mark right beside the one from the previous night. She nipped a little, grazing her teeth
over raised and bruising skin, as Nicole began to convulse in her arms. “Damn…” was all the
redhead could manage before tilting Waverly’s chin up and planting a warm wet kiss on her lips.
The two held each other a moment, hot water pouring over their bodies, before Nicole’s alarm
began to sound again. “Shit I’m going to be late!” She pecked Waverly on the cheek before
stepping out of the shower and hurriedly rushing out of the bathroom towel in hand.

As she emerged, long hair wrapped up in a towel with a second towel around herself, she found
Nicole sitting on the edge of the bed lacing up her work boots. She watched as deft fingers tied a
double knot, her face flushing as she thought of what they were doing only moments ago. She
gulped as Nicole stood up and began tucking her shirt into her work pants before buttoning them
up. The redhead turned to face her, eyes dark and mischievous as she buckled her belt, jostling it
slightly. Waverly’s ears reddened, and she unwound her hair and threw the damp towel at the
deach who was openly laughing now. Waverly removed her sidearm from the safe in the closet and
double checked everything in her utility belt as Waverly got dressed.

“Aww… no skirt today?” Nicole asked with teasing with feigned disappointment as Waverly
pulled on black slacks, causing the lecturer to roll her eyes. She slipped on a breezy singlet and
frowned at the black jacket Nicole was holding out for her. She looked from the jacket to Nicole
who was already wearing her work jacket disappointed. “Sorry Waves, you’ll have to make do.”
Grumbling she took the proffered jacket and put it on. “Ready?” Nicole asked as she watched the
small brunette zip up the oversized leather jacket. Nodding she grabbed her things before heading
down the stairs.

“Alright, let’s go.” She stopped briefly to pet Calamity Jane and then headed out into the early
morning light, briefcase slung over her shoulder.
Wynonna visits Waverly at work and finally fills her in on the truth about Black Badge and Doc.

“Hey baby girl!” Waverly glanced up from her book in surprise seeing her sister grinning at her from the door to her office.

“What are you doing here?”

“Douchey McDolls wanted me to ask you something about a case, and I just wanted to see how your little midweek slumber party went.” She waggled her eye brows at her baby sister who blushed furiously before waving her inside and telling her to close the door. “That good huh?” Waverly was anxious about talking about this with her big sister but could barely hide the grin on her face before nodding slowly. “Spill!” Wynonna pulled up a chair on the opposite side of Waverly’s desk, the one usually reserved for student visits.

“What exactly do you want to know?” Waverly asked avoiding eye contact and flattening out the paperwork in front of her causing her sister to chuckle.

“Well not all the juicy details because ew,” she pretended to throw up. “Did you do it though? Did you enjoy it?” Waverly blushed. “Yeah Haught-sauce looks like she knows how to handle herself, and others apparently.”

“Oh and does she ever…” Waverly shuddered with pleasure at the thought and then remembered who she was talking to. Wynonna’s nose was turned up in mock disgust.

“Ew.” After laughing and catching up for a few more minutes Wynonna wheeled the conversation back to what had brought her to the university in the first place. “So, we have this case…” she trailed off.

“How am I supposed to help with a current case? I’m a historian.”

“With an unprecedented knowledge of our family.” Wynonna added.

“Okay, but I don’t really know how that can help?” she asked quizzically.

“So… you remember all those stories Daddy used to tell us when we were little?”

“The scary ones about demons and…”

“Revenants,” Wynonna corrected. “The reborn monster’s great grandpappy killed when he was a lawman. That would come back each time an heir was of age.”

“Yeah,” she shuddered. “I always hated those stories. I thought he was just trying to scare us into being good.” Suddenly Wynonna looked very guilty. “Nonna? They were just stories. Right?”

“Well baby girl, I thought so too until…” her voice trailed off as Waverly leaned away from her in confusion and terror.
“Until what…?”

“Until I came back for Uncle Curtis’ funeral. Things began to get weird.”

“Wynonna that was three years ago!”

“And when Dolls recruited me to work for Black Badge division.”

“So… what? You’re telling me that you’ve been hunting demons — Revenants.”

“For three years and you never told me?” Waverly continued. Her eyes were burning with rage. “What happened to no secrets between Earps Wynonna?” She was fuming, and Wynonna knew that she deserved it.

“I was trying to protect you.”

“Bullshit!” Wynonna looked up in surprise at the sudden swear. Waverly was standing now, her hands shaking clenched by her sides, and Wynonna’s eyes just fell to the floor.

“I was, at first. And then as time went on and you stopped asking about my work, accepting Dolls’ threats of treason, it became harder to tell you. And then easier not to until…”

“Until you needed my help? Of course. It always comes back to you. You are so damned selfish.” There were tears welling in her eyes as she turned away from her older sister. “And stupid.” She added making Wynonna wince. “I could have been helping you this entire time.” She turned back around, her face soft with sorrow. “Wy? The monsters you say attacked the homestead the night Daddy and Willa….” Wynonna’s shoulders fell. She had been dreading this question. Waverly interpreted her body language and a sob escaped her throat. “They were real?” she voice was shaking, and Wynonna ran to her side. Both girls had tears streaming down their faces.

“Shh Baby girl. It's ok. I’m here.” She wrapped her little sister in a firm hug.

“But everyone treated you like you were crazy, I thought you were crazy, and Gus. Gus had you committed to a psych ward.”

“It has taken a long time to move past that. Especially once I knew I wasn’t crazy.”

“I’m so sorry.” She sobbed into Wynonna’s arms.

“There’s something else…” she added after a few moments. Waverly pulled away from her sniffing and wiping her eyes. “It’s about Doc.” Waverly looked at her in confusion before a million and one puzzle pieces began to fit together.

“No freaking way!” she pushed her sister away and began rifling through her filing cabinets.

“I think you’re looking for this.” Wynonna pulled a black and white photo from the breast pocket of her denim jacket.

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Nicole must be a potty mouth,” Wynonna mused as she handed over the photograph.

“Doc. The guy you’re shtupping. Is Doc Freakin Holliday?” Wynonna nodded. “Is he like a ghost or something?”
“More like he ‘made a barter for eternal longevity’,” she mimicked Doc’s Georgian accent.

“So, he’s like what… 170?”

“Ish yeah.” Wynonna laughed.

“Sheesh! And I thought you would give me stick about the age difference between Nicole and I.”

“Why? How old is Officer Haughtness?”

“She turns 30 in January.” A hint of a smile playing on her lips. Wynonna looked as though she was about to say something and then stopped herself.

“Yeah I guess I can’t say anything about a 5-year age gap.”

“Especially when you’re dating someone 140 years older!” Waverly chuckled throwing a punch at her sister’s arm. As the tensioned waned they both began to laugh, as though they were finally beginning to work through some of their shared childhood trauma. “Wow,” Waverly said getting serious all of a sudden. “I can’t believe it’s all real.”

“Oh, you better believe it baby girl. Cause I really need your help with this one.” Waverly ran her hands over her face before replacing her glasses.

“Okay, what do you need?”
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Sworn to secrecy how will Waverly keep her new side gig a secret from her new girlfriend (?)

Chapter Notes

i’m loving all the comments this is getting so have another chapter before i head out for xmas eve xx

“Does this mean I’m being deputised? Now that I am an official member of the team?”

“Cool your jets baby girl or I’ll demote you to team mascot.”

“Rude,” Dolls entered the room as the girls argued.

“I’m glad you could make it Professor,” he stood at the head of the table, arms behind his waist, feet shoulder width apart. He had obviously spent time in the military. Waverly raised an eyebrow at her sister who just rolled her eyes before stuffing an entire jelly donut in her mouth. “Ahem.” Dolls cleared his throat impatiently. “I believe Earp has brought you up to speed?” Waverly nodded and began pulling out files from her briefcase.

“I believe the person you are looking for is Father Robert Malick. A hellfire revivalist minister known to rail against women, demanding they repent. Wyatt sentenced Malick to death for murdering his wife and his girlfriend, and some hookers too.” She added.

“Anyone know where I can find this guy so I can shoot him in the dong?” Wynonna brandished her pistol, a Colt Buntline Special.

“Does it really work?” Waverly asked suddenly distracted. The gun, christened Peacemaker had belonged to their ancestor, Wyatt Earp.

“You mean does it send demonic douche bags back to hell in flaming glory?” Waverly nodded. “Yuuup! And I’m the only one who can wield it!” Wynonna said spinning it on her finger before sending it clattering to the floor. Dolls and Waverly stifled a laugh as she quickly bent to pick it up. “You will never speak of this.” Wynonna said returning Peacemaker to the holster on her hip.

“I can’t believe that all of the stories are true. The Earp Curse. It’s real.”

“And we’re gunna stop it. One bullet at a time.” There was a knock at the door and they scrambled to cover their work before the door opened. Nicole was shocked to see Waverly in the Black Badge offices. She grinned widely at her as she entered. “You have another parcel here Dolls,” she handed him the box in her hand, “and there’s a fresh brew on in the kitchen.” Waverly gave her a small wave as she turned to leave the room.
“Deputy,” Dolls grabbed her attention. “If you ever enter these offices without knocking again I will have you arrested for treason.” Nicole’s eyes stung with hurt as she closed the door behind her in a huff.

“She did knock. Did you have to be so mean she was just being nice?” Wynonna asked. “You may as well have threatened her with death.”

“The penalty for treason is death. It was implied.” He stated matter-of-factly. Wynonna rolled her eyes at her baby sister who was frowning lost in her own thoughts.

“You okay baby girl?” Waverly looked up at her in surprise.

“In my eagerness to join I didn’t really think about the consequences. About not being able to talk about what we do in here.” She glanced at the door where Nicole had just departed. “I mean Doc works with you guys, so you can talk about it together but…” she gestured to the door.

“Oh… I’m so sorry angel pants. You can’t tell her.” Dolls was glancing between them thoroughly confused.

“How am I going to keep such a big part of my life a secret when we have just started…” she searched for the right word, “dating?” Dolls looked from Waverly to the door and back again.

“Ohhh…” realisation suddenly hit. He shuffled his feet awkwardly feeling like he was now intruding on a far more private conversation between the two girls.

“Dating?” Wynonna snorted. “Have you two even left the house yet?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I mean… Everything about Haught-sauce screams gay. But you… Miss valedictorian, head of the cheer squad Earp. You’ve been so far in the closet even you didn’t know you were.” Waverly looked up at her older sister in shock. “But I am sorry baby girl. I should have stipulated secrecy from the start. It didn’t occur to me.” Wynonna hugged her tightly and kissed the top of her head. Waverly sighed deeply, was she really that ashamed of who she was. Was that the real reason Nicole hadn’t wanted to go out last night, she thought I wasn’t ready?

“Let’s just finish up here, I have a lecture at 3pm.” All the enthusiasm she had felt had dissipated and was replaced with dread.

“Hey baby,” Waverly said gently as she sat on the edge of Nicole’s desk. Nicole winced before glaring up at Dolls who was pouring himself a coffee from her proffered fresh pot in the kitchen. The redhead’s eyes were bloodshot. ‘She’s been crying,’ Waverly thought sadly.

“I should have spat in it.” Waverly couldn’t help but chuckle at the maliciousness in Nicole’s voice and the officer tried to smile as she turned her attention to the beautiful woman beside her. “So… this is new…” she gestured towards the Black Badge offices.

“They needed some advice on a case.”

“From a history professor?” Nicole asked before she could stop herself. “Sorry. Treason. I get it.” She sighed in frustration and leaned back in her chair. “What can I do for you Miss Earp?” Waverly smiled down at her.
“I was wondering if I could get a police escort back to the uni? I have a lecture in half an hour.”

“I guess seeing as you’re officially a member of the super-secret task force that could probably be arranged. I’ll let the sheriff know I’m heading out.” As she stood to go Waverly grasped her hand.

“I’m sorry babe. Can I hug you?” Nicole’s brow furrowed. “I just… Dolls was such a dick and I can see you’re hurting.” Waverly tucked a stray lock behind Nicole’s ear before standing up on her tip toes to kiss her.

“Are you sure you want people to know…” she was interrupted by soft lips pressing firmly into hers. “I’ll take that as a yes.” She smiled into another kiss. Nedley coughed loudly from his office and they pulled apart remembering where they were.

“I believe the professor requires an escort back to class,” his gruff voice barely hiding his chortle. “Perhaps you can oblige Haught?”

“Yes sir.” She smiled down at Waverly before reaching for her Stetson and removing her firearm from its locked drawer. “Ma’am?” She offered an arm to Waverly who took it graciously.

“Oh, why thank you ma’am,” she replied with a grin that extended to her whole face, creating happy lines by her eyes.

“BARF!” Wynonna called from the kitchen as the girls walked out of the station arm in arm.

“I didn’t know if you were sure.” Nicole said as they settled in to the patrol car. Her ears were flushed but her face was solemn. “I wasn’t sure if… you know…?” Waverly watched with a smile as Nicole fumbled for the words. “I thought maybe… it was just a…”

“There is nothing ‘just’ about the way I feel about you.” Waverly made quotation marks with her fingers to emphasise the point.

“Oh.” Nicole’s hands were fidgeting in her lap.

“I like you Nicole. I don’t want to just be friends. Or even a casual… dalliance as Nonna would say.”

“Does that mean…?” Nicole trailed off unable to finish the question.

“Mean what?” Waverly asked gently.

Nicole exhaled loudly through her nose. “Does that mean you want to… be my girlfriend?” She finished the sentence so quietly that Waverly could barely hear her. “You know you’re going to have to look at me at some point.” Waverly reached over and turned Nicole’s head to face her. “I really like you Nicole. Being with you terrifies me because it’s something I’ve never done before but when I think about what I want to do most in this world… It’s you.” Nicole snorted with laughter. “God that sounded so much more romantic in my head.” It was Waverly’s turn to blush. “Feel free to jump right in Nicole because I have no idea what I’m doing…”

“Oh, sure you do,” Nicole smiled pulling her closer.
“Maybe I should just stop talking.”

“See? Now you’re getting it.”

“Maybe you should stop talking too.” They were impossibly close now. Their warm breath intermingling.

“Maybe you should make me.” That smile, those dimples, Waverly leaned in and kissed her. Soft and gentle at first, hands moving over each other’s bodies as the kisses became deeper and more passionate. There was a loud knock on the window. They pulled back to see Wynonna brandishing her gun.

“Knock it off you two. She has to get to work.” She laughed as she turned to walk away.

“God damn it Wynonna!” Waverly yelled, receiving a raised middle finger from her older sister as she opened the front door to the sheriff’s department and disappeared inside.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Wynonna and Nicole have a heart to heart before being interrupted by Champ the Chump.

“So how is my favourite lesbian?” Wynonna asked loudly pulling up a stool next to Nicole at the bar. Nicole nearly spat out her drink glancing around cautiously. Happy hour at Shorty’s usually drew a large crowd.

“Really?”

“As if it’s a secret! Have a look at ya!” she laughed signalling to Shorty to bring her a drink. Nicole looked down at her uniform, sleeves rolled up to her elbows, navy shirt tucked in neatly at the waist, gun in its holster and work boots tucked into her pants. She sighed.

“Yeah fair call.” She agreed taking another sip of her drink.

“Hitting the hard stuff early I see.” Wynonna tilted her head at Nicole’s glass who grunted and swigged again. “You alright Haught-pocket?”

“Yeah…” Nicole debated whether it was wise to discuss her relationship with her partner’s older sister. Especially when that older sister was Wynonna Earp, town trouble maker.

“Are you going to stop sighing and spill the beans? I thought you’d be happier. What’s going on?”

Nicole decided, it was time to bite the bullet. “It’s Waverly.”

“Please don’t tell me you’re going to break my baby girl’s heart. I will happily disappear you.” Wynonna placed Peacemaker on the bar pointing it not-so-casually at Nicole.

“What? No… I…” Nicole found herself struggling to put what she was feeling into words. “At least I hope not. It’s just… I really like her Wy.”

Wynonna looked at her with confusion. “What’s the problem then?”

“What if… What if I’m not really what she wants?”

“Huh,” Wynonna indicated that Shorty should just leave the bottle and she topped up Nicole’s glass before answering. “Well… I’m not going to sit here and tell you that Waves has now realised that she’s a big ol’ lesbian and wants to marry you and have your babies…” Nicole’s face hardened. “But,” she continued, “I see the way you two look at each other. Like you’re the fudge in each other’s sundaes.” Nicole smiled slightly. “She is happy, happier than I have seen her in a long time. Probably since before…” She trailed off. “A long time.” Nicole’s eyes were on her, asking the question she didn’t need to say aloud. “Rough childhood.” Nicole sighed and thought briefly about her own childhood.

“Happens to the best of us I guess.” They sipped at their drinks in silence.
“I can’t guarantee she won’t break your heart Red, but I have eyes. She really likes you.” Nicole fidgeted with the hat in her hands. A huge smile forming on her face.

The doors to the bar slammed open loudly, causing everyone to turn. “YOU!” Champ was drunk, and his face was red with fury, and storming towards Nicole. “YOU FUCKING DYKE!” he yelled. “YOU DISGUST ME!”

Nicole had her hands raised in front of her. “Easy Champ.” Sheriff Nedley called from across the bar. He was in Nicole’s face now.

“YOU THINK YOU CAN COME IN HERE AND STEAL MY GIRL?” spittle sprayed across Nicole’s face as he shouted.

“Waverly belongs to no one except herself.” Surprised at how confident her voice sounded when she was barely keeping it together.

He mimicked Nicole’s voice. “Waverly belongs to no one except herself. She belongs to ME!” He grabbed Nicole by the front of her shirt and his eyes flicked to the hickeys on her collarbone. “YOU’RE DISGUSTING!” he spat.

“Sod off Champ!” Wynonna said shoving him backwards. “Waves doesn’t owe you shit.”

“SHUT UP BITCH!” He scowled clenching his fists with rage. He moved back towards Nicole swinging his arm back. The next few things happened so fast Wynonna nearly missed it. Nicole expertly dodged his punch, gripping his arm she twisted it behind his back and slammed him face first into the bar. She removed the handcuffs from her belt with her other hand and began to cuff him.

“Champ Hardy, you’re under arrest for public intoxication and assaulting a police officer.” Nicole’s voice faltered only slightly as she struggled to control her anger. Her nostrils were flaring as she read him his rights.

“GET OFF ME YOU FUCKING DYKE!” he was practically frothing at the mouth.

“Pull yourself together!” Sheriff Nedley was approaching now. “You’re a real idiot sometimes boy.” He nodded at Nicole before taking Champ by the arm and leading his towards the still swinging front door. He turned back to Nicole, “Finish your drink and then I’ll need you to come back to the station to write up your statement.” He placed his hat on his balding head and doffed it towards her as he dragged a still hollering Champ outside.

Nicole’s hands were shaking as she attempted to pour herself another drink, Wynonna gently took the bottle from her hands and filled the glass. Nicole’s hands were clenched so tightly that her knuckles were white. “What a fucking cunt!” Wynonna snorted at the sudden vulgarity.

“You are the potty mouth!” she chortled. “I think you might be a bad influence on my baby sister!” Nicole tried to hide the grin but couldn’t. Suddenly she burst out laughing.

“What an idiot!” she laughed. “Attacking a uniformed officer in public.” She shook her head as she finished her drink.

“I always said he was as dumb as a bag of rocks,” Wynonna joked. “Come on you,” she draped an arm over Nicole’s shoulder.

As they turned to leave Shorty called out, “Are you gunna pay for those drinks Earp?”
“Put it on my tab!” Wynonna called over her shoulder before reaching back around and swiping the bottle. They could hear Shorty grumbling as the door closed behind them. “Let’s go send a douche to jail.”
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

A video circulates of Nicole's epic take down and Waverly's students rib her for dating Champ

Chapter Notes

g'morning! happy holidays!

Waverly chatted happily to her students after the class had finished. The lecture had gone well and as a result there were a lot of questions being asked. She had known these particular students for almost three years now and the group had grown quite close.

“Hey Miss,” one student piped up, “You’re not still dating that idiot rodeo clown, are you?” Waverly chuckled to herself, they’d always hated Champ.

“No. I am not.” She smiled. “Why do ask?”

“Cos he just got his ass kicked by a babin’ red headed cop.” He held his phone towards her to show her the video he had just watched. “I just got tagged on this on Facebook.” The footage was poorly shot but clearly showed Champ screaming slurs at Nicole before throwing a punch. The camera shook as the person filming cheered at Nicole’s takedown.

“Wait! Isn’t that…” the girl trailed off not wanting to out her teacher in front of the whole class.

“I wonder who they’re fighting over?” someone else asked and Waverly and the other girl shared a knowing look.

“Alright you lot! You obviously have no more questions on the class and I have to go. So, read through the next chapter and I will catch you all in our online tutorial tomorrow evening.” Waverly hurried to pack up her things as the girl approached her desk. “Chrissy, you alright?”

“Yeah, I just… I saw your car get towed the other day. Do you need a lift? I assume you’re heading to the station? I have to pick up dad anyway.” It took Waverly a moment to remember that Chrissy was the sheriff’s daughter.

“I swear sometimes I forget that the people I know on campus exist off it as well. That would be fantastic Chrissy, thanks!”

“No worries!” Then she leaned in conspiratorially. “By the way, you’re dating a bad ass!”

When Waverly entered the police station the first thing she heard was her sister roaring in laughter. ‘Okay, so not a total disaster!’ she thought to herself. Wynonna was sitting on the counter beside
the night shift officer retelling the story of how Champ got his butt kicked, open bottle of whiskey in hand. She noticed Nicole at her desk behind her sister, a hint of a smile playing on her lips, as she filled out paper work. She could see her hands still shaking as she filled out the report.

“Your girl was an absolute boss Waves! So glad you finally picked a good one!” her sister jumped down and gave her a big kiss on the cheek. “Hurry up Haught plate?” she crunched her nose. “Nope that won’t do… Deputy Tater-Haught… Yeah!” she laughed at her own joke. “Meet you girls back at Shorty’s.”

Waverly tucked a stray hair behind Nicole’s ear. “Hey baby. You okay?” Nicole looked up at her with watery eyes.

“It’s not the first time I’ve had a drunk yelling at me…” she trailed off. “But this…” she gestured to her report, “this was more than a little… triggering.” She let the last word hang in the air between them and Waverly waited for an explanation. “My dad.” Was all Nicole could say before bursting into tears, hiding her face in her hands. Waverly held her close, softly brushing the back of her head and kissing her forehead, as she sobbed in her chair. “I felt like time had stopped. I’m so glad my training took over when he swung at me, I was frozen on the spot.”

“You reacted rather swiftly,” Waverly chuckled, and Nicole looked up at her in confusion. “One of my students showed me a video on Facebook.” Groaning Nicole wiped her face.

“There’s a video? I better let the sheriff know before he leaves.” She stood, and Waverly dragged her into a tight hug.

“I’m so glad you’re okay!” She squeezed Nicole tightly and felt her sigh, her body still shivering began to still. Nicole was surprised at the effect that a simple hug from this small woman could have on calming her nerves.

“Thanks Waves, I feel so much better now what you’re here.” She breathed deeply, absorbing Waverly’s scent. “You smell different, but so good.”

Waverly leaned up and whispered in her ear. “Like your shower scrub and orgasms?” she kissed her on the cheek and then began leading her to the exit.
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

TRIGGER WARNINGS
panic attacks
talks of child abuse
ptsd

Nicole wakes from a nightmare following Champs attack

Chapter Notes

i may be working through some stuff. will upload a less depressing chapter asap

“NO!” Nicole screamed sitting bolt upright in Waverly’s bed. Her eyes were darting around the room. “Where am I?” Tears were streaming down her face and her breath was rapid and uneven

“We’re at my place,” came a small sleepy voice from beside her.

“It was just a dream. It was just a dream.” She repeated the mantra as she has a thousand times before.

“Baby? Are you okay?”

“It was just a dream. It was just a dream.” She was hugging her knees tightly to her chest and sobbing quietly. Tentatively Waverly placed her hand gently between her shoulder blades. She sat up with beside her.

“Baby, what happened?” She turned the lamp on beside the bed and wrapped her legs and arms around Nicole, who glanced up at her, eyes filled with terror, before turning her attention back to her toes. She was rocking back and forth gently chanting over and over. Waverly could tell she was having a panic attack but didn’t know what to do. “It’s ok. What do you need? If you can’t tell me show me. It’s okay,” she reaffirmed. Nicole grasped one of Waverly’s hands, she was shaking like a leaf, and placed it firmly over her heart. Pressing down on Waverly’s hand to make sure it maintained the pressure she returned her focus to her breathing. After a few minutes her breath began to slow.

“It felt so real,” she shuddered at the thought. Waverly was silent waiting for Nicole to continue. “Waves, I could have… I could have sworn he was banging on the door.”

Waverly was fighting hard to keep her emotions in check, the woman that she loved was weeping in her arms. Loved. Shit. This is not the time. Waverly nuzzled into her back still firmly applying pressure where Nicole needed it. Once Nicole’s breathing had returned to normal Waverly asked her if she wanted to talk about it.
“I don’t… I mean I’m not…” Nicole’s voice was still shaky.

“It’s ok, you don’t have to.”

“No, it’s not that. I just don’t know where to start.” Her voice came like a whisper from between her knees.

“How about you explain the dream to me and we go from there?” Waverly offered. Nicole nodded silently and took a deep uneven breath.

“When I was little I used to hide in my bedroom from my Dad. He would always end up in these blind rages for no reason. We’d made too much noise while he was trying to sleep, we’d embarrassed him in front of his friends…” Nicole shrugged sadly, and Waverly waited for her to continue. “It never really mattered why, it always happened. He was always angry. I used to have a built-in robe in my bedroom, right beside my bedroom door, so there was this little nook.” Her heart began to beat faster, and Waverly could tell she was getting scared again. She held her tightly and cooed in her ear. After a few moments Nicole continued. “I used to brace my feet against the robe with my back against the door. It would take all my strength to keep him out. I even dented the wall one time, that made him even angrier once he noticed it.” She suddenly went silent. Her face grey in the dim moon light. “He used to beat us. And then Mum… Well her anger and pain… it had to go somewhere…” she trailed off again, a sob catching in her throat.

“I’m here. It’s ok. You’re safe.”

“I never felt safe. I used to sleep curled up in that position on the floor behind the door.”

“Did he ever…” Waverly felt like she may be pressing too far and trailed off. Nicole leant her head back onto the shoulder behind her.

“No, it was never sexual.” Nicole had obviously assumed what she was going to ask, and Waverly couldn’t help but release a small sigh of relief. “Just verbally and physically violent. Not just. They were verbally and physically violent.” She corrected herself as her psychologist had done many times before. “There is no better or worse there are only victims and perpetrators.” She reminded herself aloud.

“I’m sorry. I never meant…”

“No, it’s ok. It has taken me a long time, and a lot of therapy, to even be able to talk to anyone about this. You’re actually the first partner I have ever felt comfortable enough to open up to. I used to just lie about the nightmares and panic attacks. I’d say it was work related. I don’t think anyone else has ever genuinely cared before.” Waverly kissed her gently on the cheek and rested her face on the side of Nicole’s.

“Didn’t people know? About what they were doing?” She asked eventually.

Nicole let out a deep sorrowful sigh. “I tried to tell people a few times. But Mum and Dad were the pastors of their church and everyone around them loved them and thought they were great. They always went out of their way to impress other people.” Her eyes clamped shut reliving the pain. “No one ever believed me,” she whimpered.

“Oh baby.” Waverly squeezed her tight. Feeling her own heart breaking at the pain and torment her lover had gone through. “I’m here. And I’m with you. And I will always believe you.” Nicole turned and snuggled into Waverly’s chest. Feeling safe, feeling loved, Nicole allowed herself to fall asleep once more.
“How are you feeling this morning?” Waverly asked gently as she watched Nicole’s eyes flutter open.

“Were you watching me sleep?” she mumbled in reply causing Waverly to blush deeply.

“I just wanted to make sure you were okay.” When she saw the sorrow creeping into Nicole’s eyes she added “and I had some last-minute birthday party shopping to do.” She waved her phone at Nicole who outwardly groaned.

“Wave, you have been shopping for weeks. I think you have bought enough.” Nicole grumbled as she pulled herself up to sit next to her.

“It’s Wynonna’s thirtieth birthday and I want it to be special.” This generated another groan from the redhead beside her.

“I hope your birthday present arrives today. I ordered it weeks ago.”

“Weeks ago?” Nicole winced at the slip.

“Well… yeah… I mean we were still friends weeks ago. So, I bought you something nice.”

“Honourable intentions of course Deputy?”

“Of course,” she smiled before rubbing her chest over her heart, where Waverly’s hand had been only a few hours ago. “Are you okay?” she asked gently. Nicole nodded.

“It’s been a long time since I have had nightmares. Stupid Champ” Waverly winced, of course.

“I’m sorry,” she said hurriedly.

“For what?” Nicole turned to her in shock.

“I’m not sure, dating that moron?” Nicole leaned her head on Waverly’s shoulder.

“We all make mistakes beautiful,” she giggled as Waverly tickled her ribs.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

A gossipy old biddy spills the beans to Nicole about the Earp family 'history'

Chapter Notes

seeing as the last chapter was heavy have another one, it is christmas after all

“You look like shit Haught.” Wynonna said placing a coffee on Nicole’s desk.

“Good morning to you too.”

“Waves keep you up all night?” Nicole’s face darkened, noticing the change she asked, “everything okay in paradise?”

“Yeah, just had a restless sleep is all.” Nicole longed for her to change the subject.

“Good, I’d hate to shoot you.” She patted Peacemaker in her holster.

“What is with that gun?”

Wynonna opened her mouth to speak and then thought better of it. “Oh,” she thought quickly, “I’d hardly be an Earp in law enforcement without using this old gal.” Nicole raised a questioning eyebrow. “Family heirloom. Great-great grand pappy put down 77 outlaws with this pistol.” Nicole seemed impressed to she continued. “He christened it Peacemaker. Kinda ironic for a weapon responsible for so many deaths.”

Nicole watched as Wynonna got lost in thought for a moment. “Thanks for the coffee.”

“You got it Red.”

Nicole’s eyes followed her out into the hall before she disappeared into the Black Badge offices. She took a sip of the coffee and let out a content sigh. She was always exhausted the day after having a panic attack and she had been sleeping poorly the previous few nights as well. The dreams she had been having lately were so vivid, always about her Grandmother. It was almost though her sorrow had permeated into the building. Even when she was snuggling with Calamity Jane she would hear the house creak and groan, and she could swear that every now and then she would hear the rocking chair moving in the baby’s room.

She began to draw the face she had ‘seen’ that night in the curtains, she was certain it was her Grandmother, but decided that she would run it through facial recognition anyway. “This is stupid,” she said aloud as she waited for the computer to process the sketch. She minimized the window and stretched back in her chair as a crotchety old lady entered the station. Nicole sighed before standing to greet her. “Good morning Mrs Keating.”
“It is not!” Nicole’s mind wandered as Mrs Keating complained about the party that had taken place the night before in the caravan park. She had not called when they were making the ruckus. She had not requested that they keep the noise down. “That Bobo del Rey and his gang of… of… hooligans!”

“Bobo del Rey? Who names their kid Bobo?” Nicole asked suddenly curious.

“Heaven’s knows!” Mrs Keating retorted. “I just know that they’re up to something officer.”

“Okay, well I will put a note in his file and you make sure you give the station a call next time they’re giving you trouble.”

“Thank you dear.” The old woman patted her kindly on the hand. “You’re not so bad. I’d heard stories of course.” Nicole’s eye twitched. “Spending time with those Earp girls. They’re just trouble. Why on Earth they gave Wynonna a badge…” she tutted. “She shot her Daddy with that gun she flaunts around with; did you know that?”

“Uh no…” Nicole stammered. “I didn’t know that.” Wynonna had killed their father? Mrs Keating leaned closer.

“She said monsters were attacking the house. What a load of rot. Ward may not have been a great man, but he did his best with those three girls after their mother took off.”

“Wait, three?” Nicole couldn’t help but be intrigued.

“There was an older sister. She went missing or ran off the night Wynonna shot her father. Her body was never found.” She whispered and patted Nicole on the arm. “Just be careful around them deputy.” She turned to walk out as Wynonna exited Black Badge.

“Fanny!” Wynonna called when she saw the older woman.

“It’s Frances!” she huffed and raised a knowing eyebrow at Nicole before leaving as if to say, ‘see what I mean?’

“What did that old biddy want?” she asked Nicole who was still standing in shock at the information dump she had just received. Nicole shuffled some papers around on her desk, desperately trying to think of something to say.

“Um… Something about Bobo del Rey causing a ruckus at the caravan park last night.” She sighed with relief at being able to think of something that wasn’t directly related to the gossip. “And that the Earp girls were a bad influence and to be avoided.”

“If only she knew right?” Wynonna winked at her. “So, what was this about Bobo?”

“What kind of name is Bobo?” Nicole asked after describing what Mrs Keating had told her.

“Hmm…” Wynonna was clearly thinking hard about something. “His real name is Robert. I’ve gotta go talk to Dolls.”

Nicole spent a lot of the afternoon thinking about what Mrs Keating had told her and whether she should bring it up with Waverly. Ultimately, she decided, that Waverly would bring it up with her when she was ready. As she began to pack up her things towards the end of her shift she realised that the face recognition search tab was still open. Shrugging she clicked to open the tab. No records found. She wasn’t surprised but couldn’t help feeling a little disappointed. “Gran mustn’t have had a record I guess,” she said to herself as she closed the tab and started to get ready for shift
change.
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Nicole gets called in to an all hands on deck emergency, that turns ugly.

Chapter Notes

hope everyone is safe for the holidays! take care of yourselves lovelies xx

Nicole had fallen asleep, exhausted, on the couch soon after work. The dreams were different tonight. They weren’t panicked or terrifying but rather sad. She brushed aside lace curtains and looked out over snowy hills. Tears were streaming down her face and she turned to the empty crib. The baby blue blanket was soft in her hands. She was never going to see them again.

Nicole awoke to her phone ringing loudly, it was the office. Confused she wiped tears from her eyes before answering. “Haught!” Lonnie, the night shift officer, shouted. “Suit up! Shit’s getting real!”

“What? What’s happened?”

“Fucking full moon that’s what’s happened. Get in here. Sheriff’s already on his way in. It’s all hands-on deck.”

“On my way!” Relieved that she was still in her uniform she fetched her gun from her safe and ran to her cruiser.

Tucking her shirt in and attempting to make herself presentable she swung open the door to the sheriff’s office before she heard a gunshot and someone scream. Was that Waverly? She drew her pistol and proceeded with as much caution as her heart allowed. Lonnie had his up when she approached the front desk. And before Nicole could ask she felt a thump on the back of her head and everything went black.

Everything was spinning, Nicole tried to move but her arms were stuck, she tried to shift again but realised that her hands were cuffed behind her back. She opened her eyes and felt a piercing pain on the back of her head. She must be bleeding. Trying not to panic she closed her eyes and reverted to her training. Inventory. She assumed the cuffs binding her were her own, she opened her eyes again, her pistol wasn’t in her holster nor was it in the immediate vicinity. Not good. At least her legs weren’t bound. She looked around and realised that she was on the floor of the precinct lobby. She could hear men shouting from the Black Badge offices but couldn’t recognise the voices.

She struggled to her feet, her head was pounding, but she had to do something. She heard her phone ringing in the distance and assumed that it had been taken along with her gun. She took two steps towards the partition separating the deputies station from the lobby and saw Lonnie. He was flat on his back and there was blood everywhere. She barged through the swinging gate and slid down on her knees next to him and placed her ear against his chest. He was still breathing. Good. She
needed to staunch the bleeding. Shuddering she realised what she had to do. She took a deep breath and SNAP! She allowed herself a small whimper and tried not to vomit as she slid the cuff off her left hand. She looked down at the dislocated joint of her thumb and heaved. Swallowing hard she pressed firmly and heard a POP as her thumb returned to its socket. The pain made her head swirl momentarily before Lonnie began to choke. Looking up she grabbed his jacket off the hat stand and began applying pressure to the wound in his shoulder, cuff still dangling from her right hand. He groaned and blearily opened his eyes.

“What the hell happened Lonnie?” Nicole grabbed his other hand and pressed firmly onto his wound. “Hold this here.”

“I had a number of calls all at once,” he croaked. “Weird calls. About people burning cars and shit.” He tried to sit up before Nicole stopped him.

“Just hang on ok. And apply as much pressure as you can.”

“That’s when I called you, I thought that it was just full moon pranks.” He began to choke and turned his head to the side to cough up some blood. “They came out of nowhere Haught. Big guys with guns. Right before you got here.” He groaned again.

“How many?”

“Five perps, one hostage.”

“Hostage?”

“Wynonna’s little sister.” Waverly. “She’s a fiery one. Took three guys to drag her in.” His laugh turned into a cough as he spat up more blood.

“Did they say what they wanted?”

“They asked about BBD and then you…” tears formed in his eyes, his face was pallid, and he looked as though he were about to faint again.

“Okay, it’s okay.” She glanced around the room trying not to panic. They had Waverly. What the hell was going on? She began patting him down and found his keys in his pocket.

“Top left drawer.” He answered the question she hadn’t even asked, and she sighed in relief. At least she wasn’t going in unarmed. She raced over to his desk and opened the top drawer finding his Glock and picked up the receiver of his telephone. Nothing. They’d cut the phone lines. Shit.

“Lonnie, where’s your phone?” she hissed. Silence. She turned back to him and saw his head had lolled to one side. “Oh no you don’t.” She ran back over to him immediately applying more pressure to his wound. His breathing was shallow. He needed medical attention and fast. She didn’t know how long he had been lying there bleeding out, thanks to the throbbing pain at the back of her head. She began to fumble through his pockets looking for his mobile phone and found it in his back pocket.

“And here I thought you liked girls…” he slurped flopping his head towards her.

“Shut up you. And don’t die. It’s too much paperwork.” He choked out a laugh. Nicole began scrolling through his phonebook and found Wynonna’s number. She was going to need backup.

“Lonnie, where the hell have you been?” Wynonna screeched into the phone. “They’ve barred the damn doors. We can’t get in! Dolls is on the roof now trying to find another entrance.” They were
here. “Lonnie?”

“He’s been shot. They have Waverly."

“Nicole? Shit. Come let us in!” Nicole moved quickly and quietly towards the front door. She could still hear yelling from BBD and didn’t want to attract their attention before she had back up. Wynonna signalled for her to hurry up as Doc glanced behind them, as though they were expecting more to arrive.

“What the hell is going on?” She asked once she had removed the bar from the doorway allowing for the others to enter.

“A bunch of revenants are about to get dead!” Wynonna had her gun drawn and was itching for a fight.

“Revenants?” Nicole asked. “Wait, is your gun glowing?” Wynonna had pushed past her and had her back against the wall, she peeked quickly around the corner to assess the scene.

Doc finished replacing the bar across the doorway and moved to join her. “How many?” he asked reloading his pistols. Nicole’s head was reeling. “Nicole,” Doc grabbed her arm. “How many?”

“Oh… Lonnie says five. I didn’t see.” Her hand moved to the lump on the back of her head as she remembered what happened and Doc noticed the handcuffs dangling from her wrist.

“Well okay then.” He turned to Wynonna. “How do you want to do this hun?”

Wynonna turned back to face them, her fear was evident in her eyes, but lord almighty was she pissed. “Hard and fast.”

“You sure know the way to a man’s heart.” Doc replied making Nicole gag. “What about?” He tilted his head towards the confused deputy and Wynonna shrugged in response. “Dolls will be pissed.”

“Yeah well, Dolls isn’t here.” That seemed to be enough for Doc as he clicked the hammer back on his gun. “Let’s go.”
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

will they rescue waverly in time?

Waverly was exhausted. She had been straining against her bindings, for what felt like hours, but it was no use. She glared at the men who were holding her captive as the rifled through the BBD offices. One of the men was quite skittish and kept threatening her with a large bowie knife before he was sent away to search one of the back rooms.

“Aaargh!” The tallest of the group, with a long ginger beard, threw a box against the wall in frustration. “Where the hell is it?” he rounded on Waverly and shoved a gun in her face. It was a glock, police issue, she hoped Lonnie was okay. She had heard the gunshot as three of them tied her to the chair. That was almost an hour ago she realised glancing at the clock on the wall.

She scowled up at the man in front of her. “I told you, I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Don’t play dumb with me you little bitch!” he back handed her across the face. “Clay vessel, yay big.” He indicated the size with his hands. “I know they have it here!” He returned to ransacking the room.

“Wynonna will be here soon.”

“Is that supposed to scare me?” He asked in a deep otherworldly voice, when he turned to face her his eyes were black and flames licked from a brand burned onto his face. Waverly gasped. That brand. She’d seen it before. On the faces of the monsters who attacked the homestead the night Daddy and Willa… “I won’t ask again.” He flicked off the safety and aimed the pistol at Waverly’s forehead.

“Neither will I!” Wynonna kicked the door open and a loud shot rang out. Waverly’s eyes were clamped shut in terror when she heard unnatural screaming and felt flames flicker by her feet. She was tackled to the ground as more shots were fired. She smelled vanilla dipped donuts and opened her eyes. Nicole had slid her and the chair back against a nearby desk and was covering her with body as she fired. Chaos reigned for what felt like an eternity before silence.

“Everyone alright?” Doc called out.

“Think we got ‘em all? Fan out and check the offices.” Wynonna barked.

Nicole looked down at the small woman in her arms. “Hold on. I’ll untie you in a sec.” She kissed her forehead and got up to join the others in their search. Suddenly part of the roof caved in and Dolls landed heavily on the body of a stirring revenant.

“Got a live one over here.” He called out, pinning the snarling revenant with his knees.

Wynonna sauntered over to him and cocked her gun. “I’d say make your peace, but I hope you never find any.” She fired, and Dolls scampered back quickly from the hellfire as the revenant was dragged back into hell. Nicole was standing stock still, mouth slightly ajar.
“Anyone care to bring me up to speed?” Nicole asked staring at the wooden floor that was no longer aflame.

“What the hell Wynonna!” Dolls roared. “What is a civilian doing in here?”

Doc rolled his eyes at Dolls and spun to face Nicole. “Purgatory is overrun by demon revenants, a.k.a. Wyatt Earp’s resurrected outlaws. Bobo del Rey is their leader. I am Doc Holliday. Yes, that Doc Holliday. And Dolls here, he is just a dick.” Dolls glared at Doc.

“Finally! Thank you! It… actually it makes perfect sense.” Nicole said emphatically.


“NO! What the fuck?” Nicole placed Lonnie’s gun in her holster and rubbed her cheeks. “Wait. The Doc Holliday? How is that possible?” She rounded on Wynonna. “And why does your gun glow? And what was that fire. And…” darkness.

“Whelp!” Wynonna said as she watched Doc catch Nicole as she fainted. “That could have gone better.”

Doc looked at her eyebrows raised. “Ya think?”

“Uh guys?” Waverly called out. “A little help here!” Wynonna rushed to untie her.

“You okay baby girl?” Waverly winced as Wynonna gently brushed her red cheek.

“I’m furious! Those assholes grabbed me after class.” Wynonna was checking her over with worry.

“This isn’t your blood?” Waverly looked down at her shirt and saw bloody hand prints.

“Nicole?” she cried out suddenly.

“It’s not hers either,” Doc called. Nicole groaned as she came to. “Well hello there little darlin’, welcome back.”

“I always thought this town was weird, but this…” she gestured around the room and then to Doc as he helped her sit up. “This is next level shit.”

“Welcome to Black Badge, Agent Haught.” Hanging up his phone Dolls extended her a hand and pulled her to her feet. “An ambulance is on its way.”

Nicole felt a small hand take her own and looked down to see Waverly looking up at her with worry. “What in green hell just happened?” Waverly gave her a small grin.

“It is quite a long story…”

“Well I’m probably never going to sleep again. Have at it.” Nicole flopped down into a nearby chair.

“How did she take it?” Wynonna asked offering Waverly a glass of whiskey as the watched Nicole getting examined by paramedic. Lonnie had already been rushed to hospital and they were confident he would pull through.

“You mean finding out that her girlfriend’s family is cursed, that demons are real, and that the
“Ghost River Triangle is prison to 77 of them?” Waverly asked sarcastically.

“Well… yeah?” Wynonna shrugged as she took a large swig straight from the bottle.

“Well, I don’t even know how I’m taking it. 48 hours ago I thought it was just stories. And now…” she gestured at the madness around them. Doc was giving a statement to the sheriff and Dolls was handing out blankets. “Why is there always blankets?” she asked suddenly shivering.

“For the shock baby girl,” Wynonna took a blanket from Dolls and wrapped it snugly around her sister whose teeth had begun to chatter. Nicole looked over at them from her seat at the rear of the ambulance. She wasn’t smiling.

“She said she needs some time.” Waverly whispered.

“It’s a bit of mind fuck angel pants.”

