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Match Point

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Summary

Olympic!Wayhaught AU. Just a little blurb.

Chapter 1

The brunette walks down the beach with a sway to her hips, sipping from a cup with a carefree attitude. The sun is shining bright and she is excited for the chance to finally walk through the sand in just a pair of shorts and a bikini top, no longer restricted to practices and a strict diet. "At the Copa - copa cabana..."

"Oh my God, Waverly, just stop!" Her teammate groans, having been subjected to the constant singing.

The short woman grins around her straw as she finally spots the perfect place for the two of them to drop down into the sand, watching the sleek forms practicing on the practice court. "Sorry, Steph! I can't help it!" She laughs, the burn of alcohol hitting her stomach in a delicious heat. She drains the rest of her drink before setting the empty cup to the side.

"Since when did you become interested in volleyball?"

Waverly smiles as she glances sideways at her teammate. She wishes the gymnast would just lighten up now that they were no longer in the competition, but Stephanie is 16, not quite at the 18 year old requirement for buying drinks. Not that Brazilian law was enforced in any way. The Olympian just wasn't too eager to get caught breaking the law. "I dunno. I was talking to one of the Americans during breakfast... sounded interesting." Despite being 21 herself, she's gotten used to spending her time with girls years younger than herself, even if they had a tendency to drive her insane.

"Oooh. Which American? Is he hot?"

Waverly laughs nervously she's not exactly sure how to explain the pull she'd felt over breakfast. "Totally wrong idea." Waverly gets maybe just a little defensive. So maybe it was only partially true. "She was just really interesting."

She doesn't want to mention how the tall American had caught her attention while explaining the rules of the sport, the way her hands tried to demonstrate specific moves. She doesn't want to mention the way eyes the color of fresh caramel had seemed to look deep into her, bringing a flush to her cheeks.

"Ugh, so we're sitting out in the sun and not even to watch hot guys?"

Waverly rolls her eyes, watching the practice match going on at the moment. "It's not like we have anything better to do." She doesn't really want to talk about Canada not medaling in any of the gymnastic events. She has to give it to the Americans, they certainly went all out. She's completely ignoring the real world, not wanting to think about what she's going to do when she gets home to Calgary.

She isn't looking forward to going back to serving beer at Shorty's.

"Fancy seeing you out here."

Waverly looks up as a shadow is cast over them. She hadn't even seen the woman approaching. "Hey, USA." She's unable to stop her eyes from traveling the long length of the woman's body, the American only wearing a blue sports bra and very tight workout shorts. She's a little disappointed the woman's red hair has been pulled back into a braid, but it doesn't change the fact that she is gorgeous.

She suddenly realizes she's staring and tries to laugh it off. "What? No teeny bikini during practice?" She's seen the outfits the female volleyball players have to wear and she can't believe the athletes can move around in them let alone dive for balls without something inappropriate slipping.

"Ha ha." The American smiles, dimples adding a youthful look as she's tucking the ball she's carrying against her hip, extending a hand towards the other Canadian. "I'm saving that for later. Hey I'm Nicole Haught."

"Stephanie Jones." The young girl smiles one of those fake magazine smiles as she shakes her hand. "I was just about to go shopping or something. No offense but volleyball is totally boring." She dusts sand off of her as she stands, looking at her teammate.

Waverly is completely horrified at the girl's audacity, but Nicole laughs easily. "No offense taken." Those beautiful eyes turn on Waverly and she feels a tremble go down her back despite the heat. "You heading out as well?"

She purses her lips. Stephanie gives her an expectant look, but Waverly shakes her head. She's done hanging out with children today. "No. I think it's pretty interesting and I'd like to see it in action... unless you want me to go." She ignores the young girl's outraged look.

Nicole shakes her head, her face full of welcomed surprise.

"Ugh. Fine. Whatever." Turning on her heels, the disgruntled Canadian marches off alone.

"I'm not causing a problem or anything am i?" The American asks, but she doesn't look a single bit worried with her lip curled in a half smirk.

Waverly shakes her head. "No. It's fine." She leans back on her hands, crossing her legs at the ankles, an attempt to look relaxed. "Sometimes I just get tired of listening to her talk about boys."

"Yeah?" Nicole's eyes light up with amusement as she spins the ball in her hand. "Boyfriend back home or just no one catching your eye?"

Waverly shrugs. She can't help but notice the way muscles shift under lightly tanned skin and when she's able to drag her eyes back up to Nicole's, she knows she's been caught staring again. "No boyfriend... and I wouldn't exactly say no one." She doesn't know what's come over her. She could easily blame the alcohol, but that was highly unlikely. "Shouldn't you be practicing?" She teases.

