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Haught-Damn

by [HaughtBreaker](#)

Summary

After the events of 1.10, Waverly needs to vent about the recent turn of events and wakes Nicole up.

Chapter 1

Ok, so here we have my first venture into wayhaught fic inspired by [this twitter conversation](#)

Knock Knock Knock

A click of a switch and the small room was illuminated by the bedside lamp, eyes blinking open in confusion. Looking around the otherwise unoccupied room, she couldn't conceive of what could have awoken her until... another knock came and she realized someone was at her door. Who exactly it was, she couldn't even imagine. Out of habit, Nicole reached for her sidearm, checking the clock before slipping out of bed.

2 a.m. After a long night of getting a cult full of lost and brainwashed women settled, she was exhausted to say the least.

Another series of knocks and she was creeping to the door, pressing her forehead against the cold surface to peer through the hole. She didn't expect to see what she did. With a relieved sigh, she lowered her weapon and unlocked the door. As relieved as she was, she felt a kernel of worry begin to blossom. "Wav...?"

"Oh good. You're up. I wasn't really sure but I thought I would take a chance." The words came out in a rush as she stepped into the small apartment, stripping out of her coat. "I really need to talk to you but I wasn't sure if you were home or not or if you were still at the station and I probably should have called..."

"Waverly!"

The brunette paused, blinking in surprise.

"It is 2 in the morning. Are you okay?"

Another blink and the shorter woman was looking at her wrist, realizing she'd left her watch at home. "I think so... yes... no..."

"Yes or No? Which one is it?" Nicole wasn't sure if she should be panicking or not. Knowing the brunette, there could be an endless stream of trouble following her across all of Purgatory. "Are you in danger?" Whatever hereditary trait it was that drew mayhem to the Earp family, Nicole had learned to be ready for anything.

"I... No, I'm not in danger. I just really need to talk to you." Looking around the darkened apartment, Waverly swallowed audibly as if she only now realized how many hours ago the sun had set. What had she been thinking? She had just needed to get out of the house, is what it was. She needed to get away from Wynonna and Gus and ... "I'm sorry I didn't know how late it was. I can just..." She gathered her coat, a tide of guilt having coursed through her and found a home in her conscience. "I can talk to you in the morning... later in the morning... after you wake up... again."

Nicole sighed a breath of relief, closing the door before setting her gun on the nearby table, crossing her arms over her chest. She could tell something was bothering the woman who seemed to ramble when either nervous or panicking. Now that she knew that it wasn't an immediate threat, she could let her guard down a bit. "What's going on?"

Dropping onto the leather couch, Waverly shook her head. "Everyone is just so certain that Eve, one of those crazy cult women, is our sister Willa who disappeared years ago but I can't help but wonder how that's even possible and what does that even mean for us and for our family." She shifted just slightly, giving the officer room to sit.

"Wait... Eve?" Nicole's brows furrowed. Her memory went over the faces of the women she had dealt with, lingering on the tall brunette that, now that she thought about it, had some similarities to the mysterious sisters. "Huh..."

"She's just been gone for so long and her memory is gone and..." Her eyes lingering on the redhead, Waverly's words trailed off, blinking as if she was seeing her for the first time. "She doesn't remember... um... sorry but your... is that what you really wear to sleep?"

Confusion making another appearance, Nicole looked down at her tank top and... oh. She suddenly remembered that she had just got out of bed and no doubt looked less than presentable. Her cheeks colored a dark shade of red as she ran one hand through her hair and she adjusted her other arm to cover the "Hufflepuff" that went down one leg of her pajama pants. "To be fair, I wasn't expecting company."

"That is... completely unexpected yet surprisingly adorable." Waverly flashed her a small smile, her own worries derailed by the strange revelation. "So... you're a big Harry Potter fan? Does that make you a Haughfflepuff?" She did a horrible job of holding back her giggling at her own joke.

Eyes growing large in shock, Nicole's mouth opened and closed once... Twice... Three times before she gave the brunette a wry look. "Aren't you awfully proud of yourself. That was terrible."

"Says the woman sleeping in Harry Potter pajamas."

Nicole smiled, dimples ever-present as she slid just a little closer. "You could fix that easily." Her voice dropped to a low timber. "You know we never got to finish that discussion earlier..." Her words were cut off as lips pressed against her own, catching her by surprise. She froze for the barest of moments before her hand came up, caressing a soft cheek as she returned the kiss.