“What if she meant from me?” Wynonna looked down at her sister, she looked like someone had just told her that her hamster had died. What was its name again? She squeezed Waverly tight and sighed into her hair.

“Why don’t you just…” she was interrupted by a cough from behind her.

“May I?” Nicole asked. Smiling Wynonna relinquished her hold on Waverly.

“All yours Red.” Wynonna handed Nicole the bottle and smacked her on the ass as she regrouped with Doc and Nedley.

“You don’t hate me, do you?” Waverly asked, tears welling in her eyes.

“Why would I hate you?” Nicole asked.

“Because I’m a cursed mess.” She offered.

Nicole chuckled. “Well I’m a gay mess, so I suppose we must be made for each other.” Waverly laughed up at her as tears began to roll down her cheeks. “I’m wrecked. You wanna blow this popsicle stand?”
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

nicole wakes to find waverly sleep walking in the nursery, or is it something else?

Nicole woke as she felt the mattress decompress beside her. Yawning she opened her eyes and saw Waverly leaving the room. “Waves? You okay?” When she didn’t respond Nicole decided to follow her. “Are you alright?” she asked when she found her, gently rocking the cradle and staring out at the hills, lacy curtains gently billowing around her in the breeze. Nicole froze. She’d seen this before. “Baby?”

“They’re gone.” Nicole gasped, that voice. “They’re gone, and never coming back.” It couldn’t be.

“Wave?”

“But he did.” Waverly continued.

“What?”

“That boy!” she spat and turned to face Nicole, her eyes were white, and tears were streaming down her face. “They’re gone but he came back!”

“Who came back?”

“He killed them! And he came BACK!” she was shouting now.

“Who killed them? Grandma?” Nicole reached a hand towards the shaking woman, as soon as she touched her arm Waverly collapsed.

Waverly opened her eyes, she was curled up in Nicole’s arms, on the floor of the baby’s room. And Nicole was sobbing. She felt wetness on her cheeks, had she been crying too? “Nicole? Are you okay? Was I sleep-walking again?” Nicole continued to sob. “Baby?”

“Grandma…” was all she could manage between sobs. Waverly thought she must have had another dream and she sat up and wrapped her arms around the taller woman.

“It’s ok baby, I’m here.” She cooed. Nicole leaned into her.

“Waves,” she stammered. “I think my Grandma is haunting me.”

“PIKACHU!!” Wynonna shouted sitting bolt upright in bed. She wondered what had woken her before she heard a car door slam outside. Rushing to the window she saw Waverly and Nicole running into the house in their pyjamas. “What’s going on?” she asked as they hurried up the stairs.

“There’s a bit of a situation.” Waverly ducked past her and Wynonna grabbed Nicole’s arm before she could do the same.

“Another one?” she asked. “Haught.” Nicole sighed and turned to face her. “Dude, you look like
you’ve seen a ghost.” Wynonna said after taking in her visage. Nicole filled her in on the situation. “Wait, you think one of the boys in the accident is a revenant?”

“My Grandma certainly does.” Nicole replied avoiding her eye contact. Wynonna turned this information over in her mind for a moment.

“I’ve seen weirder. Okay, let’s do it.”

Waverly was elbow deep in papers when they entered her library. Nicole looked around the room, taking it all in. There were bookshelves wrapping the walls, filled with texts and historical fiction. Nicole couldn’t help but smile at the collection of wanted posters behind a large wooden desk.

“Have you got the copy of the article I gave you?” she asked without looking up.

“Oh, yeah” Nicole removed it from her breast pocket.

“What were those names again?”

“Timothy Claire, Christopher Roberts, Marvin Fleek and Earl Flint.” Nicole read aloud. Sighing in frustration Waverly slammed the drawer she’d been looking in and moved to her desk. Nicole raised an eyebrow at Wynonna.

“It’s safer to just stay out of the way when she gets like this. Come on.” Wynonna started ushering Nicole out of the room. “You should have seen her when she was researching her thesis!” Wynonna physically shuddered at the thought. “Is it too late or too early for whiskey?”

The girls retreated to the kitchen and drank in silence. “So… girlfriend possessed by your Grandma huh?”

“Yup,” Nicole took a large swig.

“That’s all sorts of awkward.” Wynonna chuckled as Nicole groaned.

“Only you…”

“OH MY GOD!!” Waverly shouted from the other room. The girls turned to see her stomping down the stairs waving a piece of paper. “It’s Earl!”

“Earl?” Wynonna asked as she snatched the paper from her sister and looked at the photo. “Oh shit!”

“Wasn’t he in your year at school?” Waverly asked.

“Different last name, same dude. Damn.” She showed the photo to Nicole who shrugged.

“Never seen him.” Tears began to well in her eyes. “Ugh not again. Fuck off Grandma, we’re working on it.” She said drying her eyes. “Ow!” she was slapped up the side of the head. Waverly stood in front of her scowling.

“Don’t be a shit. This is good Nicole. It will give your Granny some peace.”

Wynonna shoved her chair back from the table. “Any ideas on how we find this shit ticket?”

“Earl Flint!” Earl looked up from his work in surprise.

“Uh, my last name is Roberts. Not Flint.” He swallowed. “You’ve got the wrong guy officer.”
Nicole eyed him over, the fluorescent orange vest and hard hat was a good disguise, no wonder he had blended in so well. “Earl Flint, the driver, 1958, heard you died?” Nicole’s voice was hard.

“1958?” he chuckled and licked his lips nervously. “Wasn’t born until 1988 ma’am.” He began backing away before he felt the muzzle of a gun at the back of his neck. His hands rose quickly. “I’m unarmed, this is all a big mistake.”

“Oh, I don’t think so revenant.” He crumpled at the sound of Wynonna’s voice.

He began to scowl, the brand on the side of his face beginning to glow and flicker with flame. “The heir? I should’ve known that bitch wouldn’t leave well enough alone.” He glared at Nicole. “Haught right?” he smirked. “Oh, I loved watching her weep.” Wynonna cocked her pistol. “She thought she was crazy at first, mmm” he sniffed deeply. “Her agony,” his voice was deeper now, his eyes completely black “so… so… sweet!” BANG! Wynonna fired Peacemaker, and a bullet hole appeared in his forehead. The girls watched him writhe as he was dragged into hell.

“This place is fucking weird.” Nicole’s phone chimed. “She’s found them. Let’s go.”

They found Waverly crouching over, removing moss from a headstone. Nicole knelt beside her and placed flowers by the gravestone. “I’ll give you a minute,” Waverly said kissing her cheek.

“You don’t know me,” Nicole began quietly, “but you were important to someone who was important to me.” She sighed, brushing her knees as she stood. “We got him Gran. We got him.” Waverly glanced back, as they walked away arm in arm, she could have sworn she saw a woman in white waving sadly kneeling where Nicole had only moments prior. She blinked, and the woman was gone.

“I could murder a stack of pancakes.” Wynonna said as her stomach growled. “Six revenants in 12 hours. That’s gotta be some sort of record.” The girls laughed as the climbed into her truck.

“It’s certainly something.” Nicole smiled.
Nicole hurriedly tucked in her shirt and examined herself in the mirror in Waverly’s bedroom. Tie, bowtie, no tie? She couldn’t decide. She was wearing a light blue button up shirt and black jeans, her red hair was in gentle curls that fell over her shoulders. “It’s just a birthday party,” she told herself. She could hear Waverly greeting people downstairs when there was a knock on the door.

“You joining us Haught-shot?” Wynonna called from the hallway.

“Help?” she whimpered, and Wynonna cracked the door open.

“Are you decent? I’ve seen more of you and Waverly in the last week then I ever needed to.” She heard Nicole flop on the bed with a sigh and decided to risk it. “What’s eating you?”

“Other than your sister?” Nicole quipped.

“Ew Nicole. Gross.” Wynonna pretended to vomit. She sat down on the bed beside the redhead, shoving aside her back pack. She looked down at the paperwork that had spilled out as she moved the bag. “This looks official.” Nicole sat up suddenly and snatched the legal envelope off Wynonna and shoved it back into her bag. “I will always love you, Shae.” Nicole looked up in horror at the post-it in Wynonna’s hand. “Do you, me and Peacemaker need to have a little talk?”

Nicole collapsed back onto the bed with her hands covering her face. “Great!” she sighed. “It’s not what you think.”

“Love notes from your wife?”

“What?” Nicole asked with a laugh. “No! It’s… they’re… our divorce papers.” Wynonna stared. “She finally agreed to sign them.”

“That’s great news!! We have to celebrate! Wait…” she looked around at the mess of Nicole’s clothes. “Are you planning on proposing?”

“WHAT?” Nicole choked. “No! We’ve only been together for a few weeks. I am not doing that so quickly again. And Waves doesn’t know, about the divorce, so shh.” She held a finger to her lips.

“Oh.”

“Wait, are you disappointed that I’m not proposing?” she asked incredulously.

“I mean… Maybe?” Wynonna laughed. “She’s finally dating someone decent!”

“Not to mention smart, with banging bod and licenced to carry guns!” Nicole winked as she flexed her muscles. She dodged the pillow Wynonna swung at her with ease. “Alright! Alright, now help.” She held up her ties.
“You are so gay,” Wynonna said as she chose.

Waverly was laughing with Mercedes by the front door when Mercedes nudged her arm and nodded at something over her shoulder. Waverly turned around confused and saw Nicole. She was coming down the stairs with an enormous bunch of pink roses. A huge grin formed on Waverly’s face. The sleeves of Nicole’s shirt were rolled up to her elbows and she was wearing a skinny neck tie in a Windsor knot.

“Wow,” she breathed. Nicole was smiling at the ground, her ears and cheeks pink.

“Happy birthday baby,” she glanced up at Waverly and then looked away quickly suddenly shy.

“Let me see those beautiful dimples,” she tilted Nicole’s head up and kissed her gently.

“BARF!” Wynonna said as she followed Nicole down the stairs. “Ugh, you guys make the Notebook look bleak!”

Ignoring Wynonna, Nicole pulled a jewellery case from her back pocket. “I got you a little something.” She opened the case to reveal a thin gold chain with a tear drop pendant.

Waverly smiled happily. “Oh Nicole…”

“Do you hate it? We can change it if you do…” Nicole chewed the inside of her cheek.

“No, I love it! Thank you so much!” She threw her arms around her girlfriend, planting kisses where ever she could reach.

“Do you want to wear it?” Waverly responded by collecting her long brunette locks and holding them to the side so that Nicole could attach it behind her neck. Once she had the clasps hooked together, Nicole took advantage of the bare neck and kissed a soft trail down to her collarbone, inciting a moan from Waverly’s lips.

“GROSS!” Wynonna yelled as she re-entered the lounge room. “Hey PDA! Cut it out! We have guests.” The girls grinned at each other sheepishly before grabbing their drinks and heading out to the bonfire that was raging outside.

Nicole felt like she had been introduced to the entire town, she was sitting with one of Waverly’s colleagues, a guy named Jeremy, and watching Waverly dance with Wynonna around the fire. She noticed that Jeremy was smiling at her and she realised that she must have missed something he’d said.

“I’m sorry, could you repeat that?”

He chuckled. “Girls got it BAD!” Nicole swung a weak punch at him and flinched. “It sure is nice to not be the only gay in the village though.”

“Did you grow up here?” Nicole asked.

“God no!” he exclaimed. “I arrived at the start of the school year. You’re a lot braver than me though.” Nicole followed his line of sight and saw Doc talking to a tall thin boy with sandy brown hair. Looking at the miserable moustache Jeremy was attempting to grow she could guess which
“Not Doc?” Nicole’s nose scrunched up in mock disgust. “He’s so…” she searched for the right word, “Ye Olde?”

Jeremy’s eyes dropped, and a blush appeared on his beautiful brown cheeks. “Who doesn’t want to a cowboy, or girl?” he added, a grin curling the corners of his mouth.

“Well, got it bad now huh?” It was his turn to shove Nicole in jest.

“Hey guys!” Waverly called to them. “I want you to meet someone! Baby, Jer-bear, this is Robin.” She was dragging the tall man that had been talking to Doc behind her.

“Congrats Waves, you have assembled all the queers in Purgatory!” Robin laughed at his own joke, as he extended a hand in greeting. Nicole nudged Jeremy who was clearly doing math in his head before shaking his hand.

“How’re you going? Robin was it?” He nodded enthusiastically.

“And you must be baby?” He asked causing Waverly to blush.

“To some,” Nicole smiled, “You can call me Nicole if you’d prefer.” Jeremy was still thinking. ‘So much for a genius’ Nicole chuckled to herself. “This is Jeremy.” She elbowed him harder this time.

“Ow! Oh. Sorry. I’m Jeremy.” He offered his hand to Robin, who took it and planted a soft kiss on it before releasing it.

“Pleasure to meet you.”

Nicole made eyes at Waverly like maybe they should leave. “Hey babe, don’t we have to check on that thing?”

“What thing?” Waverly asked, then she noticed the face Nicole was giving her. “Oh, yeah! We do! Be back soon.”

“No don’t… They’re gone.” Robin took Nicole’s seat beside Jeremy as the girls escaped into the house laughing.

Later that evening Waverly found Nicole sitting alone on her bed. “There you are baby! I’ve been looking for you everywhere!” Nicole looked up at her, her smile faltering. “Are you alright?”

“Yeah, I mean, yeah.” She straightened her shoulders. “There’s something I wanted to tell you.”

“Wait, your family isn’t cursed too is it? Cos, I mean, we only just got rid of your Grandma’s ghost…” she smiled. Nicole frowned at her and rolled her eyes.

“I’m just going to show you.” She removed the envelope from her bag and handed it to a now very worried Waverly.

Waverly’s hands were shaking. Legal envelopes usually brought bad news. “What is it?” she asked.
“They finally came,” Nicole whispered, her eyes were alight with joy.

“What did?”

“Shae finally signed them, the divorce papers, I’m no longer married!” Relief visibly flooded over Waverly’s form. “I thought, you know, you might want to know…” Waverly was swiftly upon her. Kissing her amidst happy tears.
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

waves finally catches up with jeremy after he and robin disappeared from her party.

Jeremy had been ignoring Waverly’s calls and texts for two days and she had had enough. She knocked on his closed office door, knowing that he had office hours today. “It’s open!” he called expecting a student. When he looked up from his computer he sighed seeing Waverly tilting her head at him knowingly. “Ah balls!”

“You, uh, kinda disappeared the other night…” He rolled his eyes. “And there was someone else that went missing too…” she furrowed her brow pretending to think. “Hmm” she tapped her lips with her pointer finger. “Who was that?”

“Nothing happened gutter brain!”

“No? He wasn’t number two and a half.” His eye twitched.

“Look I said that once when I was scared ok. Let it go.” Waverly snickered at his discomfort. “And no, he wasn’t.” He added. “But he might be…” he grinned excitedly.

“Oh my god! Spill.” Jeremy described their late-night coffee date at the diner and how they chatted for hours. “Sounds like he made quite the impression?” Waverly had a knowing smile.

“You did this on purpose? Waverly Earp, you sly fox!” He nudged her with his elbow.

“Me? I am a sweet angel, Jeremy, I would never meddle in your affairs.”

“Angel? My foot!” he grumped.

“He is super cute though.”

“Right?!” they giggled. “And how about you with that super Haught deputy huh? The kids have been talking about how they busted you making out in the carpark like horny teenagers!”

“Honestly, I feel like a horny teenager. And the sex… Oh lordy, the sex.”

“That good huh?”

“If I wasn’t already thinking that I was probably gay then the sex would definitely have proved it. I have had more orgasms in the last week than I have had in my entire life.”

He held out his hand for a sneaky hi5 and she slapped it quickly. “Welcome to the rainbow sister!”

They sat chatting happily about work for a few minutes before Waverly brought the conversation back around to Robin. “So… have you heard from him yet?”

“Psshht, nah!” Jeremy was attempting to play it cool. “He said he would be out in the woods for a few days with work and wouldn’t have reception.”
“Robin, in the woods?”

“He’s a park ranger.”

“Robin whose idea of glamping is drinking espresso on a terrazzo in Florence, is a park ranger?”

“Heh,” Jeremy smiled, “the one and the same. He hates it. He told me lost a kid on the last school trip.”

“A kid?”

“Yeah he’d wandered off looking at a cool bird or something.”

“Oh my god! They found him I assume?”

“Yeah, safe and sound. But he isn’t allowed to do school trips solo for a while.”

“Who would let a Jazz Historian lose in the woods with a bunch of children? That is just asking for disaster.” Waverly snorted. After their chuckles died down she asked “Are you sure you’re okay though? Do I need to kick his butt?”

“Let’s wait until Friday and then see huh?” Waverly nodded at him and patted him encouragingly on the shoulder.

“He’ll call.”

“Waves said that they were looking for ‘the vessel’.”

“Now what does Bobo want with that?” Doc asked.

Nicole shrugged, she had read every single file Dolls had given her access to and still couldn’t figure it out. “He’s all over the place,” she added another pin to the map they were working on with a tag that read ‘shipment?’. “How can anyone make sense of this?”

“How can anyone follow the brain patterns of a demon?” Wynonna asked.

Dolls hung up the phone and joined them, post it note in hand, he stuck it on the map over the park in front of City Hall. “We’ve got a fresh one. And it’s grisly. Looks like one of our perps got away the other night. He attacked the Deputy Mayor as they were opening a time capsule. Call Waverly and get her somewhere safe.” Dolls turned the computer screen he was working on around and showed a still of one of the men Waverly had described from her attack stabbing the Deputy Mayor with a large bowie knife. His eyes were dark, and his brand was aflame.

“Jesus! He’s not even trying to hide!” Wynonna said stuffing her face with a powdered donut.

“And he left witnesses. Whatever was in that time capsule he obviously needed in a hurry.” Dolls suggested. “Well, after he stabbed the Deputy Mayor 23 times.”

“A big Shakespeare fan?” Wynonna asked as she returned Peacemaker to her holster and bowed to Nicole’s applause.

“I did not peg you for a theatre nerd,” Nicole smiled.

“Learn something new every day Haught-tamale.” She grabbed another donut and pretended to
offer it to Nicole. “Oh right! I forgot. Delicious, delicious, gluten!” she took a large bite and pretended she was enjoying it a little too much.

“I hate you Wynonna.”

“As much as I would prefer all boots on the ground I think Doc and Wynonna should head to City Hall, Haught and I will find Waverly and ensure her safety. She might be able to help us figure out what he is up to.”

Waverly wasn’t in her office, but Nicole could hear her and Jeremy laughing further down the hall. Dolls followed her impatiently as she made her way along to Jeremy’s office. She knocked and heard them whispering loudly and a few drawers open and close before she was given permission to enter. When Waverly realised who it was she burst out laughing and leant over to remove her half full glass from its hiding place in her purse. Their faces were flushed with laughter and alcohol. “Ma’am, I am fairly certain that this campus is an alcohol-free zone.”

Waverly smiled up at her, her hair had come loose and was falling over her midriff shirt. She looked so carefree and happy, until she saw the formidable grump that had followed Nicole down the hallway. “Dolls? Is Wynonna okay?” she was suddenly very concerned. Jeremy was watching the interaction with curiosity.

“We, uh,” he coughed to clear his throat. “We would like your assistance in a classified matter.”

“Oh, I see what you mean,” Jeremy chuckled and winked at Waverly who glared in response.

“We’re here to escort you to the station.” Dolls continued without batting an eyelid.

“Well, I guess that is the end of our arvo session,” Waverly stood and hugged her friend before she gulped down the last of her drink, coughing as it burned her throat. “Duty calls.” She whispered hoarsely. Waverly staggered slightly as she followed them into the hall and Nicole wrapped an arm around her to steady her. “Why deputy, you are so very strong!” she groped at Nicole’s bicep.

“And you, professor, are so very drunk!” Waverly attempted to stand up on her tiptoes to kiss Nicole but wobbled requiring Nicole to hold her with both hands. “You alright baby?” Waverly pulled Nicole down by her tie and gave her a long passionate kiss. 

“Ahem!” Dolls cleared his voice again. “If we could…” he gestured to the door of the building where they could see his giant, very inconspicuous, SUV was waiting.

“Do you think Dolls would give us a few minutes alone in here?” Waverly whispered loudly once they were seated in the back of Dolls vehicle.

“No,” the marshal growled from the driver’s seat.

“You are drunk, at 3 in the afternoon,” Nicole chuckled before whispering in Waverly’s ear, “I will take you home as soon as I can.” She winked at Waverly who was rubbing her lips together eagerly. “Did you have a good meeting with Jeremy?”

“Oh, he has the biggest crush on Robin!”

“As you predicted…?” Nicole asked with a smile.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Waverly was too drunk to sound coy.
“As if. You knew those two nerds would fall hard.”

“Think of the cute history babies they would have!” Waverly smiled happily. “I’ve never asked, do you want kids?” Dolls began to choke. “I think you’d be a great Mum! So protective and strong.” Her hands began to roam over Nicole’s stomach and arms causing her breath to hitch.

“Okay baby. As much as I love this, we’re at work right now. You’re going to have to wait.” Waverly folded her arms in a pout.
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

a diary, a vessel and a vault.
waves and nic discuss willa.

“The fastest gun in the west and the heir couldn’t stop one revenant?” Dolls asked incredulously.

“Look, he mightn’t be the loudest rev in the engine, but he is damned fast!” Wynonna retorted. They had returned after tracking the revenant to the cemetery where he had been digging up a grave. “He was yelling about ‘numbers’?” Wynonna looked to Doc for confirmation.

“He said that he knew the numbers but could not recall them. The grave in question belonged to one Stanley Gatewood. I presume that the good Stanley may have possessed the numbers he so desperately required.”

Wynonna pulled a folded sheet of browned paper from her jacket pocket. “I assume he was looking for this.”

Dolls took the paper she was offering him. “Some kind of code?” he asked after a brief examination.

“There are a few recurring sequences, so I’d say yes. So, a code, a vessel and the attack on the Deputy Mayor. What are they up to?”

“Was anything taken from the scene at City Hall?” Nicole asked as she entered the room.

Doc looked at his notes. “Yes, a diary was taken from the time capsule.”

“A diary?” Dolls raised an eyebrow. “Whose diary?”

“Shirley Dixon’s.” Wynonna answered.

“The deaf mute poet?” Nicole looked around at the group of confused faces.

“Where is Waves?” Wynonna asked. “She might be able to help us sort this mess out.” She watched as Nicole and Dolls shared a knowing smile. “What?”

“Waverly is currently sleeping off an arvo session,” Nicole smiled. “She was more than a little tipsy when we picked her up.” Wynonna chuckled.

“That’s my girl!” she watched as Dolls moved towards the map they had been working on this morning. He replaced the tags they had previously and added new ones.

“Diary of a deaf mute poet. Vessel. Numerical code. And then there are all these other attacks.” He waved his hand at the other pins on the board. “What are they looking for?”

“It is quite vexing, “Doc’s moustache twitched. “Do these places have anything in common?”

“Two of them used to be banks, and one still is” a small voice answered from behind them.
Yawning and wrapping herself in Nicole’s patrol jacket Waverly shuffled towards them.

“Banks? Are they after a vault?” Nicole offered.

“If he could not remember the numbers perhaps he could not recall which at bank the vault was located.” They pondered Doc’s suggestion for a few minutes before Waverly spoke again.

“There is one other old bank. The hardware.”

“It seems strange that they think whatever it is they are trying to find would still be there after all this time.”

“More often than not,” Dolls answered, “they would simply build around or wall in old vaults that were too difficult to move. Do you think they’re trying for some sort of spell?”

“A spell?” Doc mused. “I didn’t take you for a practitioner of the hoodoo voodoo.”

“Well, you haven’t seen what I’ve seen.” The group raised their eyebrows at each other. “Alright. Haught, get the professor home safe. You two suit up. He’s not getting away this time.”

“I think I’m going to have to expand my resources,” Waverly sighed as Nicole placed a well needed cup of coffee on her desk in front of her. “I have a LOT of history books but if Dolls is telling us that magic is real…?”

“How’s your logic brain coping huh?”

“I mean, I’ve seen things that science hasn’t explained yet and so it feels like there’s a war raging in here at the moment,” she said rubbing her forehead. “Or maybe I’ve just hit hang over?”

Nicole chuckled as she sat on the desk beside Waverly’s computer. “Maybe so.” She was lost in thought for a moment before she asked “How come they’ve never attacked here, at the homestead? I mean, if the heir is the only one that can kill them, why not kill the heir?”

“They did.” Waverly’s voice was shaking.

“What?” Nicole looked down and saw tears in her eyes. “Oh babe, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you.”


Nicole was confused for a moment, wondering where she had heard that name before, Mrs Keating. “Oh baby, I didn’t know.”

Waverly looked up in surprise. “Sometimes I forget that you haven’t been here forever.” She rested her head on her lap and Nicole ran her fingers gently through her long brown hair.

“It would have sucked watching you date Champ though.” Waverly giggled.

“Well I am glad you are here now.”

“Me too.” They stayed like that in silence for a few moments, each lost in thought, just enjoying being in each other’s presence.

“They’d never been able to attack the homestead before that night.” Waverly said suddenly. “They
shouldn’t have been able to get onto the property. I remember Daddy saying something about the bedrock.” She released a heartbreakingly deep sigh. “They shouldn’t have been able to get to the house, Dolls says that the house is built on a bedrock of ammolite, which some cultures us to ward off evil. I don’t know what they did to nullify it, but Wynonna says that she fixed it before we moved back out here. Her and Dolls spent weeks searching apparently, I’ll have to ask her what caused it, Dolls didn’t tell me.” Nicole stroked her hair as she waited for her to continue. “That night, seven monsters attacked our house. They dragged Willa out through a window and Daddy… Wynonna was just trying to help… she grabbed Peacemaker off the floor and she… she accidentally shot him as they were dragging him away.” Waverly sobbed into Nicole’s lap.

Nicole hummed softly as she idly played with Waverly’s hair. “I always thought that the ‘monsters’ I saw that night were just my six-year-old brain trying to process the trauma.” She sniffed. “They really were monsters, weren’t they?”

“I think so baby. I’m so sorry that you had to experience that.”

“I’ve never… I know we’ve only been together for a few weeks… I’ve never talked about the monsters before. Wynonna did, and she ended up committed. What I’m trying to say…”

“I CAN’T FUCKING BELIEVE YOU!” Wynonna shouted slamming open the front door causing Waverly and Nicole to jump. “OF ALL OF THE SHITTY THINGS I’VE DONE IN MY LIFE, WORKING WITH YOU DOLLS,” she sighed. “I just don’t think I can look at myself in the mirror.” She closed the door in his face and turned to see Waverly and Nicole rushing to the top of the stairs. Wynonna had tears streaming down her face.

“What happened?” The girls asked in unison. Wynonna was covered in dirt, blood, and black goo. Leaning against the door she slid down to the floor sobs racking her chest.

“I’m sorry baby girl…” she managed between sobs, “Shorty…” her eyes were pleading, as if hoping against hope that if she didn’t say it that it wouldn’t be real. “Shorty’s dead.”
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

post funeral comfort

Nicole carried a sleeping Waverly up the stairs of the homestead, placed her gently in her bed and after removing her shoes tucked her in. She caressed her face, hoping to free the stresses that were causing her brow to furrow. Waverly leaned into her hand and kissed her palm sleepily. “Will you stay?”

“Of course.” Nicole lay down beside her on top of the blankets and Waverly rolled over and snuggled back into her.

It was a beautiful service, but it had been a difficult day, lying to Shorty’s friends and family about how he had died. Waverly had barely spoken a word all day, she hated lying. The official report was that the men responsible for the attacks were brainwashed by a cult requiring human sacrifice. Nicole squeezed her eyes shut in fury. Dolls had filmed the entire thing. He had let Wynonna get captured and Shorty get possessed, just to see if they could actually do it. Apparently, he had been under pressure to produce results by his superiors. He needed to provide them with proof of the arcane or supernatural and to him Shorty was collateral damage in a larger scale war. Neither Wynonna or Waverly had spoken to him for days. If he had moved in earlier Wynonna would not have had to kill one of her closest friends.

The reception had been at Shorty’s bar and in typical Earp style the girls had started drinking by noon. By 4pm Wynonna had disappeared with Doc and Waverly was wasted and weeping on the bar where she had once worked.

The leaves were beginning to turn Nicole noticed as she stared out the window from her position spooning Waverly. The seasons were changing, soon it would start getting colder. She looked down at Waverly, buried in blankets, and smiled at the thought of there being even more blankets on their bed come winter. Their bed? She sighed, and Waverly reached behind her, grabbing Nicole’s arm and wrapping it around herself.

“I love you Nicole,” she slurred.

“I love you too Waves.” Nicole whispered.

Waverly woke at dawn with a pounding headache, claggy mouth, and an empty bed. She closed her eyes and tried not to cry. Had she really told Nicole that she loved her last night? Drunk, exhausted and vulnerable she had felt she needed to be honest. Nicole had been the rock that she had clung to in the shit storm of the last week. She had meant it when she said it. She did love Nicole, but she never really was one for timing, and she really needed to lay off the booze. She groaned and curled up in a ball. She had told Nicole that she loved her, and Nicole had left. Maybe she didn’t feel the same and this was the easiest way? Waverly spooned her pillow, it still smelled of her favourite donuts, and felt her heart breaking.
Nicole had been up for hours. She had found the stash of Berocca in the bathroom and had two glasses of water sitting on the carry tray beside a large plate of fried mushrooms, homemade hash browns and veggie bacon, and an enormous cup of coffee. When she reached the door to Waverly’s room she could hear her crying. Taking a deep breath, she knocked.

“GO AWAY WYNONNA!” Waverly cried.

“Wave?”

“Nicole?” she sounded surprised.

“Yeah cutie, can you grab the door for me?” Nicole heard Waverly fumbling and then shuffle towards the door, she opened it cautiously.

“Why are you here?” Waverly asked. Nicole looked at her confused. This tiny woman, enveloped in three blankets, tears streaming down her face, had the ability to just blow her away. Day after day.

“I love you Waverly, where else would I be?” Waverly burst into tears and ran back to her bed. Nicole followed her into the bedroom and placed the tray on the bedside table. “Baby?”

“I thought you’d left,” she sobbed.

Nicole stroked her hair gently. “I’m here for you, for as long as you’ll have me.”

Waverly dried her eyes and sniffed. “Did you make breakfast?”

“Only for ladies that don’t hide their faces.” Nicole quipped, and Waverly stomped her foot. “Are you having a tantrum?” Waverly lifted her leg and flopped it down again. “Okay, well I guess I will just have to eat all these hash browns by myself then.”

Waverly rolled over and frowned at her. “You didn’t say you had hash browns…” Nicole handed her a glass of water with a Berocca fizzing away inside. She made a face.

“Do you want to be hung over all day? You have a 9am lecture.” Waverly mimicked her sarcastically as she sat up and took the glass from her, swallowing the whole thing in one go. She gagged. “Here, have a caffeine chaser.”

“I love you,” she said accepting the coffee mug. “Hash browns?”
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

has robin ghosted jeremy or is there something more sinister afoot?

“You shaved your moustache?” Waverly asked in shock when she finally caught up with Jeremy. “It had just started to look decent!” she chuckled.

“Oh… yeah…” Jeremy wiped his mouth absentmindedly without making eye contact.

“You okay Jer-bear?” she asked when he didn’t continue.

“Hmm…? Yeah… all good. I’m not being ghosted, you are.” Waverly looked down at him sitting at his desk and smiled gently.

“Still haven’t heard from Robin huh?” He shook his head sadly.

“I thought maybe he didn’t like…” he gestured to his now naked top lip.

“Have you tried calling him?”

“Pssshht! Who calls these days?” he paused. “Yes. And sent three texts. Maybe I was just too keen and have scared him off?”

“It’s not like Robin to ignore such a handsome and sweet gentleman. I’ll call him and see how he is.”

“No!” Jeremy was panicked. “No, that’s way too much.”

“Chill Jeremy. I won’t mention you. I’ll ask him for a coffee, I’ve barely seen him and years and he could never resist my charms.” Jeremy snorted. “Not like that you horndog,” Waverly thumped him in the arm gently as she pulled out her phone.

“Wait you’re calling him now?” Waverly nodded with a smile as she held her phone to her ear.

“Hmm…” she frowned. “Straight to voice mail. That’s odd.” She scrolled through her contacts and dialled his home phone number. “Mr Jett? Hi, it’s Waverly, I’m looking for Robin…”

“You’re not the only one!” A gruff voice interrupted her from the other end of the line. He took a deep rasping breath. “He hasn’t come home in two weeks.” Jeremy had been listening by Waverly’s ear and gasped in surprise.

“Weeks?” Waverly asked in shock.

Mr Jett coughed loudly, and Waverly could hear his arm chair creaking as he adjusted. “Your sister’s a marshal, right? Maybe you could convince them to look for him? I asked that young lad the day Robin didn’t come home, and he said that he would file a report. And I haven’t… I can’t…”

“I’m on my way to the station now,” she said grabbing her keys.
“Thank you, Waverly,” he said gasping.

“We’ll find him.” She hung up the phone and stared at Jeremy in shock. “I have to go. Can you cover my tutorial in ten?” Jeremy was in shock. “Jeremy!” He blinked at her, coming back to his senses. “We’re going to find him okay.”

Nicole was organising files at her desk when Waverly entered furious. “Waverly?” She flopped down on Nicole’s desk.

“Robin is missing.”

Nicole picked up her files. “He’s not the only one.” She handed Waverly seven manila folders.

“They’re all missing?” Waverly asked, mouth agape. Nicole nodded.

“All within the last three weeks, all last known locations near the woods.”

“You knew Robin was missing and you didn’t tell me?”

Red locks shook negatively. “I only just realised. We had another report this morning and I thought that two missing people was weird, so I pulled all the missing persons files from the last month. And found five others.”

“Do you think it’s Black Badge kind of weird?” Waverly asked with concern.

“I’m starting to think yes. Want to approach Dolls with me?” Waverly nodded and ran her fingers over Robin’s photo sadly. “We’ll find him Waves,” Nicole said softly, Waverly looked up tears in her eyes. “Let’s go find him.”

“Enter,” Dolls called as they knocked.

“I think we have a situation,” Nicole offered him the files and he examined them briefly. “Seven missing, in the last three weeks.” He looked at Wynonna concerned, and she bit her lip.

“What is it? What aren’t you telling us?” Waverly added when they didn’t respond.

Wynonna sighed. “There’s more than seven. It’s Bobo. And judging by the types of materials he has been ‘acquiring through his legitimate businesses’ Dolls is thinking it’s for a resurrection spell.”

“Resurrection? Of who?”

Robin twisted the loosened bar of the cage he was contained in. It was old and slightly rusted, and he had been at this for what felt like an eternity. Whenever there was no one stalking around he was twisting and twisting. The needle in his arm made movement difficult but he was confident he was making progress. Like everyone else in the room he was attached to a tube by an open vein, he didn’t know where they were taking his blood, he wasn’t sure he wanted to.

There was a loud clang as the door to the room they were being held slammed open. Loose bar forgotten Robin watched in horror as a child was hauled into the room.

“Please? Please let me go!” The young boy being dragged by one of the shadowy figures cried.
“Oh my god!” he screamed and began kicking wildly when he saw the room full of cages. “NO! PLEASE! MAMAAAAAAAAA!” He was openly weeping now. A cloaked figure appeared before Robin’s cage and unlocked it with an ancient key and the boy was thrown inside.

“Why are you doing this?!” Robin screamed at them. They didn’t respond. They never did. Robin scooped up the young boy in his arms and began to rock him gently. “Shhh… it’s gunna be okay. We’re gunna make it out of here.” The boy clung to his shirt and wept.

Nicole added another pin to the map. She was both impressed and disappointed at the information Dolls and Wynonna had gathered before she and Waverly had joined them. There were nine pins on the board now, two reports had been filed from neighbouring towns. Nine people missing in three weeks. “What is he doing with them?” She asked the room.

Waverly’s furious form was reading case files rapidly, she hadn’t made eye contact with anyone since they’d entered, and Wynonna was watching her with concern. She was tired, she rubbed her face as she turned to Nicole and sighed. “We don’t know yet. We haven’t been able to make any connections between the… taken.” she glanced down at Waverly, she was going to say ‘victims’ but she didn’t want to break her baby sister’s heart, “taken.” She finished lamely.

“There are too many inconsistencies,” Dolls continued for her. “There are no similarities between the… taken. They’re of different ages, races, hair colour, backgrounds. Each one just adds more questions than answers.” His frustration at the situation was beginning to show.

“There has to be something!” Nicole took a seat beside Waverly and reached for one of the reports from the adjacent county. As she did so Waverly grabbed her hand to stop her. “Waves?” Waverly stood suddenly and began spreading out the documents so that the names of the taken were all visible.

“What is it baby girl?”

“These names…” Waverly trailed off. “I’ve seen them somewhere before…” She shifted to the computer and began typing feverishly.

“I’ll get us some dinner then. Thai work for everyone?” Dolls offered, Nicole raised her hand. “Gluten free, I remember. And something hot enough to melt your insides. Got it.” Wynonna smiled.
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

with so many people missing is time running out for a rescue?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Waverly ate the fried rice in front of her absentmindedly. She knew that she had seen those names somewhere before. But where? Wynonna snored softly on the old leather couch as Nicole placed a fresh cup of coffee by her side.

“Are you even hungry?” she asked as Waverly raised an empty fork to her mouth.

“Huh? Oh.” She chuckled when she realised what she’d done.

“Maybe you should take a little break.” Waverly looked up at her, the stress was beginning to show, bags had begun to develop under her eyes and she stifled a yawn.

“But people are depending on me… and Robin…”

“Waves, even heroes need to take breaks.” Waverly turned to look at Dolls, who was in his office at his computer.

“Dolls is still working.”

“Dolls has been asleep with his eyes open for almost an hour.” Waverly chuckled when she heard this. “Come on baby, let’s just go for a little walk.”

The girls walked arm in arm down the main street, it was close to midnight and the town centre was almost empty, there was silence except the sound of golden brown leaves crunching underfoot. The had weather started to turn cold and Waverly snuggled into Nicole as they walked past darkened shop windows displaying pumpkins and skeletons. There was a large steel fence erected around much of the Town Hall Park, where workers and volunteers had spent the last week building a haybale maze for the upcoming Halloween festivities.

“Have you ever thought about where you would want to get married?” Waverly asked, and then immediately regretted it. “I mean, if you wanted to do that… again… ugh…” she pulled her knitted beanie down to cover as much of her face as she could manage. She could hear Nicole giggle but couldn’t bring herself to look. When she eventually did she realised that they were standing right in front of City Hall and Nicole was staring at the building smiling. “City Hall?” Waverly asked, more than a little disappointed.

“Waves…”

“I was thinking like a tiny old church, that could only seat about twenty people and…”
“No, Waves, look.” Nicole was pointing at a plaque by the entrance to City Hall.

“Oh. Yeah, they’re the names of the original local families, the ones who helped make this town a ‘town’ in the late 1800s. I’m pretty sure we’re on there somewhere.” She added flippancy.

“The names Waverly. Jett, James, Claire, Fleek.”

Waverly gasped. “The names of the Taken! They’re the original families? But why?”

“I have an idea, and you’re not going to like it.”

“The original families? You’re sure?” Dolls asked wiping drool from his mouth. Nicole and Waverly nodded. “You said you had a theory?”

Nicole sighed. “The only person that I can think of that has a bone to pick with all of those people… is Sheriff Clootie.”

“Are you shitting me?” Wynonna was sitting bolt upright now. “Why in hell would Bobo do that?”

“I think hell may be the reason,” Waverly replied the team looked at her confused. “I don’t think he wants to go back.” When nobody spoke, she continued. “He’s been sent down how many times now? Twice? And we saw what happens to you the more time you spend down there. That psycho with the knife? Didn’t they say he was a third-generation revenant?”

“He was a total nutbar,” Wynonna agreed. “What are you thinking Red?” Nicole was at the board staring at a surveillance picture of Bobo talking with a blonde.

“Who is this woman?” she asked.


“Cold hearted witch,” Doc appeared at the door.

“I think you mean bitch,” Wynonna winked.

“Oh, I do not. I would recognise that face anywhere. I spent over a century dreaming of how I was going to kill her for sticking me in that god forsaken well.”

“C.C. Stone is the Stone Witch?” Dolls asked incredulously.

“Constance Clootie.”

The bar finally came loose with a loud clang in the relatively silent room, a few heads turned weakly in their direction, but then back to their own misery. Robin removed the bar as quietly as he could and examined the new space available, he was a thin man but not thin enough. He looked down at the young boy asleep in his lap and shook him gently awake.

“Jimmy!” He whispered. “Jimmy, wake up!” The boy stirred, looked up at him confused and then around the room in horror. His breath quickened, it wasn’t a nightmare, he had been taken. Tears began to form in his eyes and Robin held a hand over his mouth to hush him. “I’m gunna get you out of here okay? Can you walk” The boy nodded. “Can you run?” He nodded again. “Ok.” He removed his hand from the boy’s mouth and wrapped him in his orange ranger jacket. “See that
spot in the wall where the moonlight is coming through?”

“Yes,” came a hushed whisper.

“Do you think you can get through there.” The boy looked as though he was thinking for a few seconds and then nodded. “Okay, we don’t have much time. When you get out you need to run. And run. And don’t stop running until you find the police ok? Do you know where the station is?” He nodded quickly. “You go get the sheriff. And he will get you to your mother okay?”

“Okay.” Jimmy looked around the room sadly.

“You’re gunna be our hero Jimmy.”

“Like Batman?”

“Batman would be proud.” The small boy smiled before wriggling through the bars, he slipped between the tin sheets, and disappeared into the night.

Waverly was exhausted. She had fallen asleep on the maps she had splayed out on the table, trying desperately to find where a maniac might be holding these people hostage. She hoped against hope that he was holding them hostage, she couldn’t bear to think of any other possibility.

When she woke, the early morning sun was peeking through the venetian blinds on the windows of the BBD offices. She could hear murmured voices in the hall. Voices that were getting louder. Nicole. She sat up quickly and began the cautious process of removing the map that had stuck to her face as she’d slept. Nicole slammed the door open, causing Doc and Wynonna to fall off the lounge where they had been perched precariously. “They found one!” She shouted before running back to the sheriff’s offices. As the team entered the office behind her they saw a small boy wearing an oversized orange ranger’s jacket, covered in dirt and dried blood.

“Robin?” Waverly choked as a hand went to her mouth.

The boy looked up at her shivering. “I’m Batman.”

Chapter End Notes

ok so i didn't really think about the whole batman and robin thing until after my wife brought it up... please don't judge me lol
The Black Badge team huddled in the tree line with Nicole who was leading a squad of deputies, it was all hands-on-deck. Once Jimmy had got his breath back he had been surprisingly accurate in his description of the barn in which they were being held. He had also described men in dark beekeepers’ outfits, which at first seemed a little outlandish, but the gang were now looking at men exactly as he had described unloading crates from a large truck.

“That kid’s got skills.” Wynonna pointed out as they watched the men briefly.

“Batman is the world’s greatest detective,” Nicole offered earning an eyeroll from Wynonna and the briefest of smiles from Dolls.

“Let’s do this.” Doc’s moustache was twitching. “These monsters need to be stopped.”

Robin could hear the commotion outside, the men had been bringing in crate after crate all morning, but this sounded different. There was shouting, for one thing, the beekeepers (as he’d taken to calling them) never spoke. Suddenly there was gunfire. A lot of gun fire. The others in the room where starting to whisper excitedly now, they’d all watched in silence as the young boy had slipped through the crack in the wall, but none had dared to hope that he would be successful.

A flash light swung in a wide arc throughout the room. “Jeezus H. Christ! Get the medics in here! NOW!”

“Wynonna?” Robin called out croakily.

“Hey punk. Fuck. Okay. We’re here now.” She was looking him over quickly, she had smears of black goo all over her face. “I got you.” Robin managed a brief smile before he collapsed. Wynonna looked down at her sister’s friend, he was always scrawny but this… he was emaciated and very pale. She gently removed the needle from his arm and applied pressure to the wound.

“Dolls! We need him out of here now!” She tried the bars, but they didn’t budge. “Hold on kiddo. I’m here. I got you.” She was having a flash back of protecting him from homophobic douche bags when they were kids. Robin had always known, and so had the small-minded bullies. She held him tight through the bars and patted his head as she had each time before. “Just hang on.”
When he woke Robin was tucked tightly into a hospital bed, there was a needle in his arm and for a moment he thought the rescue had been a dream, panicking he attempted to sit up but was too weak to move. He realised there was a weight on his lap and bleary eyed turned his head to see a tiny brunette holding his hand, sound asleep.

“Wave?” he started coughing, suddenly desperately thirsty.

Waverly sat up blinking sleepily. “You’re awake! HE’S AWAKE!” she shouted loudly towards the door. The room rapidly filled with people, Wynonna was by his side in an instant, checking his pupils. “What are you doing Nonna?”

“No idea. It’s just what they do in the shows ok?” The nurse pushed her to the side shaking his head.