"Yeah..." Nicole sighs as she looks over her shoulder, seeing her teammate crossing the hot sand towards her. "I guess I better go. You, um, sticking around?"

Waverly wants to say definitely. She wants to say I couldn't think of anything else I'd rather do. But instead she just nods, watching as Nicole tosses her a wink before heading towards the practice court.

The alcohol has done its job, silencing the part of her brain that overthought things. For the first time in God knows how long, she's allowed a peaceful moment to herself, just enjoying the show, her eyes drinking in the entire hour of practice. She barely remembers the rules they had gone over at breakfast, instead admiring the way Nicole is able to move despite her tall stature. In her own sport, height is a massive disadvantage, but in volleyball, it's like watching a battle of titans.

Nicole is fast, strong, and fearless while still keeping a smile on her face.

Waverly finds it endearing that, despite the pressure they all feel, the woman is actually having

fun. Not to say she hates her own sport; no, she loves gymnastics. But at times it was more stressful than anything else.

By the time the redhead is heading back her way, Waverly finds herself completely enamoured. Dropping her ball in the sand, Nicole is breathing heavily, sand clinging to damp skin as she bends over, hands braced on her knees. "Hey."

Waverly laughs. "Hey. That was pretty intense. You look really hot."

Nicole grins as she stands back up to full height, stretching out her back. "Yeah... it can get that way, but I mean, it's nothing like all those flips and stuff gymnasts do. Anyone can play volleyball."

"No way!" Waverly sits up, "Totally way too short to reach over that net and I have this aversion to balls flying towards my face." When she realizes what she's said, her cheeks flush a dark crimson. "That sounded a lot better in my head."

Nicole just chuckles. "I'm serious. Anyone can learn." She offers a hand towards the Canadian. "I'll teach you. And you don't even have to worry about balls hitting your face."

Nicole's hand is softer than Waverly imagined it would be, and ever so delicate as Nicole takes both of her hands in her own.

"Ok. So we'll start with the basics." She layers Waverly's hands together. "It's almost like this hand, is holding this one which is in a loose fist." She smiles, her fingertips easily manipulating the smaller digits, pressing the mound of each hand against each other and extending the thumbs to press together in parallel. "There we go. How does that feel?"

Waverly gives her a small shrug. "Awkward." She laughs and thankfully so does Nicole.

"Yeah it takes some getting used to." Nicole's eyes drift down, lingering at the new position the Canadian is in.

There's just no hiding the fact that the American is checking her out and Waverly gives her a little nudge. "Eyes up here, USA." It's strange really. Had she been victim to a male gaze, she would have felt completely uncomfortable, but there's just something about Nicole. Maybe it's due to the unexpected presence of her own interest.

Nicole at least has the decency to blush. "I was just admiring your muscle structure." She so obviously lies, moving her hands up Waverly's arms to straighten her elbows. "Now you don't want to bend your arms. Keep them locked or you'll end up smacking yourself in the face with a ball."

"I don't want that."

"No you don't." Another laugh and Nicole slides her hands back down, never really breaking contact, brushing against the skin of her forearm, just above her wrists. "You want to hit the ball here."

Waverly feels every inch of contact, nearly forgetting exactly what they were doing. "Um..." She smiles, suddenly at a loss for words. "So... not with my hands?"

Finally breaking the contact, Nicole looks down for a second before shaking her head, and when she looks up there's a full smile gracing her features. "No. Too many variables." She picks up her ball and spins it in her fingers. "Alright. So this is called a bump." She demonstrates by tossing the ball in the air, her hands instantly coming together to lightly bump the ball straight up, nothing but

control in her movements. "Your forearms offer the smoothest surface, and when you keep your elbows locked, you can control it."

Waverly watches her moving, the way she makes it so easy when she herself feels silly standing there with her hands clasped together.

"Alright. Ready?"

"What?" Before she knows it, the ball is hit up in her direction. The ball seems to move in slow motion, coming almost straight down right in front of her. She doesn't want to screw up, not in front of the redhead, but when she swings, she somehow misses completely. "Shit!" She lets slip when the ball hits the sand.

"That was good." Nicole doesn't laugh, she just reaches for the ball. "Don't swing your arms like a bat. The trick is to get directly under the ball."

Waverly feels the flush in her cheeks as she runs a hand through her hair. "I think you make it look really easy." She brings her hands together, looking up at Nicole through long lashes. "How do my hands go together again?"

Nicole smirks, tucking the ball against her hips as she takes the Canadian's hands in her own, her fingers coaxing the digits into their proper place.