“Yeah, sorry.” She apologised sheepishly. “How’re you feeling kiddo?” Robin closed his eyes. His head was pounding, and we felt so weak and out of it.

“You’ve lost a lot of blood. Sit tight. You’re safe now,” the nurse patted his arm. “He needs his rest, you’ve got five minutes.”

“Okay buddy, we will debrief you after you’ve had some sleep. Come on you lot.” Wynonna started shovelling people out of the room.

“Is my Dad alright? I was gone so long.” Robin was suddenly worried.

“I checked on him before I came over here. He’s fine. Glad you’re safe. I will bring him by in the morning to see you.”

“Thanks so much Waverly,” he squeezed her hand.

“There’s one more person who wants to say hi before you go back to sleep.” Robin looked at her confused before Jeremy poked his head in. “I’ll see you tomorrow.” She kissed his forehead, “I am so glad you are safe.”

Jeremy was looking awkwardly at his shoes as Waverly left, and she squeezed his hand in encouragement as she passed. “You shaved your moustache?” Robin asked slightly disappointed.

“I thought that maybe you didn’t like it,” Jeremy spoke to the floor.

“I thought that maybe you were ghosting me, like I came on too hard?” Jeremy glanced up at Robin, he looked weak and thin but there was a light in his eyes as he smiled.

“Honestly, our date was one of the things that helped me keep going.” Robin’s voice was quiet, he was scared that being so honest so soon would make Jeremy want to back off, but after spending so long in that cage slowly dying he didn’t want to go slow any more. “I really like you Jeremy, and I had a great time with you.” Jeremy was taken aback at first, but then a smile crept across his face.

“I am so glad you said that, phew,” he giggled. “I mean I’m not glad you were kidnapped, tortured and nearly died. But I am glad…” he trailed off.

“That I didn’t ghost you?” they both laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation. “I had a great
time, and they thought of having more time with you makes me want to get better already.” Jeremy blushed again.

“Phew, okay. Well, I might let you get some sleep.”

“Jeremy?”

“Yeah?”

“Would it be too forward to ask…” Jeremy moved closer to the bed and took his hand in his.

“Do you want me to stay?” Robin nodded tears welling in his eyes. “I’d be honoured.” Jeremy kissed his hand before taking a seat where Waverly had been a short time ago.

“Can you just talk to me for a while?”

Jeremy grinned broadly. “Talking is one of the things I do best.”
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

the team debrief robin and waverly starts to question things

Chapter Notes

cos i love you guys!! have another chapter.

party as hard as you want to tonight and stay safe babes xx

Waverly snuggled into Nicole on the couch, they had returned to the homestead a few hours prior and were all lounging around the house trying to recoup from the last 48 hours. She was watching Nicole flip through the photographs from the scene on her laptop. “They were all in cages?” she asked mortified.

“Yeah,” Nicole answered quietly. “I’ve never seen anything like it. They were collecting blood, and by the looks of it they needed a lot.

“Yeah Robin had lost a lot of litres, like they were taking just enough to keep them alive.”

“Judging by what crates we confiscated at the scene Dolls’ idea is starting to seem more and more plausible.” Nicole frowned. “I honestly never thought I would say something like that.”

Waverly chuckled. “Yeah it’s been a hell of a few weeks…”

“Huh.”

“What is it?”

Nicole suddenly looked super uncomfortable. “If this is all real that means hell is real. Do you think heaven? Angels? And God?”

“I mean…?” Waverly shrugged. “I’m not sure. All Daddy used to talk about was revenants and hell. I guess we could assume…”

“I wonder if God is as homophobic as the bible want us to believe,” she sighed sadly. “Ugh this is bringing up a lot of uncomfortable emotions.” Waverly patted her on the knee.

“You’re a good person Nicole. And if God exists, then he created us like this, so it would be real stupid of him to be so judgemental.”

“Yeah that’s what I used to try and tell myself. Organised religion is the worst.” They both nodded quietly. “It’s hard though, knowing that some of the things my parents taught me may be true. Like I need to work through all of the bullshit again.” Nicole groaned, shifting uncomfortably.
“I’m so sorry baby.”

Nicole rubbed her face roughly. “Okay, so if they need the blood of the original families… How many names were on that list again? Twelve. Ok so we need to protect the remaining three families. Including you and Wynonna.

“Good luck trying to convince Wynonna not to go directly after Bobo.”

“Hopefully she will be able to control her rage until we at least get a chance to debrief Robin and the others. Are they still in the barn?”

Waverly glanced out the nearby window towards the barn, there was dim light flowing out of the open barn door. “I think they’re are working out their aggressions.”

“Ew.” Waverly nudged her trying not to laugh. “I guess learning that the witch who cursed him is back in town has got Doc riled up as well.” They could see shadows moving in the barn as Wynonna and Doc trained.

“How do we fight a witch?” Waverly asked suddenly. “I mean revenants we can handle. How do witches even work? What is magic? I feel like I suddenly know nothing about the world, which as a history professor, is kinda overwhelming.

“I hear you babe.” Nicole kissed her forehead. “I think we have some research to do.”

“We can start tomorrow though, right?” Waverly asked as she snuggled into Nicole’s lap sleepily.

They arrived at the hospital early the next morning to find Jeremy and Robin fast asleep holding hands, the team smiled at each other before Doc cleared his throat quietly. Jeremy sat up quickly “You’re a moustache!” he yelled sleepily.

Chuckling Waverly handed him her half-drunk cup of coffee. “I didn’t know you’d be here, but I think you need this more than me.” He thanked her and took it graciously wincing at the sweetness of her latte.

Robin’s eye blinked open and he was surprised to see the room full of people. “Oh hey guys,” he croaked.

“I’ll get you some more ice,” Jeremy patted his hand and left the room.

“I know you’re exhausted but it is imperative that we debrief you as soon as possible,” Wynonna rolled her eyes at Dolls, as Robin glanced around anxiously.

“I… uh… I’m not really sure…” they could tell that he had seen somethings that he was struggling to put into words, Wynonna stepped forward.

“Hey punk,” Robin was starting to hyperventilate, “it’s just me. You know I’ve seen some weird shit. And you know that I will never judge you okay. Just tell us what you saw.” Robin took a deep and shaky breath. “Start with how you were taken.”

“It was after your party, I took Jeremy out for a coffee and we stayed chatting in the diner until the sun started to come up. When I finally got home the house was still dark but when I approached the front door my legs were taken out from under me and I was dragged into the forest. When I woke up I was in the cage.”
“Did you see or hear anyone, other than the beekeeper weirdos?” Doc asked. Robin nodded.

“There was this beefy dude with a mohawk and a love of fur coats?” he offered.

“Bobo del Rey.”

“And a terrifying woman who took great pleasure when small children were captured.” He shuddered.

“Is this her?” Dolls held up the surveillance photo of Bobo del Rey and C.C. Stone and Robin nodded.

“They were talking about weird stuff guys.” The group glanced at each other and Waverly grasped his hand.

“It’s ok Robin you can tell us.” She said patting him encouragingly.

“They were talking about blood sacrifices and resurrecting her husband.” He looked around at the room concerned by their lack of bewilderment. “But you guys already knew this? What?”

“We had suspected.” Dolls answered.

“What the hell is going on? Are you trying to tell me that she actually was a witch?”

“She said that?” Nicole asked.

“He called her a stone witch. And her husband a demon.”

“The sheriffs a demon?” Nicole looked up at Wynonna who shrugged.


“Did they happen to mention how exactly they were going to ‘resurrect’ her husband?” Dolls asked.

“They whispered about needing more blood. He mentioned Wynonna and said something about Waverly not being right. He also…” he squirmed uncomfortably. “He also referred to you as his angel.” He told Waverly.

“I’ve never even met this guy? Stalker much.” Waverly looked up at Wynonna whose eyes were wide with a sudden realisation.

“What was the name of your imaginary friend?” Dolls asked.


“the local bikie gang…?” Waverly finished lacking conviction. Robin looked between them confused.

“Did they mention anything else? A location or any other names.” Doc attempted to distract him.

“Uhhh…” Robin dragged his eyes away from Dolls and Waverly. “They usually stopped talking when they realised someone was listening but the last time I saw them they seemed excited. It
sounded like they had nearly everything ready. Just needed one or two more samples. The crazy lady said that all it would take was a drop.” Waverly, still reeling from the revelation, excused herself and headed back into the hall. Nicole moved to follow her before Wynonna stopped her.

“I’ve got this one Red.” And Wynonna followed her sister out into the hall.
Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

waves is left reeling after a shock discovery

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wynonna found Waverly curled up in a ball opposite the nurses’ station. “You alright baby girl?” She was rocking back and forth, her face pale as though she had seen a ghost. Wynonna sat down beside her and pulled her into a hug.

“All this time… all this time I was blaming you for what happened to Willa and Daddy. But it was me… It was my fault.” Wynonna was silent. “They day before the attack, Bobo had me bury something, he said it would stop Mama and Daddy fighting. That was what let them onto the land wasn’t it?” Wynonna didn’t respond. “That’s what you and Dolls spent weeks looking for when you first came back. Isn’t it?” she was starting to get angry now.

“It was a talisman, yes.”

“You’ve known this entire time? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Honestly baby girl. I wasn’t sure who it was that buried it. I knew it wasn’t me and, all things considered, it pointed to you, but I guess… I guess I hoped you’d never have to find out.”

“Nonna! The attack, everything, it was all my fault!” She started sobbing. “It’s all my fault.” She wept into her sister’s arms. Wynonna clenched her jaw, she was going to kill Dolls for this. “It was me, this whole time.”

“Shh baby girl, it’s ok.” She smoothed her sister’s hair. “You were six, you didn’t know.”

“He was always kind to me. I don’t understand. I mean, I guess I do, now that I know that he was a revenant the whole time. But… he saved my life.”

“What?”

Waverly sighed. “Willa had thrown my teddy out onto the frozen lake one spring, and I went out there to get it… and… the ice broke. Bobo pulled me out of the lake. Why would he do that? Why would he rescue me if he hates us so much?” Wynonna was shocked, she had never heard this story.

“God Willa was a bitch to you.” Waverly coughed in surprise at Wynonna’s sudden outburst. “I mean Robin said that he called you his angel… Maybe… No, I’ve got nothing.”

“You don’t think he was being literal, do you?”

“About what?”

“Calling me an angel?” she blushed. “Nah that’s stupid.”
“Well… you have been voted Purgatory’s beloved how many years in a row now?” The girls snorted in laughter.

“He said I’m not right though. Does that mean I’m not an Earp?”

“I was there when they brought you home from the hospital. You’re an Earp.”

“I mean, what if Mama had an affair? They were always fighting… and Daddy, he never took any interest in me. It was always Willa this and Wynonna that. My heights aren’t even recorded on the door frame with yours and Willa’s.”

“They probably rubbed off.”

“All of them?” The girls sat in silence, thinking. “You don’t think that Bobo is my…? You know?”

“You think Bobo is your father?”

“Is that even possible?”

“I mean, I dunno. Mama did have a wild streak. But Bobo?” She paused looking down at Waverly’s face. “Have you ever left the county?”

“No.”

“Okay, well revenants get all sorts of messed up if they try to leave. If you’re really worried I can take you…” They were interrupted by the rest of the group leaving Robin’s room and wishing him a speedy recovery. Nicole spotted the girls and suggested that the group should head in the opposite direction, something about coffee and fresh air, as they all followed her lead Wynonna smiled. “Wow baby girl. You finally picked a good one.”

Waverly was silent for the ride back to the station. The others had piled into Dolls’ SUV, so it was just Nicole and Waverly in her patrol vehicle. “You okay baby?” Nicole asked as they turned on to the main street.

“No, not really.” Nicole waited for her to continue. “I think Bobo del Rey might be my father.”

“Oh. That’s…”

“Quite the bombshell I know.” She sighed.

“Is that even possible? A human and a revenant?”

“I’m not sure… why else would he call me his angel, and befriend me as a child, and save me from Willa a few times. It’s just all too much.” She started to cry as Nicole pulled over to the side of the road.

“I’m here with you,” she held Waverly’s hand. “We’ll sort it out.”

“What if I’m part revenant? What if Wynonna has to kill me to end the curse?”

“I’m 100% certain that Wynonna would rather stay cursed.” Waverly attempted a smile. “Is there any way we can know for sure? Did you want to try and find your mother?” Waverly’s head tilted to the side, she hadn’t even thought of that. Although, could anything her mother said be believed, last she’d heard she had been committed to an asylum.
“Do you think you’d actually be able to find her?”

“She’s gotta be in the system somewhere,” Nicole responded hopefully. “We might find a last known address and can go from there?” Waverly nodded slowly and then more enthusiastically. “Okay then, let’s go find your Mama.”

Waverly sat on Nicole’s desk and watched as Nicole filled in the search details on her work computer. It took a moment as the machine whirred and processed the request before returning a result.

“Okay,” Nicole said. “It says here that she is currently… oh…”

“What is it?”

“She’s in prison.”

“What? What for?”

“It says she is serving 20-life. She was arrested in Purgatory. I’ll go pull the file.” Nicole rolled her chair back and Waverly followed her into the archive. After a few moments of searching Nicole pulled out a manila file with Michelle Gibson’s name on it and handed it to Waverly who opened it eagerly.

“What? This is it?” Waverly turned over the single sheet of paper in her hand. “20-life for burning down a barn.”

“That can’t be right!” Nicole took the file back and looked it over. “Someone’s pulled the file.”

“Who would do that?” Waverly asked shocked.

“Me.” They looked up to see Sheriff Nedley standing in the doorway.

Chapter End Notes

a tough chapter for waves :(
“Why did she get such a harsh sentence for burning down the barn?” Waverly asked as they followed Nedley into his office.

“She didn’t.” He said rubbing his eyes.

“She didn’t burn down the barn?”

“Oh, she did, but that’s not why the sentence.” He pulled a thick document folder from his bottom drawer.

“Attempted murder?” Waverly glanced up at him in shock. He nodded.

“I was just a rookie when it happened. By the time I got out there the barn was alight, and Michelle was already in the back of Ward’s patrol car, screaming about demons. Your daddy, he was my boss, he told me what had happened, and I’m sorry. I just took his word for it and took your Mama away.”

Waverly was still confused. “But why the attempted murder charge?”

“Oh, little one, you were in the barn when she set fire to it.”

Waverly slumped backwards into Nicole in shock. “What?” Strong arms held her tight.

“When I interviewed her, she insisted that there was a demon, attached to you and she had to exorcise it, she didn’t mean for the barn to catch fire. But by the time the trial came around she plead guilty to all charges, she even refused a lawyer. She was sentenced and sent away.”

“She hasn’t come up for parole or anything?”

“I was called into a hearing a few years back, they were considering giving her early release for good behaviour.” He paused trying to decide whether telling them was the right decision.

“Nedley, please tell me what happened.” Waverly asked quietly, and his resolve crumbled.

“She attacked the members of the board. It took three guards to pull her back. I’ve never seen anything like it. One moment she was the Michelle I’ve always known and the next…” his eyes glazed slightly as he remembered. “It was like she was…” he stopped himself, shocked at what he was about to say.

“Possessed?” Nicole offered.

He nodded. “Oh my god. She was telling the truth?” he asked in horror.

“That’s it, I have to go see her. I have to find out what’s going on.”
YOU CAN’T.” Nedley stated matter-of-factly. “She has been refused visitors and has explicitly stated that you are not allowed to see her.” Waverly sighed in frustration.

“What about local law enforcement?”

“No Nicole. You need valid reasoning to see a prisoner. You know this.”

Waverly rested her head back against Nicole’s chest. “What about a special deputy from a super-secret government agency?”

The sheriff sighed. “Well I guess that would be up to Wynonna now, wouldn’t it?”

“Please Wynonna.” Waverly asked.

“Baby girl…” Wynonna whined.

“Please, please, please,” she begged, hands clasped in front of her.

“Why? Why do you want to see her?”

“I need to know Wynonna.”

Wynonna sighed. “Last time I saw her she was screaming about a demon returning and told me never to come back.”

“You’ve seen her? In prison?”

Wynonna winced. “Once, before I left for Greece.”

“You knew where she was this whole time and you never told me?”

“She made me promise not to. She said under no circumstances was she to see you again.” After a moment Wynonna asked, “The demon she was talking about returning, you don’t think that was Clootie do you?” Waverly was still glaring at her. “God damn it! Fine! I’ll go and see what she knows.”

“I’ll give you a list of questions. I need answers Wy.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll do it. You can stop with the guilt now.” Waverly grinned. Wynonna watched her sister bounce out of the room and groaned at the thought of having to visit her mother in the morning, on Halloween of all days.

Waverly couldn’t sleep that night. She had stayed at Nicole’s house because she was still mad at Wynonna, and despite her best efforts she could not stop thinking. She sat up in bed, leaned her head back against the wall and watched a thoroughly warn out Nicole snore lightly. The pale white skin of her bare chest, illuminated by moonlight, rising and falling with each breath. Waverly shivered and pulled the blankets up to her chin, it was the middle of fall, she had no idea how Nicole could sleep without a blanket. Nicole stirred and looked up at Waverly watching her.

“Hey baby,” she mumbled sleepily. “Everything okay?” she rubbed her eyes and pulled herself up beside her. Waverly rested her head on Nicole’s chest as she wrapped an arm around her and began to attempt to retrieve some blankets from Waverly’s pile.
“I just, I don’t know how I am supposed to process all of this information at once. My imaginary friend is real and the leader of the revenants. Mama is in prison. I am the one responsible for the attack that killed half our family. It’s just too much you know!”

“Hey, it’s not your fault. You were a kid. Who was manipulated by a demon.”

“A demon who may be my father.” Nicole sucked a breath in through her teeth.

“Okay. We can find out if he really is your father. And we don’t have to wait for Wynonna to go to the prison.” Waverly looked up at her. “Do you want to go for a ride?” Waverly took a shaky breath and then nodded. “Okay then. We best get dressed,” Nicole winked at her before giving her a tight squeeze and a big kiss. “Let’s see if you can leave the triangle.”

The women dressed in silence and helmets in hand left the house and walked to Nicole’s motorbike. Nicole climbed on and kicked the engine into life before extending a hand to Waverly, who took it after a deep shaky breath. It was only a short twenty-minute ride to the nearest edge of the Ghost River Triangle, but for Waverly it felt like an eternity. Her stomach was churning, and she was terrified. When Nicole finally pulled over to the side of the road, five meters short of the line, Waverly felt like she was going to pass out. After shutting off the engine Nicole removed her helmet and shifted in her seat in an effort to make eye contact.

“I’m here, whenever you are ready.”

“I suddenly feel like this is a stupid idea,” Waverly said from inside her helmet. “Maybe we should go back home.” Nicole smiled at her use of the word home, but she didn’t move to start the engine.

“Will you be able to sleep until you know?” Waverly looked at her guiltily. “Then we can wait here.”

“Nicole it’s freezing.” She didn’t budge. “Fine!” Waverly climbed off the back of the bike and approached the line in a huff, stopping just short. She heard the crunch of leaves and gravel as Nicole approached from behind her.

“I’m with you, no matter what.” She said placing an arm around the terrified brunette. “Take all the time you need.” Waverly closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and stepped forward.
Chapter 36

Chapter Summary

wynonna visits mama and nicole comforts waverly

Wynonna shuffled anxiously on the uncomfortable plastic chair as she waited for her mother to be brought from her cell. It had been almost ten years since she had seen her and now that she knew that the demons were real she was unsure how her mother would react. She heard a gasp and looked up to see her mother staring at her, shackled and wearing an orange jumpsuit.

“What are you doing here Wynonna?” she asked as she took the seat opposite her daughter.

“Nice to see you too Mama,” Wynonna snarked.

“I told you never to come back here,” she whispered.

“Yeah, well I’m here for Waves and for work, sort of.”

“Work? They told me a marshal was here to see me. Surely no one was crazy enough to give you a badge?” Wynonna pulled back her jacket to reveal the badge on her belt. “You have got to be kidding me.” She leaned back into a hearty laugh.

“Apparently I am one of the few qualified for this particular task force.”

“Oh? And why is that?”

“Because I’m the heir.” Her mother’s whole demeanour shifted, and the smile was gone. “I work for the Black Badge Division. Mama, I hunt demons.”

“You just…” she glanced around in a panic. “You just said it out loud.”

“Yes Mama. Demons are real, and I hunt them and Waverly…”

“How is my little angel?”

“She has a lot of questions.” Michelle nodded as Wynonna unfolded a sheet of paper covered in questions.

“I thought she might. Have at it.”

Wynonna cleared her throat. “Okay, starting with an easy one Waves. ‘Who is my father?’”

Michelle snorted.

“An easy one Wynonna?”

“We know that she wasn’t Daddy’s so there’s really no need to lie.” Michelle sucked air in through her teeth as she thought about it.

“Does she know? About the demons I mean.”
“She’s been helping us, as a consultant.”

“A consultant?”

“She’s a history professor.” Michelle’s eyes lit up. “She lectures on modern history, she’s doing real good Mama.”

“She’s not still dating that idiot rodeo clown, is she?”

“No, thank the lord. No, her new partner…” she chose her words carefully. “She chose a clever one this time. They’re good for each other.” Michelle eyed her suspiciously but accepted it as truth.

“Well alright then.”

“So, will you answer her questions now?”

Michelle chewed on the inside of mouth trying to decide if it was worth continuing to lie to her daughter. She sighed. “His name was Julian. He was an angel.”

“Like a gang member?”

“Tsk, no Wynonna. An angel. He and Juan Carlo were the protectors the Garden of Eden.”

“Juan Carlo? The mechanic? Wait, the Garden of Eden? It’s here? In the triangle? Of course! Why not.” Wynonna slouched in her chair as she took all this in. “Last time I was here you said something about a demon coming back. Is that Sheriff Clootie?”

“Bulshar.” Michelle shivered. “I can’t…” Her face was white, and she was sweating hard. Suddenly she began to convulse, and her eyes turned black. “You fool!” her voice was different, deep and demonic. Wynonna sat up straight. “He is coming, and he will dine on your souls!” She lurched forward attempting to attack Wynonna and the guards rushed her, they pinned her back before she reached her. She cackled maniacally as they dragged her back to her cell.

“What in the ever-loving fuck.”

Nicole let Waverly sleep in as late as possible before she had to go to work, she didn’t want her to wake up and Nicole to have disappeared. She watched her sleep for a few moments, the midday sun almost made her appear as though she were glowing, and Nicole smiled at the thought. God almighty she was getting corny. Last night had been hard for Waverly, she knew she wasn’t an Earp, yet she could cross the line and leave the Ghost River Triangle, so what was she? With all the other supernatural stuff going on in town Waverly was certain of only one thing. She wasn’t entirely human.

Nicole sat on the edge of the bed and dug her hands under the blanket to find Waverly’s toes, it had been a cool morning with autumn now in full swing, and despite a shower her hands were cold as ice from working in the garden. The instant she found toes Waverly yelped, she swung out and clobbered Nicole with a pillow.

“Why do you hate me?” she screeched as Nicole laughed heartily.

“I have to go to work baby and I didn’t want you to wake up alone.”
“I would have rather woken up alone,” Waverly mumbled angrily as she burrowed back into the blankets.

“Well then, I’ll just go throw your pancakes in the bin.”

“You made pancakes?” she asked sitting up suddenly.

“Nope!” Nicole chuckled.

“Ugh! You are the worst!” Waverly flopped back down again and eyed Nicole with disdain. Smiling Nicole stood and tucked in the shirt of her uniform, her tie hanging loose around her neck. She did up her fly and button before winking at Waverly as she picked her belt up from the floor. A slight blush appeared on Waverly’s cheeks from where they were poking out from the blankets, hazel eyes following every move she made. Nicole fetched her utility belt and gun from their places in the closet and as she turned back around Waverly grabbed her and pulled her into a tight hug.

“I thought I was the worst?” Waverly shushed her with her mouth. They kissed gently before pulling apart and resting their foreheads together.

“Thank you,” Waverly was suddenly shy and staring at her feet that were dancing on the cold wooden floor.

“Waves,” Nicole tilted her head back up, so they locked eyes again, “I would do anything for you, I love you.” Tears welled up in Waverly’s eyes. Everything was just too much, too much was changing, too fast. She had no idea what was happening anymore, or what was real.

“Everything is just so crazy. I don’t even know what to do anymore.”

“It’s simple.” Waverly looked up at her in shock. “We kick ass, find answers, break the curse, stay safe, and live happily ever after.” A snort came from the small brunette in her arms.

“Yeah? Simple huh?”

“With you Waverly Earp I think almost anything is possible.”
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

waverly's paternity is revealed and the gang calls in some back up

“So… you know how I said earlier that I thought anything was possible? This is not what I expected…” Nicole looked down at Waverly in shock. They had both been called into the BBD offices as they arrived for Nicole’s afternoon shift. Wynonna was standing in front of them wringing her hands together with white knuckles, she had not long before returned from visiting her mother and called an emergency meeting. Dolls and Doc had left the room to give them some privacy. Wynonna had insisted that they be here to find out what happened after she broke the news to Waverly. Her little sister that was staring at her, mouth and eyes open wide. Trying to break the tension Wynonna stuck her finger in Waverly’s mouth, like she did each time she caught her yawning, coughing and spluttering Waverly swatted her away.

“What the fuck ‘Nonna?” Waverly looked up at her sister. “How can this even be possible?”

Wynonna shrugged. “Honestly, at this point I wouldn’t be surprised if the big woman herself rocked up.” The girls’ chuckles were cut short by a knock on the door.

“No…” they all said at once standing up straighter and staring at each other before turning to face the door.

“Guys, it’s Nedley. There’s been an attack you might want to know about.” The girls smiled awkwardly at each other before realising the seriousness of the sheriff’s statement. Wynonna rushed to the door and opened it to see the sheriff, hat in hand.

“What is it Nedley?” Wynonna asked concerned by his grave face.

“It’s your mother. She attacked a psychiatrist and then escaped custody as she was being transferred.”

“She escaped?” Waverly squeaked and Nedley nodded solemnly. Dolls and Doc re-entered the room to the surprised faces.

“What’s happened?” Dolls asked.

“The demon’s name is Bulshar, Mama’s escaped and I’m an angel. Half-angel.” Waverly summarised. The three men in the room tilted their heads at her in shock. “Guess it’s not just the smile and wave.” She added weakly.
They were all sat around the meeting table in the BBD offices, Waverly and Nicole were curled up on the lounge that someone had dragged over for them when Waverly began to get faint from shock. They had been arguing about what they could do next when Waverly finally spoke up.

“We need more help. Someone with knowledge in ancient history and mythology.”

“I assume you have someone in mind?” Dolls asked, and she nodded. He thought for a moment before agreeing. “Make the call.”

Jeremy was at a sleeping Robin’s bedside when his phone rang, the nurse glared at him for having it on in the ward and apologising he ducked out of the room to take the call. “Waves?”

“We need you down at the sheriff’s department,” her voice was unusually clipped, and it sounded as though she had been crying.

“Does Wynonna need a lift home again?” he asked looking through the window at Robin’s frail sleeping form.

“Not this time Jeremy. We need your expertise. With a BBD case.”

“What? How could I possibly help?”

“We will fill you in when you get here. Please be quick.” She hung up on him and he stared at his phone in wonder.

“What the hell?”

Waverly met Jeremy at the entrance to the sheriff’s station, she wasn’t overly comfortable with the situation, but she knew that his expertise would end up being vital to their mission. She just hoped that he would be able to wrap his head around what she was about to tell him. He was looking at her with concern and mild curiosity as she took him into the BBD offices. They had agreed that everyone would wait in Dolls’ office until she had had a chance to give Jeremy the rundown on the situation. Her hands were shaking as she told him to take a seat.

“Are you going to tell me what this is all about?” he asked as he settled into the chair she offered.

“Okay, this is probably going to be a bit of a culture shock, but first things first, welcome to the Black Badge Division.” Jeremy’s eyes were wandering the room and taking in the different maps and photographs pinned to the walls.

“What do you guys do here exactly?” He was eyeing one of the photos in particular, it was a wanted poster from 1882 and Waverly could tell that he had acknowledged the similarity between the man in the photograph from Colorado and Wynonna’s boyfriend. His eyes widened when he read the name on the poster, “Waves…”

“Yes, it’s the same Doc.” He looked at her blankly before glancing back at the photo.

“Is Wynonna dating a ghost?”

“Not quite, he… uhh…” she struggled to find the right words. “I don’t want to say immortal
because he is still human but… he is like… 170ish…”

Jeremy chuckled. “He needs to give me his skin regime,” he stopped laughing once he noticed the solemn look of his best friend’s face. “Wait… you’re serious?” Waverly was biting her lower lip and studying the floor.

“The BBD is more than just a cross borders task force…” Jeremy’s eyes were on her as she began to pace, unsure of where to begin.

Picking up on her nerves, he reached out and grasped her wrist as she passed. “Start at the beginning.” Waverly began with the curse that had been placed on Wyatt Earp, she explained about the revenants, how Peacemaker was the only weapon that worked against them, how Wynonna was the heir, and how they had recently come across some questions that she thought he may be able to help with. She left out what her mother had said about her father but asked him if he had heard of the angel Julian. He was quiet for a moment trying to absorb the information she had just overloaded him with. “The angel Julian was one of two angels sent to guard the Garden of Eden.” His was using his professional voice, she noted, one he reserved for meetings with the school board or interviews.

Nodding she asked her next question, “Have you heard of a demon named Bulshar?” His eyes widened in surprise.

“Waves, what is this? Are you guys ribbing me? I feel like Wynonna’s going to tip a bucket of water on me any minute now.” Waverly shook her head but said nothing. His eyes were searching her face, looking for any clue that this was in fact a joke. “This is a lot. Does this have anything to do with why Robin was kidnapped?” She nodded again. He shook his head in disbelief. “You know I’m open minded Waves but angels and demons? They were always myths. Stories people made up to make themselves feel better about the shitty decisions they made ‘The devil made me do it’ etcetera. And now you’re telling me that it’s all real?” He ran his hands through his hair. “Look I love you and all…” he sighed seeing the sincerity on his best friend’s face. “Bulshar was the name of the snake.”

“The snake?” she asked.


Waverly sat on the edge of the desk beside him. “Ah… fuck.”
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

will the gang survive an attack on shorty's bar?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The team had moved their discussion to Shorty’s bar, they had been getting nowhere, and to anyone outside their bubble it looked as though they were all listening intently to Jeremy giving them a, now slightly inebriated, run down of his biblical knowledge.

“Mama said that Juan Carlo is the other angel.” Wynonna suddenly recalled.

“I don’t know that name…” Jeremy replied, “but there were definitely two angels sent to guard the gate.”

“So, the gate is somewhere in the triangle?” Dolls asked. “There’s no record of its discovery so there must be cloaking of some description on it.”

“It’s gunna be a bitch to find then,” Nicole added.

“Do you think that we really need to?” Waverly asked. “I mean, if we can stop them from bringing Clootie back then wont the whole situation resolve?” She looked us as Dolls and Wynonna shared a knowing look. “Oh right. BBD. How could they let this discovery slide? Are you going to turn me in?” she was suddenly angry. “Hand me over to your bosses so that they can examine and test me huh?” she was standing now and raising her voice. Wynonna looked up at her hurt.

“No, baby girl, of course not.” Waverly’s eyes flicked to Dolls who shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

“You might want to confirm that with your boss,” she spat before storming out of the bar. Wynonna attempted to follow before Nicole stopped her.

“I think it’s my turn,” Wynonna nodded at the deputy and watched as she followed her sister out the door. Jeremy sipped from his straw watching the scene unfold with curiosity when suddenly the doors slammed open and Nicole and Waverly were thrown back inside the bar. The marshals stood drawing their weapons as Jeremy slid under the table. Nicole and Waverly were scrambling backwards, Nicole fumbling to reach for her gun when a gun rang out, and Nicole stilled.

“NICOLE!” Waverly screamed clambering over to her girlfriend before glaring back at the doorway which was now filled by a number of rough looking men lead by one Bobo del Rey.

The gang of thugs were all armed to the teeth, outnumbered and outgunned with one of their own down and a bar full of civilians, the marshals lowered their weapons. Wynonna’s hand twitching over Peacemaker as she glared at the intruders.
“Well, well, well. If it isn’t baby Waverly, my how you’ve grown.” Bobo growled as he entered. Waverly was trying to drag Nicole away from him as he approached. “Such a beautiful angel, I am sorry about your cop though.”

“What are you doing here Bobo?” Wynonna called out distracting him from her baby sister.

“Oh, I am so glad you are here. This makes my task so much easier.” He turned to the rest of the patrons. “I need something, and you’re all going to help me get it.” People were murmuring under their breath. “I will shoot one person, every hour, until I have what I want.” The murmuring stopped. “Bring me the remaining descendent of Jeremiah Parks,” he cocked his gun and pointed it at someone on a stool by the bar, “you have one hour.” His men began separating the hostages into groups, ensuring to split up friends and families, and allowed half of them to leave. Bobo approached the marshal’s table as they were being disarmed and he looked at Wynonna with glee. “You too missy,” he said with his hand extended. Wynonna’s lip curled with rage as she looked from him to her sister sobbing on the floor. He grabbed a cloth from the bar and wrapped it around his hand. “Hand it over.”

“I’ll be getting this back,” she hissed as he carefully wrapped the gun in the cloth.

He sniffed deeply as he looked her up and down. “I’d heard rumours, but I never knew you’d be so… easy.” Doc attempted to lunge at him but was held in place by Dolls. Bobo let out a deep bellowing laugh. “PEACEMAKER IS OURS BOYS!” His crew all cheered and laughed.

Nicole stirred in Waverly arms and groaned loudly at the pain in her chest. Waverly ripped open her shirt and sighed in relief when she saw that Nicole was wearing her bullet proof vest. The shot had hit her centre mass, no blood but Nicole knew that there were a few broken ribs behind the vest. She struggled to undo the Velcro straps to relieve the pressure on her ribs, Waverly realised what she was doing and hurried to help. Once the vest was loosened Nicole finally felt that she could breathe albeit shallowly. Waverly was kissing her and whispering sweet nothings in her ear and Nicole started to relax as everything went black.

Wynonna watched her sister weeping over the unconscious body of her girlfriend. Rage was burning through her patience as she hurriedly searched the room for any weaknesses waiting impatiently for someone to make a mistake. Bobo was sitting on the bar smirking in her direction, idly turning over Peacemaker in his hands.

Sheriff Nedley growled as the bell on the front desk chimed incessantly, adjusting his belt he exited his office to see what was happening. “What in the blue blazes Trent?”

The young man was panting as through her had run a mile. “It’s Shorty’s. They’ve got hostages. One hour.” He managed between breaths. Nedley returned to his office for his weapon, his hat, and his vest. “Wynonna called him Bobo.”

“Bobo?” came a familiar voice from the station entrance. “That old codgers still hanging around?” There in front of him, still wearing her orange jumpsuit, was Michelle Gibson.

“You always knew how to make an entrance Michelle, but this isn’t the time,” he grumbled.

“He shot Waverly’s girlfriend.” Trent continued between huffs.

“Girlfriend?” Michelle asked eyes wide in surprise.

“Nicole, was she alright?” Nedley had decided to ignore Michelle for now.
“I didn’t see any blood.”

‘Thank god she must have been wearing her vest,’ he thought.

“He has my girls?” Michelle grabbed the young man by the lapels. “Where?”

“Shh… Sh… Shorty’s…” he was glancing between the two of them terrified. Michelle dropped him and turned about foot and exited the building.

“Michelle!” Nedley called out chasing after her. “You’re supposed to be in prison,” he said catching her up.

“My girls needed be Nedley, I could feel it in my waters.” She climbed into the stolen prison vehicle. “Are you coming or not?”

Sighing Nedley climbed into the passenger seat and put a call out over the radio on his vest. “All available units we have a hostage situation at Shorty’s bar, and a wounded deputy.” There was a flurry of responses as Michelle floored it towards the centre of town.

Wynonna looked at her watch 47 minutes had passed, and they were yet to hear any news about the Parks family. There were some rumbles that they may had left town for a holiday and she found herself praying that that wasn’t the case when the man guarding the door let out a cheer. There was a commotion at the front door and the guard called over another revenant. Four people entered dragging a yelling and writhing middle aged man, Nathan Parks, she sighed. As everyone was distracted momentarily she snuck out of the booth and slid behind the bar out of sight.

“Congratulations, looks like no one else needs to die tonight!” He placed Peacemaker on the bar as he jumped down to examine the captive.

“No one else?” Parks cried, he was clearly terrified and there was a stain running down the front of his trousers.

“Oh yes, didn’t your friends tell you?” he asked withdrawing a large hunting knife from beneath his oversized fur coat. Parks was looking around the room frantically, he saw the unconscious body of the deputy in front of him and sobbed.

“Pp… please… I haven’t done anything!”

“Oh, but your great granddaddy did. And now, you have to pay the price.”

“Why are you doing this Bobo?” Waverly asked trying to buy her sister some time.

“Oh, I think you already know that don’t you angel?” he didn’t turn as he spoke and continued his path towards the man who was now being held by fellow revenants.

“Why would you want to bring him back? After what he did to us? All of us?” she cried. This stopped Bobo in his tracks. He obviously wasn’t expecting this. “It’s Balshar’s fault! All of this!”

“How dare you speak his name!” they looked up as Constance Clootie entered the bar. She was wearing a fur coat too but combined with her pointed features it made her look like an oversized vulture. She swooped down the stairs and grabbed Waverly by the face, glaring at her with yellow eyes. Waverly glared back rebelliously. “You petulant child…”
“Leave her,” Bobo grunted. “It’s her sister you need.”

Shoving Waverly back down she turned her glare on Bobo. “And, where is she?” Bobo turned to where Wynonna had been standing and shocked to see her missing spun around to search for her, noticing a second too late as a ringed hand reached up behind the bar groping for Peacemaker.

“NO!” he roared leaping towards the bar.

As Constance hadn’t seen Wynonna she turned her attention to the man held at knife point. “Do it!” she hissed. Without hesitation the man ran the blade deeply across the throat of his captive before dropping him to the floor. “Only one moo-oore” she sang and turned to Bobo who now had his hands in the air Peacemaker pointed at his forehead. “You idiot! Kill them all!” she screamed and the revenants all cocked their guns.

“Do it, and your boss is dead!” Wynonna shouted, trying to sound more confident than she felt.

Bobo chomped his teeth together. “I die, you die. Except unlike you, I’ll come back.”

The door to the bar was kicked open suddenly, sending the guard flying. “Get away from my daughter you son of bitch!” The room echoed with a loud boom as Michelle fired her shotgun and sent Bobo flying across the room. Nedley entered at her back and threw a rifle to Doc as Dolls tackled the revenant nearest to him wrestling his weapon away and shooting him in both legs. There was a series of blasts as a gunfight erupted in the saloon. Waverly had managed to drag Nicole under a table and began trying to evacuate as many civilians as she safely could.

Doc headed straight for Constance, “We have unfinished business you and I!” he called out through the cacophony. She glanced up at him, eyes wide with fear.

“YOU!” she hissed she began to mutter words under her breath as Doc fired. Staggering slightly from the bullet she had taken in her shoulder Constance screeched “HE WILL RISE!” as she reached out her hand in Wynonna’s direction and clenched her fist tightly. Wynonna dropped to her knees in, screaming in pain, blood dripping from her eyes. Suddenly the earth shook and there was a deafening roar that stopped everything. “He’s back!” she whispered before disappearing in a swirl of black smoke.

Chapter End Notes

the end...?
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

the aftermath...

Chapter Notes

i guess i couldn't just leave you guys hanging... let me know if you want more...

Wynonna’s eyes were still clenched tightly shut. She had felt the rumble and had heard the roar. He was back. The demon responsible for this curse, that had been plaguing her family for generations, was back and she was terrified. When she finally opened her eyes she could barely see through the blood. She had been advancing on Bobo who was bleeding out on the floor when she had felt every blood vessel in her eyes burst causing her to collapse from agony. Her eyes felt swollen and each time she blinked it felt like she was dragging sandpaper across her eyeballs. Clasping Peacemaker tightly in her hand she used the bar to help her to her feet. The room was total chaos a number of the revenants had attempted to flee but had been stopped by force, there was blood and carnage everywhere. And Mama. What the hell was she doing here? She was still wearing her orange jumpsuit and held a shotgun towards three revenants who were dropping to their knees. Everything felt like it was moving in slow motion, each painful blink as she surveyed the room, each ragged breath. She spied Waverly holding a now conscious Nicole close to her chest, they locked eyes from across the room and Waverly gasped when she saw the blood covering her face. Peacemaker pulsed in her hand, as if to remind her that she had a job to do, she looked down at Bobo gasping for air at her feet and cocked the hammer back. He looked up at her suddenly terrified.

“Don’t… don’t let them get her…” his voice was raspy and desperate. “Don’t let them harm my angel.” He pleaded, bloodied hands grasping at Wynonna’s jeans.

She kicked his hands away with disgust. “What do they want with her Bobo?” her voice eerily calm as she pushed Peacemaker down against his forehead. His skin began to sear and sizzle as he writhed in agony beneath her.

“It’s Robert…” he coughed. “Svane.”

“Yeah whatever. What do they want with my sister?”

“She’s the key…” he growled his jaw snapping shut.

“The key? The key to what?”

“Heaven on Earth,” he raised his hands grinning wildly. Wynonna pressed Peacemaker harder into his forehead and he rose his head to meet it. “Keep her safe Earp.”

“You can bet your sorry ass on it!” Wynonna stood. “Robert Svane, make your peace.” The
patterns on the shaft of her pistol glowed blue as she fired. “Huh, weird.” She turned away from the flames and back to the chaos surrounding her. She dispatched the remaining revenants before making her way over to Waverly and Nicole. Nedley had informed them that an ambulance was on its way and she couldn’t stop her teeth from chattering as Bobo’s words kept running through her head. Waverly was the key to heaven on Earth, she was the key to the Garden of Eden.

Waverly hadn’t left Nicole’s side until she was taken in to get x-rays and she paced anxiously outside the door. Wynonna was getting checked out by an optometrist and Mama, Mama had disappeared as soon as the revenants were dead. She was starting to wonder if it was all a dream as the doors to the imaging room opened and Nicole was wheeled out in a hospital wheelchair. She was so pale and was having difficulty breathing but she still managed a small smile when she met Waverly’s eyes. The radiologist left Waverly to wheel Nicole back to her bed and Nicole reached up to grasp hold of Waverly’s shaking hands.

“We’re going to get through this,” her brown eyes earnest as she searched Waverly’s face for any signs of hope. Waverly’s lips began to tremble and suddenly tears were streaking down her face, her chest was heaving with each sob.

“I thought I had lost you,” another sob escaping. Nicole pulled her as close to the chair as she could manage and rested her head on her stomach. Waverly began running her fingers through Nicole’s hair absentmindedly and felt herself begin to calm. Even though they hadn’t known each other long the impact that Nicole had had on her was profound. She felt her breathing steady and wiped her tears from her face mildly embarrassed.

“It’s ok,” Nicole whispered. “I’m here.”

Dolls was waiting for them when they finally returned to Nicole’s room, if he noticed Waverly’s tears he didn’t mention it, and helped her get Nicole back into bed. He updated them on Wynonna’s condition, she was going to need some serious help over the next few days as the optometrist had informed her that she was going to need drops and eye patches to minimise any movement of her eyelids. She was going to be effectively blind for at least two to five days. He seemed incredibly frustrated and when Waverly asked what they were going to do about Bulshar he puffed out a breath and stared at the ceiling shaking his head.

“I honestly have no idea,” he managed. “Our main priority right now is to keep everyone safe. Once you’re cleared,” he turned to Nicole, “I recommend we all move to the homestead for the foreseeable future. It’s the only place that is safe.” The girls nodded, and he cleared his throat.

“Have you got a go bag?” he asked Nicole.

“Yeah,” she croaked wincing in pain. “It’s in the cupboard in the entryway.” He nodded and turning on his heels he left the room, stopping briefly to chat to Nedley who was standing guard by the door before departing. Nicole ran her hands underneath her shirt and gently grazed where the bullet had impacted before gasping in agony. Waverly softly lifted the shirt to have a look and grimaced at the bruise that was spreading from the centre of Nicole’s chest. “Is it that bad?”

“.44s pack one hell of a punch!” Waverly said smiling sadly.

“She’s incredibly lucky she was wearing a vest,” the doctor said as she entered and slotted the x-rays she was carrying into the light box on the wall. “The bullet hit her sternum and as you can see here,” she pointed to fractures spiralling out from the initial impact, “she has a number of radiating
fractures over four ribs. Thankfully nothing has come dislodged so there is no need for surgery. We will keep you in for observation overnight and I will prescribe something for the pain. Fractures tend to heal on their own within six weeks, I recommend bedrest for the first two weeks. You may be able to return to light duties after I examine you again in four weeks-time.” She finished scribbling something on Nicole’s chart and asked if they had any questions before leaving the room.

“Two weeks bedrest? I’m going to go crazy! Especially with that demon out there. We need to do something.” She attempted to sit up before Waverly pushed her back down.

“You are of no use to anyone if you collapse again. If the doctor says bedrest then that is what you are going to do.” Nicole breathed a frustrated sigh. “You’re grounded young lady, until you are fully healed.” A nurse entered with an ice pack and some pain relief and after a few minutes Nicole felt herself getting drowsy.

“You’re the boss,” she mumbled to Waverly who couldn’t help but grin. “Will you ssstayyy?” her voice was starting to slur and she felt the brunette next to her squeeze her hand.

“I’m not going anywhere.”
“What are we going to do huh? We have a blind heir and are down one agent.” Dolls paused listening to the voice on the other end of the phone, he was outside Nicole’s hospital room and she was straining to hear the conversation. “I understand that sir, but you weren’t here when it happened, he is back.” He waited again less patient this time. “We have confirmed his identity, we recruited an expert.” The voice on the line was getting louder, and Nicole could hear them shouting at him. “Yes sir, he is another civilian. I am aware that including multiple civilians is hazardous but what was I supposed to do? It’s not like I am receiving much support from HQ!” Dolls snarled trying to keep his rage contained. Nicole noticed Waverly beginning to stir at the noise and when she opened her eyes Nicole put a finger to her lips to keep her quiet. Her eyes went wide in confusion until she heard Dolls’ voice. “Yes, I understand that sir. I thought after the recent evidence I sent through you would have acknowledged the severity of the situation.” He sighed, “No sir. Sorry sir. I do. Okay. Thank you, sir.” He hung up the phone and slammed his fist into the wall in frustration causing both girls to jump and a whimper of pain to escape Nicole’s lips. He stuck his head in through the door at the sound and apologised. “HQ are refusing to believe the truth about the demon Clootie. They think I am making it up to make the situation seem more dire so they don’t pull the plug.”

“They are wanting to pull the plug?” Nicole croaked before Waverly passed her a cup of ice chips. “Thanks.”

“They have been threatening for years. They won’t do it when they know that there is still the threat of the revenants escaping but they won’t be sending more backup.” He shook his head. And looked at his watch. “I know it’s early, but we really need to get back to the safety of the homestead so that we can all get some sleep. I’m going to fetch a doctor to see if we can check you out okay?”

“How are you feeling baby?” Waverly asked turning back to face Nicole and seeing her smile at her lovingly.

“My parents always told me that being gay was a sin and that I was going to hell. I wonder what they would do if they knew I was dating an angel?” she smirked.

“Okay so the drugs are still affecting you obviously…” Waverly laughed as Nicole shook her head fervently.

“The only drug I’m high on is love baaabyyy…”

“And copious amounts of pain killers.” Giggling Waverly shook her head at her girlfriend as the doctor entered followed by an increasingly impatient Dolls. Smiling Nicole answered all the doctor’s questions clearly and was cleared for discharge.
When they arrived at the homestead Wynonna was sitting on the porch wearing sunglasses and polishing the shaft of Peacemaker. At the sound of the approaching vehicle she stood and levelled the gun towards the car.

“That’s far enough for now!” she shouted.

“It’s us Wynonna!” Waverly called out the passenger window and saw her sister’s shoulders visibly relax.

“Where is Doc?” Dolls asked. “He is supposed to be here.”

“He is napping on the couch. He hasn’t slept all night, I figured with Peacemaker by my side we would be safe for a few minutes. I sure as hell am glad you guys are back though. How is Nicole doing?”

“I’m right here,” she grunted in pain as Dolls and Waverly helped her out of his SUV.

“Thought you’d be in hospital for a few days, Dolls said the x-rays looked pretty rough.”

“Apparently Dolls couldn’t wait that long. He had me checked out this morning so that we could all get some rest.” Nicole stopped in front of Wynonna and waved a hand in front of her face. “I was going to make so many pirate jokes, but they didn’t give you the hardcore patches.”

“Screw you,” Wynonna swatted wildly attempting to shoo her away. “Thank god you have a fondness for blowfly glasses Waves, I think I can pull off pretending to be drunk if I have to be anywhere.” Nicole winced as she chuckled.

“Come on you two, inside.” Waverly ushered them into the house and turned back to Dolls who had taken Wynonna’s position on the porch. “I’ll take the next watch, wake me when you’re ready.” He nodded and turned to face the sunrise. “Let’s get you into bed baby,” she said catching up to her girlfriend who had started he slow ascent up the stairs.

“Whose stupid idea was it to get shot?” Nicole asked, grimacing as she lowered herself onto Waverly’s bed.

“Some would call you a hero, but I’m going to go with lucky,” Waverly said solemnly causing Nicole to look up in surprise. “I was so worried about you, you were unconscious, and I thought I’d lost you because you weren’t responding.” Waverly was sobbing uncontrollably into her hands.

“Baby it’s okay, I’m okay.”

“But you aren’t and if you weren’t wearing your vest you would be so much worse.”

“A couple of cracked ribs baby, they will heal over time.”

“But what if next time you’re not wearing a vest?”

“Baby, Waves, Waverly. You need to calm down.” She paused to watch Waverly’s breath begin to slow. “I will always do everything I can to protect the ones I love and the town I serve. Baby, I’m a cop. It’s my job to run to the danger.”

“Well I don’t have to like it.” Nicole grinned up at her pouting girlfriend.

“Come here,” she said patting the bed beside her. Waverly carefully curled up beside her unsure of where to place her arms before Nicole placed them for her. “We just need to take as much care as
"In here or out there?" Waverly asked with a sly smile.

"Both," Nicole winked. "But for now, let's get some sleep."

Wynonna staggered back out to the front porch, "Where are you?" she asked.

"Right here," Dolls answered standing to help her to the seat.

"Thanks," she grumbled.

"Argh what are we going to do?" he asked after explaining his call to the head office.

"You hold 'em and I shoot?" Wynonna suggested. She could feel Dolls' glare from beside her and chuckled. "Okay so a safer option would be you incapacitate and then help me aim?"

"I like that idea much better," Dolls grunted to mask his laugh.

"Deputy Marshal Dolls, are you laughing?" Wynonna asked in mock surprise. "First the Garden of Eden, then Waves is an angel, and now you are laughing? The wonders will never cease." He smiled at her allowing himself a moment of open adoration, knowing that she couldn't see him. It was hard, working side by side with her each day, seeing her and Doc together through their ups and downs. His hand shifted towards hers before he pulled away quickly. "It's ok Dolls," she had noticed his shift and assumed he was still agitated, "we will sort something out. A few days and I will be right as rain." Wynonna aimed to pat his shoulder and ended up poking him in the throat. He coughed and spluttered as she apologised profusely as a wide grin formed on her face. And then suddenly they were laughing, all the stress of the last few weeks came bubbling to the surface and they let it all go. Despite their best efforts the demon Clootie had returned and now they just had to wait and see what he had in store.
Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

will the team rally?

Nicole awoke in agony, barely able to breathe, she took a few moments to steady her breathing before she opened her eyes. As she had slept Waverly had snuggled into her and her head was resting painfully on Nicole’s chest. “Baby,” Nicole groaned tapping her girlfriend on the shoulder, “babe wake up!” Waverly’s eyes blinked blearily and then she realised where she was lying and sat up quickly.

“Oh shit, I’m so sorry, are you okay?” Nicole had tears in her eyes and was still struggling to breathe. Waverly scrambled over to the bed side table and found her pain relief and passed it to her with the cup of water she kept by her bed. “I’m so sorry,” she apologised again as Nicole took the pills she was given. It had been five days since the shooting and each time they woke this happened, Waverly couldn’t help but cuddle into Nicole as they slept.

Nicole was smiling through the pain. “Baby, I love you, and I miss canoodling as much as you do…”

“Canoodling?” Waverly asked with a chuckle and Nicole just gave her a look.

“But,” she continued, “you could at least try not to rest your head on my chest, aim for a shoulder, anything, please.”

Waverly rolled her eyes. “Yeah yeah.” She yawned and stretched back, her shirt lifting and revealing her toned midriff. She could feel Nicole’s eyes on her and flashed her chest with a wink making Nicole chuckle painfully.

“Cover your bits!” they heard Wynonna call from the hallway before the door swung open. “I don’t want another reason to need those eye patches again.” As her eyes were still recovering she had taken to wearing polarized glasses everywhere and it was funny seeing her wearing them first thing in the morning inside the house with her pyjamas and fluffy slippers still on. “Think you can make it to the couch today Haught-potato?” she asked, ignoring their sniggering. Nicole nodded.

“I’ll get you a fresh icepack,” Waverly said.

“Family meeting in 30,” Wynonna turned on the heel of her fluffy bunny slippers and left the room.

“She knows she isn’t as scary when she’s wearing a onesie and bunny slippers right?” Nicole asked.

“I can still kick your ass!” Wynonna called out as she descended the stairs.

“Did losing her sight for three days give her super hearing?” Nicole asked with an exaggerated whisper as Waverly helped her out of bed and get ready for the day.
Dolls was pacing around the loungeroom when they entered, it was the first time Nicole had managed to make it downstairs all week and she was shocked at what they had done with the place. The boards from the BBD office were lining the walls, a white board had been brought in which Doc and Jeremy were currently arguing in front of, and the dining table that was taking up the central space was littered with papers and files. Waverly kicked Wynonna’s boot to get her to move off the couch so that Nicole could lie down and begrudgingly she did so.

“I was hurt too ya know? You could be nice to me,” she griped.

“Yeah but I don’t love you,” Waverly quipped.

“Ouch. My heart.” Wynonna placed a hand over her heart and pretended to stumble backwards into the table accidentally bumping into Dolls as he paced by. “Oh whoops!” He grumbled a reply and then with a cough resumed his pacing.

Once Nicole was settled Dolls began, “We are still yet to hear from HQ, they seem to have gone dark which is concerning considering the timing. Doc and I scouted out the trailer park last night, but the remaining revenants seem to have cleared out. After the shootout at the bar my count is 26 remaining, is that what you have Doc? Wynonna?” Doc began counting notches on his belt and Wynonna lifted her shirt to show a tattooed tally she had been adding to over the years.

“You never thought that was weird?” Nicole asked thumbing towards Wynonna’s tattoo.

“Honestly, I thought it was her sexual conquests,” Waverly whispered with a wink.

“Rude, baby girl, rude.” Wynonna chuckled obviously not offended. “I have 51 down by my count.”

“Same here.” Doc agreed.

“Ok so, we’re all in agreement,” Dolls continued turning to Nicole. “We have been trying to research this Bulshar and Jeremy has had a little luck so far. Jeremy?”

“Alright,” Jeremy turned away from the white board and Nicole could see that he had barely been sleeping and was probably verging on manic, he spoke very quickly, obviously highly caffeinated. Nicole made a note to get Waverly to have a chat to him. “Bulshar, as you know, is the name of the snake from the Garden of Eden. He was the original temptation, tempter…? Anyway, he led to the first sin, as far as the bible is concerned. He is portrayed as a trickster, a deceptive creature, who seduced Eve into eating the fruit that God had forbidden with the promise of gaining godlike intelligence. When God discovered that they had eaten the fruit Adam and Eve were then cast out of the garden, losing their immortality and picking up a few things like having to toil in the fields and the pain childbirth.”

“Thanks Eve!” Wynonna grunted earning chuckles all round.

“So, because God didn’t want creatures that had godlike intelligence being immortal, he kicked them out and they could no longer eat from the tree of life.”

“Do you think that’s what this is about? Immortality?” Waverly asked.

“I don’t think so, I mean, if this is the same Bulshar he’s been around forever, surely that counts as immortality, right?” Jeremy asked looking pointedly at Doc.

“Hey! Don’t look at me. I catch a bullet or a train I’m still a goner. Maybe he has the same problem, seeing as they did just go through an awful lot of trouble to bring him back from the
dead.” Doc replied.

“So, maybe he has the same problem then?” Dolls asked. “If Wyatt did kill him it means he is able to be killed so we can stop him.”

“Ohkay but how?” Nicole asked. “And, where is he?”

“Can he even get back into the garden?” Wavely questioned. “I mean… according to the bible it’s been thousands of years… how is he planning on getting back into the garden now? What’s changed?”

“You.” Came an unexpected voice from the now open front door. A cold breeze whirled in past a hooded figure. Everyone reached for their weapons as the figure moved to remove their hood and there in the doorway, covered in dirt, muck and blood, was Mama.
“Mama?” Waverly asked agape.

Wynonna shifted between her and their mother, gun still raised. “I wouldn’t be so sure baby girl.” Michelle closed the door behind her and removed her coat hanging it on the hook by the wall, the same way she always did when she entered the house, all those years ago.

“Oh, put that away Wynonna, it’s me.” Michelle attempted to shoo her daughter away as she examined the crowded living space. “Love what you’ve done with the place…” she gestured to the paper covered walls.

“How do we know it’s really you?” Wynonna scowled. “You tried to attack me last time I saw you.”

“I am sorry for that,” her jaw clenched as she swallowed. “I was possessed.”

“Was? As in past tense?” Jeremy asked taking a step forward before Doc stopped him in his tracks.

“We’ve dealt with possessions before,” Dolls trailed off giving Wynonna a slight nod, she glared back at him tears streaming from behind her glasses. “I’m sorry but we have to know.” Wynonna closed her eyes, took a shaky breath and cocked back the hammer on Peacemaker. She turned back to face her mother.

“Mama,” she took a step forward and Michelle watched her with… amusement in her eyes? “What’s so funny?”

“I’m not… It’s not funny. I am just so proud of you. Do what you have to.” Michelle took a step closer to her daughter, the nozzle of Peacemaker inches from her forehead.

“How are you here?” Waverly asked quietly. Michelle glanced at her, she had dropped her weapon to her side and was grasping Nicole’s hand if her life depended on it.

“Well who’s this?” Michelle asked with unbridled curiosity. “I am glad that shot didn’t kill you,” she said eying Nicole. “You were wearing a vest?”

“You didn’t stick around long enough to see if we survived.” Wynonna snarked.
“I was there just long enough to ensure that you did,” Michelle growled. “I had to leave. I couldn’t be near her too long.” She tilted her head towards Waverly.

“You’re still possessed.” Wynonna moved Peacemaker to within millimetres of her mother’s face. “I love you Mama, but I will not…” her voice broke. “I will not let you hurt her again.”

Michelle’s resolve crumbled then. “I have never…” she watched Wynonna’s lip tremble and Waverly back away slightly, Nicole attempting painfully to get off the couch and in between them. With a sigh she took a step backwards finally raising her hands in surrender.

“Where… where have you been?” Waverly’s voice trembled.

Michelle sighed. “Juan Carlo.”

“Seriously?” Wynonna asked sceptically. “Again, with the mechanic?”

“He isn’t just a mechanic Wynonna. I told you. He’s…”


“It’s the truth. And I know you believe it. It’s who you are. You are a blessing.”

“I never asked to be,” Waverly whispered, tears streaming down her face. “Did you think our family wasn’t cursed enough? Is that it? You wanted another weapon?” She was shaking now. “Is that all we are to you and Daddy? Weapons for you to make and use with no regard for what we may want?” Wynonna winced at her words. “Did you ever even care about us?”

Nicole had managed to stand and held her behind her. “Baby,” she muttered watching her over her shoulder. Waverly closed her eyes and dropped her head into Nicole as she moved them backwards covering her with her body. The boys shifted aside as they made their way to the back door attempting to put as many people and as much room between them and Michelle.

“That isn’t… This isn’t necessary…” Michelle attempted.

“Where have you been really?” Wynonna asked once she heard the back door close. “How do we know that you aren’t here to finish what you started all those years ago?”

“I already have.” Michelle glared at her daughter with tears in her eyes. “It’s the only reason I am here now.”

“Waverly?” Wynonna glanced to where her sister had disappeared in terror.

“No Wynonna.” Michelle attempted to reassure her. “I have already finished it. Juan Carlo and I, we just had one hell of an exorcism.”

The girls sat on the cot Dolls had set up for himself in the barn, shaking Waverly felt as though she might vomit. “Why is she here Nicole?” she sobbed into her girlfriend’s shoulder.

“I don’t know baby, but you’re safe, okay. We won’t let anything happen to you.” She took the shotgun from Waverly’s trembling hands. “It’s going to be okay, Wynonna will do whatever she has to do to protect you.”

“I hope she doesn’t have to,” she wept.
“Mama please. Please don’t make me do this,” tears were streaming down Wynonna’s face.

“I’m telling the truth. We exorcised the demon and killed that son of a bitch once and for all. She nearly killed both of us. I came as soon as I was able.” Michelle pleaded.

Dolls glanced at Doc who nodded grimly. “You know what you have to do Wynonna.”

“I can’t… I can’t kill another family member… I…”

“You don’t have to!” Jeremy stepped forward. “Surely there are ways we can test whether she is possessed?” he looked at Dolls with desperation. “Holy water, something?” Dolls was silent.

“We know that revenants can’t touch Peacemaker. Is it the same for all demons?” Doc offered.

“I don’t know, and we don’t have any holy water on hand. There may be something back at the station.” Dolls suggested.

“I will do whatever you need me to do to prove that I am me and that I am on your side.” Michelle moved back towards her daughter nudging Peacemaker with her forehead.
Peacemaker’s barrel began to glow with a spiral of bright blue light as Wynonna raised the gun to her mother’s forehead. When it touched her skin, nothing happened. There was no sizzle, no screams of agony. Wynonna swung her head around to look at Dolls questioningly.

“I… uh… I’m not sure. We know it works on revenants… was she possessed by a revenant?” he answered her question with another question.

“No, I was not.” Mama replied. Wynonna looked at her, eyes filled with terror, confusion and sadness.

“Mama…” her bottom lip quivered.

“I understand Wynonna.”

“What if we just incapacitate her?” Jeremy offered, earning eyebrow raises all round. Wynonna took a step back weighing up her options.

“You need to feel safe, just please don’t make my knees any worse.” Mama chuckled. The hammer was already cocked and she lowered her aim to her mother’s thigh.

“I’m real sorry about this Mama,” her mother just smiled back up at her, trying to hide her grimace. “On three. One. Two.” Click. Wynonna pulled the trigger. But nothing happened. “Oh, come on you lousy piece of… OUCH!” Peacemaker pulsed in her hand giving her a shock. “What the…?” She attempted to cock the hammer again, but it wouldn’t budge. She turned to Dolls and Doc for advice.

“It seems Peacemaker trusts her,” Doc attempted to hide his chuckle beneath his moustache. Dolls still didn’t look convinced.

“It has never done this before.” Wynonna showed them how the hammer was locked into place, the knuckle on her thumb whitening with strain.

“I’d still like to do some tests.” Dolls sighed. “I’m sorry ma’am.”

“It seems as though you are all family so you may call me Mama, or Mama Gibson if you would prefer.”

“Uh… yea ma’am.” Dolls stammered drawing smiles around the room.

Jeremy had already begun rifling through his notes and when he found what he was looking for said “How about we try this?” showing Dolls a sketch in an old leather-bound book.
“What do you think they’re doing in there?” Waverly asked from her position lying beside Nicole in the bunk.

“Well,” Nicole shifted to get a little more comfortable, “I haven’t heard any gun shots, so I guess that’s a good thing?”

“Do you think she really was possessed?” Waverly asked quietly.

“Well…” Nicole paused for a beat, “Wynonna said she saw her change in the prison and described what she called the ‘tell-tale signs of possession’. A sentence I never believed would ever come out of my mouth.” She sighed. “I mightn’t know or trust your mama, but I trust Wynonna.” Waverly sighed deeply and snuggled further into Nicole, breathing her in, trying to absorb some of the calm her girlfriend was exuding. “We won’t let her hurt you again. I won’t.” She kissed Waverly’s forehead as she held her tight. They could hear movement outside and car doors opening and shutting before they heard the roar of Dolls’ SUV. There was a knock on the small door at the side of the barn.

“Baby girl. It’s me,” called Wynonna. “Dolls, Jeremy and I are taking Mama into the station to run some more tests. Peacemaker is being stubborn.” She barked a laugh. “Doc is going to stay with you two, to keep you safe okay.”

“Okay.” Waverly replied looking down at Nicole.

“Now get your butts back inside before you get too cold.” They could hear her stomping her feet to keep warm.

“Alright. Alright. We’re moving.” They heard Wynonna grunt and walk off towards the sound on the running SUV. “Can we wait until they’re gone?” Waverly asked Nicole quietly. “I don’t… I can’t…” Nicole gently brushed away the tear that had begun to roll down her partner’s cheek.

“We will wait as long as you need.” She smiled lovingly at Waverly who had propped herself up beside her. The brunette lowered her face slowly and planted a gentle kiss on Nicole’s lips. Nicole raised her head to follow her as she began to pull away, her hand sliding down Waverly’s back and then up under her shirt, tracing calming patterns on her skin, forming a trail of goose bumps. Waverly bit into her bottom lip as she looked down into Nicole’s darkening eyes. Her breath quickened as she leaned back down giving a more passionate kiss this time. Warm, wet mouths moving hastily against each other, almost desperate. Waverly traced a line of kisses down Nicole’s neck and sucked her flesh between her teeth as Nicole writhed with pleasure before suddenly shouting in pain. “AH! Ow ah fuck! Stop!” Nicole’s hands were on her chest as she struggled to regulate her breathing.

“Oh shit, babe, I’m sorry. I got carried away.” Waverly apologised.

“You. And me. Both.” Nicole managed between ragged painful breaths. “FUCK!” she slammed her fist into the mattress beside her causing Waverly to chuckle. “I’m sorry baby,” Waverly smiled and shook her head at her frustrated girlfriend.

“I guess you just need to heal faster huh. And now you just have a little more incentive.” She winked as she climbed off the bed.

“Do you know some miraculous way to channel arousal into healing that I don’t know about?” Nicole asked watching her stop walking away suddenly.

“Well,” she turned and gave her a sly wink. “I am part angel.” Nicole watched, brain sputtering, as
the barn door swung shut behind her.

“I am so fucked.” She said flopping her head back down on the pillow.

Dolls had remotely accessed the BBD archives for proven ways to determine if a person was possessed. They were looking up a fourth option when Wynonna had finally had enough.

“We have been here for hours. She has passed every test.” She watched her mother pacing through the symbols Dolls had sketched into the floor. “The trap isn’t working, because she isn’t possessed.”

Dolls sighed. He was beginning to agree. “I just don’t want anything else bad to happen to the team.” He dropped his head into his hands and rubbed his face.

“Dolls. I can see again. Even if I look like I am trying to be too cool for school for wearing shades inside. And Nicole is healing well. The attack on Shorty’s wasn’t your fault.” He glared up at her through his fingers. “It wasn’t. We couldn’t have known. We will get them. And we will stop whatever it is they are planning. And Mama,” she looked over at her mother, “Mama is going to help us.”
Chapter 44

Chapter Summary

mama answers some questions

“Where is Juan Carlo now?” Wynonna asked. They had been interrogating her mother for hours now. She had, so far, been answering each and every question with honest sincerity.

“He is resting.” She replied. “The exorcism took a lot out of him. It will be a couple more days before he is able to do much.”

“Should we bring him back to the homestead?” Dolls asked.

“He is safe, on consecrated ground, and with friends.” Michelle answered.

“Friends? Do we have more allies than we thought?” Wynonna was curious, how did her mother know so much when she had spent the last almost two decades in prison.

“Yes, and no. The group he is with is very dedicated to a sole purpose. But if it came down to it I am certain that they would try and save the world.”

“That is a very cryptic response.” Dolls growled with frustration.

“Look, they know what you are doing, and so far, don’t want to be involved. I tried to convince them, but their leader is an entitled arrogant son of a bitch.” Wynonna smiled at her mother’s potty mouth. “Juan Carlo said that he might be able to convince them to help once he recovers.”

“Who are they Mama?” Wynonna questioned.

“I’m sorry. But it is not my position to say. Just know that when you need it there will be backup.”

Dolls let out an exasperated sigh and threw his hands in the air. “Okay then. What can you tell us?”

“The demon, that was inside of me, was born with Waverly.”

“Like an evil twin?” Jeremy offered.

“I guess?” Michelle studied him curiously. “You work with my daughter at the university? She asked. “You are very young.”

“I skipped a few years.” He shrugged smugly as Michelle nodded, clearly impressed.

Dolls cleared his throat. “Please continue.”

Turning her attention back to the others she continued. “The world tries to maintain balance. When Waverly was born full of light, another was born of darkness. I first noticed her in photographs of Waverly, and catching glances in reflections, things like that. I tried to convince your father… He wouldn’t listen. Apparently only Earps were allowed to be cursed… And since Waverly wasn’t an Earp…” she trailed off with a shrug.
“God he was such a dick.” Jeremy whispered a little louder than he had intended breaking the tension a little as everyone chuckled. “Sorry.”

“So, so true.” Wynonna smiled over at him before turning back to her mother. “So, the barn fire really was an accident?”

Michelle nodded. “When I realised that the barn had caught alight I broke the spell. Instead of getting rid of the demon as I intended it became attached to me.”

“You were possessed this entire time?” Dolls asked barely masking his awe.

“Oh yeah, and boy howdy was she unimpressed.” She shivered involuntarily. “But spending so much time with a demon does have its benefits.” She smiled weakly. “While she was in my mind I was also in hers. And I did not like what she had to say about Bulshar. I’m sorry that I didn’t realise how dire the situation was in time. I felt her fear growing but it wasn’t until you visited that I knew why she was so afraid.” Wynonna and Dolls locked eyes across the room. “That horrific piece of shit was terrified of Bulshar.”

“Maybe Juan Carlo can teach me a few things?” Waverly called out to Nicole as she pottered around the kitchen preparing dinner.

“I mean, healing powers would be nice.” Nicole winced as she examined her bruised chest where she lay on the couch.

“Do you think I’ll get wings?” Waverly asked from the doorway suddenly excited. “I wonder if I could fly…”

Nicole chuckled at her girlfriend. “I’m glad you’re starting to feel a bit better about this whole situation.”

Waverly gave her a nervous smile. “I mean, it’s still a bit much. And I’m not sure I entirely believe it but… If it does happen to be true…” she thought about the stash of comics she had hidden in her room from Wynonna’s judgemental eyes. “I could be a super hero…”

“You are fucking adorable.” Nicole watched as her girlfriend’s eyes glazed over obviously imagining herself saving the day. “And maybe you need to lay off watching Supergirl before bed.” She winked.

“Oh, shush you,” she glared at the redhead before heading back into the kitchen. “You’re just jealous.” Waverly glanced out the kitchen window as Dolls’ SUV turned into the drive. Nicole could sense her trepidation.

“Are you sure you’re ready for this?” she asked, pulling herself upright. Wynonna had called ahead and filled them in on the situation, so they had been anticipating their arrival. Waverly took a shaky breath as Nicole wrapped her arms around her from behind.

“Oh my god. I have to come out to my mother.” Waverly spun in her arms and Nicole chuckled at her shocked face. “I did not expect this to happen today.”

“You only need to do what you’re comfortable with baby. If you need me to take a step back until you’re ready I will.”

Waverly looked up into understanding brown eyes. “I don’t want you going anywhere,” she stood
up on her tiptoes and gave Nicole a quick kiss as they heard car doors slamming and heavy footsteps on the front steps.

Michelle was the last to enter the house and she watched the motley crew coming together around the table. She hung her coat on the hook and removed her boots by the door before approaching the group.

Dolls was all business straight away. “Our first priority is to find where the remaining revenants have disappeared to. Doc and Wynonna, I want you both to make some enquiries around the trailer park. See what you can find. Waverly, I need everything you have on the remaining revenants, who they are, what they did, anything you’ve got. Jeremy, I want you researching Bulshar and the Garden of Eden, whatever texts you can find. I will give you both remote access to the BBD archive. We need to know everything we can. Nicole, if you’re up to it, I’d like you to help me update our board with the information Michelle… Mama,” he corrected himself after receiving a glare from the older woman, “has provided us with. And Mama, if you’d like to make yourself familiar with everything we know so far and anything else you can think to add feel free.” He indicated to the notes covering the walls.” Waverly’s eyes followed her mother as she moved around the room.

“You going to be okay here baby girl?” Wynonna tilted her head towards their mother.

“I think so.” She squeezed Nicole’s hand. “I have a lot of questions. But they can wait. And Nicole and Dolls are here. I feel safe.” Nicole gave her hand a small kiss and Wynonna brought them in for a hug.

“I love you guys.” She kissed them both on the cheek before fetching her coat off the rack and following Doc out the front door.

“So, Nicole, I have to ask. What exactly are your intentions with my daughter?”
some questions get answered and the team sets out in search of the remaining revenants

“Thank you, ma’am.” Doc said as another door was slammed in his face. He turned on his heel and watched the same thing happen to Wynonna on the other side of the street. They were getting nowhere. The people here were still too scared of Bobo and his gang to speak to them. He smoothed down his moustache in frustration. “People don’t just disappear.” He muttered as Wynonna caught up with him. “They have to have gone somewhere.”

“Look there’s only a few more trailers to go and then we will grab some maps from the city archive before we head home. Where ever they are I am certain they are together, at least most them.” They had found too many creepy revenants alone in their cabins to assume that all of them were together.

Doc lit a cigarette and breathed the smoke in deeply. “How are you doing?” he asked.

“I’m fine,” Wynonna replied, eyebrow raising over her sunglasses. “Why?”

“My dear it has been one hell of a week.” He looked up at her with concern and Wynonna grunted. “Whenever you are ready, I am here.” She snorted and approached the next door which creaked open before she got a chance to knock. A small face peered up at her behind the screen.

“Hey kiddo, I’m Wynonna,” she began.

“My mummy says you’re a trollop,” the little girl interrupted causing Doc to snort with laughter.

“Well she ain’t wrong,” Wynonna smiled. “Is she in?”

“She’s sleeping. She works nights.” The girl blinked and tilted her head to the side. “What is a trollop?”

Wynonna clicked her tongue as Doc continued to chuckle, she knelt down so that she was face to face with the child. “That’s a question for your mama,” she smiled. “Mind if I ask you some questions?” Green eyes considered her for a moment before the girl nodded.

“But you can’t come in. Strangers aren’t allowed.”

“That’s a good rule. Is talking like this through the screen okay for you?” The girl nodded. “Okay good. I wanted to ask you some questions about the folks that packed up and left a few days ago.”

“They’re mean to me.” She said shuddering. “One of them ripped the arms off my teddy.”

“What a jerk!” Wynonna cried in shock.

“Mummy wasn’t very happy, but she fixed him for me. His name is Prince Christopher the Third, he’s the saviour of the 12 realms.” She held her bear up so they could see him through the screen.
“An impressive title you have sir,” Doc bowed respectfully, and she giggled. “Do you have any idea where those bullies of yours were heading? We would like to punish them for their misdeeds.”

“They were arguing a lot before they left. They were really loud, and I thought they were going to fight. I hid under my bed,” she dropped her head.

“There ain’t no shame in keeping safe love.” Doc smiled down at her.

Smiling slightly, she lifted her head again. “I like your moustache.”

“Why thank you ma’am.” He tipped his hat at her.

“The scary lady came and yelled at them and they all shut up. I think they’re scared of her too,” she grinned at the thought of her bullies being scared of someone. “She said they were all going to meet someone and that they didn’t have a choice.” Wynonna and Doc shared a look. “Are you really going to punish them for being mean to Prince Christopher the Third?” she asked.

“We’re going to do our best,” Wynonna smiled, “we just need to find them. Did you see which direction they drove off in?” The girl shook her head.

“I didn’t come out until all the noise died down.”

“A wise choice,” Doc encouraged her. “Did they happen to mention any places before they left at all?”

“The scary lady, she said that they were to meet her where it all began. Whatever that means.” She shrugged.

“Where it all began?” Wynonna asked, looking up at Doc.

Nicole coughed and spluttered as Michelle waited for an answer.

“Mama,” Waverly came to her rescue. “Nicole is my girlfriend. We have only been dating for a month. You can’t ask questions like that!”

“It’s my job to ask these questions.” Michelle replied. “Do you have a job?”

“Yes ma’am, I’m a sheriff’s deputy.”

“You’re dating a cop?” she snorted. “How did Wynonna take that?” Her eyes were shining.

“Wynonna loves her okay. She was friends with Nicole first.”

“Okay then, how long have you lived in Purgatory? I have never heard of you before.”

“Almost three months now. I moved out here to have a look at a house my gran left me in her will.”

“Your last name’s Haught? Why does that sound familiar?”

“My gran’s first husband and baby were killed in a car accident in 1958.”

Michelle bit her lip thinking hard. “That’s a bit before my time. No, that’s not it.” She snapped her fingers as the thought came to her. “There was a big city preacher that visited the prison once a year. Big on hell fire and brimstone. Said he travelled all over the country preaching.” She
examined the scowl on Nicole’s face. “He was a total douchebag. Lots of big words, not much belief.”

Nicole snorted. “My Dad. Likes to think of himself as a big deal.”

“If only he knew you were dating an angel?” Michelle chuckled.

“I know right?” Nicole laughed. “Oh, he would die,” she wiped a tear from her eye. Waverly watched the two of them with a smile before turning her attention back to the laptop in front of her as they continued questioning each other on the other side of the room.

She heard the chair on the veranda slide back as Dolls stood. “The guys are on their way back,” he called in through the front window. “They said they have something for us.”

“Where it all began?” Waverly asked. “Where Wyatt killed Bulshar?”

“Do you know where that is?” Wynonna asked with a nod.

“The report on that shooting is pretty vague.” She shuffled through the large pile of papers in front of her. “He talks of being cursed, and how he couldn’t get a clear shot on the demon and had to shoot his partner… hang on.” She dug further before pulling out her note book. “He couldn’t get a clear shot and had to shoot the demon through… Robert.”

“Robert?” Wynonna asked. “Svane?”


“The name does not sound familiar.”

“Bobo.” Wynonna whispered.

“Bobo?” Doc asked.

“He told me his name, before I killed him in the bar. His name was Robert Svane.” A number of gasps filled the following silence.

“Bobo worked with Wyatt?”

Wynonna shrugged at Dolls’ question. “I guess so.”

“And Wyatt shot him.” Waverly murmured. “Bobo was his friend.” She shook her head. “He says that the demon cursed him with his dying breath.”

Doc nodded at this. “He told me as much the last time I saw him. Before the witch absconded with me and left me in that blasted well. He said a demon had cursed him and meant to end his line.” Wynonna looked at him in shock, he would discuss their bounties, but Doc rarely spoke of Wyatt.

“Okay. So, does he mention where the shootout took place at all?” Dolls asked Waverly who shook her head negatively.

“He does mention a mine in the previous entry, where the sheriff was up to something. Maybe they ambushed him there?” she offered.

“Alright. How many mines could there have been nearby during that time?” Wynonna questioned.
Waverly sighed. “It was the middle of the Klondike Gold Rush Wy. There were mines everywhere.” Jeremy unfurled the maps that Wynonna and Doc had brought back with them and sighed at the sheer number of mine symbols within the triangle.

“Why is the area constrained to the Ghost River Triangle?” he asked, and everyone glanced over at him.

“What are you thinking?” Doc asked.

“Well, there has to be a reason that it is this particular area, right? It’s not a circle emanating from a point. So why is it a triangle?” He looked around at a number of confused faces. “Waves said that everything from the mountains to where the North and South Ghost rivers meet, forms the Ghost River Triangle.”

“What are you getting at Jer-bear?” Wynonna was getting impatient.

“It has everything to do with those rivers. The triangle roughly lines up with the drainage basin here.” He drew a rough sketch on the map, outlining an area slightly larger than the triangle itself. “Everything within this area drains into the Ghost rivers.”

“Okay… I still don’t follow.” Doc frowned.

“Everything in the area of the triangle must have been impacted by something before the curse took hold. Was there any spills or contaminations in the few years prior to Clootie’s death?” He asked Waverly.

“Actually yeah. People were getting sick from one of the uranium mines to the north.” She looked up at him in surprise. “Shit. You’re right. The uranium mine was huge.” She pulled out another map and laid it over the top of Jeremy’s. “It was an extensive series of tunnels and looking at these records… damn. It almost perfectly lines up with the top of the triangle.”

“Damn guys.” Nicole grinned shaking her head in awe.

“Doc, gear up and pack a bag we’re going to do some recon.”

“Uh, excuse me!” Wynonna said waving Peacemaker in the air.

“Recon, Wynonna. I don’t want us charging in guns blazing before we have an idea of what’s happening.” Wynonna pouted at him. “We will take the sat phone in case you need to contact us. Let’s go find out what these assholes are up to.”

Doc and Dolls approached the mine from the south. They had been sure to cover the SUV I branches away the road and walked in on foot ensuring they remained downwind from the direction they were heading as they hiked. Eventually they could hear men shouting and they approached the cliff in front of them cautiously to examine the site below. There was a large bonfire burning and a number of people were milling around it drinking. Dolls pointed out several lookouts on the opposing side of the cutting.

“They have barricades at each end. There must be lookouts on this side too.” Doc whispered to Dolls, who nodded in agreement. They watched for a few minutes before they heard a twig snap nearby Doc drew his pistol, but Dolls stopped him and then pressed his finger to his lips and pulled a knife from his boot. Doc gave a small nod and returned his gun to his holster and following Xavier’s lead unsheathed a blade from the small of his back.
Doc indicated that Dolls wait here with his hands and that he would circle around. Dolls backed into the shadows as Doc silently disappeared in the direction of the approaching footfalls. Dolls waited patiently, all senses alert, his body ready to spring into action the instant he saw anything. Whoever was approaching was stomping heavily and Dolls figured it had to be one of the larger remnants. He was almost regretting telling Wynonna to stay at home, but they had to do this silently. His eye twitched as he saw the behemoth of a man approaching through the trees and hoped that Doc had managed to get around behind him. He held his position and waited.
Chapter Summary

what happened to dolls and doc? lets find out

There was a flash of silver as Doc leapt from the shadows going straight for the throat, Dolls moved instantly, plunging his blade deep into the chest of the monster of a man. With eyes wide from shock and a quiet gurgle the man fell to his knees before collapsing, black blood pouring from his wounds. The two men stood over the corpse before they realised another problem. They had to get him back to Wynonna before he came back to life. Thankfully the revenant was wearing a large coat so they would be able to drag him down the hill towards the SUV.

“I’ll drag you cover our tracks?” Dolls suggested quietly.

“Yes boss.” Doc replied grabbing as many of the blood covered leaves he could find and stuffing them under the shirt of the currently dead revenant as Dolls lifted his shoulders.

“Let’s be quick but smart.”

Wynonna snored loudly from her position on the couch as the others talked in small murmurs around the table. Waverly had been able to find some details about the mine but not as much as she would have liked. She had confirmed that the mine once belonged to Sheriff Clootie and that there had been runoff from the waste product that had managed to get into the river system contaminating the water supply, confirming Jeremy’s theory.

Nicole and Michelle had been chatting nonstop in the hours since the boys had left. Waverly listened to them eagerly as Nicole asked a number of questions that she wasn’t brave enough to, about the demon that had possessed her and about the exorcism that had taken place. She noticed that Nicole avoided the topic of her father, to her relief, she wasn’t ready to talk about that yet. Wynonna’s phone began to ring loudly, breaking the reverie.

“Dolls?” Waverly answered the phone.

“We’re coming in hot.” She could hear the roar of the engine and someone shouting and slamming against the bars in the back of the SUV before he hung up.

“Wake up Wynonna!” she shouted shrilly as the SUV skidded to a holt outside the property boundary. “They’ve got a live one!” Wynonna was up like a shot, weapon drawn and ran out to meet them. Waverly grabbed her a coat after putting one on herself and followed her sister.

Michelle helped Nicole to her feet and whisky in hand trailed after the others leaning against the veranda railing next to the red head. “Well this is exciting!” she grinned.

“I wonder how they managed to catch one alive?” Nicole wondered aloud before Dolls climbed out of the SUV covered in black blood. “Oh, they didn’t.” Michelle looked up at her questioningly. “Only Peacemaker can put them down for good. Otherwise they she gestured to the vehicle which was rocking wildly as whoever was in the back tried to kick their way out.
“Huh.” Michelle was impressed by how calm Nicole seemed to be. “This whole situation doesn’t bother you?”

“I mean, it’s fucking weird.” Michelle laughed as the redhead shook her head. “Angels, demons, revenants… Wynonna’s gun glows for crying out loud!” she was smiling as she threw her arms in the air. Her eyes fell on Waverly, shotgun drawn approaching the truck, and she sighed happily. “There’s nowhere else I’d rather be.” She looked down at the grinning face of her girlfriend’s mother.

“I am so glad Waverly found someone like you. I’m not sure many folks would be as accepting.”

“Well, it was one heck of a shock.” They could hear Wynonna shouting questions at the revenant who was still roaring and kicking in the back of the SUV. “But I couldn’t deny what I’d seen, even if I didn’t understand it.” Jeremy joined them, taking a huge swig directly from the bottle of vodka in his hands, he was shaking as he watched the thrashing in the vehicle.

“Even after the attack at the bar, and watching Wynonna dispatch those demons, I still can’t believe this is real.” The two women looked over at him with understanding. “I have dedicated almost half my life to researching myths and legends surrounding various religions and…” he threw his hands in the air before taking another swig. “’parently they’re real…” his voice beginning to slur. Nicole reached over and took the vodka from him taking a mouthful for herself.

“Welcome to the family kids,” Michelle smiled as they watched Wynonna shoot the revenant and hellfire burn brightly for a moment in the back of Dolls’ SUV. “Twenty-five to go.”

They hadn’t been able to get anything useful from the revenant before Wynonna shot him. He screamed curses and spat at them, promising them all painful deaths. At least the boys had been able to confirm the location of the gathering before they were interrupted so the trip wasn’t for naught. They decided to take the rest of the night watch in shifts upon entering the house and Wynonna offered to take the first shift as she had just had a long nap, she grabbed some snacks and a bottle of whiskey from the kitchen and some blankets from the lounge before heading back out to the veranda. After a few minutes Waverly slipped out to join her, burritoed in several blankets.

“Pass the booze,” she said as she sat down on the bench next to her older sister. Wynonna passed her the whiskey and watched her wince as the liquor burned her throat.

“So, Mama’s home…” Wynonna ventured.

“Yup!”

“How did she take the whole,” confused for a moment she then gestured two circles bumping together with her hands.

“Real mature Wy.” Waverly laughed batting her hands away. “She didn’t say anything. Her and Nicole get along alarmingly well. So, I guess we can take that as a good sign.”

“She has eyes baby girl. She can see how happy Nicole makes you.” The sisters grinned at each other.

“What do you think they’re planning?” Waverly asked abruptly serious. “Do you think they’re really going to try to get into the garden?”

“That’s what Mama says,” Wynonna replied nodding. “That’s why we have to keep you safe.”
“What is it they want with me?”

“We aren’t sure. Mama said that you’re the key, and if they mean that literally then you aren’t stepping foot off this land until he’s dead.”

“I have a job Wynonna, and so does Jeremy. We can’t just, not go.”

“That’s exactly what you’re both doing. You have leave, and if you need to you can give your lectures online.” Waverly sighed, her sister was right but that didn’t make it any less annoying. “And your girlfriend was shot! Surely you can use some compassionate leave?”

“Yeah alright,” she grumbled before taking another sip. “Are you doing okay? Mama tried to attack you the last time you saw her and now she’s in there drinking around the fire with our friends.”

“Baby girl, I nearly died when I saw her in the bar. I thought she’d come for you. I was disarmed and there was a stack of revenants between us and I couldn’t do anything.” Tears began to fall down the brunette’s cheeks. “I was more scared of her than I was of the witch and Bobo. Because I knew that they had come for me, but she, she would have been coming for you.” Her chin wibbled as she tried to hold in a sob. Waverly leaned into her and Wynonna swung her arms around her.

“It’s ok ‘Nonna. I’m here and I’m safe. Mama isn’t going to hurt me okay.” She kissed her big sister on the cheek. “Do you think I’m going to get healing powers?” she asked with a sly grin as she heard Nicole excusing herself and heading upstairs for bed.

“I hope not,” Wynonna grunted as she eyed her little sister suspiciously. “The walls in this house are paper thin and we have a million guests.” Waverly removed an arm from her blankets to thump her in the leg.

“Says you! Miss ‘I don’t care if the world knows I’m a screamer’!”

“I mean, Doc’s got it going on…” she laughed at the disgusted face Waverly was pulling.

“Are you trying to imply that Nicole doesn’t? She’s got such long nimble fingers… and that tongue…”


“Disgusting hetero!” Waverly sneered as she kissed her sister on the top of the head laughing as she headed back inside and followed her girlfriend up the stairs.
Chapter 47

The house echoed with the gentle snores of their ever-growing family. After patrolling the yard Dolls returned to the veranda where Michelle was waiting for him, coffee in hand. “Thought you could use this,” she offered him the mug which he took gratefully.