Waverly loses all interest in volleyball and she twists her hands to capture the redhead's, intertwining their fingers when she gets no resistance. "Maybe you can teach me how to get directly...under it?" Her lips pull back into a mischievous smile, the bridge of her nose scrunching just a bit.

A soft blush crosses Nicole's features as she takes a settling breath. "How about, instead... you give me enough time to wash this sand off and you let me join you for lunch?"

"Me let you?" Waverly can't help but laugh, unable to take her mind off the fact that their fingers were still intertwined. "Are you asking permission?"

"Absolutely."

It sounds completely adorable, but with a healthy buzz, Waverly's not sure how much adorable she can take.

As if sensing her doubt, Nicole steps a little closer, close enough for the Canadian to feel the heat of her body. "Then maybe, after lunch, I can ask permission for a few other things."

The way the redhead's voice drops, thickening to a velvety tone that slides right between her legs, Waverly loses all hesitation. Before she's lost all her brazen confidence, she's pushing up to the tips of her toes, pressing her lips against the surprised American's.

It's softer than she imagined, kissing another woman, her hand releasing the long digits to cup a jaw that's not covered in rough stubble. An arm, that's strong yet still soft and delicate, wraps around her waist, pulling her closer.

By the time she's breaking off the kiss, they're both breathing heavily and Waverly licks her lips, resting her forehead against the tall woman's collar. "Okay, so... you mentioned lunch."

Nicole laughs. "Among other things... but we can start with lunch."

Chapter 2

Ok so... I was less than sober when I wrote this last night while watching closing ceremonies, and it's not completely horrible so I decided to just tack it on. lol.

There is a loud bang, colors filling in the dark room as cheering can be heard beyond the walls, but for the two women, neither notices.

Fingers tangle in red hair, lips hungrily searching as hands caress firm curves. There's a whimper and a moan, gasping for air as clothes are stripped away. A steady beat of music fills the air for hours, but the inhabitants of the room only care about the sounds from within, a giggle turning into a groan as slick skin slides against slick skin.

A strong thigh pressing against her arousal, Waverly breaks off the kiss. "Shit." She circles her hips, grinding against the bare muscles.

"You ok?" A strong hand caresses her cheek, pupils stretched wide in the darkness, attempting to take in every inch of skin highlighted by the never ending fireworks, giving her a worried look.

"Don't stop." Waverly pleads, her hands palming a breast as the fingers of her other hand dig into a strong shoulder blade. "Holy fuck please don't stop." She breathes in the scent of sweat and sex and vanilla, a sensory memory burying itself so far into her mind she would never forget it.

Their bodies move together as one, fingers reaching, pressing deeper, caressing. They are a wave rippling in the night, ebbing and flowing, cresting and finally crashing together as one in a heap on the bed, muscles burning from exertion, lungs gasping for air.

"Fuck."

Nicole laughs, attempting to disguise a snuffle, her eyes burning as she pulls the limp form closer, burying her nose in light brown hair and pressing her lips against a damp forehead. "My God, you are so beautiful."

"You just turned me into a puddle, I doubt I'm very beautiful right now." Waverly hums softly as her body drapes over the longer frame, enjoying the fingertips that idly brush up and down the center of her back.

"Everything about you is beautiful." Nicole objects. Her heart is still racing and her head's still spinning from champagne and desire. "Your nose..." She crooks her neck to place a kiss on the tip of her nose, her hand sliding down to cup firm flesh. "Your ass..." She was rewarded with a groan. "The way you swear when I'm inside you..." She whispers right into a pink ear, capturing the lobe between her teeth. "So beautiful."

A silence falls between them, silence and music and fireworks booming until another snuffle is all that can be heard.

"Hey." Nicole is fighting her own emotions. They're both facing the same predicament, planes heading in relatively the same direction, but still two different countries. Two different nations full of expectations and interviews and a million things that would keep them apart. "You know I'll be visiting you in Calgary so much you're gonna get tired of me, right?"

"Not possible." Waverly hugs the strong form closer, knowing each moment is a clock ticking down until their inevitable separation. How had she allowed herself to become so wrapped up with the redhead in less than a week?

Larger things have happened in a week, Waverly guesses. The creation of the world, according to Genesis. Nations fell and buildings rose in less than a week. Soulmates met and hearts broke in less than a week. "Just knowing I'll be in my bed tomorrow and you'll be in yours..." She's unable to finish the sentence, shaking her head.