“Thank you.” They stood side by side in awkward silence for a few moments.

“So, Ex-avier,” Dolls’ back bristled. “I was not expecting to see Black Badge Division in our little town. I assumed you would have ‘bigger fish to fry’?”

Dolls grunted. “Don’t worry, so do my bosses.” Michelle raised a questioning eyebrow towards him. “They’re refusing to send reinforcements and I don’t want to keep asking in case…”

“They send tomahawks instead?” Dolls looked down at her in shock.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He lied.

“Son, you are not the first Black Badge agent I have encountered.” She let that sink in. “So why are you still here then? If your bosses are no longer interested in what is happening in Purgatory, surely they would have called you back?”

“They can certainly try,” he attempted to hide his smile behind his mug.

“There a reason you’re so determined to stick around this demon infested Podunk town?”

“I took an oath to serve and protect.”

“Uhuh. You sure there’s no other reason?” He tilted his head towards her feigning confusion. “I have been here five minutes and I have seen the way you look at my daughter.”

“Waverly is great!”

“You know I’m not talking about Waverly.”

He cleared his throat. “Wynonna is a surprisingly good deputy, when she’s not drinking too much, or sleeping at her desk, or leaving sugar all over the interior of my car.” Her eyes twinkled up at him mischievously. “Oh no,” she patted his hand gently before returning to the warmth of the house and leaving him with his thoughts.

“Okay Mama, what are their plans for Waverly? How are they going to use her to get into the garden?” Wynonna asked over an enormous stack of pancakes.

“The entrance to the garden can only be seen by those deemed ‘worthy’ and can only be opened by someone with divine blood.” She answered.
“So, what about Juan Carlo? Or Julian?” asked Waverly.

“Because they left their posts, guarding the gate, they are no longer deemed worthy.”

“Well what about Waves? She’s a massive homo!” Wynonna got thumped by both Nicole and Waverly for that comment. “Ow. OW! Well isn’t he all ‘gays are the spawn of satan and will burn in the pits of hell’!”

“First of all, why do you watch televangelists?” Jeremy asked.

“Insomnia.” Wynonna shrugged.

“Secondly, there are more mentions of not eating shellfish in the bible than there are of homosexuals,” he continued to impressed nods around the table. “And third, have you met Waverly Earp?” Waverly’s face, which was still red from Wynonna’s comment, now flushed an even darker shade.

“Guys, I’m not perfect.”

“Waves, you were voted the nicest person in Purgatory for how many years running? And that was with Juan Carlo, the angelic mechanic, in town.” Her sister argued. Waverly grunted and folded her arms defensively.


“At least give us a chance to sort this baby girl. Please. You and Jeremy are best served here doing the research that will help us all survive this.” Wynonna gave her baby sister a big squeeze and a syrupy kiss on the cheek.

“Gross ‘Nonna!” she cried attempting to wipe the stickiness from her face.

Alright,” Dolls attempted to reign them in, “so we know where they are, we know Waverly has to stay here, at least for now” he rebutted her disapproving groan. “We’re down to 25 revenants, a witch and a demon.”

“He’s not at his full power yet. If the screams of last night’s guest can be believed.” Doc added.

“So, we act fast?”

“I don’t think hard and fast is the best way to go here Wynonna. There was only ten of them at Shorty’s and you got blinded and Nicole is still recovering.”

“Well what do you suggest Doc?”

A sly grin appeared beneath his moustache. “Do we have any dynamite?”

They spent the day getting ready for their assault, restocking ammo and cleaning their weapons. Doc was far too excited about being able to finally blow something up, giggling like a schoolgirl as he packed dynamite into a duffle bag as the sun began to set. Nicole snorted as Wynonna eagerly smeared black face paint over her pale skin.

“You’re just jealous that you don’t get to come and explode things with us.” Wynonna snarked.

Nicole winced as she shrugged. “This is fair. I just love how you guys are just so excited. I think I
heard Dolls humming earlier.”

“Could you imagine if this was it though?” Wynonna asked, suddenly serious. “If we kill the last revenant…”

“What about the witch. Do you think that she’s going to be there?”

“Doc is itching for some payback.”

“I don’t like this Wynonna,” Waverly said quietly as she entered the room. “I’ve been going through everything the archive has on witches and it says that they can’t be harmed by earthly weapons.”

“It’s ok baby girl. Dolls says he’s got something up his sleeve if it comes to it.” Waverly frowned at her older sister. “I trust him.”

“You better come back from this. We need you.”

“Saddle up pretty lady.” Doc grinned as he entered the room. “It is time.”

“I hate horse metaphors,” Wynonna groaned rolling her eyes at him.

They rode in the car in silence, Waverly and Jeremy yammering in their ears. Wynonna found it surprisingly relaxing listening to her sister nerd out as she tried to feed them as much information as possible. The remaining revenants had managed to escape Wynonna’s ire because they were either smart or good at hiding. Having them all gathered in one place was both beneficial and super dangerous, like a bag of angry snakes. The idea was that they would take down as many of the lookouts as quickly and as quietly as possible before the real fun began.

“Going radio silent.” Dolls whispered as they approached the crest of the hill where their encounter took place the night before. The bonfire was still raging and they could hear laughter and see folks drinking down below, their brands unashamedly ignited. He counted twelve around the campfire and a few more scattered around the site. They had managed to take down two lookouts on their way through and Doc had attached dynamite to the currently deceased.

“It is a beautiful sight,” Doc smiled removing more sticks of dynamite from his bag. “I am ready when you are Xavier.” Dolls turned to Wynonna who nodded eagerly as she pulled a pin on a grenade.
Chapter 48

Chapter Summary

KA-BOOM!

The gully echoed with the sound of the first explosion, followed rapidly by several more. Revenants were screaming and running for their weapons as the next volley of grenades rained down upon them. Dolls managed to hoist the rigged revenants off the cliff before right as their brands flickered alight. There was a deep and guttural roar from within the mine and it appeared that the revenants weren’t sure if they were more afraid of the explosions or the source of the roaring. Their moments pause was their down fall as they were caught in the next volley of explosions. Black blood, limbs and gore was scattered everywhere. And Wynonna found herself dry heaving at the sight.

“Any idea how long it will take them to pull themselves back together?” Doc asked in the eerie silence that followed.

“We should get down there and deal with as many as we can before we need to find out. That wasn’t all of them so be wary.”

Doc stopped them before they could move out and fired a couple of shots towards the opposite bank and smiled as two revenants tumbled down the slope. The three of them scrambled down the hill as quickly as they were able with weapons drawn and eyes wide with focus. Once they reached the gully floor they spread out, searching for survivors and revenants that could be finished off before they had a chance to reform. It was disgusting and messy work, with Wynonna firing every minute or so as they found another revenant for her to put down. They worked as quickly as they could but because of the nature of the explosions it was taking more time than any of them would have liked and they were getting antsy as she reloaded Peacemaker for the second time.

Suddenly it was as though time had stood still, silence fell over the gory battlefield and a chilling wind came whirling out of the mine’s entrance. Black wisps of smoke began to appear in a swirling mass behind Wynonna as she fired Peacemaker sending another revenant back to hell.

“Wynonna duck!” Hearing Doc’s shout she dropped to the ground right narrowly missing a clawed hand that had reached out to rake across her back. Doc and Dolls fired their weapons as Wynonna scrambled away from the witch. Realising that their weapons weren’t affecting her Doc charged and attempted to tackle her away from Wynonna, gasping with horror as he passed right through her mist-like form.

“Why is it that when guns don’t work men always assume fists will?” the witch asked Wynonna with a vicious cackle. She was still scrambling backwards trying to get away from the approaching nightmare and struggling to cock the hammer back on Peacemaker. With a flick of her wrist Constance sent the pistol flying from her grasp and clattering across the dirt. “You silly little girl. You still think you can win,” she scowled, “my husband will rip the flesh from your bones and….” she trailed off as a fist collided with her jaw. “How?” she cried. “No mortal weapon can harm me!” Dolls shrugged as he shifted again, before she had a chance to vape away he was behind her and twisted her neck with a nasty crunch, and she collapsed lifeless on the ground in front of him. As Doc and Wynonna looked up at him in shock they could hear yelling and approaching footfalls.
from deep in the mine. Dolls pulled the pin on another grenade and lobbed it into the mine shaft, the explosion causing the ancient tunnel to collapse in on itself.

“That will give us about five minutes if they work fast. We better hustle.” He glanced between the stunned pair and sighing retrieved Peacemaker and handed it back to Wynonna.

“What are you?” Doc asked as he accepted the proffered hand and let Xavier pull him to his feet.

“Later Doc. We have to move. I don’t think Constance will remain dead, we need to get her somewhere safe before she gets her powers back.”

“Salt seems to work right?” Wynonna asked. Dolls nodded the affirmative, as he slung Constance’s body over his shoulder, and became concerned at the malicious grin that appeared on the brunette’s face. They managed to find two more revenants reforming as they made a hasty retreat, sending them screaming back to hell before sprinting back to where they had hidden the SUV. “I’ll drive,” Wynonna said swiping the keys from Dolls before he had a chance to argue. “You just hang on to her and make sure she doesn’t disappear before we get there.”

“And where exactly are we going dear?” Doc asked as he climbed into the passenger seat beside her.

“Oh, you’re going to love this.” She grinned as she slammed the accelerator to the floor.

Constance felt drained as life finally returned to her body, she struggled against the strong arms that held her and hissed up at Xavier spitting in his face. He just smiled at her as he wiped the spit from his face and dragged her out of the back of the SUV. She screeched as her feet hit the ground and with wild eyes examined their surroundings, flat white earth stretched on for miles around them, sparkling in the dawns light. She began to scramble, trying to get back into the relative safety of their vehicle.

“I don’t think so.” Dolls grunted as he held her firmly in place.

“What are you?” she hissed, struggling to free herself from his grasp.

“Now that, is an interesting question.” Doc snarked as he continued digging, Wynonna was eyeing Dolls with care as she spun Peacemaker on her finger.

“Let’s just call me our secret weapon until we are out of earshot of the witch shall we?” Dolls grunted as Constance struggled in his arms again.

“You can’t do this to me!” she cried as Doc climbed out of the hole and indicated to Dolls that it was ready for her. “I’ll do anything you want! I’ll tell you how to beat Bulshar, please! Please don’t leave me out here!” Wynonna took the shovel from Doc and began to tip the salt in on top of her. Tears were streaming down Constance’s face now as she quivered in fear. “P-p-please,” she wept.

“Dry your tears witch.” Doc whispered as he knelt in front of her. “The salt will dry you out faster if you don’t.” He stood back and lit a cigarette as Wynonna filled in the last of the salt and patted it down firmly with the back of the spade. “Enjoy your well.”
Chapter 49

Chapter Summary

the fam catch up on events over breakfast and the truth about dolls is revealed

The homestead was buzzing when they finally returned. Waverly and Nicole were in the kitchen cooking up a breakfast feast as the three of them entered covered in salt and blackened gore. Wynonna was stopped before she could even take a step towards the delicious smelling kitchen as Mama growled at them to clean up before they could eat. Looking down at her filthy clothes Wynonna had to agree. Spending hours on the salt flats had left her feeling like she had a crusted layer of salt and death all over her body and she staggered exhaustedly up the stairs towards the shower with Doc following closely behind. Dolls did a patrol of the property and removed his salt covered boots before entering a few minutes later, before being sent up to kick the other two out of the shower by a grumbling Michelle.

By the time they had returned, clean and dressed in fresh pyjamas, breakfast was ready to be served. There were mounds of gluten free pancakes, facon, mushrooms and tomatoes, and on the other side of the table there was French toast and bacon for the non-vegan family members. The maple syrup made its way around the table as Doc gave an excited blow by blow of the events that had taken place that night. Wynonna eyed Dolls suspiciously as he was determined not to meet her gaze. When Doc finally described the encounter with the witch it was almost as though a light bulb flicked on in his brain and he remembered what Xavier had been able to do. The table turned to him waiting for an explanation and Dolls cleared his throat uncomfortable with all the attention.


“Hey now, I may be old, but I am still me, I am still human.” Doc rebutted.

“Does that mean…?” Jeremy trailed off as he eyes Dolls over.

Sighing loudly Dolls shifted in his seat. “No, I am not entirely human.”

Wynonna choked on her pancake, “What do you mean? Entirely.”

Dolls looked as though he was searching for the right words before he began to speak. He was sorely tempted to try the classified card but looking around the table he knew he didn’t stand a chance. “I am a product of experimentation.” He waited for their reactions to settle. “Black Badge experimented on my squad when we were recruited from the army. They were trying to make super soldiers to fight demons. Not many of my team survived and the ones that did… Well we were changed forever.”

“Is that what your ‘medicine’ is for?” Doc asked.

“It helps keep me sane and some parts of me locked down.”

“What are those parts of you? Are you dangerous?” Nicole enquired.

“As long as Black Badge continues to supply my medication I am fine. We just need to try and stay in their good graces.”
“Have they cut you off before?” Jeremy was mortified.

“Only once, for disobeying a directive. It was not a good time, for me or those around me.” Dolls could see the endless list of questions spirally across the faces of the people around him, the people he had come to love and respect.

“So, what are you then?” Wynonna stabbed her remaining pancake with her fork and slid it around the plate, glaring intently at him.

“I am not entirely sure. I am strong and fast and…” he trailed off and six pairs of eyes glared up at him. “I can breathe fire,” he admitted with a sigh.

“Holy fucking shit!” Wynonna stood up suddenly as everyone around the table struggled to absorb this new knowledge.

“Are you a dragon?” Jeremy asked, eyes twinkling with glee. “That is so fucking cool!” He high fived Wynonna as they grinned hysterically.

“I… uh… I don’t know?” Dolls shrugged relieved that his friends were taking this news so well. He had anticipated the worst but here they were, excited about the abilities he was able to finally bring to the table. Nicole and Waverly were still sitting hand in hand shell shocked at the news, and Michelle, somehow, did not look surprised at all.

Doc’s hand landed on his shoulder. “I assume you have been holding back all these years as we have sparred?” Dolls nodded slyly. “I hope that will soon change.” He chuckled. “We will need to be as prepared as possible for the coming fight.”

“You’re a fucking dragon!” Wynonna squealed with laughter.

“Maybe we should try and recreate your serum just in case we do end up on the wrong side of BBD. We don’t want you going without.” Doc suggested.

“I have no idea what is in it or how we would even get started on doing something like that.” Dolls replied.

“Oh, you just leave that to me, I have a friend,” Wynonna eyed him suspiciously, “who can work wonders in a chemistry lab if the price is right.”

“This friend happen to be around 5’6” and have a phenomenal rack?” Wynonna glared at Doc as he smiled back at her.

“She is just a friend Wynonna. But, I believe she is around 5’6” yes.” He grinned as she rolled her eyes.

“Will the makeshift lab in the sheriff’s office do or will we need something more advanced? We can build something in the barn.” Waverly offered.

“I will contact her and see what she has to say, I would feel safer if we kept as much of our team as safe as possible. Especially if Bulshar and his remaining revenants decide to go on the offensive.”

“We can’t have the entire town living on our property,” Wynonna pouted, and Doc leaned over to give her a kiss on the cheek.

“You know that I only have eyes for you love,” he pulled his phone from his pocket and excused himself to make the call. Doc arranged to meet his friend that afternoon at their office in town to
see what she thought and what she would need to make it work, they argued about price for a few minutes before agreeing to discuss it further in person. When he returned Wynonna and Dolls were arguing about the number of revenants they had put down during the fight, wanting to get a clear number before they grabbed some well needed sleep.

“There were 12 around the campfire and 4 lookouts.” Dolls growled.

“Well we must have missed one cos I reloaded Peacemaker twice, and still have three bullets in the cylinder,” she clicked it open to show him as he finally relented hands raised in defeat. “That makes 15.”

“Wow, it must have been one hell of a shit show.” Waverly snorted as she watched them argue.

“Baby girl, I am glad you weren’t there to see it.” Wynonna shuddered as she remembered all of the places she has scrubbed black goo from as she had showered. “But 15 revheads down! And a witch! Now that is a successful mission.” She held her palm up for Dolls who reluctantly gave her a high five. “Ten to go and one nasty ass demon.” She shivered with excitement as she thought about how close they were getting to achieving their goal.

“What happens when this is all over?” Nicole asked abruptly. “Once the demon is dead and we have ended the curse?” The room fell silent.

“I believe that is a problem for then, what we need to focus on, is how to get him dead.” Doc recommended.
Chapter 50

Chapter Summary

nicole 'convinces' waverly to ask for help from juan carlos and rosita makes an appearance

Chapter Notes

rosita isn't a revenant in this au, i really liked her character and i wanted to bring her in with a less painful story arc

“No wonder Dolls seemed so offended when I asked if he was going to turn me over to Black Badge for testing,” Waverly sighed as she snuggled into Nicole on the couch after breakfast. “Especially after what they have put him through.”

“You didn’t know baby, and I am sure Dolls has already forgiven you.” She planted a kiss on the brunette’s head that rested on her shoulder.

“I can’t believe they would do that though, what the hell kind of government agency creates super soldiers and then denies them their medication?”

“One hellbent on control?” Nicole frowned at the thought. “Whatever the reason I’m glad we’re only consultants.”

“Yeah everything I hear makes me want to steer as clear of them as possible. I hope Doc’s friend can help us out to reverse engineer a serum for Dolls, give us one less reason to depend on them.” They both glanced up as Jeremy and Michelle burst into laughter from where they were doing the dishes in the kitchen. “I can’t believe she’s back Nic. After all this time, it’s like she’s never left.” Nicole wrapped her arm around her girlfriend and gently rubbed her shoulder, letting her know without words that she was here for her. “I spent so long thinking that she left because she didn’t love us, and then to find out she was in prison the whole time, and then that she actually was trying to exorcise a demon and that she really was possessed… I mean… It’s been a hell of a month. I’m an angel, Dolls is a dragon-man, and Wynonna has killed more revenants in the last two weeks than she has in the last year. Not that I knew she was doing that of course. I just feel like everything is changing so fast.” Tears began to fall down her face as she hugged in tighter to Nicole, breathing in her scent and letting the steady beat of her heart calm her.

“It has been pretty crazy. I mean, a few months ago you thought you were straight…” Nicole grinned down at Waverly who thumped her gently in the thigh. “Ah!” she cried in mock alarm, “that’s spousal abuse! The pain!” Waverly shook her head and hid the smile that was forming on her face with her long brown hair. Nicole pulled her in tighter and kissed her forehead. “I know there has been a lot going on, and if you need us to step away, I’m sure everyone will understand.”

“What do you mean?”
“Well, you’ve never seen the ocean…” Nicole offered but Waverly shook her head instantly.

“Once we’re done here. Then we can go.” Nicole nodded her agreement, honestly, she was relieved. “We aren’t going to abandon our friends and leaving now would kill both of us. But I do appreciate the offer.” She tilted her head up and kissed her girlfriend softly on the lips. Their kiss deepened, tongues and teeth colliding, a heat rising up between them. Waverly’s hands began to wander and she tugged at Nicole’s shirt where it was tucked into her trousers before sliding her hands up the inside of her shirt. Before Nicole suddenly winced in pain and pulled away with a groan. “Shit. Fuck. Sorry.”

“Maybe you can see if your mama can talk to Juan Carlos for us?” Nicole’s frustrated grunt had Waverly chuckling.

“I will ask,” she managed through the giggles.

“Found your busty nerd loitering out front,” Wynonna grumbled as she lead a thin raven-haired woman into the BBD offices.

“Rosita, you made it!” Doc called excitedly going in for a hug and then thinking better of it once he spied Wynonna’s scowl, he shook her hand instead.

“Well, I’m here. What is it that was so urgent huh? And why are we meeting in a cop shop. You know how I feel about the feds,” she stage whispered.

“And how is that?” Wynonna snarked, brandishing the badge on her belt.

“Are you serious?” Rosita began to turn away.

“Doc says you work for a price?” Dolls called after her, making her pause in her tracks. “Perhaps we can make a deal? There’s quite the list of misdemeanours and felonies here…” He spun the screen of the computer he was working on around showing Rosita’s criminal record.

“What exactly are you offering?” she was intrigued and Wynonna knew that they had her.

“There are a few outstanding warrants that could, maybe, disappear if you were willing to help us.” Dolls answered.

“My current bosses won’t be too happy about me just up and leaving.” She dumped her coat onto the chair in front of her.

“We can offer you protection.” Doc replied with a small smile.

“What is this job exactly?” she was already sold but could tell they weren’t telling her everything. Her eyes roamed the room, it looked as though it had recently been ransacked and there were patched bullet holes in the walls and a large portion of the ceiling had recently been replaced. “And are you sure you can offer protection?” she gestured to the recent repairs.

“It’s an off-book assignment.” Dolls smiled at her, “We need someone with your skillset and we have the means to get you what you require to do it. We will keep you safe, where ever it is that you decide to set up shop, be it here or on the homestead.”

“You want me to live on a farm?” she raised an eyebrow towards Doc who shrugged sheepishly.
“Do you prefer the basement of Pussy Willows?” Wynonna asked and Rosita looked up at her shocked that they knew about her current operation of the strip club.

“You still haven’t answered my question,” she glared at Wynonna. “What’s the job?”

Dolls sighed as he stood and wiped the palms of his hands on his pants. “We need you to reverse engineer a serum for us.”

“What does this serum do exactly?”

“It keeps me human,” Dolls snorted and steam poured from his nostrils and as he blinked his eyes shifted to reptilian slits and then back again.

Rosita stumbled backwards. “What the hell are you?” she stuttered.

“The result of ruthless experimentation by Black Badge. And if you are successful in this task I will no longer be beholden to them.” Dolls decided to go straight for the truth, if she was going to become a part of their family Rosita deserved to know as much as possible from the get go. She would discover the truth anyway as she began her experiments, she may as well be able to make an educated decision.

“He can also breath fire and punch ghosts.” Wynonna added with a sly grin.

“What the hell do you guys do here?” Rosita had heard stories about Black Badge, and knew that people that went up against them usually ended up missing.

“Fight demons, slay witches, kick ass.” Wynonna stuffed a whole donut in her mouth. “We’re the last line of defence in a war against the human race.”

“You have sugar, on your nose,” Rosita chuckled.

“God damn it! Every time!” Wynonna roared as she wiped her nose with the back of her hand. “Well are you in?”

“You say you have the means to build me a proper lab?”

“We can get Black Badge to foot the bill, I have been having to travel to the city to get samples tested for three years and they are sick of seeing my face.” Dolls answered.

“And where do you guys normally work from? This place looks like it’s been gutted.”

“We have recently moved on to the homestead. It is safer there for a number of reasons.” Doc grinned at her knowing she had made her choice.

“Well I guess I need to see this homestead. And I can write a list of supplies I will need to get started on your serum.” She picked up her coat and asked, “So who’s driving?”

“Oh, our nerds are gunna love you!” Wynonna beamed.
Chapter 51

Chapter Summary

rosita meets the fam and juan carlos arrives to show waverly a thing or two

Chapter Notes

have some healing fluff. still can't believe that people are still reading this! Feel free to leave comments! I love hearing from you guys xx

“It’s not going to be cheap,” Rosita’s eyes roamed around the inside of the barn. “It may even be easier to build another room, one that’s not so drafty…” she shivered.

“I’m sure we can arrange something,” Dolls nodded at her. “What do you need to get started?” Rosita began rattling off a list of supplies, some more extravagant than others, just to see what she could get away with, the man in front of her didn’t even blink. “We will have a team out here to discuss the layout of your lab tomorrow.” He gave her a curt nod and turned on his heels, heading back towards the house. Rosita could hear laughter coming from inside and see smoke billowing out of the chimney, even though winter hadn’t arrived yet, it was still quite frigid and she could tell that the first snow of the season wasn’t far off.

She sighed suddenly feeling anxious about approaching the house. Wynonna had described their family/friend situation on the ride over, but Rosita didn’t know how to feel about intruding on something that seemed so close knit. Just as she was considering staying put in the barn the front door to the homestead swung open and Wynonna was heading her way bottle of liquor in hand. Rosita felt like a trapped animal, her back against the barn, no way to escape the fiery woman that was fast approaching.

“I could see you wigging out from the kitchen,” she smiled, more sincere than the half scowls she had received earlier that day. “Here, have a swig.” Rosita’s big brain was going a mile a minute, she was in the middle of nowhere, brought by an ex- whatever he was, and being offered a drink by a woman who up until 5 minutes ago had been a total bitch to her. Wynonna’s blue eyes softened as she realised just how freaked out the woman in front of her was, she took a big gulp out of the proffered bottle, “Ahh! See, no poison, just want to help you chillax.” Rosita took the bottle from her cautiously and sniffed the contents, whiskey, cheap whiskey.

“You’re going to have to get better whiskey if you’re going to use this as bribery,” she coughed after taking a big swig to calm her nerves. “This stuff tastes like shit.” Wynonna grinned down at her as she patted her hard on the back.

“Atta girl. Now come on. Our nerds are dying to meet you.” Rosita knew that she was talking about her younger sister and her younger sister’s best friend, they were lecturers at the university, she was still trying to wrap her head around what it was exactly that they do here that would require two history professors, three marshals, a cop and a biochemist/engineer. It sounded like the setup for a really convoluted joke.
The first thing she noticed as she entered the house was the walls, they were covered floor to ceiling with photos, paper clippings, articles and notes. It reminded her of how her study looked as she was writing up the thesis of one of her PhDs and she couldn’t help but smile. There was a red headed woman dozing on the couch with an ice pack pressed to her chest, and a small brunette woman with long straight hair was leaning over the shoulder of a young man with brown skin that was excitedly showing her something on his computer screen. They looked so young, this couldn’t possibly be who Wynonna was talking about. They both looked up as they realised that Wynonna had returned with Rosita in tow, brilliant smiles erupting on their faces.

“Everyone, this is Rosita, Rosita everyone.” Wynonna grinned maliciously as she left the room. The pale red headed woman blinked open her eyes blearily and winced as she sat up to shake Rosita’s hand, introducing herself as Nicole, sheriffs deputy. Waverly and Jeremy introduced themselves next, and in typical academic fashion listed their accomplishments and gave a brief introduction to their current research. Rosita smiled as she introduced herself the same way and watched their eyes blow wide when she discussed her two PhDs and online accreditations. There were clearly impressed.

“Welcome to our nerdy little family,” Jeremy grinned. “I think you’re going to love it here.” Stress lines formed on their faces as they heard a vehicle approach and Rosita noticed the number of weapons that they had stashed by their sides.

“Are we expecting company?” Waverly called out to the rest of the house.

An older woman appeared from the kitchen, drying her hands on a tea towel. “You wanted to learn, didn’t you?” she asked Waverly. “Juan Carlos is here to teach.” Waverly and Nicole glanced at each other grinning wildly. “I will get him set up out in the barn. Nicole you might want to head out with her seeing as you’re the only injured party.” Rosita glanced between them thoroughly confused, as they passed right by her.

“Waves is an angel in training,” Jeremy said as though it was the most normal thing in the world and Rosita began to worry just what the hell she had gotten herself into this time.

Waverly watched as the lean older gentleman in front of them paced back and forth. “This isn’t unprecedented, but it is highly unusual.” He stopped pacing to eye Waverly over once again. “When your mother told me of you I didn’t know what to think, Julian was always…” he snorted, “so high and mighty.” He shook his head at the terrible pun. “But now that I know, I can’t un-see the resemblance.” He knelt in front of her, dark eyes searching hers. “You look so much like your father.” Waverly blushed, no one had ever said that to her before, ‘and with good reason’ she sighed.

“Can you tell me about him?” she whispered.

“There will be plenty of time for that,” he smiled warmly at her, “Your friend here however looks like she’s in pain so why don’t we take care of that first?”

Nicole interrupted before Waverly could correct him. “Is God really a homophobe?” she practically shouted. His eyes darkened, and he looked utterly despondent.

“There are a LOT of things religion has gotten wrong over the years, wars and genocides,” he sighed, his voice shaking. “All done in the name of the Lord, but in truth it was for the vanity of man.” He looked down at the two young women, they seemed scared but searching. “Whilst the bible has been a good tool for spreading the word of the Lord it was written by man and at times is
“What about Sodom and Gomorrah?” The red heads eyes were aflame with hurt, shame and self-loathing turned outward. He knelt before her and took her hand in his. With one touch he could see all that she had suffered and he understood.

“I am sorry for all that has been done to you, you have suffered unjustly.” She looked down at him with tears in her eyes. “Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed because they were all rapists and murderers. Their sexuality had nothing to do with it. There is nothing wrong with love.” He took Waverly’s hand and placed it together with Nicole’s in his own. Nicole was weeping now, so much hurt, so much shame had been inflicted on her in the name of his God and Juan Carlos couldn’t help but join her, tears streaming down his face. He swallowed a sob and turned his attention to Waverly, “Do you love this woman?” he asked. She nodded her head furiously squeezing her girlfriend’s hand tight. “Place your hand here,” he indicated that she should place her open palm over Nicole’s injury, “and close your eyes.” She did as he instructed and waited. “I want you to focus on that feeling, the joy, the peace, the comfort that you feel when you are together.”

Waverly’s lip trembled as she did so, her mind reeling with the outpouring of love that she felt for Nicole.

Nicole looked down through her tears and saw Waverly’s hand begin to glow and then her whole body was glowing with warmth, Waverly irradiating heat into her chest. Her tears ceased as she embraced the feeling allowing it to wash over her, she had never felt so loved, there was no expectations, no secondary motivations just pure unadulterated love pouring through her.

When Waverly finally opened her eyes, she realised that she had been crying, wiping her tears she looked over at the woman that she loved, a dull glow still surrounding her as she looked back at her in shock. Juan Carlos stood with his hands behind his back.

“Be safe, both of you. For now, you will need to rest. I will check in again in a few days and we can chat more then.” He looked down at the young lovers, trying to recall the last time he had seen a love so pure. “Be good to each other.” They tore their eyes away from each other to say farewell but he had already disappeared, they looked around the barn but there was no sign of him and the door remained closed.

Realising that she no longer felt pain as she shifted on the bed Nicole tentatively lifted her shirt to examine her bruises. The skin was no longer purple and yellow and there was a faintly glowing handprint where Waverly had pressed against her. Nicole leapt to her feet lifting Waverly up in her arms and spinning her around with joy. “You did it!” she cried.

Waverly’s grin was interrupted by a huge yawn and she rubbed her eyes before planting a gentle kiss on her partner’s lips. “I love you Nicole Rayleigh Haught.” She nuzzled her face into her neck and wrapped her arms and legs around her. She felt Nicole grin against her ear.

“Okay sleepy baby, let’s get you inside.” She kissed her softly on the cheek and carried her out of the barn and across into the homestead. Eyes and mouths opened wide as their family watched Nicole carrying her upstairs, icepack forgotten on the floor of the barn.
Nicole waited until Waverly was asleep before she untangled herself from her arms and legs and crawled out from beneath the mound of blankets, she planted a soft kiss on her forehead and smiled as Waverly rolled over to spoon her pillow. Turning to the full-length mirror that stood by the closet Nicole removed her shirt slowly to examine her, now pain free, chest. Waverly’s hand print still glowed gently between her breasts and Nicole shook her head in awe, she couldn’t deny what she had seen, what she had experienced, she was dating a literal angel. She tried not to laugh at the absurdity of the last few months, everything she thought she knew about the world had been flipped on its head and through all of the craziness she had managed to find something even more unexpected, love. She could hear the people she had come to know as family downstairs arguing with Wynonna about letting them get some rest before she came barging in. The truth was that she had never felt better than she currently did and had the distinct impression that Juan Carlos had helped heal her of more than just her physical trauma. She replaced her shirt and decided that she would go down and fill them all in whilst Waverly got some sleep.

Wynonna had just begun to climb the stairs as Nicole closed the door behind her, she shooed her back down the stairs saying that she would fill them all in together. Skimming a lot of the details about their discussion with Juan Carlos, as it felt too personal, she described what Waverly had done and with a blush lifted her shirt to show them her bruise free chest and the now very faint glow of Waverly’s handprint. Shocked Wynonna dropped into Doc’s lap and the chair creaked under the additional weight. Rosita was flabbergasted, Jeremy had just finished filling her in on the extent of Nicole’s injuries and now here she was, completely healed.

“Seems she took to his instruction well,” Michelle smiled proudly.

“Well I, for one, am mighty impressed.” Doc scratched his head bemusedly. “I always knew she was special.”

Wynonna glanced down at him, happy tears welling in her eyes. “Baby girl is an angel,” she shook her head trying to free the sob from her throat.

The next few days passed in a blur of activity, workmen coming and going at all hours building the small laboratory to the side of the house. It wasn’t a fancy building by any means, one small room with high ceilings and an impressive ventilation system. The lab equipment had begun to arrive, and the team helped set it up under the careful guidance of Rosita. She had already begun taking blood samples from Xavier and was examining them under a microscope whenever she had a spare moment. She was excited, for the first time in a long time, it felt as though she had free reign over what it was she was doing, and she could not believe the equipment BBD had been willing to supply for her, all in the name of hunting demons. She was still trying to process that whole idea, as a scientist she required cold hard evidence, but she had seen what Waverly was capable of and she could not deny the unusual nature of the blood samples Xavier had provided, but demons? Everything she had witnessed since arriving in this small Podunk town had had her questioning
everything she ever thought she knew so why not throw demons into the mix, she snorted to
herself.

It was approaching dusk and Rosita could hear Wynonna singing loudly in the kitchen, she had
obviously cracked into the liquor early this evening, whilst well insulated it was difficult to stay
warm in her little laboratory once the sun went down and sighing she began to pack away the
samples she had been studying. Despite their best efforts she still did not feel one hundred percent
comfortable in the house, but it was getting too cold to continue to sleep in the barn. A number of
cots had been set up in Waverly’s old bedroom and she found herself bunking with Dolls and
Jeremy, they had been surprised when the first evening she had handed them both earplugs, but she
knew when she awoke early the next morning that they had both appreciated it and she spied them
both wearing them in their sleep. Wynonna had asked about the chainsaw coming from that room
over breakfast and she realised that maybe she would need to invest in more earplugs, but the Earp
woman’s smile had broken, and she realised that she had been played.

She had never spent time with such a motley crew of outcasts and weirdos. They somehow all
seemed to get along despite their vast differences and the lingering glances Xavier cast on a
clueless Wynonna. They each had their role to play be it research, organization or ‘straight up
shootin’ things’ as Wynonna had put it and they worked together like a well-oiled machine. Pulling
her beanie and gloves on she braced for the cold as she opened the door and sprinted through the
frosty evening air back into the warmth of the main house.

Rosita’s eyes widened in surprise when she spied the newly decorated interior, tinsel and holly
sprigs lined the walls and lights twinkled brightly in the tree she had watched Doc drag inside
earlier. Waverly and her mother were arguing about something called a ‘menstruangel’ as
Wynonna handed her a glass of whiskey, a quick sniff told her that she had finally got around to
going in something decent.

“What exactly is a ‘menstruangel’?” she asked Wynonna quietly after thanking her for the drink.

Wynonna chuckled. “It’s become something of a family tradition over the years since Mama left,
we couldn’t find the angel for the tree and Waverly being the ever-crafty child that she was made
one out of tampons.” The realisation dawned on Rosita’s face and she began to laugh too as they
watched Waverly stomp her foot out of determination. “Best steer clear of the living room for
now…” she followed Wynonna down the hall to the crowded kitchen where everyone else was
hiding watching the argument unfold in the next room.

“Should we do something?” Nicole asked half-heartedly.

“Do you want to go in there?” Wynonna raised an eyebrow and Nicole shook her head vigorously
in response. “Didn’t think so. They’ll sort it out eventually.” She refilled everyone’s glasses and
then held her own high. “Happy first of December!” They all repeated the cheer and chinked
glasses with one another. “This is going to be one hell of a Christmas!”
Chapter 53

Chapter Summary

the team begin to explore the remains of the revenant camp

There had been no movement from the mine after they had returned that first day after the explosive encounter. The rubble had been removed from the entrance to the mine and they had the distinct impression that they had moved on from that place. It had taken a week of arguments between building the laboratory for Rosita and decorating the house for Christmas for them to finally agree that they should do a recon mission into the mine. Now that Nicole was healed they would have an extra pair of hands and Mama insisted that she join them too, so Wynonna felt confident that they could get the upper hand on anything that came their way. Dolls insisted on bringing shovels with them in case of tunnel collapse, he packed extra rations and batteries for all of their torches and handed out climbing rope and attached carabiners to the front of everyone’s vests. He was determined not to be caught unprepared. Nicole had provided a lot of the climbing gear and he was grateful that he wasn’t the only one with climbing experience.

They waited until nightfall before departing the homestead and Waverly clung tightly to Nicole. “You had better come home to me,” she whispered in her girlfriend’s ear. She knew she was wearing as much body armour as was physically possible, but she still didn’t like the idea of them heading into what was, for all intents and purposes, the lion’s den.

Nicole planted a warm, wet, kiss on her lips. “I will always do my absolute best to come home to you. I love you Waverly Earp.” She kissed her furrowed brow.

“It’s time to go!” Dolls called as he climbed into the driver’s seat of his SUV. Nicole kissed her one more time before rushing off to join the others.

“You two are so gross.” Wynonna groaned as Nicole climbed into the back of the SUV beside her.

“Shut it Earp.” Nicole grumbled.

The team quickly readied themselves after climbing out of the SUV, shovels tied to their packs, torches and weapons at the ready. They moved in a tight knit formation through the trees towards the mine entrance, eyes darting back and forth looking for any indication of movement. There was still black gore and mess everywhere from the events the week prior and they stopped to determine the extent of the damage to the mine shaft before entering.

“Is there anything in particular we should be keeping our eyes peeled for?” Nicole asked as she flashed her torchlight into the tunnel.

“Anything that might tell us what they’re up to and where they’ve headed.” Dolls replied as he approached the entrance. “Alright guys, stay tight, god only knows what we’re going to find down here. They entered the mine in a tight cluster, eyes everywhere watching for any indication of danger, and scrambled through the rubble from blast of Doc’s dynamite. Wind whistled around them as they steadily made their way deeper into the mine. They followed ancient warped tracks
leading further in until the shaft suddenly opened up into a large room with pillars of stone throughout to hold up the roof. There was, what looked like, an altar that had been built in the centre of the room with the melted down remains of candles scattered around it, and there was a foul stench in the air, like rotten flesh and congealed blood.

“I guess this is where their ritual took place,” Doc offered as they approached the altar cautiously. Wynonna began snapping pictures of the setup and the glyphs that wrapped around the altar on the floor.

The ground began to rumble from deeper within the mine and Dolls slung the rope off his shoulder and began to tie everyone together in a daisy chain. No one was willing to argue, all keenly aware of the dangers of entering an old mine shaft, and Nicole followed after him double checking his knots. There was a table set up in the far corner and after Wynonna had finished photographing the altar they began to migrate in that direction.

The hairs on Doc’s arms began to prickle and he whispered to the group, “I believe we are not alone.” Before he could finish his torch flickered out and Nicole’s began to as well. “This is not good.” They manoeuvred so they were back to back again as the light that was being emitted from their torches began to dim.

“Ideas?” Wynonna asked, voice tense. There was the sound of glass exploding and the room was suddenly plunged into darkness. Doc fired his pistol and in the sudden flash of light Doc and Nicole saw a ghostly figure approaching them and they began firing, hearing a metallic clunk with each shot.

“Don’t tell me this one is bullet proof?” Doc cried. Wynonna spun around, leaning her arm over Doc’s shoulder and fired Peacemaker only to hear the same clunk.

“SHIT!” she flicked her comms open. “Baby girl we have a revhead who sucks in light and is bullet proof. We need some ideas.” Doc and Nicole continued firing as the group backed away from the approaching shadow.

“What was that noise?” Waverly’s voice squeaked out over the radio as the bullets continued to bounce off the ghostly figure.

“It sounds like metal baby girl. We need answers and fast.” Nicole swapped positions with Dolls so that she could reload her weapon.

“Uhh… I’m trying… WAIT!” They could hear Waverly scrambling through papers on her desk. “Jim Miller! Yeah! Killer Miller. He used to wear a metal plate, like an old fashioned bullet proof vest!”

“Shoot him in the back, copy!” she clicked off her comms as the battery light started to flash. “We have to split up guys. Draw him away from me.”

They all acknowledged her command and shifted away from her, Dolls and Doc firing as Nicole adjusted the length of rope between them and Wynonna moved in the opposite direction, readying herself. The ghostly figure turned and swung an elongated arm flinging Doc across the room before he scrambled back to his feet and hastened to reload his pistols.

The glow from the barrel of Peacemaker illuminated the room as Wynonna fired into the back of the shadowy form, a beam of light piercing through the torso like a glowing spear. She fired again, and again, until the creature fell to his knees. Miller roared as she approached pressing Peacemaker against his forehead, his glowing green eyes glaring up at her, and she fired. With Miller gone the
torches that hadn’t been blown began to flicker back to life and in the dim light everybody reloaded their weapons before making any moves.

“We need to check that desk before we head further in.” Dolls muttered.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” Nicole asked checking Doc over. “We’ve lost comms and if we have another weird encounter…”

“I’m fine,” Doc winced as he stretched. “Quit ya fussing.” He swatted Nicole away as she tried to check his ribs.

“Does anyone have any phone battery left? I think that fucker drained mine.” Wynonna grunted before they all checked their phones and shook their heads.

Doll pulled fresh batteries from his pack and replaced the one in his torch but they were flat as well. “Damn it! We’ve only got the two torches.”

Doc chuckled as he made his way back over to the alter and lit some of the candles with his lighter, “Millenials,” he scoffed.

“Alright old man, take it easy,” Nicole attempted to hide her smile as he glared at her whilst handing over a lit candle. Feeling that the immediate trouble had passed the group had begun to separate and Wynonna approached the desk on her own. The ground beneath her began to tremble and suddenly the floor gave way and she was falling.
Chapter 54

Chapter Summary

will they make it out alive?

A string of expletives streamed from Wynonna’s mouth as the floor caved in beneath her and she began falling. She cried out in pain as she slammed into a rocky wall as the rope that was attached to them all caught her, she could have sworn she heard something pop. She attempted to holster her weapon to free up her uninjured hand, finally managing it on the third try because her hand was trembling so badly.

Nicole was glad Dolls had quick reactions because she was on her ass sliding towards the gaping chasm Wynonna had just disappeared into, feet scrambling for purchase before his grip held them firm, breathing a shaky sigh before she called out to see if Wynonna was okay.

“What the fuck do you think?” she heard her yell from the depths below.

Dolls grimaced as he remembered how much extra length he had given her and how far she must have fallen. “Are you injured?” he yelled.

Wynonna looked down at the light her torch was shining in the depths below, she clenched her jaw when she realised just how far the fall was. “Yes,” she whimpered, she heard Nicole relay the information back to Dolls and grimaced when she realised she wasn’t as quiet as she hoped.

“Just hang on, we’ll get you out of there!”

“Well I was thinking of hitting up Shorty’s for a beer, but I guess I can wait,” she sassed.

“She’ll be fine,” Nicole grinned back at the boys as they began to pull her back up the rock face, Nicole reducing the allowed length of rope between her and Wynonna as it passed through her D-ring. It was a slow and exhausting process even with the three of them pulling her back up, eventually Nicole saw a bloodied hand grasp the edge of the hole and she shifted forward to help her to her feet when suddenly she was shoved forward and both her and Wynonna were falling. With the added length of rope between her and Dolls the girls ended up falling almost ten metres before they both swung back and slammed into the wall. Nicole had managed to spin herself round and minimize the impact with bent knees, but she heard Wynonna cry out as she crunched into the wall again. “You still with me?” she cried out, worried by Wynonna’s sudden silence, the weight below her spiralling aimlessly. She could hear fighting up above and the tension on the line released and dropped them a couple of feet, she heard Wynonna’s body hit the wall again and she decided that whatever was happening up above them she had to do whatever she could to help Wynonna. Praying to every god she knew the name of she began to pull on the rope, drawing Wynonna closer to her, with no torch to be able to determine the damage the best she could do would be to tie her to her chest and try to minimize any neck or spinal movements. After what felt like an eternity her hands grasped onto Wynonna’s belt and fighting back tears she unhooked her spare length of rope. Wrapping Wynonna’s legs around her waist and resting her head on her shoulder as gently as possible she began to work on tying them together. After she was sure Wynonna wasn’t going anywhere she held on to her tight supporting her neck and hoped that the boys would be able to pull them to safety. “Come on Wynonna, you’re tougher than this.” She
could smell the coppery tang of fresh blood and could feel it trickling down her neck. The rope was still being jostled about and the sounds of gunfire and fighting could be heard from up above. She made a mental note to never miss a workout with Dolls ever again. Suddenly there was an almighty roar and she looked up to see a spout of flame burst flare across the room above and then everything went quiet. Tears were streaming down her face as she hugged Wynonna to her chest, her eyes flicked between the shimmering light of the torch below them and the flicker of candlelight above.

Doc was flat on his ass and scampering away from the hellfire as his feet looking up at Dolls in shock, he was straining to hold the rope scowling as the revenant was sent to hell. His forehead was glowing orange like hot embers of coal and smoke was swirling out of the corners of his mouth. He began to cough and indicated that he needed a drink and Doc quickly handed him his flask and rounded him to begin to pull the girls back up from the depths below, after a quick sip to quench his burning throat Dolls assisted him.

Careful not to jostle Wynonna Nicole walked them up the cliff face as the boys pulled them slowly to the surface. Doc gasped when he saw that Nicole was carrying an unconscious Wynonna in her arms, Nicole spun herself around and slid over the edge on her back trying to minimize any movement to Wynonna’s neck and spine and the boys dragged them away from the edge.

“We’re gunna need an ambulance and a rescue stretcher.” Nicole grunted. “Go!” Doc cut himself free from the rope binding them and sprinted towards the surface and the radio mounted on the dash of Dolls’ SUV. “Help is coming,” Nicole whispered into Wynonna’s ear as Dolls attempted to look her over without moving them.

Wynonna began to stir and was suddenly very confused about the whole situation, she was hurting all over and the mattress that she was lying on smelled like vanilla and was cursing like a sailor. “’ts goin’ on?” she murmured attempting to pull herself up before her shoulder gave and she gasped at the sharp pain.

“She’s awake!” Her mattress called out by her ear sounding a lot like Nicole. “Hang on ‘Nona, help is on the way.”

“Why can’t I move?” she asked as she tried to roll over but was held in place.

“Precautionary measure,” came Nicole’s voice again. “Please stop trying to move. The medics are on their way down now.”

“Medics? What? Where are we?” she blinked her eyes, but everything was still black. “FUCK! I’M BLIND AGAIN!!” She felt Nicole chuckle from beneath her.

“You’re not blind, well at least I hope you’re not. There’s no light in here right now. Dolls and Doc took the torch with them to guide in the paramedics.” The room was pitch black and she could feel Nicole’s breath on the side of her face.

“Why am I on top of you?” she was trying not to panic, her breath coming in short sharp bursts.

“We were pushed when I was trying to pull you up. You must have hit your head on the second fall cos you were out like a light.” Wynonna impatiently listened to Nicole’s explanation. “I did the best I could. I’m just glad to see your conscious and capable of movement.” Nicole went silent and
Wynonna could feel her chin and lips trembling against her face as Nicole fought back tears. “I cradled you as best I could. I’m so sorry, he came out of nowhere.” Tears were falling freely down her cheeks now and flowing steadily into Wynonna’s hair.

“A revenant?” Wynonna asked, attempting to adjust to alleviate some of the pain to her shoulder. She felt Nicole nod. “Where is he?” she was suddenly alert and reaching for Peacemaker with her less injured hand.

“It’s ok, he’s gone.”

“Gone-gone? Or just left.”

“Gone-gone.”

“How?”

“Dolls apparently.”

“Secret weapon?” Wynonna asked her eyes suddenly heavy with the minor amount of exertion.

“Something like that,” Nicole mumbled as Wynonna slipped back out of consciousness.

Dolls took Nicole back to the homestead after Doc and Wynonna had left in the ambulance. They drove in anxious silence, Nicole’s leg jigging impatiently as Dolls stuck to the speed limit. “We’re almost there,” he growled after her third exacerbated sigh.

They hadn’t managed to get a hold of anyone at the homestead and Nicole’s phone was still only on one percent as it charged slowly in the SUV’s charger port. She threw her phone into the cupholder in aggravation, “This car charges as slow as you drive.” As soon as Dolls pulled into the drive Nicole was unbuckling her seatbelt and out the door before he had even rolled to a stop. She flew into the house yelling at Waverly to get her things together.

The girls and Jeremy blinked up at her in shock from their position crowded around the dining table, their jaws dropping in unison when they took in her visage. Nicole followed their line of sight and noticed that she was covered in dirt and blood. A lot of blood.
Chapter 55

Chapter Summary

the team confront dolls

Waverly untangled herself from Nicole’s sleeping form by Wynonna’s hospital bed, the redhead had collapsed from exhaustion soon after the doctors had finished checking over both her and, the still unconscious, Wynonna. Waverly was relieved to find that Nicole only had a few minor bumps and bruises and a sprained knee but that also meant that the blood that had covered her when she’d arrived back at the homestead all belonged to her sister. Her sister who was snoring lightly as though she had just decided to take a nap. Wynonna was always the strong one, always protecting and caring for others and seeing her lying in a bed with tubes and cables all over her just made this larger than life woman seem tiny and vulnerable.

Sighing as she stretched Waverly’s eyes wandered to the shadows she could see outside the hospital room Dolls’ large form, standing to attention as always, was surrounded by smaller bodies. She could hear them whispering about the events that had transpired and her curiosity was peaked, she had only managed to get snippets of the story on the drive in and Nicole seemed shell shocked about what had happened to Wynonna, barely leaving her side since their arrival. Waverly could tell she felt responsible, as though she had broken some rock climbing cardinal rule that had resulted in them both falling, instead of the fact that it was an attempted assassination by a crafty revenant. She still hadn’t worked out how he had managed to get by them unnoticed but given that they were working by candlelight and trying to pull Wynonna out of a collapsed tunnel, she supposed she could forgive them for assuming that the immediate danger was not from external sources. And then there was how Dolls had been able to, not just kill the revenant, but send him back to hell without the use of Peacemaker. Too many questions were swirling around her brain and she needed answers, kissing both of her girls on the forehead she crept out of the room closing the door quietly behind her.

Her mother dragged her into a bone crunching hug as soon as the door was closed, “How are you feeling? How are they? Are they okay?” Waverly was surprised that the doctors hadn’t given her any answers, although she was an escaped prisoner, so she probably hadn’t given her real name. “Minor swelling on the brain, she has a fractured eye socket and a dislocated shoulder.” Her voice sounded lifeless, as though a machine was repeating the facts the doctors had delivered. “She was lucky that she doesn’t have anything worse than whiplash. They expect her to make a full recovery,” noticing a few anxious glances between her friends she continued, “I don’t want to try anything here. There would be too any questions, so we are just going to have to wait until she can come home. Safely,” she added as Doc made a move to say something, he closed his mouth and gave her a weak smile. “Now, you two,” she turned so that she was facing both marshals. “I need answers, and I need them now.”

“She listened intently to their story, how Jim Miller had managed to blow most of their torches, how they had adjusted their lengths of rope so that Wynonna could get behind his metal vest, how in the relief of their battle being ended she had wandered towards the table of notes, and how the floor had collapsed beneath her. She was impressed that they had managed to hold their ground and was grateful for Dolls’ superhuman strength when Doc told her how he had managed singlehandedly to
hold his ground, only faltering slightly, when the girls had been pushed by a figure that seemed to appear out of thin air. Dolls described how Doc had been thrown around like a ragdoll as the revenant teased him, telling him that he couldn’t save them all. Then the revenant made a fatal mistake, he had gotten up in Xavier’s face to mock him and Xavier grabbed him by the throat. Held in place by Dolls’ inhuman blood the revenant was unable to disappear out of his grasp.

“But how did you manage to kill him and send him packing?” Jeremy asked. Waverly noticed that the rest of the group were as caught up in this story as she was, eyes wide and mouths slightly agape. Dolls shrugged nonchalantly, and Doc scoffed.

“This guy,” Doc indicated to Dolls with his thumb, “this part dragon motherfucker…”

Waverly couldn’t help but smile, ‘Doc has been spending too much time with Wynonna’ she thought.

“He grabbed him by the throat,” Doc continued, “and breathed fire right in his face until he turned to charcoal and was summoned back to hell.”

“Did you know that would happen?” Mama had a curious look on her face, both impressed but suspicious, and all eyes turned to Dolls.

He reached up and rubbed the back of his neck nervously. “Considering everything else we have tried to kill them I didn’t think that it would,” he admitted.

“But it has worked on demons before?” Michelle asked shaking her head. Dolls nodded, eyes glued to his shoes.

“Surely you jest?” Doc drawled. When Dolls didn’t reply his eyes flashed with anger. “You have been working with us for three years… THREE YEARS! And have let Wynonna carry the weight of this burden thinking that she was the only one who could possibly do anything to stop this curse and you…” his nostrils flared with rage, “you could have helped share it the entire time?”

“I assumed it wouldn’t work, and we were desperate, so I did everything I could to save you, to save everyone.”

“You sir, are an ass!” Doc turned on his heels and stormed down the hall away from them.

“Sure does make you out to be the big hero,” Michelle added, she took a swig out of the flask she was carrying and moved back to the plastic seats across the hall, shaking her head. Dolls watched in silence as they walked away, he turned back to the rest of them, Jeremy and Rosita avoided his eye contact and moved to join Michelle as Waverly stared at her sister and Nicole through the window.

When they were finally alone she whispered, “I am glad that you saved them.” Dolls felt a ‘but’ coming. “However,” she sighed through her nose. “I have to agree with Doc. You should have tried before now. You could have done more, sooner, that could have prevented all this from occurring in the first place.” She looked up at him, his jaw was clenching and unclenching as he processed her words. “Do you care about her at all? Or was this you just doing your duty? Surely you’ve seen how this has been affecting her?” he swallowed loudly. “She puts on this whole show about being the ‘chosen one’ but she hates it. She knows it should have been Willa not her. The hand-me-down curse she called it. And you,” Waverly looked up at him, warm tears threatening to fall. “You could have helped.” Xavier dropped his head in shame as she walked away. He glanced through the window at Wynonna and Nicole and his heart sank, the truth in Waverly’s words were like a slap to the face. He had been trying so hard to be the man his bosses would be proud of and keep
all their secrets that he had ended up hurting the only people he truly cared about. This strange little
group of misfits that he had accumulated to help their cause were all now hurting because of him.
He cracked his neck and rolled his shoulders, resuming his post by the door. He was going to
change, he just had to work out how.

Waverly found Doc sitting on the edge of a garden bed outside, nursing his flask, she could see the
traces of tears on his cheeks as she approached and slunk down beside him. She fidgeted with the
hot cardboard cup in her hand, the strong smell of coffee mixing with the scent of cigarettes and
whiskey from the man beside her. Neither spoke for a long time, Doc lit up another cigarette and
took a deep drag before sighing the smoke out of his lungs.

“I’m worried about her too.” Waverly stated, placing her hand on Doc’s knee. He dropped the flask
beside him and took her hand in his, tears brimming in his eyes. His face was a mixture of stress,
sorrow, and regret.

“I should not have been so hard on Dolls. He did save us. All of us.” He murmured. “This is not
even the first time.”

“Well, you didn’t hear what I said after you left.” He quirked an eyebrow in her direction. “I
basically accused him of not caring at all and I may have insinuated that he was just a BBD lapdog
at one point.” She winced as she tried to recall what she had said in her anger and she noticed Doc’s
moustache twitching as he stifled a chuckle.

“What a pair we make.” He reached his arm out behind her and she snuggled into his embrace. The
sun was beginning to set, and the air was chilly with the approaching winter. It was yet to snow
this season but judging by the puffs of steam their breath was making Waverly knew it wouldn’t be
far off. Not willing to leave the comfort of Doc’s hug she pulled her muffs up over her ears and
slipped her hands into her gloves. He squeezed her tightly and they watched the sun set behind the
mountains in the distance together, on their seat by the front door of the hospital. Both praying that
Wynonna would pull through.
Chapter 56

Chapter Summary

wynonna wakes and there is an unexpected visitor at the homestead

Rosita let out a frustrated sigh as she leant back in her lab chair. The serum was close, but they were missing something. A key ingredient that she wasn’t sure even existed. The only thing remotely close to what she needed was the black goo the team occasionally came home covered in. She rubbed her hands over her face. She knew what the goo was but had no idea how they were going to get it. She needed a fresh supply. She groaned. She needed a fresh supply of demon blood.

Wynonna stirred awake, the first thing she noticed was the mess of red hair by her side and her hand held tightly. She smiled to herself seeing her best friend by her side. Not that she’d ever admit for caring so deeply about anyone, but she was really glad that she had made an effort to welcome Nicole to their little town all those months ago. She squeezed Nicole’s fingers and watched as she blinked slowly awake before the realisation of what the squeeze meant, standing up quickly with a huge grin on her face she planted a huge wet kiss on Wynonna’s cheek.

“Welcome back!” her wide smile reaching her eyes as she pressed the call button and began to fuss over her friend.

“Where is everyone?” Wynonna croaked. “Don’t tell me you’re the only one they let in?” Wynonna’s eyes roamed the room, it was filled with flowered and stuffed toys, and she winced as the act of smiling drew her attention to the pain on her face.

“Badges get you a lot of places,” Nicole grinned down at her, her eyes flicked to the door where she could see Dolls’ form standing rigid and tall through the small glass window. “There was a bit of a row a few hours ago,” she answered quietly. “Waves and Doc ripped Dolls a new one before storming off for a drink. Michelle took the others home soon after, they were all itching to help.” Nicole pulled out her phone and flicked a message off to Waverly letting her know her sister was finally awake.

“What happened? Why were they upset at Dolls?” Wynonna asked leaning forward to have a sip of the juice Nicole was holding for her. She made a face and pulled away. “I thought it would be whiskey. Are you trying to poison me?”

Nicole chuckled. “It’s apple juice Wynonna. No alcohol for you with the number of meds you’re on.”

“Ugh, I have to be sober AND in pain?” she cried.

“’fraid so.” Nicole limped back to her seat by Wynonna’s side.

“What’s the damage?” the brunette asked watching her friend’s awkward movements.

“You have a fractured eye socket, dislocated shoulder and whiplash. They said something about swelling on the brain but I told them you always had an inflated sense of self.”
Wynonna gave her friend a sly grin at the joke. “And what about you limpy?”

“Just a twisted knee, I’m fine.”

Wynonna was quiet for a while as she searched through the fog in her brain to remember what had happened. She shifted uncomfortably in the bed and felt the extent of her bruises. “Do I have rope burn on my back?” she asked as the doctor finally entered to answer the buzzer Nicole had set off.

Nicole just grinned at her as she backed away to let the doctor work. “Surely, it’s not the first time,” she winked as she left the room in search of Waverly and Doc. Dolls poked his head in to see Wynonna’s face, she smiled up at him and he grimaced before returning to his post by the door and Wynonna returned her attention to the doctor as she asked questions and conducted tests.

Nicole found Waverly and Doc curled up together asleep on a couch in the nurse’s station. They must have fallen asleep hugging each other she thought as she approached. Nicole shifted on her feet as she weighed up the options between letting them get some well needed sleep and waking them with happy news. As though she felt someone watching her Waverly began to stir in Doc’s arms, his head slumped backwards, and he began to snore loudly, it was as though a chainsaw started up right by her ear and Waverly sat up quickly in shock. A wide grin cracked across Nicole’s face as she watched this unfold and she chuckled quietly to herself.

“Has something happened?” Waverly attempted to hide her yawn behind her hand as she stretched out the kinks in her back.

“She’s awake and sassing.” Waverly’s smile spread at the news. “Shall we?” Nicole extended her elbow to her girlfriend. The brunette slapped Doc’s knee waking him and telling him the news, she took the proffered elbow and the three of them moved quickly towards Wynonna’s room, a somewhat sheepish Doc being dragged along by Waverly. Dolls shifted to the side to allow them to pass by him. Doc released Waverly’s hand and gave her a nod to indicate he would be along shortly and she rushed into the room to smother her sister in kisses.

Doc shuffled his feet uncomfortably as he searched for the right words, he knew he needed to apologise for his outburst, but he was still angry.


“I am sorry as well.” Doc cleared his throat and stared as Dolls extended his hand for him to shake before grasping it firmly in his own. They nodded to each other avoiding the awkwardness of extending that conversation they separated, and Doc entered the room to check on his girlfriend. Dolls resumed his position on watch by the door a small smile growing as he listened to his friends laughing and talking loudly in the room behind him.

After a few minutes the door behind him cracked open and a small hand snaked around his arm. Waverly was staring up at his face with tears in her eyes. “I am sorry,” she began.

“I am sorry…” she raised her hand to stop him.

“You don’t need…” she paused. “I was hurting, and I took my stresses out on you,” she paused. “I should never have said those things and I am sorry for doubting your loyalties.” A pained smile flickered across his face. “You are family, through good and bad. Now,” she smiled up at him, “you are relieved of your post.” She gave him a two-fingered salute before dragging him back into the hospital room, warm smiling faces welcoming him into the fold.
Wynonna was kept in overnight for observation, the doctor was reluctant to let her go the next morning, but the heavily armed posse that had refused to leave since her arrival had been making the nurses and other patients nervous, so she begrudgingly agreed to release her into their care early the next morning. The brunette was extremely unhappy to have to be wheeled out to the waiting vehicle in a wheelchair.

“I can walk! This is unnecessary.”

“That may be, but it is hospital policy,” the doctor quipped. She had begun to enjoy the sarcastic nature of the fiery woman in the chair she was pushing. “Now,” she said as they approached the front door, “I hope that you don’t make a habit of this.” She smiled as Wynonna huffed with effort to stand and grabbed her arm as she wobbled slightly. Piercing blue eyes met her own.

“Are you flirting with me doc?” Wynonna asked with a wink and she laughed as a flush burned into the doctor’s cheeks.

“Get out of my hospital,” she smiled before shooing her away and into the arms of the moustached man who helped her into the passenger seat of the waiting SUV. He tipped his hat at her in thanks before climbing into the back of the vehicle, and they were gone, leaving her wondering what in the hell had just happened.

Rosita watched as Jeremy and Michelle, who were crowded around the kitchen table, argued about ways that they could get a hold of the sample she required. She had told them over breakfast this morning about the need for a supply of demon blood in order to complete the serum for Dolls, and so far they were at a loss.

“Is there any way we can just catch one?” Jeremy asked.

“We’d need some form of containment,” Rosita countered.

“Surely BBD would have something?” he offered and Michelle scoffed.

“Do you want to make that call? ‘Oh, hey BBD big boss, we need a cage for the demon we need to catch so that we reverse engineer the serum you provide so Dolls no longer has the threat of being cut off held over his head’.” She tilted her head towards him, eyebrows raised.

“I see where Wynonna gets her sarcasm from,” he mumbled into his chest.

Their heads all turned at the sound of the approaching SUV and they shoved back their chairs and raced towards the front door expecting to see their family returning. They were all shocked and confused as, instead of Dolls, a thin blonde woman with a fake smile hiding cold eyes slid out from behind the steering wheel. Another heavily armed blonde woman climbed out of the passenger seat and stretched her legs.

“I am Agent Lucado, this is Agent Shapiro,” the older woman stated with a scowl. “We are here for Xavier Dolls.”
No one had moved since Agent Lucado had introduced themselves, the two agents shared an eyeroll. “This is the Earp Homestead is it not?” her critical eyes passed over the ancient house and nearby barn before returning to the shocked group in front of her. The older woman who had shifted in front of the younger two when they had approached cleared her throat.

“Xavier isn’t here right now. They are still at the hospital.” Shapiro raised an eyebrow in surprise and turned her head slightly to Lucado.

“The hospital?” Lucado’s voice was clipped. “We weren’t informed of any incidents.”

“There was an accident yesterday morning,” the motherly woman replied vaguely.

“Who was injured?” Agent Shapiro asked shifting anxiously on her feet, she sighed with relief when they were told it was Wynonna who had been hurt. The young man in front of them eyed her suspiciously and she fought to keep her face emotionless. Lucado glared at her before turning and pressing her phone to her ear. They heard Dolls’ phone ringing from inside the house and she looked to the group for an explanation.

“They will be back shortly, they messaged when they were leaving twenty minutes ago.” The young man offered shivering in the cold.

“We will wait then.” Lucado tipped her head towards their vehicle and she and Agent Shapiro returned to their seats as she cranked the heater, eying the small group critically as they moved back inside the house. She noted the smoke pouring out of the chimney as she rubbed her hands together attempting to regain some warmth.

“How much do you think they know Jeannie?” Shapiro asked.

“Too much. This group Xavier has been building is far too large. They’re drawing attention to themselves.” She scowled at the fact that she was the one Moody had sent to rein him in, after everything that had happened in Maldito… she shook the thoughts from her mind as another SUV turned into the drive.

Dolls had just taken a sip of his coffee as they pulled into the dirt driveway leading up to the homestead and he choked on the burning liquid as he spotted the SUV parked beside Waverly’s red jeep. “Brace yourself kids, either back up has arrived or we’re in the shit.”

Wynonna stirred from her sleep, wiping the drool from her mouth as the car was suddenly filled with noise. Everyone talking at once. “What did I miss?”

“That.” Dolls pointed at Agent Lucado stepping from her SUV. “We’re in some real trouble if they sent Lucado. Sorry ‘Nonna healing will have to wait until they’re outta here. We can’t risk them discovering Waverly. Doc, do you think you can hide anything suspicious in the lab once we get them inside?” Doc nodded before jumping out of the car to carry Wynonna inside as Dolls approached his boss.

“Ah Xavier, we’ve been waiting for you.” Lucado’s voice oozing with feigned politeness.

“To what do we owe this pleasure?” he replied matching her tone. He raised an eye brow as Agent
Shapiro rounded the rear of the vehicle. “Eliza?”

“Dolls.” Her face was unreadable and he realised just how much trouble they were in, she had always called him ‘X’.

“Moody is unimpressed with your progress. He has sent us to finish up and bring you back.”

“Ah,” Xavier nodded in understanding, “less than ten demons left so you swoop in and claim all of the praise huh? Ignoring the three years it has taken this team to take down almost seventy?”

“This team is entirely the problem Agent Dolls. You have recruited five people in the last three months. The size of this team is unprecedented and entirely unnecessary. Or have you forgotten how we operate?” He glared at her. “And this latest addition? A biochemist? Just what are you up to out here Agent?”

“Rosita is an engineer. She is working to craft us protection and weapons that should benefit all of BBD.”

Lucado scoffed. “I bet. We visited your offices in town. It looked as though it had been picked clean. I assume that this is where you have reallocated all of our resources. Including a brand new laboratory for your engineer?” she sneered.

“Would you like to see how hard this team has been working? A tour perhaps, before you go on your way?”

“Nice try Xavier. We are here until this thing is finally finished and we will determine the ‘usefulness’ of each of your team members and the extent of the damage your presence here has caused. We would hate to see another of your missions to end with a crater in the ground.” She pointed towards the house. “You mentioned a tour?” Dolls squared his shoulders and led them towards the house.

At her request Doc had placed Wynonna on what she called the booboo couch. They held an impromptu family meeting as Dolls kept the women outside for as long as he could. Rosita pulled some schematics out of her bag and said that she had the laboratory covered, and that her heading out to the lab would seem less suspicious than Doc. Doc also mentioned that his name as far as BBD was concerned was Henry and asked everyone to try to remember to not call him Doc, BBD did not, as far as he knew, know who he really was.

“Be on your best behaviour Wy.” Waverly whispered as they heard Dolls stomping on the stairs outside. Wynonna raised her uninjured arm and made a face at her younger sister.

When Dolls and the new arrivals entered the house Waverly and Jeremy were sitting at the end of the table deep in discussion about the identities of the remaining revenants and trying to discover the identity of the revenant Dolls had killed the day before. Dolls had managed to produce a rough sketch of his features the previous night and they were manually skimming through the archive of wanted posters Waverly had generated over the last few months. Wynonna was lying with her head in Nicole’s lap listening intently as Nicole gave her recollection of what had happened whilst she was unconscious and dangling at the end of the rope. Doc and Michelle were in the kitchen making breakfast for everyone, they had a conveyor belt of gluten free pancakes going and the smell of vanilla and maple syrup was permeating throughout the house.

A small smile formed on Eliza’s face as her eyes searched the front room of the house. Her eyes
caught those of a thin brunette whirlwind that was approaching carrying a precariously stacked box of blue prints and equipment. She barely had a chance to move as she came barrelling towards them. Rosita shuffled the weight of the box to free a hand and she pushed her glasses back up her nose as she waited for the blockage of the door to disperse so that she could pass.

“You must be the engineer,” Eliza smiled at her as she bent to pick up one of the schematics Rosita had happen to drop. She glanced at the paper in her hand. “A plastic gun? What is the purpose of this?”

Rosita huffed impatiently. “We had a revenant that could Magneto metal. Thus a plastic gun.”

“And projectiles?” Eliza asked curious.

“No. No projectiles. The gun, when it’s finished, expels a blast of force.”

“Non-lethal?” Eliza raised an eyebrow at the thought. “Why?”

“I want to capture one alive.”

“What for?” Rosita fixed her with a glare that asked ‘really?’ and Eliza grinned.

“Research purposes. Aren’t you curious about them?”

Eliza tilted her head to the side as she considered the thought. “We could use a brain like yours in the lab at HQ.”

“I have everything I need here, and I don’t really like people.” Rosita’s statement had a sense of finality about it and she indicated that Eliza should move so that she could get past.

Eliza apologised and held the door open for her. She watched Rosita disappear into the small building she was using for a laboratory and when she re-entered the room both Lucado and Dolls were eying her questioningly. “Fascinating woman.” Eliza said simply before moving further into the house to evaluate their set up, she chose to ignore the half smile that had formed on Dolls’ face. He knew her too well.

“Who’s hungry?” Michelle asked carrying a tray of plates loaded up with pancakes.
Agent Shapiro elected to skip breakfast to investigate the laboratory set up, leaving Agent Lucado to observe the team that Dolls had built over breakfast. Shapiro sighed as she closed the door behind her and stepped out onto the veranda. This was going to be harder than she thought, she hadn’t seen Dolls, her best friend, in over five years and now she was here in an official capacity and add to that the inconvenience of the instant attraction she felt towards his scientist. She was already making excuses to spend time with the fiery young woman she had only just met, Dolls had given her a knowing look when she excused herself it was both a relief and irritating to know that he still missed nothing. It meant that he was still functioning well, and also that HQ hadn’t cut off his supply yet. She took a deep breath to steady her facing heart and clear her mind before knocking on the door to the laboratory. She heard scrambling behind the door and the shuffling of papers and hoped that she wasn’t about to catch Dolls and his team out on a lie.

When the door finally opened the woman she knew as Rosita Bustillos, from her BBD file, stood in front of her slightly out of breath and glasses sitting askew on her face. “Sorry,” she breathed, “I’m usually so neat but I was not expecting company and with Wynonna being in hospital…” she shrugged as she opened the door wider. “Sorry for the mess.”

Eliza glanced around the spotless room, “No problem, just here to inspect the facility and make sure it’s up to scratch,” she fought hard to keep her voice professional whilst in such close proximity to such a beautiful woman. Rosita backed away from the door and began to explain the nature of some of the equipment in the room, Eliza already knew the majority of the information she was being told, but sometimes it paid to pretend to be a mindless grunt, people tended to let their guard down and were easier to catch in a lie. But Rosita never spoke down to her, never made her feel inferior, as she gave a tour of her small facility, she answered any and all questions eloquently and Eliza began to think that she had seen straight through her mindless grunt routine. Once the tour was over Rosita returned to her desk, which was covered in small tools and what looked like pieces of a computer motherboard, she waved Eliza over to join her.

“I was working on this all night,” she stifled a yawn behind her hand, “just don’t shoot me alright?” Eliza found herself going for the gun at her waist automatically and Rosita sighed. “Law enforcement goons are all the same…” she muttered to herself and Eliza winced at the negative association. Rosita shuffled some of the papers around her desk and slowly, keeping an eye of Eliza’s movements, revealed a prototype of the weapon Eliza had seen in the blueprints earlier that morning.

“Does it work?” she asked, failing to mask her sudden enthusiasm.

Rosita gave her a sly grin. “Wanna give it a try?”
here for a reason and she would not let them weasel their way around her with scams and half-truths. She turned her head towards the two bookish looking characters at the end of the table, she knew their names from the files Dolls had submitted but was determined not to get familiar with them. She wouldn’t be here long enough to care, not that she ever did anymore anyway.

“You are the researchers?” she asked. Her voice was cold and harsh, a stark contrast to the warmth of the room. They both nodded and introduced themselves. “I understand the Earp historian but why do you need someone who focuses on ancient religion?” her question was for Dolls, but her eyes were on Chetri, as if daring him to validate his existence on this team.

“There were too many questions surrounding the curses origin,” he answered simply, ‘he must have known this was a test’ Lucado thought. “The demon that cursed Wyatt Earp and his descendants was discovered to be an ancient evil, I was brought in to clarify the existence of him and provide any tools against him that may be uncovered in my research.” He returned to his pancakes assuming that she was happy with his response.

Her eyes wandered around the rest of the table, looking for her next target. She understood the need to liaison with local law enforcement, and the need for what Xavier called the Earp heir but there were two others at the table that she didn’t see a need for. “And what exactly do you do here John?” she asked the moustached man, she couldn’t place it, but she could swear she had seen him somewhere before, perhaps he was an ex-con.

“Well ma’am,” he drawled, “it just so happens that I am mighty good as shooting things.” A smile formed beneath his large moustache and his eyes twinkled, telling her that this was somewhat of an understatement.

“I was of the belief that only the heir and her glowing gun could kill the demons.”

“Revenants.” The heir corrected her, and she strained to not roll her eyes.

“Whilst that is true,” the man continued, “as fast as she is with that gun, sometimes they come at us in such numbers that we need to slow them down a little.” He patted the twin pistols at his side with glee.

Accepting that for the time being she turned her attention to the older woman sitting at the head of the table. “Are you their cook?” she asked with a scowl. The woman’s face was blank and then she burst into a bout of unruly laughter. Lucado was shocked, this woman hadn’t been mentioned in Xavier’s dossier and she was an unknown quantity, she didn’t like unknown quantities. And here she was, laughing at her. There were a few snickers from around the room, the others seeming to find the laughter contagious. Lucado glared at the laughing woman, who wiped tears from her eyes as she managed to stifle her laughter.

“No,” she chuckled, “I am not their cook. This is the first time I hadn’t burnt the pancakes, and that was probably because I had help.” Lucado witnessed a wink between her and the moustache.

“Then what exactly is it you do here?” her voice was rising, she was getting frustrated, she knew she needed to calm down, but she hated absolutely everything about this assignment, and this unknown woman was laughing in her face.

“You can call me Michelle,” the woman’s smile did not meet her eyes, “most of this lot just call me Mama.” Lucado’s brain was working overtime as things began to click into place, the BBD escaped convict alert, the connection to the Earps, the history with demons.

“You have an escaped convict on your team?” she was standing now, voice and body trembling
with fury. This was it. This was all she needed to ruin him. So why wasn’t he scared. Dolls looked up at her as he chewed on his pancake, a slight smile at the corner of his lips.

“I’m surprised Moody didn’t mention her, they were quite good friends once,” he turned his attention back to his food as Lucado reeled from his comment. Moody knew? He knew this whole time and sent her in underprepared? Before she had a chance to respond there was a commotion outside, the sound of a tugboat horn followed by laughter. A tugboat horn?

“What on earth was that?” she asked. Looking around the table she knew that none of them had any idea either, reaching for her weapon she moved to the door.
Rosita’s eyes flew open in shock at the god-awful noise that came out of the weapon in her hand, she locked eyes with the agent beside her and both burst into laughter. She handed the gun to Agent Shapiro and pulled her notepad from her pocket and started taking notes, between chuckles. “Okay so, horrendous noise, I can work on that. You probably have better aim than me,” she indicated that Eliza should take her place in front of the bottles she had lined up for target practice.

The blonde looked at the weapon confused for a minute before asking, “How exactly do I reload?”

Rosita gave her a patient smile, “It has to ‘recharge’ aka build up air pressure again. When it is ready the light will go green.” They turned their eyes on the insistently red light. “Hmm… Need to reduce recharge speed…” she muttered as she jotted down more notes. There was a scramble behind them and suddenly they were people surrounding them, weapons drawn. Rosita and Eliza made eye contact again and stifled their chuckles. “There is no need for alarm,” she managed between snorts, “we were testing a weapon I designed.”

“It sounded like a fog horn!” Agent Lucado cried both confused and furious.

“Yeah, I’m gunna have to work on that…”

“Oh, the lights gone green!” Eliza was excited, she indicated that everyone should stand behind her and took aim at the bottles. Even Lucado couldn’t pretend to not be impressed, despite the noise, when all five of the bottles went flying off into the paddock. Rosita swung straight back into professional mode asking Eliza for constructive feedback. “It has a hell of a kick for a hand gun, if it’s not possible to reduce consider a stock?” Rosita nodded and scribbled furiously. “And it has a wide spray,” gesturing to the lack of bottles on the fence, “I’m not sure if that is what you were after or if you wanted something more accurate.”

“Anyone else?”

“The noise,” Lucado groaned, “it’s louder than a rifle and will carry further too.”

“Can I have a go?” someone asked.

Nicole, Wynonna and Waverly had stayed inside despite their burning curiosity to attempt to come up with a plan. They agreed that Wynonna would just have to heal on her own for now before they determined how untrustworthy the two agents were.

“I think Dolls knows the younger one,” Wynonna grumped.

“Shapiro?” Waverly offered.

“As in knows knows or just knows?” Nicole asked curious about the expression on Wynonna’s face, what that envy?

“I’m not sure, but he sure as hell seemed surprised when he spotted her.” The others nodded in silent agreement.
“Well she seemed mighty taken with our Rosita,” Nicole had a sly grin twitching at the corners of her mouth.

“Maybe we can use that to our advantage,” Wynonna leant her head back against the pillows which shifted underneath her. “What the -” A blur of orange fur disappeared up the stairs as she turned to face her sister and Nicole, both had sheepish expressions on their faces. “When did we get a cat?” she shot daggers at Nicole.

“I couldn’t keep getting Nedley to go out and feed her, we went and picked her up yesterday afternoon.” Nicole shuffled her feet nervously.

“Baby girl, you know how I feel about pets.” Wynonna looked more tired than annoyed and Waverly just petted her arm.

“Her name is Calamity Jane, and I am sure the two of you will get up to loads of strife together. She loves laps but doesn’t really like men, so if you can keep your hands off Doc for a few minutes I’m sure you will be the best of friends.” Wynonna just groaned in reply and slumped back down into the pillows, relieved that they didn’t move this time. Waverly grabbed Nicole’s hand as they heard the fog horn go off again and another round of chuckles before chatting resumed. She made a mental note to thank Rosita for providing the perfect distraction from what she was really up to. “Rosie mentioned that she needs demon blood. Like from a living source.”

“How the hell are we going to do that?” Wynonna thumped her good arm down on the couch in frustration. Mimicking a terrible British accent “Oh excuse me kind sir, but would you mind donating some blood? It’s for a good cause!”

Nicole laughed, “Please, please say that to the next revenant we encounter.”

“You guys, this is serious! We need a plan!”

“A plan for what?” They turned to see Lucado looming in the doorway.

Brain going a mile a minute Waverly decided that it was better to go with half truths than outright lies. “Rosita needs demon blood for something that she is working on. She said it’s something to give us an edge against them.”

“Like a shield,” Nicole offered, picking up what Waverly was putting down. Lucado eyed them suspiciously and a lightbulb clicked in Nicole’s head. “Perhaps you can help us?” Better to keep enemies close right.

“Me? And why would I do that?” she quipped.

“Well, you were sent to help us, right?” Waverly asked. Wynonna watched the two of them work, it was almost seamless how well they worked together, picking up each other’s slack. “And we are down one heir at the moment,” she kicked Wynonna’s boot to emphasise her point and Wynonna grumbled but said nothing. “We could use the assist.”

“How exactly do you suggest that we locate and capture this demon? Do you have the facilities to house such a creature?” she knew they didn’t, but she decided to play along for now.

“Not yet,” came Rosita’s reply from the door. “But I have some ideas…”

“How on Earth did you come up with the idea for this contraption?” Lucado asked as she examined
Rosita’s designs.

“Yeah Rosie,” Nicole asked with a cheeky grin, “where did your inspiration come from?” Knowing full well what her reply would be.

“It just came to me,” she replied vaguely, and Nicole chuckled under her breath. They had watched Ghostbusters a few nights ago and this definitely looked like something Holtzmann would have created. Rosita just blushed and avoided her eye contact.

“Can you make it?” Shapiro asked curiously and then took a step back as if she had been burned by the glare Rosita was emanating.

“Give me two weeks.”

“You have one.” Lucado replied handing her back her blueprints.

Christmas was fast approaching and Wynonna was healing slowly, Waverly snuck in a little healing, in the places Lucado wouldn’t notice, but the bruise and deep gash on her face remained and it looked like she was getting worse instead of better.

“Oh, I can see a little yellow coming through!” Michelle smiled, curling a lock of dark hair behind her daughter’s ear.

“Still looks nasty,” Wynonna grumbled.

“Don’t worry Wy,” Nicole smiled, “chicks dig scars.”

Wynonna swatted at her with the back of her good hand. Her arm was out of the sling now but was still tender and she refrained from using it as much as possible. At least she could sit upright without splitting headaches and head spins now. Things had settled for the most part, Lucado and Eliza would arrive at 7am each morning before Eliza would join Rosita in their engineering love nest and Lucado would sit in the chair that belonged to her father, scowling into her tablet. She reminded her of her father, sitting in that chair, growling at anything that moved, reading the newspaper, she grimaced at the thought.

Waverly and Jeremy had been working tirelessly to try and find anything, anything at all that would give them an edge against the demon Clootie. Everything they uncovered ended up being more disheartening and eventually they stopped sharing with the group, keeping their depressing secrets to themselves. It had begun to dawn on Wynonna just how dire their situation was. ‘This isn’t how it’s supposed to go,’ she thought, ‘the good guys are supposed to win…’

Chapter End Notes

i feel like the story should be progressing faster but i don't want to rush it and i just love these idiots so much!! happy to receive any feedback y'all have to offer xx
Chapter 60

Chapter Summary

fluff, drama, fluff. the story progresses.

The house was eerily quiet, it was 3am and Nicole was on watch, returning to the veranda after a perimeter sweet she was met with a hot cup of cocoa and kiss. Waverly was burritoed inside four blankets, earmuffs, mittens and fluffy boots, her nose was still red from the cold. It had started to snow earlier that day and showed no signs of letting up any time soon.

“What are you doing awake cutiepie?” Nicole asked gladly accepting the hot beverage.

“I missed you. I don’t like sleeping when you aren’t in bed,” she mumbled into her blankets. Nicole kicked the snow from her boots and drew Waverly in for a big hug. “Oh, your face is so cold baby,” she raised one of her mittened hands to warm her girlfriend’s cheek and Nicole looked down at her like she was the most important thing in the world.

“I love you Waverly Earp.”

“And I love you Nicole Haught.” Waverly peered up at her questioningly. “Why so serious?”

“I just love you,” she replied kissing her on the tip of her nose.

“Would you ever want to get married again?” Waverly asked suddenly.

“If I met the right girl maybe,” Nicole gave her a wink and got a gentle shove in return. “I think about it sometimes. Settling down, maybe even starting a family,” she noticed Waverly’s smile grow wide.

“I think you’d be a great mum.”

“Yes?” Waverly just nodded. “Thanks Waves.” Nicole went shy all of a sudden and looked out at the snow falling gently to the ground. “Do you think we will get out of this? All of us?” Silence. “I mean, we’ve already taken so many hits, and that’s just in the last month or so…”

“We can’t start thinking like this baby, we have to have hope. We have more experienced demon hunters here now than ever. It’s not a small operation anymore. We are safer than we ever have been.” Nicole sighed and nodded in agreement, still unable to shake the anxiety from her chest. “I’ll go wake Wynonna, and we can head up to bed,” she said with a wink. Nicole smiled as she watched her go, shivering at the loss of warmth, she hoped that Waverly was right.

Somewhere, surrounded by white, a cloaked figure scanned the horizon before looking down at the desiccated body at his feet. “They buried her in salt!” he shouted to the empty plains around him, as if they would respond to his anger. His body shaking, nostrils flaring with rage, he raised his arm out in front of him and spoke words in a long-forgotten language. The salt began to crack and rumble, pieces breaking off and skittering away. The shrivelled corpse at his feet began to creak and groan as oxygen began to pump through dehydrated lungs. Leathery skin clung to the bones of
her arms as she struggled to liberate herself from the confines of her salty tomb. Finally freed she stood in front of the cloaked man, awaiting instructions, he brushed an errant snowflake from her matted hair. “They will pay for this. We will make them pay.”

“I still can’t believe your ‘ditzy nerd’ play worked so well!” Waverly whispered conspiratorially, and Rosita stifled a giggle behind her hand. They were in Waverly’s library taking a break from all of the shouting that was happening downstairs.

“What can I say? Everybody wants a piece of this action!” she winked at Waverly who shook her head with a wry smile.

“So how is Agent Hotstuff?” she wriggled her eyebrow towards her friend.

“She is super smart! We’ve already finished the demon trap and have been working on tweaks for the air gun.”

“So, she’s good with her hands huh?” Rosita blushed at her.

“She is a capable assistant, yes.”

“I can’t believe you’re sleeping with her!” Waverly was impressed, “When have you found the time? And how does no body know about this?”

“Well I wouldn’t call it sleeping…” Rosita laughed as Waverly nudged her with her shoulder.

“How long has this been happening? We obviously haven’t been chatting enough.”

“A couple of days, it gets cold in that lab, we needed a way to keep warm. And you could cut the sexual tension with a butter knife. Also, you have been far too busy making up for lost time with your no longer injured red head.” She sassed, Waverly blushed furiously. They heard the front door slam and poked their heads out the window to see Lucado storming off to her SUV and flooring it down the muddy drive. “Good riddance to bad rubbish.” Rosita muttered.

“What does Shapiro think of Lucado?” Waverly asked, curious as to how much they could trust Rosita’s new ‘friend’.

“Eliza,” she corrected her. “Eliza can’t stand her. She treats her like a guard dog, barely letting her speak, Lucado thinks she’s a mindless grunt, but she has orders… I don’t know that she really likes working for Black Badge anymore. She keeps talking about how good Dolls has it out here but there’s something holding her back. I’m not sure what it is, we don’t really have deep conversations, just a few stray sentences here and there.”

“Too busy getting deep on another level?” Waverly laughed at Rosita’s reddened face. “You don’t think she was a part of the same program as Dolls? They seem to know each other pretty well.” They both fell into a serious silence.

“I sure hope not.”

Lucado was furious. Despite the progress Shapiro and the scientist had made over the last few days they were still no closer to locating the remaining demons and getting her out of this shithole of a town. To top all of that off Dolls’ 2IC was a sarcastic piece of work and was consistently making it
clear that she wasn’t welcome in their home, which wouldn’t be a problem if they would move their work back to the offices in town. She knew all about the protective bedrock beneath the homestead, she just didn’t understand why they were suddenly being so cautious. She was also struggling with the fact that most of them believed that the demon that they were about to go up against was the snake from the Garden of Eden, even with everything she had seen, that was just a bit much.

She also didn’t like how well Agent Shapiro had been getting along with the group, they were here in a serious capacity and Shapiro was fraternizing with one of them. Of course, they thought no one knew, they were being careful she had to give them that, but she had seen the subtle facial expressions the twinkling eyes. It was unprofessional, and she made a note to bring it up with her agent that evening.

Right now, however, she just needed to get away from that house, it was so crowded that she could barely think, and Michelle insisted on playing carols all day. The thought of the approaching holiday only darkened her mood. Another celebration her husband would miss, all because of Xavier Dolls. She scowled at the thought and was tempted to turn back around to give him another piece of her mind when a man suddenly appeared in the middle of the road in front of her, she slammed on the breaks, but the tyres began to slide on the icy road. The man looked straight at her as the vehicle approached, there was something not quite right about him she noticed as it felt like time around them began to slow, his neck seemed too long for his thin frame. Her vehicle began skidding sideways towards him, he didn’t move, didn’t even blink. His eyes, she noticed suddenly, were wrong. Thin black slits embedded in a dull yellow. She braced for an impact that did not occur, her vehicle passing right through him and into the tree line behind.

Her shoulder and neck ached from whiplash as she worked to get the exploded airbag out of her face. Suddenly she remembered what she had seen and made a move for her sidearm. She clambered out of the SUV blinking in a daze wondering where the mysterious figure had disappeared to. She heard shambling behind and spun around weapon drawn and let out a strangled scream as a mummified corpse staggered towards her. She fired until her clip was empty, but the approaching creature continued coming. She fumbled as she reloaded, taking too long to insert the fresh clip. She felt a vicelike grip on her shoulder and terrified looked up into hollow eyes, clumps of blonde hair hung over the face of her attacker. Lucado was forced to her knees, she could feel hatred and rage pouring over her. The last thing she heard was a crunchy whisper in an ancient language, her eyes went wide, and her heart stopped beating.

The sky was already dark when Eliza left the laboratory that evening (five minutes before Rosita), ensuring that her clothes and hair were as neat as when she entered, she checked her watch in surprise realising that it was already past seven and Lucado hadn’t returned to collect her. Sighing she resigned herself to having to ask Dolls for a ride in to town to her hotel. The smell of a roast dinner assaulted her nostrils as she entered the warm house, the fire was roaring in the loungeroom and everyone was beginning to clear space to eat.