Nicole can only nod. She knows the feeling, but she tries not to think about it, instead wanting to live in the moment, wanting to take the time to memorize every hill and valley of the lithe form. "Hey. Come here." She tugs the shorter frame up until they're nose to nose. "Don't think for a minute, you're going to be without me, Baby." She intertwines her fingers with Waverly's, feeling the complete weight of the woman settling on her. "No matter how many miles are between us, you're always with me, and I'm always with you." She feels the damp heat of a tear splash against her cheek and she's pressing their foreheads together. "Me and you, Waves. We got this, ok?"

Despite the tears, Waverly nods, pressing their lips together. "I love you." She whispers the words not for the first time over the past week that they've been in the same position. It had meant to be a flirtation, a subtle seduction of new things to try while she was in Rio. She didn't expect to fall so deeply, to crash against the shore of impossibility and fall into the arms of an American volleyball player who had the ability to turn her inside out.

"I love you too." It was a soft whisper, but they were moving again, bodies driven by need and emotion. Nicole found her hands pinned to the bed, their fingers still intertwined as hips settled between her thighs and lips captured an already abused nipple. She hisses but thrusts her chest forward, needing anything and everything.

Summer Olympics, Tokyo Japan, 4 years later

"So, Nicole this is your third Olympics. Are you excited to be here in Tokyo?" The compact woman holds a mic in front of her, allowing her a chance to respond.

"I'm so excited." The redhead speaks quickly, knowing she just had to get through the interviews as fast as she could. "I've been working impossibly hard the past 4 years and I know we're bringing home the gold this time."

"So glad to hear that, Ni..." The reporter trails off when Nicole suddenly turns, having heard something.

"Ummm..." Nicole holds up a finger, her entire face lighting up. "Be right back... I just need one minute." She takes a total of 5 long strides before a compact form impacts her own, limbs wrapping around her waist and shoulders as lips hungrily meet her own. She knows they're in the middle of the hall, that the reporter is probably watching and cameras are filming, but her arms have missed holding the woman against her.

Finally Waverly breaks off the kiss, slipping down. "Hello."

Nicole can't stop herself from leaning her forehead against Waverly's, brushing the tips of their noses together. "Hey, Baby."

"Your sister has been texting me all day. Something about a broken window. You are in so much

trouble when you get home." Waverly reaches up to run her fingers through auburn locks. "Hurry up with your interview, ok? I'm hungry and I've been waiting for you."

Nicole chuckles with a nod. "I've been waiting for you too..." Leaning forward, she presses a kiss to the woman's ear, "And I've got an itch you need to scratch first."

Waverly rolls her eyes. "And they say it's all downhill after the first year." She places a quick kiss on the redhead's cheek. "Such a romantic."

"Hey you knew what you were getting into when you married me." Nicole laughs. "Gimme two minutes." She turns back towards the reporter, jumping when she gets a firm smack to the ass.

She tries her best to ignore it as she jogs back to the amused woman. "Sorry. Done."

"No problem. You and your wife, Canadian Gymnast Waverly Earp, met in Rio, correct?" When Nicole nodded, the reporter continued. "How has that worked for the two of you? Two Olympians from two separate nations?"

Nicole shrugs. "It was rough in the beginning, but all relationships are. We've spent a lot of time apart, like we've both had some major training and I haven't seen her in over 3 weeks, but we've learned to make a LOT of compromises. I think it helps that we both know exactly the stress and pressure each other is under. She's really been a sturdy rock for me, offering nothing but support and encouragement and I hope I've been the same for her."

"Well. I'm sure you've got a lot to do. Thank you for taking the time to talk. Good luck to the both of you these games."

Nicole waits for the reporter to give her sign off before looking over her shoulder again, seeing Waverly speaking with another athlete.

"Thanks again, Nicole." The reporter knows she's lost the Olympians attention and laughs softly.

"Thank you." Nicole chuckles, practically spinning on her heels. She knows it's probably pretty rude, but what she'd told the reporter was true. She hasn't been able to hold the Canadian in almost a month and she closes the distance between them in seconds, wrapping her arm around the brunette's waist from behind.

To her credit, Waverly only stumbles on her words briefly before she continues talking to the other gymnast, leaning back into Nicole's embrace.

To the credit of the other gymnast, she concludes the conversation quickly before waving awkwardly.

Waverly turns in the redhead's embrace, her arms wrapping around her neck. "Hey beautiful. Long time no see."

"Long time no a lot of thing." Nicole smiles as she presses her lips to the Canadians.

"Well good thing I've got the room situated."

"Did you push the kiddie beds together?"

"Are you free to take a few minutes to find out?" Waverly slides her hand into Nicole's, pulling her towards the dorms.

"I've got at least 30."

"Well I've got an interview in 20 so..."

The minute they're in the room, Nicole finds herself pinned to the door, strong hands pulling her clothes away. "20? We've worked with less."

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