Xavier looked up at her over his reading glasses surprised that she was still here at such a later hour. “Jeanie still too angry to come back and get you?” he asked with a sly smile.

“Seems like it,” she shrugged. “Was hoping I could get a ride?”

“Why don’t you take a seat,” Michelle offered as she entered the room whiskey in hand. “Waverly always makes extras, he can take you back after dinner.”

“Oh, I don’t want to impose.” Eliza shuffled her feet nervously and turned with a start as Rosita
entered the house behind her.

“T’ll am sure our Rosie would love for you to stay for tea,” Jeremy winked at the blushing pair.

“I, uh…”

“What are you…?” they both stammered as Dolls and Jeremy chuckled quietly.

“It’s almost like you aren’t surrounded by extremely intelligent and resourceful people,” Doc drawled from behind the book he was reading.

“Waverly.” Rosita muttered under her breath.

“Waverly?” Eliza asked quirking an eyebrow at her.

“Yeah, sorry about this. It’s only gunna get worse.” Rosita sighed.

“Damn right it is kids!” Wynonna hollered as she swung herself up out of her chair. “You’re standing underneath the mistletoe.”
Chapter 61

Chapter Summary

what really happened with lucado?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Should we check on Jeanie?” Dolls asked as he dropped a slightly tipsy Eliza back at her hotel far later than they had planned.

“Nah, she’s obviously still pissed.” They could see her shadow stomping around in the room upstairs, obviously searching for something. “She’s probably lost her glasses again.” She rolled her eyes at Xavier and he chuckled.

“Alright then, see you in the morning.”

“See you.” Eliza shivered as she left the warmth of the car’s interior. It was bitterly cold this late at night and she was grateful that she had the forethought to switch on her electric blanket before she left that morning. She unlocked the door to her hotel room and flicked on the light, she could still hear Lucado next door grumbling and throwing things around in frustration. Collapsing onto her warm bed she found herself hoping that she will have calmed down by the time morning came around.

Eliza’s alarm sounded at 5am the next morning and she grumbled before rolling over to hit snooze. Her head ached, and her teeth felt furry. Knowing she wouldn’t be able to get back to sleep she begrudgingly climbed out of bed and raced to the bathroom to brush her teeth. Minty and showered she decided that she may as well get the day underway, dressing quickly before leaving to knock on Lucado’s door. She answered on the third knock, still wearing the same clothes from yesterday, she looked like hell. “Did you get any sleep?” she asked as she shivered in the doorway. Her boss shook her head. “Okay, well I was just going to grab a coffee before we head off. Can I get you anything?” Lucado eyed her curiously before shaking her head and closing the door in her face.

Eliza slid her phone out of her pocket and shot a warning text to Dolls before entering the nearby bakery. She collected two dozen donuts and a large coffee before returning to the hotel to find Lucado impatiently tapping her foot by the car door. Wincing she climbed into the passenger seat and prepared for an awkward trip out to the homestead. What she was not expecting was for Lucado to flick on the radio station and start humming along to the pop song pumping through the speakers.

“My boyfriends back and you’re gunna be in trouble…” Lucado sang bopping her head to the tune. Eliza stared at the road ahead, something was very wrong with her boss. The SUV slowed as they approached the ranch, coming to a complete stop before crossing the cattle grate. Eliza chanced a look at Lucado who looked as though she was contemplating something serious, before she began to slowly accelerate over the cattle grate and onto the property, a vicious smile curling around her teeth as she stared at the small house ahead of them. Eliza leapt from the car before it had fully come to a stop and raced inside with her coffee and the donuts.
“DOLLS!” she called out and he poked his head out from the kitchen. “I think we’re in trouble!” Eliza was reaching for her gun when a loud other worldly cackle emanated from behind her and she was frozen in place. Doors began flying open upstairs.

“Trouble doesn’t even cut it,” Lucado loomed behind her but the voice didn’t belong to her boss. It was too high pitched too menacing, even for Jeanie. Dolls dove for the shotgun leaning against the wall nearby but was thrown across the room by an unseen force. “I am here for the girl,” Not-Jeanie said in a singsong voice, dripping with malice.

“Well you’re not going to get her!” Wynonna hollered from the stairway firing Peacemaker into Lucado’s chest.

She sighed, looking down at the bullet holes as they began to bleed. “How many times do I have to tell you Earp?” her eyes were fiery with rage. “Bullets won’t kill me.”

“Constance?” Wynonna’s eyes darted to Dolls, his face showing the same level of shock. “What have you done to Lucado?” she demanded.

“Oh, I needed a new body…” her fingers traced along the shoulder of Eliza’s frozen form, “and you only need a body if your heart is still beating…” she laughed maliciously, she flicked her hand in Wynonna’s direction and Peacemaker was sent flying out of her hands. “Give me the girl, and I might let some of you live.”

“You’re not taking anyone you shit ticket!” Waverly yelled rounding the corner into the hallway and firing her shotgun. Chunks of bloodied plaster scattered everywhere, and the now very wounded body of Jeanie Lucado rounded on her.

“You seem to think you have a choice…” she began to stagger towards Waverly. Wynonna jumped over the railing of the stairs and landing between them.

“You’re not touching my sister!” she yelled. More gunshots rang out as others joined the fray. Doc was pulled down the stairs as the carpet beneath him shifted and he lay unconscious on the floor next to Eliza’s rigid body. Nicole grabbed Waverly by the waist and was dragging her towards the back door when Constance began to mutter between hissing breaths and Nicole stopped, the eyes that looked down at Waverly were black and cold and she screamed in surprise as Nicole picked her up and flung her over her shoulder causing her to drop her shotgun.

“Oh, you do not get my girlfriend!” she cried as she effortlessly swung herself around and out of Nicole’s grasp. All that time training with her and Dolls paying off as she shouted and apology before kicking the redhead hard in the side of her unhealed knee. Nicole’s eyes popped with pain as she crumpled to the floor grabbing her knee.

“AH FUCK!” Nicole cried out looking up to see Waverly backing away from her in fear. “What? What happened?”

“I’ll heal it later, I’m sorry!” she cried looping back around to the loungeroom.

Constance tracked her movements and moved back towards the front door. “Are you ready to serve your purpose?” each breath she took created an awful sucking sound through the holes in her stolen lungs, she didn’t need the them anyway.

“Not in my house you don’t,” a loud honk rang through the house as Mama Earp fired the air gun from the stairs with enough force to send the witch flying back out the front door.

Dolls followed her out quickly tackling her before she could get up from the ground. She began
making symbols in the air and he saw Eliza moving quickly towards them, he made eye contact with Wynonna as she followed close behind. “I’m sorry,” he whispered before turning back to the stolen face of Jeanie Lucado. “I’m sorry Jeanie.” He took a deep breath in and breathed out every once of fire remaining in his body.

Eliza crumpled to the ground and everyone else stood watching in shock as the two of them were engulfed in a swirling ball of fire. Constance’s scream was ear splitting but no one could bear to turn away. As suddenly as it had begun there was silence and Dolls collapsed onto the pile of ashes that were once Jeanie Lucado. Wynonna and Eliza scrambled to his side, Wynonna swearing as she burned her hand on his neck as she attempted to check for a pulse.

Eliza didn’t seem to have the same problem, she leant over tilting his head back and mouth open. “He isn’t breathing,” she placed her ear on his chest, “and his heart…” she wiped a tear from her eyes before beginning mouth to mouth. Each compression causing puffs of smoke out of his nostrils and open mouth. Wynonna could see the horrific burns in his mouth and throat as Eliza worked, she sat back on her feet in the snow, tears streaming down her face. Waverly dropped to her knees by his head and began to channel all of her healing abilities, she knew she wasn’t strong enough as soon as she touched the sides of his face, ignoring the burns developing on the palms of her hands she had to do her best. This was Dolls. This couldn’t happen. Doc appeared beside them with the first aid kit from the laboratory. Eliza watched out of the corner of her eye as he loaded a purple liquid into the canister before injecting it into Xavier’s thigh. Nothing seemed to be working. A sob escaped Waverly’s throat as she pulled her blistered hands away and shoved them deep into the surrounding snow.

Eliza was still working, refusing to give up on her old friend, Doc placed a hand on her shoulder and she looked up at him. He had tears in his eyes, “He is gone,” his voice broke and he clenched his jaw. Sobbing Eliza collapsed onto her back in the snow.

On the top of a hill to the north of the property a cloaked figure with serpentine eyes screamed as he fell to his knees in sorrow and frustration. His wife was gone, his army in ruins. It was time to pay a visit to an old friend.

“Let me see your hands,” Eliza stammered after regaining her composure. They had all been brought back inside towelled dry and placed in front of the fire to warm up.

“They’re fine.” Waverly croaked into her girlfriend’s chest.

“Please, the heat he was giving off they will be third degree burns, we need to treat them before they get infected.” Begrudgingly Waverly showed Eliza her hands, she turned them over in shock seeing them already almost fully healed. “What? What are you?” she stammered.

Nicole squeezed her girlfriend protectively. “I could ask you the same question, are you like him?” Waverly asked her bottom lip still quivering.

A million thoughts were racing through Eliza’s head, Dolls hadn’t told her that they knew of the experiments, seeing Doc with his syringe was a hell of a shock, but if Dolls felt as though he could trust them with this maybe she could too. But what did this mean for Black Badge? They’d lost two high ranking agents in the one fight. Did that mean she was the lead agent here now? She didn’t want that. She was ready to cut and run, she hated the way Black Badge had treated her and Dolls and other soldiers like them. But without the serum she would die, in a similar fashion. Tears spilled from her eyes again, regardless of what people say, you never get used to death, and if you do then you know you’re in trouble. She had seen too many ‘combat hardened’ soldiers lose their
conscience and with it their minds. Waverly coughed, and she realised in her spiral she had not replied. She swallowed thickly. “I am.” Tear soaked eyes looked up at her around the room. “Dolls and I were in the same unit. There were only a few of us left. One less now,” she whispered to her feet.

Chapter End Notes

i’m sorry
Chapter 62

Chapter Summary

the team honour the memory of Xavier

Chapter Notes

this chapter was really hard to write and i hope it does the character justice.

Wynonna wakes the next morning, confused and hung over, she’s never hung over. Doc is snoring peacefully by her side and she can’t help but smile until she remembers. She remembers why she is hung over, and why she feels so awful. The sun is high in the sky and she realises it much be fast approaching midday but she refuses to leave the safety of Doc’s arms, allowing herself to pretend for a while longer that they hadn’t lost a friend yesterday.

When she finally makes her way down the stairs she can hear hushed voices in the kitchen, she enters to find Nicole and Waverly sitting at the table, brochures in hand deep in discussion with the funeral director. They turn as she enters, and she sees the heartache she feels reflected in their eyes. “Nope!” she says loudly, trying to keep her voice steady. “Nope I can’t do this.” She moves and grabs the half empty whiskey bottle from where it stands by the sink, her eyes fall to the images of coffins that line the brochures in her sister’s hand. “Nope!” she shifts to make a hasty retreat.

“‘Nonna,” Waverly’s voice is barely a whisper and it stops her in her tracks. “We don’t… We need your help.”

“Where is Eliza?” Wynonna asks, in an attempt to deflect. “She knew him longer…” her sister stands and envelops her in a bone crunching hug from behind and Wynonna tries her hardest not to let the sob building in her chest escape.

“She is with…” Nicole’s voice trails off ‘the body’ is left unsaid as she winces unable to complete the sentence aloud. Wynonna notices for the first time the ball of orange fur curled up in Nicole’s lap and she can feel how much comfort Nicole is drawing from her pet. She moves back towards the table, her fingers pressing deeply into CJ’s fur, allowing the soft purrs to soothe her aching heart. Waverly rests her head on her older sister’s shoulder as she feels the some of the tenseness leave her body.

“Why is she with Dolls?” she asks suddenly, and she glares at the silent look her sister shares with Nicole.

“She doesn’t trust the BBD,” Nicole replies vaguely, aware of the company at the other end of the table. Wynonna glances towards the man, he is silent, well dressed and too calm, as though he is far too used to the conversation of death, too familiar with the grief that surrounds it and the way it envelops those affected. He focuses intently on his own hands as though to allow the discussion around him to fall onto deaf ears so that the family may feel able to decide freely about the fate of their loved one.
Wynonna’s lip begins to tremble, “Does she think that they would…” Nicole nods in answer to her unasked question. “Has she been there all night?”

“She left with him, as soon as she made the call.” Waverly answers quietly.

Wynonna clenches and unclenches her fists, again and again, she won’t allow them to take him, she can’t. Not after everything that they did to him, to Eliza, to the others willing to sacrifice themselves for others. “We can’t…” her eyes pleading, “they can’t…”

“They won’t.” Nicole replies firmly. “I am heading in to relieve her shortly,” she adjusts the holster on her hip so that Wynonna is certain of her intent. “I just wanted to be here to…” she reaches for Waverly’s hand and squeezes it gently.

Wynonna nods and clears her throat, before returning the bottle of whiskey to it’s place by the sink. “I’ll get ready,” she states before taking one last sparing glance at the table of pamphlets and leaving the room.

She stops in her tracks as she notices for the first time the decorations lining the hall, her head turning to the stockings hanging above the roaring fireplace, eyes landing on the green stocking with the large ‘X’ stitched to the front. She can see it bulging from the small gifts they had already hidden inside, waiting for him to open on Christmas morning. The lights and the tinsel, that had once spread comfort and hope, now feel offensive. Her mother and Jeremy are sitting by the fire, taking large gulps of Mama’s eggnog, and she grins momentarily at the though of Jeremy being flat on his back shortly.

Mama stands as she senses her presence and opens her arms wide. “Come here baby girl.” Wynonna’s feet carry her forward, she feels like she is 5 years old with a grazed knee instead of a broken heart. Sobs wrack her body as she in enveloped in the embrace, the type of hug only a mother can give. She doesn’t know how long they stand like this, Mama whispering sweet nothings in her ear as her hand rubs her back firmly. Eventually she coughs as her throat, and the tears, dry up. She leans down to take the eggnog from, the now fast asleep, Jeremy’s hands and drains the glass, enjoying the burning sensation of the heavy alcohol content. Mama leans up and plants a loving kiss on her daughter’s cheek as she wipes the tears from her face. They hear chairs shifting in the kitchen and share a small nod before she steels herself for the trial of the coming day.

Returning to her bedroom she finds Doc sitting on the edge of the bed, dressed and ready, but unable to bring himself to pull on his boots. He looks up at her with tears in his eyes, struggling to find the strength to go on. Wynonna knows that Doc and Xavier shared their differences, but they were both wholly dedicated to the cause, and to her, she realises as the tears begin to fall again. She practically tackles her lover back onto their bed and they hold each other close, weeping quietly.

After a few moments there is a soft knock on the door, Nicole doesn’t say anything on the other side of it, just a gentle notice that she is ready whenever Wynonna is. Releasing a sigh that rattles in her chest Wynonna extricates herself from Doc’s embrace, planting one final kiss softly on his lips as she rushes to dress for the day.

“We need to get Bulshar.”

Doc hands her her gun belt with a small smile. “We will but we need to do right by Dolls first. Keep him safe, love.” He cups her face in his hands and she closes her eyes leaning in to the contact.

“We will.”
They spend the ride in silence, opting to take Waverly’s jeep instead of Xavier’s SUV, Wynonna can feel Nicole glancing at her but she ignores her for as long as possible, eyes trained on the passing scenery. When Nicole finally speaks her voice is soft and soothing, Wynonna was expecting the usual platitudes that tend to follow death, instead she simply apologises and places a hand on Wynonna’s thigh and gives a gentle squeeze. Just firm enough to let her know that she is there for her to lean on, whenever she may need it. Tears fall from her eyes readily now, she’s surprised she has any left to cry. She can’t remember the last time she had a friend like Nicole, someone who saw her for who she was and had no expectations for anything different.

As if sensing her thoughts Nicole speaks up again, “I want you to know that I care for you a great deal, and not just because you’re Waverly’s sister. I love this family. And I love you too.”

“Gross.” Wynonna replies with a chuckle wiping the tears from her face. She places her hand on top of Nicole’s. “Don’t let Waves hear you talk like that, you don’t want to see her jealous.” She looks over and Nicole is smiling and shaking her head.

“You’ll share your feelings one day Wynonna. You’re not alone anymore.” Nicole glances over at her quickly and gives her hand a tight squeeze before returning it to the steering wheel as they approach the municipal building. The morgue is downstairs from the sheriff and BBD offices and Wynonna is relieved when Nicole parks by the back entrance, she doesn’t think she can face the pity of the officers upstairs. The only other vehicle in the lot belongs to Shapiro and Wynonna releases a huff, grateful that they will not have to encounter BBD officers yet.

They enter the morgue and immediately have weapons drawn on them by Shapiro and the sheriff. "Nedley?" Wynonna is surprised to see him down here, and more so with tears in his eyes. He lowers his weapon and drags her in for a tight hug, Wynonna is unsure of what to do and lets her hands fall uncomfortable at her sides, before clearing his throat and pulling away.

“He was a good man,” he manages before stepping back awkwardly and patting her shoulder. “You’ll be alright?” he asks Shapiro who nods wearily before thanking him for his company. “Anytime,” he mumbles before exiting quickly briefly patting Nicole on the shoulder as he passes.

Wynonna recounts what Doc had told her last night, how back in his day gunslingers who died with their boots on were buried at Boot Hill with their guns on and a fine bottle of whiskey. The girls nod solemnly.

“I think he would like the idea of that,” Eliza’s voice is croaky and her eyes are watering now.

The room falls into an uneasy quiet and Wynonna’s lips quivers ever so slightly when she sees ‘X. D.’ on one of the refrigerator doors behind Eliza. “Do you really think they’d…”

“Yes,” Eliza interrupts. “I have no doubt in my mind.”

“We can’t bury him then. We can’t guard his grave.” Nicole offers.

“I guess there only ever was one option.”

That evening their family crowds around a small grave on the hillside by the homestead, Wynonna gently places the small box into the ground, it’s too small, too light to contain the person that was Xavier Dolls. She steps back turning into Doc’s arms as she weeps. They each place something that reminds them of him in the grave with him, a scarf, a medal, a mug, his gun and badge, each small
trinket a reminder of just how dear to them he was. Doc stands beside the small grave and begins shovelling dirt gently on top of the small collection. They spend a minute in silence before they begin to depart one by one. Doc holds Wynonna’s hand as she removes the necklace from around her throat and hangs it over the small cross they have erected in his name. Sobbing again she reaches for Doc and he holds her close as they begin their decent back down to the homestead.
The next few days passed in a blur of solemn greetings and more hugs than Nicole remembered ever receiving. Before she knew it, Christmas was upon them, everyone began to filter into the loungeroom, wearing horrible gaudy sweaters that Waverly had purchased them all as Christmas gifts. For the first time in what felt like forever there was laughter on the homestead, eggnog and hot cocoa flowing freely as their family came together to celebrate. Christmas carols were playing on Waverly’s laptop and every now and then someone would break into song and then everyone would join in.

Nicole snuggled into Waverly in their position on the floor by the fire as Jeremy passed around everyone’s gifts. “I love you,” she whispered in her ear after shifting the pompom from her Christmas hat to the side.

Waverly leant back into the embrace, “Merry Christmas baby.” She turned and planted a kiss on her girlfriend’s cheek.

“Blergh!” Wynonna started dry heaving. “Get a room you two!” She threw a scrunched up ball of wrapping paper at them, missing completely and hitting Eliza in the back of the head.

“Oh you did not just do that…” Eliza turned with eggnog spilled down the front of her sweater and a glare in her eye.

“Oops…” Wynonna shrugged with a cheesy grin.

Michelle entered from the kitchen and paper was flying everywhere, everyone was laughing and wreaking havoc on the loungeroom. Doc returned inside from having a smoke and just looked at her with alarm and confusion, before they both laughed and joined in the fun.

After stuffing themselves on an enormous Christmas lunch they began to filter out of the living space to get a well needed nap, each of them stopping on their way past for a moment of retrospection with Dolls’ stocking, still full and hanging over the fire place. Waverly ran her fingers over the ‘X’ that she had embroidered for him, a sob catching in her throat. Nicole wrapped her arms around her and kissed her cheek gently.

“He saved us and stopped me from doing something terrible. I will never forget his sacrifice.”

“It wasn’t your fault Nic,” Waverly replied, turning to cup her cheek.

“You had to dislocate my knee to stop me, I could see and feel everything but couldn’t control myself. It was terrifying.” Tears were rolling down her cheeks now. “What if you didn’t stop me? I don’t even want to think about what would have happened.”

“Hey…” Waverly tilted her chin up with a finger. “It was not your fault, and you were fighting it. I wouldn’t have been able to get out of your arms that easy if you weren’t okay. You barely struggled to hold me.” Nicole’s face was still downturned, her heart breaking at what could have
been. “Okay, that’s enough of this pity party. Come upstairs, I have one more present for you.” Nicole looked up curious and saw a mischievous twinkle in Waverly’s eye that brought a blush to her cheeks before she was dragged up the stairs by her girlfriend.

Waverly sat Nicole on the edge of the bed before blindfolding her so that she couldn’t peak before she was ready. Nicole sat anxious and impatient, twisting her hands in her lap as she listened to the brunette fumbling around the room, cursing quietly every now and then. “Waves?” she asked.

“Almost. Hang on.” She could hear tiny bells jingling and tilted her head to the side in confusion. “Okay, you can remove the scarf.” There in front of her was Waverly, dressed in a short red velvet dress with a white fur trim and a black belt with a large golden buckle with a Santa hat and cherry red heels.

“Wooaahhh…” was all Nicole could manage.

“Do you hate it?” Waverly asked suddenly feeling anxious, her hands curling into tight fists by her side.

Nicole just shook her head, her eyes roaming over the beautiful woman in front of her. How could I possibly? You’re… Wow!” A wide smile grew across Waverly’s face as she started to slowly move to a song only she could hear, and then she began to sing. Nicole’s jaw dropped, her eyes wide, watching the woman, she got to love, perform for her. Waverly came towards her and stole a kiss and placing her hat on Nicole’s head before continuing, twirling and singing amongst giggles. Nicole bit her bottom lip, dimples popping, as Waverly began dancing closer and closer towards her, finally coming to a standstill between her thighs as she finished the song. Nicole grinned up at her, eyes dark with want and Waverly returned her smile, face flush with exertion and pleasure. Nicole’s hands slid up the back of her thighs and underneath the short skirt, she chuckled when she realised that beneath all the frills Waverly was no longer wearing underwear.

“Waverly Earp… You are one mischievous angel!” Waverly’s lips met hers, wasting no time deepening the kiss, she pushed Nicole back onto the bed and hastily unbuttoning her pants as Nicole pulled her sweater over her head. Waverly trailed warm kisses down Nicole’s throat, sucking the skin over her pulse point in between her teeth causing a deep moan to escape Nicole’s chest. She lifted her hips to allow Waverly to pull her pants down to her ankles before she kicked them and her slippers off onto the floor. Waverly moved to remove her dress before soft hands stopped her. “Leave it on.” Nicole’s voice was heavy with lust as she smiled wickedly up at her, Waverly wiggled her eyebrow but the grin on her face gave her emotions away and she dove back down for another heated kiss.

Nicole crawled back further onto the bed with Waverly climbing forward on top of her, she straddled one of Nicole’s thighs bringing her own up to meet the warm dampness of Nicole’s boy shorts. Nicole raised her hip slightly, so Waverly could get more friction and she moaned against her mouth at the touch. “I’ve missed you,” she manages between kisses.

Nicole chuckles, “It was this morning…” she began.

“Too long,” Waverly moans as she shifts her bra aside, capturing a nipple with her teeth. They pick up speed, thrusting and gyrating against each other when Nicole slips two fingers inside allowing her palm to increase the friction. In no time at all they are groaning loudly, breath coming out in pants, before Waverly is clenching around Nicole, body shaking a cry of pleasure reverberating through her bones as Nicole arches her back and writhes beneath her and they finish together. Nicole gently removes her fingers, the movement causing aftershocks as Waverly collapses on top of her.
There is a loud thump on the wall that they share with Wynonna and they snap their heads in that direction. “Did she just?” There is another thud against the wall and Wynonna shouts at them to shut the hell up. “How many more boots do you think she has to throw?” Nicole asks laughing.

“At least two more!” They hear Wynonna shout through the wall as another boot hits the wall and they collapse in chuckles.

“At least she let us finish this time…” she feels Nicole grin against her cheek.

“There’s a first for everything.” Nicole grumbles.

“Merry Christmas!” Wynonna calls out. “Now shut the fuck up I’m trying to sleep!”

Shaking her head Waverly slides to the side and snuggles into Nicole’s arms. “Merry Christmas baby.” Nicole gives a low rumbly as a reply before yawning and pulling the covers over them and pulling Waverly closer.

That night they sit around the fire, drinking and snacking on left overs when Wynonna speaks up. “We need a plan.” Everyone turns to face her solemnly. “I miss Dolls, and we’ve had Christmas, but we need a plan. We still need demon blood for Eliza. We have eight revenants remaining and the big asshole himself. We still don’t even know if this will even kill him,” she says brandishing Peacemaker.

“It worked for Wyatt,” Jeremy offered.

“But he was able to come back. We need to ensure he’s gone forever.” They all nod in agreement with her. “Any ideas baby girl?”

“Nedley said that he has some things that he’s been collecting that we can go through. There might be something there that gives us a hint?” Waverly offered.

“Okay, Nic and I will head in tomorrow to bring everything he’s got out here. Mama, what about Juan Carlos?” Wynonna turns to her mother who is checking her phone by the darkened window.

“I haven’t heard back from him in a couple of days. I will head out to see him tomorrow.”

“I’ll accompany you ma’am.” Doc offers.

“Only if you stop calling me that.” Michelle growls.

“Apologies ma’am… I mean… Michelle.” She nods at him in confirmation.

“What about us?” Jeremy asks.

“You and Waves can work through all the crap we are bound to bring back from Nedley to see if there is anything worth salvaging. Maybe you can help?” she asks Eliza.

“Happy to help.”

“How’s the serum coming Rosie?” Wynonna asked.

“I’m kinda floundering without the demon blood. I have completed a couple of traps, so anyone leaving the homestead should take one. Hopefully you can control your trigger finger in time to save a life?” she winks at Wynonna.
“Admit it. You’re impressed that this Earp is the best Earp.” Wynonna laughs flourishing her hands.

Doc snorts. “Waverly is the Earpiest Earp I have ever met, and she’s not even an Earp.” They all break out in laughter at the devastated look on Wynonna’s face.

“Way to bring up my infidelity Doc.” Mama attempts to frown but seeing Waverly’s face shining with laughter she can’t help but chuckle herself.

“Alright so it’s settled,” Wynonna is determined to distract them from that burn. “We all have our tasks for tomorrow?”

“Yes ma’am,” they all reply, and she groans.

Nicole moves to refill everyone’s drinks and pauses by Wynonna, placing a hand firmly on her shoulder she smiles at her, eyes teary. “Dolls would be so proud of you,” she whispers.

“Shut up.” Wynonna mumbles, lip quivering as she takes the bottle from Nicole’s hands, taking a large swig before dragging her in for a big hug.

Nicole’s eyes widen in shock before she melts into the embrace. “I’m proud of you too!” She kisses Wynonna on the forehead, they clear their throats and pat each other on the shoulder in an attempt to cover their emotions. As they part no one seems to have noticed their sweet moment, but Nicole sees a knowing smile on Waverly’s lips as she wipes a tear from her eye and listens to Jeremy animatedly telling a story and sighs. She grabs the bottle back of Wynonna and takes a big swig.

‘This family,’ she thinks, ‘this crazy family is all mine.’
Chapter 64

Chapter Summary

after clearing out Nedley’s closet mischief ensues...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nicole grunted as a body flopped on top of her the next morning waking her and alerting her to her pounding head. “Time to get up Haught.”

“Go away Wynonna,” she grumbled trying to roll her attacker off the bed.

“Whasgoinon?” Waverly yawned beside her.

“We’ve got work to do!”

“Why on earth are you so excited about cleaning out Nedley’s closet?” Nicole asked as she smacked Wynonna with a pillow.

“Are you kidding? All those secrets he’s been squirrelling away for years… Oh we’re gunna find some interesting shit today!” she cackled.

“I’m bored!” Wynonna moaned after they had moved only two boxes.

“Seriously?”

“I thought he would have some seriously cool shit in here, not just paper work and… is this a garden gnome?” she asked retrieving a clay figure from one of the shelves.

Nicole just shrugged and shook her head. “Lets just get all this crap out to the SUV so that the others can go through it, yeah?”

“Ha! You’re bored too! I only wanted to do this to find something I could kink shame him with but no such luck so far.” She stacked the gnome haphazardly on top of the boxes they had moved so far. “Ooh,” she said pushing past Nicole and climbing further into the cupboard, “he has got some fun stuff in here!” She unsheathed a hand axe from where it was hanging on the wall. “I wonder what makes this so special?” she asked turning it over in her hands. “It has a belt attachment… I’m just gunna…” She began loosening her gun belt as Nicole continued to move boxes out of the small built-in closet. “Here haughtrod!” She shoved a sword into Nicole’s hands.

“Jesus Wynonna! Has he got a stocked weaponry in there?” she asked admiring the craftsmanship of the blade. She took hold of the grip of the sword and the weapon began to vibrate in her hand. “Shit!” she dropped the sword in surprise and it clattered to the ground.

“Ha! Not used to handling swords huh?” Wynonna snarked throwing her the sheath. Nicole just muttered under her breath as she carefully returned the sword to it’s leather confines and placing it
in an open box nearby. “Oh, we are so cracking these bad boys out when we get home!” Wynonna laughed patting the axe on her belt. “Um, excuse you Haught, I handed you a weapon and challenged you to a melee, the least you could do is equip the weapon I gave you.”

“You’ve been watching too many movies.”

Wynonna began pretending to thrust a sword in her direction. “Hyello, my name is Inigo Montoya, you killed my father, prepare to die,” she said butchering the accent.

“You killed your own father Wynonna.”

“Harsh. Put the sword on. Please. I’m sure Waves will think you’re her knight in shining armour when you return.” Nicole stopped moving boxes and sighed. “HA! You are so whipped!” Nicole hurried to fasten the sword to her belt.

“There, are you happy? Can we get back to work now?” She picked up two boxes and carried them out of the room hearing Wynonna grumbling and moving boxes behind her.

They found few other items of note as they worked for the rest of the morning and by lunchtime the SUV was packed with the contents of Nedley’s kink closet, as Wynonna had begun calling it. Nicole adjusted the sword on her belt as she climbed in behind the steering wheel, feeling the faint hum of the steel beneath her fingertips. “This thing is just inconvenient.”

“You’re just jealous that you didn’t get a bad ass axe,” Wynonna laughed wielding the axe precariously in the passenger seat as they headed out of town.

“Jesus! Wynonna, put that away I’m trying to… SHIT!” A large man with unruly hair and an enormous beard stepped out in front of the moving vehicle and Nicole had to swerve to miss him. “What the hell?” He didn’t move as they barely missed him, and Wynonna rolled down her window to yell at him.

“Get off the road you nutbar!” Nicole watched him turn and scowl in their direction in the rear-view mirror. “What the fuck was that about?”

“This town is fucking weird.” Nicole shivered and leant down to turn the heat up pretending that it was just from the cold. The man was still standing in the middle of the road when she glanced up again, but she was thankful to note that he hadn’t moved before they rounded the corner and he disappeared from sight.

Robin arrived at the homestead shortly before the girls did and he offered to help them carry a couple of boxes inside. “How have you been doing?” Nicole asked as she popped the trunk and began to organize the chaos inside.

“Much better thanks.”

“Still having nightmares?” He nodded solemnly. “Been seeing that psych in the city I told you about?”

“Yeah, he’s lovely, but I can tell he doesn’t really believe my version of events.” He sighed. “I’m not even sure I do.”

“He can help you with the trauma, and we can help you with the rest!” she clasped his shoulder with a gloved hand.
“Thanks Nicole. I’m really glad you guys let Jeremy tell me some of what it is you do out here. I was going crazy thinking I was on my own in whatever this is.”

“Anytime,” Nicole smiled and gave him a nod as she picked up some boxes. “Let’s get inside an defrost huh?”

The others came out to help and they made short work of getting the material stacked up inside, Wynonna balancing the gnome on top of the boxes like a nightmarish angel on a Christmas tree. They gave a basic rundown of the contents of the boxes and Wynonna showed the axe to Rosita who said she could run some tests, but it was most likely some sort of silver alloy before passing it on to Jeremy to see if he or Waverly could translate the script on the hilt. They managed to photograph the text before Wynonna snatched it back up. She turned and slapped Nicole across the face with the back hand of her knitted glove.

“I challenge you to a duel!”

Nicole rolled her eyes, “Can I finish my lunch first?” she asked bored.

“No!” Wynonna went to slap her again and Nicole snatched the glove from her hand before it could make an impact. “How dare you sir! Draw your blade and fight me with honour you knave!”

“Seriously, you have been watching too many movies Wy! Okay okay!” she raised her hands and pushed her chair back from the table as Wynonna approached. The chair bumped into the stack of boxes as Nicole moved to draw her sword and they watched, as if in slow motion, as the gnome tumbled and smashed on the floor.

“Right! That’s it! You idiots take this outside!” Waverly ordered as she got up to fetch the dust pan and shooed the sheepish women out of the house, sweeping up the pieces before joining the others on the porch curious as to how this would work out.

“You sure you know how to use that thing?” Wynonna asked as she swung her axe around with ease.

“Not to brag,” Nicole bragged, “but I have trophies for fencing.” She unsheathed her weapon with a flourish.

“How do you manage to make swordfights sound lame?” They began to circle one another taking practice swipes every now and then.

“Please don’t mortally wound each other I’m already tired.” Waverly called from the veranda.

“One second,” Nicole backed up and jogged back towards the house.

“You can’t press pause on a sword fight Nicole!” Wynonna whinged.

Nicole bowed low when she approached the veranda. “Fair maiden, may I ask for a token so that I may fight in your name?” she asked extending her hand towards Waverly as Wynonna pretended to heave in the back ground. Blushing furiously Waverly unclipped her Christmas broach and handed it to her. Bowing again in thanks Nicole pinned it to her chest, the small bell jingling as she returned to face Wynonna.

“And you say I have been watching too many films,” she muttered swinging her axe. “We gunna do this or what?” Nicole levelled her shoulders and adjusted her stance before indicating with two fingers for Wynonna to bring it.
hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! heading towards the end of this story now so i am just having a little fun before i finish up.

i have also started writing a Dragon Age, Grey Warden Au that I will probably start uploading soon so if you're interested keep an eye out for that :)}
Chapter 65

Chapter Summary

sword fight! sword fight! sword fight! and also a little story progression.

So far Nicole had managed to parry all of Wynonna’s attacks and she was becoming frustrated. They had begun discarding their outer layers of clothing as they worked up a sweat. “Did I miss anything?” Jeremy asked as he returned to the veranda with popcorn.

“No one has scored a point yet, Nicole has parried everything so far, and ‘Nonna is getting pissed,” Rosita laughed.

“Are you going to attack Haughtpocket? Or are you going to just stand there being a dick all day?” Wynonna grunted as Nicole effortlessly parried another attack.

“You asked for it.” Nicole’s feet began to move towards her and Wynonna blinked in shock at the sudden change in her friend’s demeanour and she was suddenly on the defensive. She managed to pin Nicole’s sword with the head of her axe and chuckled to herself as Eliza called the first point hers.

“A little different to fighting with a foil?” she asked smugly before she was swept off her feet by Nicole’s left foot and was looking up at the sword to her throat. Eliza called the second point Nicole’s as she pushed the sword aside with her axe and scrambled to her feet.

“I prefer a sabre.” Nicole winked before dodging backwards barely escaping the swinging blade. Outer layers removed they began to speed up their actions and once or twice Wynonna could have sworn she saw a streak of blue flame coming off the sword as Nicole swung it in her direction.

“YOU OWE ME A WIFE!” a voice boomed across the yard stopping both of them in their tracks. Everyone turned to the gate of the homestead, Wynonna and Nicole gasping as they realised the voice belonged to the man they had nearly hit on their way home.

“Did you hit someone Nic?” Wynonna asked turning to the sweaty woman beside her who was shaking her head in shock.

“YOU OWE ME A WIFE!” he bellowed again before attempting to advance and hitting an invisible barrier. He looked up confused and tried to punch his way through unable to enter the property. “I WANT A WIFE!”

“He can’t enter the property,” Nicole whispered, “that means…”

“He’s a revenant.” Wynonna finished for her.

“What do you mean they owe you a wife?” Waverly was off the porch now and heading towards him, shotgun raised, Eliza close behind.

“THEY KILLED MY WIFE. ONE OF THEM WILL BE MY NEW WIFE!”

Waverly tilted her head in their direction. “What did you two do?”
“Nothing!” they both called out as Wynonna returned her axe to her belt and raised her hand over Peacemaker.

“NO!” he shouted and with a flick of his wrist Wynonna was dragged towards him, grasping at some unseen force around her throat. “YOU WILL BE MY NEW WIFE!”

“Look buddy,” she croaked as she continued to be dragged towards him, toes grasping to touch the ground. “I’m not really wife material… she is.” She tipped her head towards Nicole.

“What?!” Nicole cried out. “You’re just pissed that I beat you ach!” Nicole was now being dragged towards him by her throat as well.

“Neither of them is going to be your wife!” Waverly cried out trying to stop her sister from being dragged towards him. As they got closer they could see his darkened eyes, he had black blood oozing from his mouth and into his overgrown beard. He overalls and undershirt were filthy, covered in black soot and muck, and she wracked her brain trying to remember where she had seen a similar outfit recently. “The gnome!” She gasped turning and sprinting back towards the house.

“ONE OF YOU WILL BE MY NEW WIFE!” he demanded again, they were now close enough to smell the stench coming off of him. They were lowered just enough that they were no longer choking but still held in place. “DECIDE!”

“Nicole is heaps nicer than me,” Wynonna began, “and she can cook!”

“I don’t even like dudes!” Nicole shouted. “You should pick Wynonna, all the boys say she’s wild in the sack!” Wynonna kicked out in Nicole’s direction and Waverly could hear them squabbling as she raced up the stairs and into the homestead dragging Jeremy behind her.

“Waves? What’s the plan here” he asked as she picked up the still full dustpan.

“Fetch some glue, under the sink. I think he thinks this is his wife,” she showed Jeremy the female face of the shattered gnome in her hands.

“Glue, sink, got it!” He raced off into the kitchen as she began spreading out the pieces and trying to reassemble the gnome. They could hear Nicole and Wynonna shouting at each other from outside as they began sticking the pieces back together.

“Guys, you might wanna hurry up with whatever it is you’re doing in there,” Rosita called from the front door.

“Just a few more pieces!” Waverly called out. The gnome was covered in glue but seemed to be holding together as they both reached for the last piece and then dropped it in shock realising that it was the rather buxom breasts of the revenants gnome wife.

“Ew!” Jeremy wiped his hands on his pants, “you do it, you like boobs.”

“Ugh,” Waverly clicked her tongue at him disapprovingly but picked up the final piece and put it in place. As it slotted into it’s position a wave of energy dispersed from the gnome and it was back in one piece, looking brand new, no cracks or glue evident. The two scholars looked up at each other in surprise.

“MY WIFE!” The revenant cried as he dropped the two women and held his hands out towards the homestead where Waverly had exited carrying the gnome. She shook her head at her sister as if to say ‘don’t ask’ and approached the revenant slowly drawing his attention away from Eliza who had snuck around behind him, via the laboratory. Waverly took her time, making sure he knew that
she was being careful with his wife, he watched her approach with glee. She handed him the gnome at the same time as they heard Eliza flick the switch on the trap and he stepped backwards into it. He, and the gnome, became trapped inside the silver canister in her hands as everyone cheered. They’d finally done it! They’d captured a revenant alive, now where the hell were they gunna store him.

When Doc and Michelle returned late that afternoon they were surprised to see everybody out in the snow carrying a fibreglass contraption out towards the boundary line. “What on earth?” Doc asked, and Michelle just shook her head and shrugged.

“Guess we best help them before they do something stupid,” she muttered climbing out of the car. They set the giant box down beside a large firepit that had been constructed near the boundary. “What in god’s green earth are you lot doing?”

“We caught one Mama,” Wynonna answered. “We caught a revenant.” Doc and Michelle’s eyebrows rose in surprise.

“How?” they both asked.

“They broke his gnome wife and he came for them and then we fixed her, and he was happy, and Eliza trapped him in here!” Jeremy stated as if those words together made total sense. They looked from him to the others who were nodding in agreement.

“Sounds about right,” Nicole added.

“Where is Waverly?” Michelle asked suddenly looking around.

“She’s fine Mama,” Wynonna smiled, “she’s inside going through Nedley’s kink closet.”

“Kink closet?” Doc repeated. “What the hell happened here today?” He removed his hat to scratch his head in confusion.

“Come on Doc, let’s see how this contraption Rosie and Eliza built works and then we can catch up over dinner. And by dinner, I mean drinks. You did buy more whiskey, right?”

“Have I ever disappointed you?” he asked.

“Please don’t answer that,” Michelle interjected flatly. “Let’s get this done and get inside.” They watched as Rosita and Eliza attached the canister to the outlet on the cage and soon enough the enormous man, with wild hair and filthy overalls was sitting on the floor cuddling and whispering sweet nothings to his gnome wife.

“Well I’ll be…” Doc scratched his head again before pulling a cigarette from behind his ear.

“We weren’t sure if revenants felt the cold, so we thought maybe you would like a fire to keep you a little warm,” Jeremy addressed the large caged man who merely grunted in reply. “Okay then,” he said backing up quickly and bumping into Doc. “Sorry. Sorry.” Robin approached carrying a large stack of fire wood and placing it beside the built fire.

“I assume he can just,” he moved his hands to the side, “magic these onto the fire if it starts going out.”

“Good plan,” Rosita answered. “I’d hate to only have the few samples we already have to use,
especially if he is still cooperating, we should try and keep it that way.”

“There are some old blankets in the barn we should bring out so that he can be a bit more comfortable,” Wynonna added as she began walking back towards the homestead leaving the others to finish the fire.

They could see the shadow of the giant revenant moving around, hunched over in his confined cell, beyond the flames of the firepit. “What is he doing out there?” Waverly asked before turning back to the dinner table where they had just finished filling in Doc and Michelle about the events of the day.

“He was singing last I was out there,” Doc answered, “perhaps he is dancing with his wife.” He wiggled his eyebrows and his eyes shined.

“Can I see the sword?” Michelle asked suddenly.

“Oh, sure.” Nicole replied removing the sword from its sheath on her belt. “It’s incredibly made, perfectly weighted…” she trailed off as she watched Michelle’s face drop.

“Mama?” Waverly asked. “What is it?”

“You were able to wield that? Without being burned?” she asked flabbergasted.

“I mean, Wynonna wasn’t burned either, but she didn’t really handle it, did you?” Nicole asked tilting her head towards Wynonna.

“Barely touched it,” she answered with a mouth full of bread. “Why?”

“That sword, it belonged to your father.”

“Ward?” Wynonna asked and Michelle shook her head.

“Not your father,” she turned to face Waverly, “yours.”

“This sword belonged to Julian?” Nicole blurted out in surprise.

A round of ‘oohs’ and ‘ahs’ spread across the table. “No don’t touch it!” Michelle cried as Jeremy reached for the blade and was stopped in his tracks. “Those deemed unworthy are said to be consumed by hellfire for attempting to wield it.”

“Thanks Wynonna,” Nicole muttered.

“It was wrapped when you found it, was it not?” Michelle asked Wynonna.

“I mean, yeah.” She shrugged. “But it didn’t burn me when I handed it to Nicole.”

“Perhaps you were too busy swinging that fine axe you have there,” Doc smarted.

“Maybe it only burns you if you swing it?” she asked her mother who shrugged. “But we had a good bout this afternoon and Nicole is still here.”

“It may have deemed her worthy, a hero.” Michelle answered.

“A hero?” Nicole asked suddenly standing, they all looked up at her in shock. “Juan Carlo said
something to me before he left last time, about being a hero, and remaining honourable or something. I just ignored it because I swear half the time that dude is on crack.” Michelle chuckled and shook her head.

“That old fool gave us one last surprise,” she wiped a tear from her eye.

“What do you mean?” Waverly asked.

“An angel has the ability create ‘heroes’ human warriors able to wield weapons forged in heaven.” Nicole sat back in shock looking at the sword in her hand. “He must have known. He must have seen what was coming…” she trailed off.

“What’s wrong Mama?” Waverly reached over the table and placed a hand on her mother’s. “What happened today?”

“Juan Carlo is dead,” Doc announced, voice breaking slightly, as Michelle began to weep openly.

“What?” they all cried.

“Juan Carlo is dead,” Doc announced, voice breaking slightly, as Michelle began to weep openly.

“How do you even kill an angel?” Wynonna regretted asking the question as soon as she saw the looks on their faces. “Never mind, I don’t want to know.”

“You do not.” Doc replied gruffly. “There was an attack on the firehouse last night. They were able to take out a few of the assailants but Bulshar himself was one of them. Juan Carlo didn’t stand a chance.”

“Wait, the volunteer firefighters managed to kill some of the remaining revenants?”

“I saw the scorch marks on the floor myself. They are more than they appear.” Doc answered Jeremy’s question. “Four revenants were slain, seven of Ewan’s men fell attempting to protect Juan Carlo. Ewan himself was gravely injured in the fight and was leaving for the hospital when we arrived. He recognized the work we have done for Black Badge and said to meet him at the hospital if we had more questions. After assisting at the firehouse as much as we could that is where we headed.”

“They’ve been able to kill revenants this entire time and haven’t lifted a finger to help?” Wynonna’s nostrils flared in fury. “Dolls died, and we could have been working together this whole time?” her voice was raised, and she looked as though she was going to murder someone.

“He seemed… unperplexed by this when I asked him the same question.” Doc’s shoulders sagged. “He says that they have their own battles to fight and this was ours. He also said he has lost too many good men in the war against Mictian in recent years to join us in battle.”

“Did you say Mictian?” Eliza interrupted, Doc simply nodded in reply. “Shit. Mictian is here? In the Ghost River Triangle?”

“Now that he did not say. You know this demon?”

“We fought him in New Mexico.”

“Maldito?” Wynonna asked and Eliza sighed loudly, relieved that she wouldn’t have to recall the horrifying events of that mission. “We thought we had killed him.”

“And then they sent in tomahawk missiles to contain the story, Dolls and I barely escaped, Lucado’s husband wasn’t so lucky.” They were all quiet for a moment before she continued. “If
Mictian has survived we are in more danger here than I originally thought. He has the ability to spread like a virus possessing people and creating an army, a legion.”

“Jesus!” someone mumbled.

“I need to talk to this Ewan.”

“They took him in for surgery when we left. He will be out until morning at the earliest.”

“Alright, well, after dinner we can start going through all of this crap,” Wynonna waved her hand at the pile of boxes, now stacked less precariously in the hall, “and Rosie can get back to her chemistry set and in the morning you and I” she indicated to Eliza “will go have a bone to pick with Ewan Allenbach, the pretentious douche leader of the apparently demon hunting firefighters.”
Chapter 66

Chapter Summary

Day drinking turned disaster?

“He is such a fucking prick!” Wynonna slammed the passenger door of Eliza's SUV. She was seething, they had just spent two hours trying to get a straight answer from Ewan but it was like trying to draw blood from a stone. She let out a frustrated sigh and leaned her head back onto the head rest.

Eliza chuckled softly. “Remind me not to get on your bad side Earp,”

Wynonna glared at her, “I still can't believe they've been able to kill demons this whole time and haven't lifted a finger to help.”

“They’ve sure been lifting some weights though, did you see those biceps? Damn!” If looks could kill, “Okay! Okay!” she raised her arms in defense. “At least we know that Mictian isn't in the Triangle. We learned one thing.” Wynonna just grumbled under her breath. “How about we get home and check in on how the others are doing?”

Wynonna cracked a smile as she unceremoniously rested her boots on the dash. “You just called it home,” she winked at Eliza who blushed and turned away to start the car.

“Shut up Earp.”

Doc, Nicole and Mama were huddled on the porch when they returned home, and the girls shared a confused look before climbing out of the vehicle. “What’s goin’” the three of them shushed her immediately and peered cautiously in through the window. “What’s going on?” she whispered peering over their shoulders and spying Waverly and Jeremy frantically sorting manila folders spreading out over all available surfaces. “What the hell?”

“They only just decided on a sorting system.” Nicole whispered in her ear.

“We’ve been gone for,” she checked her watch, “four hours…”

“I spent a century in a well and I have never been so afraid.”

“Okay this is ridiculous, I am not staying out of my own damn house, it’s lunchtime and I’m starving.” Wynonna moved towards the door.

“It’s your funeral.”

“Thanks Mama.” A gust of wind whirled through the house as Wynonna opened the door and the sound of papers fluttering reached her ears a split second before the screaming. She was out the door and slamming it shut behind her in an instant. “Jesus H. Christ!” Waverly and Jeremy were still shouting at her and had begun slamming paperweights on each pile.
“Okay, I’m terrified. Who’s up for lunch at Shorty’s?” Eliza asked, everyone raised their hands. “Let’s go get Rosie and leave these two at it. Perhaps an hour or so will chill them out a little.”

“It’s your shout, all our things are still inside,” Doc dramatically out turned his pockets to emphasise his point.

“Let’s consider it a work function and Black Badge can shout everyone.”

“YES!”

“No alcohol on the dockets Wynonna, or it will be out of your pocket.”

Wynonna’s cheer deflated slightly before cheering back up again. “I know that register like the back of my hand, I know a few ways we could sneak some expensive “desserts” on the tab.”

“Why am I not surprised?” Eliza asked chuckling.

Wynonna kicked open the doors to Shorty’s bar dramatically and the older men at the bar jumped up in shock, all eyes watching the Black Badge Crew file in chatting loudly. “Good Lord Wynonna! Easy on the doors!” The older woman working the bar hollered out at Wynonna. She had dark grey hair, cropped close to her head, and a stern look on her face as she pulled a tray of glasses from the dishwasher and began to polish them.

“Hey Gus! We would like to purchase three of your most expensive desserts please!” Wynonna slapped her hands down on the bar as Nicole, Rosita and Doc chose somewhere to sit.

“Work lunch?” she asked rolling her eyes.

“Like mother like daughter.” Gus’s jaw dropped when her eyes fell on Michelle as she stepped out from behind her daughter.

“Shell?” she asked.

“Hey,” Michelle replied cautiously. Gus’s brain was working a million miles an hour.

“H-how?” Michelle’s eyes were glued to the floor.

“She’s working for us, she was granted an exceptional release because of the pertinent knowledge she possessed.” Eliza interjected, receiving a relieved smile from Michelle and Wynonna.

“Possessed is right…” Gus muttered under her breath.

“It’s been dealt with Gus, I’m back. I’m me again.” Gus looked to Wynonna for confirmation and she just nodded as she pulled the bottles off the shelf herself.

“How long? How come I’m only finding out now?” she asked slapping Wynonna’s ass and shooing her out from behind the bar.

“It took us some time to get all the paperwork sorted, I haven’t been able to leave the homestead without an escort.”

“You could have called!” Gus whipped her towel at Michelle. “I am your god damned sister I could have driven the five minutes to the homestead.”
“I’m sorry.”

“I can’t believe you come in here after denying visits for almost ten years and the first thing you say is ‘hey’. You’re a piece of shit!”

“I love you too sis.” Gus snorted, all fury draining from her body as she realised that her sister was here in front of her, free in all senses of the word.

“Get ‘round here!” her voice broke as she opened her arms wide and embraced her sister. “Eve!” she called out to the other bar tender, “I’m taking my break. Everything these idiots order is on the house!” She turned back to her sister in her arms, “I can’t believe it’s really you. You’re here!”

They spent the rest of the afternoon drinking and laughing, catching Gus up on recent events. She barely blinked when they told her Waverly was part angel. “Have you met the girl?” she’d asked. Rosita informed the group that her serum was ready for testing and before they knew it the brilliant reds and golds of the sunset had begun to filter through the windows of the bar.

“Well shit!” Doc said suddenly, “We need to get back and make sure those two haven’t murdered each other. And knock before you open the door this time my love.” Wynonna mimicked him sarcastically and nudged a rather glassy eyed Nicole to let her out of the booth.

“Lets get some more takeaways if Gus is still shouting,” she whispered hurrying the red head up to her feet.

Nicole wobbled slightly as she stood to her feet. “Uh oh,” her face pinched with concentration as she walked towards the bar with Wynonna. The bar tender shook her head in Nicole’s direction, “S’ok,” she slurred, “m’ going home.” After she watched Nicole stumble from the bar she fetched the bottles for Wynonna and sent them all on their way.

Nicole was fast asleep before they had even left the city limits and snoring loudly by the time they pulled into the driveway of the homestead. Doc helped her out of the vehicle as Wynonna knocked loudly on the front door. “What is it?” he asked as she shifted to peer in the window.

“No answer,” she called before spinning around quickly. “SHIT!”

“Wha’s gooin’ on?” Nicole slurred.

“Waves’ jeep is gone! They’re gone. The little shits have left the homestead!” she shouted pulling her phone out and dialling her sister’s number. Straight to voicemail. “SHIT!” she thundered down the stairs as she tried Jeremy. Voicemail again. Nicole had her phone out now and was trying as well, she just shook her head at Wynonna, fear starting to break through the haze of alcohol. Michelle charged towards the house with Eliza and Rosita close behind and they began searching for any clues as to where the two of them would have disappeared to. Wynonna tried Nedley and he answered on the second ring. “Please tell me she’s there?”

“Who?” he asked.

“Waves, is she there?” Wynonna’s voice was high and panicked she heard him shift in his seat.

“They left here about an hour ago. They asked some questions about one of the files and were heading out to see the blacksmith.”
“You let them go alone?!” she cried.

“I offered to give them a ride and she shot me down, said they were perfectly capable,” he huffed.

“GOD DAMN IT!” she threw her phone in the car and climbed back in as Doc unceremoniously shoved Nicole back into the back of the SUV. “We’re heading to the blacksmith,” she called to the others after doing a U-turn, “stay here in case they come back. And fucking cuff them to the table if you have to.” Eliza nodded and waved them off from the porch as they sped off back towards Purgatory.
can the team find waverly and jeremy in time?

“We never should have left them there.” Wynonna wiped tears off her cheeks roughly. “Why didn’t he stop her?”

“Hey now, you know how stubborn she can get. Jeremy never stood a chance.” Her shoulders slumped behind the wheel. “You don’t know that they are in danger yet, so stay angry, we can use anger.” She nodded clenching her jaw as Nicole left another message for them to call her back. Noticing her speed Doc wound his window down and placed the siren on the roof and switching it on. “Go for gold ‘Nonna.”

Nicole was checking her gun and packing extra rounds into her belt with precision as Wynonna threw on the hand break and screeched around a corner in the centre of town, barely losing any speed, before slamming her foot flat against the floor. Nicole grasped the pommel of the sword on her other side and felt it hum gently against the palm of her hand. Jeremy had shown her images of what the sword was supposed to look like, the blade encased in flames. If Juan Carlo had truly named her as a Hero, why hadn’t it lit up when she was using it?

The car was sideways for a moment as they hit the gravel and Wynonna corrected gently. “Two minutes out,” she grunted. “Be prepared for… well… anything.” They braced for the worst, trying hard not to hope for the best.

Waverly’s red jeep was parked by the gate and Doc checked inside before he opened the gate. “Empty,” he frowned. Smoke was still billowing out of the stacks, telling them that the smith’s forge was still alight, though they could not hear the clanging of her tools as they approached. Weapons drawn they each took a deep breath. “On three,” Henry whispered as he grasped the door handle, “one, two.” He yanked the door hard and they were hit by a wall of heat, the smelter was too hot, the coals stacked too high. The room was like a haze distorting their vision as they spread out to look around.

“OVER HERE!” Nicole shouted after a moment of searching. She was crouched over in the corner of the shed, Wynonna saw a shoe, a socked foot, and then blood, she stopped in her tracks. Don’t be Waverly. Don’t be Waverly. Don’t be Waverly. Repeated through her brain but she couldn’t bring herself to approach or look away until Nicole turned to her side resting her ear against the chest of the body on the floor. “She’s still breathing! GET AN AMBULANCE OUT HERE NOW DOC!” He was already on the phone.

“They’re on there way,” he yelled back after hanging up. He approached the furnace attempting to bring the temperature down as quickly as possible so that the paramedics would be able to work. Nicole stripped off her jacket and was using it to staunch the bleeding but there was just so much blood.

“Wynonna, I need your hands.” She was still frozen in place. “NOW WYNONNA!” Her feet began to move of their own volition, hands shaking as they worked to remove her own coat to help stop the blood flow. She couldn’t bring herself to look at the face of the woman bleeding out beneath
her fingertips. There were large gashes over most of her thighs and torso, what ever had done this was a monster. “It’s going to be okay. The ambulance is on its way. Just hang on.” She heard Nicole mumbling.


“It’s okay. Save your energy okay. The ambulance is almost here.” Nicole replied.

“No. NO!” More firmly the second time. “He has them. He has her!”

“Where did they go?” she shook her head. “What were they doing out here?” She nodded. Right question. Her eyes flicked to the table by her head and Wynonna leaned up to see what was up there. “A bullet?”

“Made from same…” she patted Wynonna’s hip with a bloodied hand.

“The same metal as Peacemaker?” Nicole asked surprised. Doc handed Wynonna the bullet and when it neared her weapon both began to glow, intricate blue patterns swirling down the sides of each. Eyes wide Wynonna shoved it into her belt, replacing a lead bullet, for safe keeping.

“Thank you.”

“You have to stop him. He can’t… be allowed… to succeed.” It was becoming harder for her to breath and the paramedics arrived right before she lost consciousness. Once they were relieved of their duty the girls started to search the barn before they heard a shout and gunfire outside. Drawing their weapons and peeking outside they saw Doc sprinting towards the tree line, ensuring the coast was clear they made a mad dash to follow him before he could disappear from their line of sight. He slowed his movements as he entered the shadows, pistol drawn, his face was grim when they caught up with him.

“What was it?” Wynonna asked frantically searching ahead as the followed Doc’s lead.

“I do not know, but it was large with enormous claws, I believe it may have been what attacked the blacksmith.”

“Claws? Shit! I thought that had been by a machete or something?” All of a sudden, the trees around them began to shake as a loud rumbling laughter echoed all around them.

“I think entering the trees was a bad-hurk!” they turned and watched as Nicole was rapidly enveloped by the canopy dropping her service weapon.

“Shit! It’s above us!” Wynonna shouted firing off a few rounds before Doc forced her to lower her weapon.

“You could hit Nicole. Come on, there are more tracks this way. Perhaps it can only carry one,” He pointed at large disfigured foot prints with a pair of drag marks either side, as she collected Nicole’s discarded gun. “I believe your sister and Jeremy are this way. I only hope it takes Nicole there too.”

They moved as quickly and as quietly through the undergrowth Wynonna, being less than graceful, stumbled and fell swearing quietly more than once before Doc raised a hand for them to stop. Through the trees ahead he could see a winding stone staircase, in the middle of the forest, a winding staircase that seemed to lead to nowhere. And in front of the staircase, with it’s back towards them, stood a large bipedal beast, chest heaving looking up into the canopy, pure white fur
marred with red blood. They followed its line of sight and saw Nicole dangling upside down by her ankle talking quietly but they couldn’t see who to.

Suddenly the beast tilted its head up, a large furry snout sniffing deeply before it turned around to face them. Werewolf? Wendigo? She had no idea, she just knew they needed to move, Wynonna pushed Doc one way and she headed in the other as the creature let out piercing roar and leapt in their direction, sharp teeth bared. Its giant body crushing the small shrub they had been hiding behind, a huge arm swung out towards Wynonna as she raced around the outskirts of the small clearing. Hearing branches snap and a grunt from above her she dove into the clearing right as a large clawed hand raked right through where her head had been only seconds prior. Rolling to her knees she fired shots into the overhanging branches, watching for patches of white fur.

“OOF!” Nicole fell to the ground behind her as Doc released the rope holding her and she scrambled to her feet and Wynonna handed her back her pistol. The three of them were back to back in the middle of the clearing now. Reloading, waiting for any indication of sound or movement.

A wave of relief flooded over Wynonna as she saw Waverly and Jeremy caged beneath the stairs and she was momentarily distracted. A flash of white fur caught her eye and before she could fire the beast was upon them, with a powerful backhand Wynonna was sent flying across the clearing and into the trunk of a tree with a loud THUNK!

The bullets Doc and Nicole were firing into the beast barely seemed to bother it. Wincing Wynonna lifted herself to her knees and emptied six shots into the back of the beast. Peacemaker could make it bleed. Well that’s a start. She hastened to reload as Doc emptied his second revolver into it’s face. Taking aim Wynonna fired, the shot landing right between the beast’s eyes. It released another guttural roar and rounded to face her, still very much alive. “WHAT THE FUCK GUYS!” she shouted as she barrel rolled out of the way of another backhand.

“Your weaponsss cannot ssslay this beassst.” A voice hissed in their ears.

“You heard that, right?” Doc asked as he reloaded.

“What if we use a borrowed weapon then?” Nicole asked raising an eyebrow towards Doc before returning her pistol to its holster and unsheathing the sword at her side.

“Now where did you fffffind that?” the voice asked curiously.

“Show yourself you cowardly piece of SHIT!” Wynonna screamed as she ducked under another lunging swipe. Nicole took a running leap towards the beast, the blade embedding itself beneath its shoulder and it released a sickening scream. A huge clawed hand swinging over its shoulder as Nicole used her feet to push herself and the sword out of its reach. As it rounded to face the redhead Wynonna noticed a slight flicker of blue flame emanating from the hilt of the sword.

“You can do this Nic!” Waverly shouted. “You can save us. I believe in you!” Hearing her girlfriend’s words seemed to steel her resolve. She set her shoulders, knees bent, preparing to use the beast’s own strength against it. It roared and as it began to charge so did she. It’s clawed hands slammed together as Nicole slid underneath it’s grasp, sword raised above her head. As the blade pierced its sternum the blue flames flared, cutting through its body as if it were made of butter. As Nicole’s slide came to and end the beast collapsed behind her, she looked up at Wynonna’s stunned face, she was absolutely drenched in blood, blue flames flickering up the blade of the sword in her hand.

A slow and sinister round of applause echoed throughout the clearing. “My my. It sseemssss we
have a Hero in our midst…” They spun about searching for the body that belonged to the voice. A cloaked figure stepped from the shadows still slowly clapping. “You know, I’m impresssssed.” He threw back the hood of the cloak and revealed his pale face, his dull yellow serpentine eyes watching them curiously.

“Alright asshole, time to die!” Wynonna fired, and he simply raised a pale hand and the bullets stopped mid-air. Falling harmlessly to the mossy forest floor.

He smiled maliciously, flicking his wrist his eyes paled. “Risssse!” There was a sickeningly wet wheeze from the beast where it lay as its lungs began to inflate.
Chapter 68

Chapter Summary

Bulshar and the newly risen beast join the fray.

They watched, frozen in horror, as the beast began to push itself up to its knees, blood and guts spilling from the wound in its torso. It blinked, and its eyes shifted from bright green to dull yellow, pupils extending upwards into slits. As it stumbled to its feet it tilted its head back a gave an ear-splitting roar. It turned to face Nicole as the flames of the sword began to falter.

“You can do this!” Waverly screamed. “Come on baby!” She began to rattle the bars of the cage furiously as Jeremy stretched his arm out of the cage door reaching desperately for Waverly’s shotgun. The beast lurched towards Nicole, like a creepy marionette, as Wynonna loaded the special bullet into her gun. Doc fired repeatedly at the beast trying to get its attention, but it was focused solely on Nicole. “NICOLE RAYLEIGH HAUGHT! MOVE YOUR DAMN ASS!” It seemed to work, the flames reigniting, a second too late as the beast snapped its jaws catching her shoulder with long sharp teeth. Nicole screamed in agony as the beast lifted her off the ground, shaking her side to side like a ragdoll before releasing her, sending her flying into the stairs and slumping to the floor unconscious, the flames of her sword flickering out.

“NO!” They all screamed.

Frantic Waverly scrambled to the side of the cage closest to Nicole, if only she could reach her girlfriend she could save her. The tips of her fingers grasped the pommel of the sword and she felt a surge of power as her fingers wrapped around the grip, flames erupted from the hilt of the blade and sliced through the bars of the cage holding them. She was furious. “I am done being told what I can and can’t do. I am done having others dictate who and what I am. And I am done with your bullshit BULSHAR!” she pointed the sword in his direction as she shouted his name and a beam of energy burst forth catching him centre mass and sending him backwards slamming into the trunk of a tree. She knelt by Nicole’s side and placed a hand on her shoulder, Nicole’s whole body began to emit a dull golden glow and she stood to her feet, turning to face the gnashing teeth of the beast. She swung the sword by her side, eyes burning white, with a whoosh enormous wings sprouted from her back and carried her at breakneck speed towards the beast cleaving its head from its body in one swipe.

Wynonna looked up at her sister in shock, she was hovering a few feet above the ground, wings flapping on her back, blazing sword in her hand. Her sister. Waverly. Was a fucking angel. Without realising it she, Doc and Jeremy had fallen to their knees at the sight of her.

Waverly turned her head towards Bulshar who was grinning maniacally. “Fffinally! A real fffight!” With a flick of his wrist Peacemaker flew out of Wynonna’s hand.

“NO!” she attempted to grab it, but it was gone. Bulshar caught it and slid it between both hands, there was a flash of blinding white light, and he no longer holding a gun, Peacemaker was a sword in his hand. The sister of the one Waverly was wielding a sickening green flame flickering from the hilt.

“You will open the gate for me child, and then, you will all die!” Waverly swooped down, and
their blades collided with a loud CLANG.

Wynonna managed to pull herself to her feet and watched as the furious fireball that was Waverly took precise swing after precise swing. She had him on the back foot early. She felt Doc grab her hand and pull her towards Jeremy under the relative safety of the stairs dragging Nicole’s unconscious body with them. She gave Nicole a little slap and she stirred before sitting bolt upright in terror grasping at her now healed shoulder and frowning in confusion. The four of them jumped as they heard Waverly scream with fury and the swords clash together loudly again. Nicole spun around and saw her girlfriend fly backwards across the clearing, large brown wings beating strongly.

“She has wings?” she squeaked.

“Peacemaker is also now a sword. Welcome back.” Wynonna clapped her on the back. They watched as the demon Clootie advanced on Waverly, his feet skimming across the ground without taking a step.

“Well that is just wrong.” Doc whispered.

“We need to help her!” Jeremy whispered anxiously attempting to stand before Doc pulled him back down.

“At this moment I am more afraid of Waverly than I am for her,” Doc replied, and Wynonna nodded as Waverly, using the surroundings to her advantage, pushed off the trunk of a nearby tree launching herself at the demon and managing to finally land a hit, stabbing his torso. He hissed furiously and began writhing his head shifting back and forth between that of a human and that of an enormous hooded king cobra. Waverly flinched backwards, and he took this moment to strike, she screamed as his fangs punctured her calf and she felt the pulse of poison enter her body. Everyone surged forwards at once as she crumpled to the ground, her wings folding into her back.

“GET THE SWORD!” he shouted at Nicole as he skidded to her side and attempted to suck the venom from the bite.

Jeremy fired Rosita’s force gun, sending the demon snake flying backwards. Enraged the demon advanced again, moving at lightning speed as he abandoned his human form completely and the sword in the process.

Wynonna dove for Peacemaker and the intricate patterns on the blade glowed blue as she spun around swinging at the same time as Nicole. Their blades skimming past one another as they slashed in opposite directions, the head of the snake falling separate from the body. Nicole sheathed her sword as Wynonna moved to step over the corpse of the snake Jeremy fired his weapon at Wynonna throwing her back ten feet and flat on her ass, Nicole watching in horror as the jaw of the decapitated snake snapped at the empty air above it.

“Jesus Jeremy! What the fuck?”

“Snakes…” he panted, “decapitating snakes doesn’t kill them immediately. EVERYONE STAY AWAY FROM THAT HEAD!”

“What the?” Wynonna saw the jaw snap shut a second time.

“Snakes are cold blooded,” Jeremy continued. “Some snakes can continue to live for up to four hours after having their heads chopped off.” Nicole dragged Waverly’s body away slightly as Doc spat venom from his mouth before shifting and leaning in again to try and suck more of the venom.
“We don’t have time to get the ambulance back here and we can’t leave this shit head unguarded. She needs to get to the hospital now.” Nicole cried as she wiped sweat from Waverly’s brow. “You did so good baby. Hold on.”

“That’s the best I can do,” Doc spat a mixture of venom and blood from his mouth before rinsing it with a swig of whiskey and spitting again. “We need to move her, fast.” Nicole slid her hands underneath Waverly’s back and knees lifting her bridal style, following Doc as he lead her out of the forest at a run.

“She better be alive when I get there!” Wynonna shouted as she watched them disappear back in the way they had come. She turned to look at Jeremy who was watching the writhing snake fascinated. “Thank you,” she said so quietly he almost didn’t hear her, but the small smile on his face told her that he had, and she was grateful that he didn’t choose to say anything. Groaning she lay back down relieved that the moss-covered ground was soft and spongy beneath her bruised and battered body.

“What do you think this thing was?” Jeremy asked cautiously approaching the body of the enormous beast at the other end of the clearing.

“I have no idea,” she groaned. “Eliza and Rosie are going to have a field day with these two!” Her eyes grew heavy as she lay there on the soft carpeted floor of the forest. Birds began singing, she hadn’t realised in their haste to get here how eerily quiet the forest was. But now that the evil had been vanquished the wildlife began to resume their normal lives. “Huh.” She checked her phone, no service, of course.

“What’s that?” Jeremy asked.

“Nothing.” They heard the jaw of the snake snap shut again and they both shuddered. Jeremy came and sat down beside her as she flopped her arms out to the side. Sword in one hand, phone in the other.

“Get some rest,” Jeremy said nudging her with his foot. “I will wake you if I need a Hero,” he winked and Wynonna groaned.

“Wake me when it’s dead or we get reception,” she grumbled.

Pure adrenaline was coursing through Nicole’s body as she ran as fast as she could towards the break in the trees where Doc had passed through moments prior. He sprinted across the open field towards the SUV and drove over to pick them up.

“Let me drive,” Nicole said as she gently lay Waverly down in the backseat. Refusing to argue Doc climbed out and then into the back with Waverly, cradling her head in his lap. Waverly’s body was rigid, and she was struggling to breathe, tears of pain streaming down her face. Nicole jumped in the driver’s seat and floored the engine siren blaring as they raced to the hospital. She wracked her brain for everything she knew about snakes. And king cobras. And everything she could remember was that bites most often resulted in death without immediate intervention. Her eyes flicked up as she adjusted the rear view mirror to be able to see Waverly.

She could hear David Attenborough’s voice in her head, “The venom of a king cobra is a powerful neurotoxin, it disrupts communication between nerve cells, paralysing the muscles around the lungs and disturbing the victim’s heartbeat. Victims will either suffocate to death as they struggle to breath or experience fatal cardiac collapse.” She shook her head and accelerated. Waverly had to
survive. She had to.
Chapter 69

Chapter Summary

can waverly make it?

Doc called the hospital from the back of the SUV, praying that they had the right sort of antivenom this far north. Waverly was beginning to wheeze painfully, her hands gripping her chest. “I managed to suck some of the venom out. Yes. I think so yes.” He sighed in relief. “Oh my god. I will buy that young man a pony. Yes, we’re coming into town now,” Nicole screeched around another corner as they approached the hospital. “Thank you.” He looked up at Nicole. “They have it. They’re meeting us out front.”

“They have the right antivenom?” a sob burst from her chest. “How?”

“That idiot Tucker thought it would be a good idea to keep a sea snake as a pet when he was younger, and his parents paid the hospital to keep a hefty supply of the antivenin on hand for when her inevitably got bit.” He answered as they slowed, for the first time since leaving Mattie’s property, and turned into the emergency entrance where a team of doctors and nurses were waiting with a wheel chair and a gurney. “The chair is for me.” He answered her raised eyebrow.

The medical staff moved as a flawless unit getting Waverly out of the vehicle and fitting her with a ventilator before racing her inside the hospital, one nurse staying behind to help Doc into the wheel chair before following quickly after them. Nicole parked the SUV in the Police Only zone and sprinted inside. The nurse at the front desk said that they were working on Waverly and she was in critical condition, and she would be able to see her once she was stable.

“What about Doc? He came inside in a wheelchair, handsome moustache,” she added when the nurse was still giving her blank looks.

“Oh him! He’s been taken into room 3, would you like to visit him dear?”

“Yes please,” she provided her badge number and the woman buzzes her in. Once she entered the ER she could hear the frantic shouting as a number of doctors and nurses fought to save Waverly’s life. She managed to force herself past, glancing only once at her girlfriend’s unconscious form, the doctors had already forced a tube down her throat and Nicole could see that her chest was moving. She was still breathing. Sighing she peeked inside room 3 and Doc looked up at her, eyes twinkling.

“That should do it.” The nurse finished injecting him with a dose of antivenom before turning and hurrying out, past Nicole, to see if he could be of any assistance with to the young woman who had come in with them. “Ma’am” he said as he passed.

Nicole flopped down in the chair beside Doc’s bed. “I never thought I would see the day where I would be grateful for the existence of Tucker Gardner,” she groaned rubbing her hands over her face. Doc snorted.

“You and me both, kid.” Nicole didn’t respond, she was fast asleep head tipped back, snoring softly. Smiling down at his friend he pulled his phone from his pocket and tried Wynonna, but it
went straight to voicemail, sighing he tried Rosita. She picked up at the first ring.

“Did you find her? Is everyone okay?” she asked frantically.

“Waverly, Nicole and I are at the hospital. Waverly is in critical condition.” Rosita gasped. “Half the hospital is working on her right now.”

“What happened? What about Jeremy?”

“It may be best to wait and fill you all in when you arrive. Can I speak to Eliza?” he heard her pass the phone off.

“Doc?” Eliza asked.

“I need you to head out to the blacksmith’s property. Wynonna and Jeremy are still there. With some questionable corpses.”

“I understand.”

“Thought you might. Send the others to the hospital. Waverly is in a bad way.”

“Roger that. See you soon Doc.”

Nicole woke at the feeling of someone checking her over, poking and prodding at aching muscles. She grunted swatting the hand away as she blearily opened one eye. “Just let me examine you!” the doctor, who had seen to her on her last visit, roused on her and she dropped her arm. “There’s a lot of blood here, I’m going to need you to remove your shirt” she said pulling at the bottom of Nicole’s t-shirt. Groaning with effort Nicole raised her aching arms and allowed the doctor to get a better look. She wiped away some of the blood with a sterile wipe and was surprised not to see a wound but a slightly pink scar curving around both sides of her shoulder. “What on earth? Are those teeth marks?” she asked curiously.

“How long have I been sleeping?” she croaked.

“Just over an hour,” Doc answered.

“Waverly?” she asked sitting up suddenly.

“They’ve managed to stabilize her and have put her in an induced coma,” the doctor replied. “Just how big was this snake? I have never seen someone need so much antivenom.”

“It was quite large, easily over twenty feet,” Doc’s answer was vague but truthful.

“Huh.” She eyed him curiously as if trying to determine if he was being truthful. “Lean forward please.” Nicole complied and winced as she poked and prodded some of the bruises forming on her back. “At least none of these seem broken this time. Just what the hell is it you kids get up to?” Doc and Nicole shared a look. “Let me guess, if you told me you’d have to kill me?”

They chuckled. “More like commit you,” Nicole groaned.

“Or hire you, we could always use a medic on staff.” Doc suggested.

“Y’all are certainly in here often enough!” the doctor laughed.
Eliza stared at the head of the snake. “How do we tell if it’s dead?” she asked.

“I call this my poking stick,” Jeremy answered picking up a long branch and poking the snake it the mouth and Eliza gasped as the jaw snapped shut.

“Jesus that’s freaky! What about this guy?” She threw her thumb over her shoulder at the corpse of the great white beast.

“No idea what that is. I just know that I saw it die twice and it hasn’t moved since Waves decapitated it.”

“Waverly decapitated it? That thing is like 8 foot tall! Was she using a glaive?” she asked in disbelief.

“Ha. Nope. Flaming sword.”

“What?”

“She has wings now.”

“Wait, what?”

“Waves, she went full angel. Wings out, fiery eyes, terrifying presence, the whole jam.”

Eliza puffed and placed her hands on her hips as she shook her head. “Sure, why not. I thought I had seen everything you know. And then I come to some shitty little town in the middle of bumfuck nowhere and almost every day I am surprised. Garden of Eden, sure why not. Doc freakin’ Holliday living and breathing, no worries. Baby Earp is an angel, I mean… What the ever-loving fuck?” Jeremy giggled at her rant.

“Hey, all of this is new to me. I have been at a constant state of overwhelmed for the last month or two. At this stage I just assume everything is possible and I just haven’t encountered it yet.”

Wynonna groaned from her position on the ground. “Can we go yet? I think I’ve got at least two broken bones and I could use some more news about Wave.”

“What are we going to do with these two?” Jeremy asked as if the thought had just occurred to him.

“I’ve called in a clean up crew. They should be here shortly,” Eliza pulled a flashing beacon from her pocket.

“Do we need to be here when they arrive?” Wynonna asked forcing herself up in to a sitting position.

“Not necessarily, but I recommend that we photograph and document the scene and take any samples we may want for our own research. Things like this tend to disappear at Black Badge.”

“I don’t know about you, but I’m not sure I want Black Badge getting their hands on the corpse of the original tempter.” Jeremy offered and the girls both nodded solemnly.

“Well alright then.” Wynonna moved over towards the end of the snake’s tail and began to drag it away from the head. “Let’s stuff this snake in the boot before they get here.” It took the three of them to carry the body of the snake to the car. “This thing has got to be thirty feet at least.”
“It’s certainly a hell of a thing!” Eliza said slamming the boot before they headed back towards the head. Suddenly, the sky began to clear and the birds and bugs began to sing loudly, and a wave of warmth, like magic, emanating from the forest came running towards them, passing through them and carrying on.

“I’m going to take a guess and say that the snake is dead,” the girls rolled their eyes as Jeremy stated the obvious.

“Let’s finish this and get out of here.”

At that moment, eight people throughout the Ghost River Triangle disappeared without a trace. A fuel pump left unattended, a well-hidden cabin in the woods abandoned, the patrons at Pussy Willows without a server, a padded room, three cells in the prison, and a fibreglass cage all empty.
Despite the amount of venom Doc had managed to suck from Waverly’s wound she still required 36 vials on antivenin. The doctors warned that recovery would be slow and there may be permanent damage to several of her organs, they kept her comatose for three days monitoring each of her organ functions closely. Waverly was never alone as she slept, her family visiting in twos and threes at all hours, fearing the worst for her condition and the wrath of the distraught team members, the doctors didn’t argue with their blatant disregard for the rules. Late on the fourth day they stopped the drugs keeping her unconscious.

“It’s up to her now,” the doctor said resting a comforting hand on Wynonna’s shoulder. “How’s the wrist?”

Wynonna looked down at the cast on her arm. “Hurts like a bitch doc, thanks for bringing it up.”

“You’re welcome,” she smiled as she exited the room.

“Come on baby girl. You’ve got this!” She texted an update to the team as Nicole entered the room carrying two enormous coffees and stifling a yawn. “They’ve stopped the drugs.”

“I was gone for ten minutes!” Nicole replied in surprise.

“I think that doctor is avoiding you,” Wynonna gave a wry chuckle. “What did you do to her anyway?”

“Doc offered her a job and I think it scared her away,” she smiled. “Especially after she realised that Mattie was with us as well.”

“How is she doing?”

Nicole sighed. “Not great. She’s stable but she lost so much blood. Her sister works here, did you know?” Wynonna shook her head. “She cornered me as I left her room, threatening to curse us all if Mattie didn’t pull through.”

“I hope she makes it then, I don’t want to deal with the ire of an iron witch who knows her way around a body,” she shuddered as she imagined some of the horrifying potential outcomes.
Waverly began to stir grunting in pain as she opened her eyes, there was a mess of hair in her face and she could smell whiskey and donuts. Blinking slowly she looked down at her sister who was curled up on the hospital bed beside her, with her head on her shoulder. She could hear someone in the room snoring and painfully tilted her head to the side, spying Nicole sprawled out over the tiny couch, long legs and arms dangling off all sides. Her smile faltered as she noticed the darkened rings under her eyes, how long had she been missing sleep? She wondered. Wynonna yawned and snuggled closer into her in her sleep. Her whole body ached as she watched snowflakes falling through the dark night sky, illuminated by the lamp posts outside the hospital.

Some time later a nurse entered her room to check her vitals, clicking her tongue at the sight of Wynonna on the bed before she realised that Waverly was staring back at her. “You’re awake?” she gasped. “How are you feeling?” rushing to her side she began checking her over, testing her pupil reactions with a small torch.

“Everything hurts,” Waverly’s voice was scratchy and horse and both Wynonna and Nicole sat bolt upright in shock at the sound.

“Waves!” they both cried. They began to smother her with kisses before the nurse shooed them away and kicking Wynonna off the bed so that she could finish her examination.

“Squeeze your hand for me,” Waverly complied. “Okay good, and this one? Excellent.” The nurse pulled back the blankets and Waverly shivered, despite the warmth of the room. “Alright now I need you to bend this leg up to your chest,” she faltered as she tried to raise her leg grasping at her stomach in pain. “Okay, that’s alright,” the nurse lowered the leg for her before helping her bend the knee of her other leg. “Can you wiggle your toes for me?” Ten toes with a fresh coat of black nail polish wriggled at her. “Excellent. Alright, I will alert the doctor on shift that you’re awake and let’s see if we can’t do something about that abdominal pain.” She covered her again with the blankets. “Would you like to sit up?”

“Yes please,” the nurse elevated the bed so that Waverly was angled slightly upright, she grinned at the Wynonna and Nicole before she left the room, and they were bedside before the door had a chance to swing shut behind her.

“How are you feeling baby?” Nicole asked, tucking an errant strand of hair behind her girlfriend’s ear. Waverly leaned into her touch. “I’m so glad you’re finally awake,” she sobbed.

“You were out for over five days baby girl,” Wynonna answered her unasked question and Waverly’s eyebrows shot up in surprise as she took a sip of the water Nicole handed her. “They had you in a medically induced coma for three days and you took your time coming out of it.”

“Have you guys been staying here?” she asked as she spotted two duffle bags on the floor beside the couch.

“Ever since they took you off the thiopental two days ago.” Nicole smiled down at her.

“No wonder you guys look and smell like shit. Damn!” she waved her hand in front of her face with a smile.

“I’m not even mad, I’m just so glad you’re awake.”

“Are you crying Wy?”

“No, you’re crying!” she wiped the tears from her face before kissing her little sister on the forehead. “I’m gunna go call Mama and the gang, you watch her.”
“Like a hawk,” Nicole answered with a small salute, eyes never leaving Waverly. “You had us scared baby,” she whispered after Wynonna had left. Waverly smiled up at her and pulled her into a tight hug.

“How is everyone else? Are they ok? What happened?”

“What do you remember?”

“I remember collapsing after he bit me. Oh my god I have wings!” Her eyes went wide with surprise as she remembered flying.

“You were a fucking bad ass. You healed me, killed the beast and then had the most epic sword fight in the existence of swords, and that fucker but you.” Nicole shook her head. “Doc was able to suck a lot of the venom out of the bite before we moved you. There was so much venom! The doctors had to give you 37 antivenins. They said it was some kind of record.”

“And Bulshar?”

“Dead. Wynonna and I took care of that… Did you know that snakes can stay alive for hours after decapitation?” She nodded. “Of course, you did. Well, Jeremy saved Wynonna’s life by shooting her away from the head right as the jaws snapped shut.”

“Wow.”

“Yeah, and she even said thank you.” Waverly laughed.

“But everyone is okay?”

“Mattie is still unconscious, they operated on her for almost 24 hours and she lost almost a third of her blood. It’s still touch and go, they’re not… they’re not sure she’ll pull through.” Nicole’s head dropped onto Waverly’s chest as she began sobbing, the weight of everything finally becoming too much. Waverly carded her fingers through her hair absentmindedly as she thought about Mattie and how she tried to save them from the beast before it cut her down and tossed her to the side.

“I need to go, I need to heal her!”

“You need to heal yourself first. If you put any more stress on your body, lord knows, I don’t want to lose you.” Sensing her girlfriend was right she settled back onto the bed.

Alright but if her condition worsens you’re taking me to see her.”

Once Waverly was strong enough to leave her bed she demanded that she be taken to Mattie. “Baby girl, you’ve barely been out of a coma for 24 hours. I think you should rest a day or two more.”

“I have been sleeping for almost a week Wynonna, I am going crazy with guilt and I need to do something! Doc! Give me a hand.” He was at her side in an instant and helping her into the wheelchair the nurse had left by the bed.

“Doc! You’re supposed to be on my side!”

He shrugged at his girlfriend. “How am I supposed to resist the saviour of the world huh?” he asked pushing the chair towards the door.
“Technically Nicole and I killed Bulshar…” Wynonna muttered under her breath as he winked at her. “Fine! But I’m coming with.”

Mattie’s sister, Gretta, called for them to enter after they knocked on the door to Mattie’s room. She placed her book on her sister’s lap and removed her reading glasses. “About god damn time.” She growled as Waverly was wheeled into the room.

“Watch the attitude Gretta, she literally just got out of a coma.” Wynonna snapped and received a glare in response.

She took a step back from her sister’s bed. “Well then, have at it,” she sneered.

“You sure about this?” Doc asked before wheeling her closer.

“I can do this Doc,” he relented and helped her to her feet by Mattie’s side. Large brown wings unfurled from her back as soon as she took Mattie’s hand.

“Jesus!” “Shit!” “Fuck!” they all jumped back in shock, cussing.

Waverly’s eyes burned with white flames as the two of them began to glow. Mattie’s eyes snapped open and she gasped loudly as she began to choke on the tubes in her throat and alarms began to sound and Gretta began to work frantically to remove them safely before she tore them out.

The door swung open as the doctor ran in, stopping in her tracks at the sight of Waverly who, wings spread, eyes aflame, turned at the noise. She closed the door quickly behind her. “Well that’s new,” she said dryly. “No wonder you started healing so quickly once you woke.” Waverly blinked and her eyes returned to their normal hazel and with a shrug of her shoulders her wings folded away and disappeared.

“I uh… don’t suppose you’ll reconsider our job offer?” Doc asked with a strained grin.

SIX MONTHS LATER…

“I can’t believe that you managed to kill exactly 69 revenants before we finally killed Clootie!” Nicole laughed as she handed Wynonna a beer fresh from the esky. Wynonna chuckled looking down at the tally across her bare stomach. “And Constance twice I guess…”

“Well you know me, I’m always up for a good time!” she winked at her best friend. They both screamed as they were splashed with cold water.

“Get in ya pansies!” Jeremy shouted as he did a bomb into the pool Nicole had installed in her yard.

“Seriously Nic, why did you get a pool. It will be frozen over half of the year.”

“If I can’t get to the coast then I will bring the coast to me.” She sat down on the side of the pool dangling her feet into the cool water watching Waverly and Jeremy splash at each other as Eliza and Rosita pulled up in the drive.

“Oh, this is going to be good,” Wynonna nudge Nicole and pointed towards the goals Eliza was removing from the boot of the SUV as Rosita spiked a water polo ball over the pool fence and into the water splashing them. “Oi! We’re drinking here!”
“No glass in the pool yard!” Eliza shouted. “I’ll make you a sign.”

“Sorry mum!” Nicole laughed before downing the rest of her beer and placing the bottle in the trash can by the gate.

After a ruthless game of water polo, in which Eliza’s team absolutely trounced every other, the others left to organise lunch as Nicole and Waverly napped on sun lounges, side by side in the shade, and Wynonna floated in the pool on an inflatable iced donut, nursing a whiskey on the rocks in a plastic cup.

“I know we said we’d take a few months off,” she said suddenly, “but what is a professional demon slayer supposed to do when there’s no more demons?”

Nicole groaned loudly. “Why the hell would you say that out loud? That’s just asking for trouble!” Thunder began to rumble in the distance.

“Nice work Wy, you’ve cursed us again!” Waverly moaned as she sat up and watched the dark clouds rapidly approaching.

“Was that thunder?” Jeremy asked as he opened the fly screen with his elbow, carrying a platter of food out onto the veranda. His head tilted to the side as he noticed the storm rumbling closer. “Get out of the pool Wynonna! That storm is moving way too fast.” There was a splash as she rolled off the donut and scrambled to get out of the pool.

Eliza came out after Jeremy shouted at Wynonna and stared up at the sky in horror, watching lightning flash as thunder rumbled loudly, significantly closer this time. “Fuck! Everyone inside now!” She shouted.

“What is it? What’s going on?” Wynonna asked as they sprinted towards the house.

Eliza was shaking as she whispered, “Mictian. Mictian is here.”

FIN

Chapter End Notes

What a wild ride huh? Just wanted to say thanks if you made it the whole way through this! Special thanks to those of you commenting along the way! Definitely helped me stay motivated.

Hope you all enjoyed my story! I’d love to hear what you think!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!