Waverly couldn't help smiling against the officer's lips, pressing closer. This was all still new to her and she couldn't help feeling just a bit awkward, not sure of how much to demand, not sure of where the limitations and boundaries were. Thankfully, Nicole didn't have the same problem, a strong hand sliding under her jeans-covered thigh and pulling her closer to straddle the taller woman's lap. Naturally being almost half a foot shorter, she appreciated the new position, especially as lips began to move along her jaw before coursing down her throat.

She had to admit, all the research she did in the past few days failed to mention the peculiar desire that filled her, that her previous wants and needs would completely contradict with what she currently felt. She had always hated when men tried to tell her what to do, and tried to control her, but with Nicole, she gave herself over completely. Maybe it was because in the short time they've known each other, she trusted the officer more than she'd ever trusted anyone before that wasn't kin.

Nicole returned to her lips once more, a short yet heated kiss before she was pulling away, her nose brushing along the length of Waverly's. "Wait... sorry... you wanted to talk?"

"I did but... this works immensely better than venting." She ran a hand through red hair, sorting the unruly locks. "You should wear your hair down more often."

"Well, it's a uniform thing."

Waverly frowned. "Well it's a stupid uniform thing. What do you even care? I mean you totally always have way more buttons open than is probably regulation. Uptight police department and their regulations. We could probably get that changed, you know. There has to be something about this being sexist and..." She squeaked in surprise when Nicole pulled her back in for a kiss and she could feel the curl of a smile against her mouth. "I'm talking too much again," she mumbled against the lips. The softest touch moved up her side, pushing her sweater up and she lost the ability to speak.

The sudden silence become very obvious and Nicole pulled back, looking up in question.

Waverly gave her a reassuring smile, lifting both arms over her head in surrender, allowing both her sweater and shirt to be tugged up and off in one motion. As the redhead tossed the clothes to the side, adding her bra to the discarded pile, Waverly couldn't help cupping the woman's cheek, leaning forward to brush the softest kiss against eager lips before pulling away suddenly. "If you're Hufflepuff, can I be Hufflepuff too because I don't know how the whole team thing works but like, can the teams or whatever fraternize with each other or is that something that's completely against the rules?"

With a soft laugh, Nicole moved, turning their bodies so that they were lying lengthwise and she was bracing herself against the arm of the couch. "You... are insufferable... adorable... beautiful... but insufferable." She chuckled, her hand sliding down, beginning to work on the buckle of her belt. "And yes, *houses* can fraternize with each other, but you..." Leaning forward, she nipped Waverly's bottom lip gently before kissing her fully. She enjoyed the eager response, hands tugging at her tank top until she was pulling away and the brunette tugged the shirt off. "You are definitely a Hufflepuff."

Any response Waverly had was interrupted by an onslaught of sensation, lips and tongue capturing her mouth as a hand slid down her side, the gentle pressure of a thigh sliding between her own. She didn't mind the silence, especially with the soft whimper she was awarded with as she cupped a breast, feeling the weight of the soft flesh in her hand, amazed by the way the surface tightened as the nipple hardened from the attention. She didn't feel as awkward as she had the first time, when she had been wrapped in uncertainty, absolutely sure she wouldn't be able to please a woman due to her own ineptitude. It never occurred to her that her entire mature life, she had been pleasing a woman without hesitation... herself. She knew what brought herself pleasure and it would only make sense that other women had similar needs and desires. And anything else... well Nicole was not shy in assisting.

Instead, Waverly focused on how different everything was, and not in a bad way. As lips broke away from her own, travelling down the length of her throat, she was amazed by the softness of everything. There was no scrape of stubble that accompanied each kiss, no overbearing weight pressing down on her. Yes, Nicole had a fit and slightly muscular frame, but there was a thin layer of softness that accompanied it. There was the scent of gun oil and gunpowder that lingered on just about everyone in Purgatory, but it was paired the sweet scent of the lavender that surrounded the officer, a scent she found still clinging to her own skin since that first day in Nedley's office.

And her hands. Waverly gasped as a hand slipped down the front of her unbuttoned jeans and cupped her sex. She found light brown eyes suddenly inches from her own.

"Is this ok?"

"Yes... completely..." Tangling her hand in red hair, she pulled the woman down for another kiss as fingertips pressed closer, gently yet with certainty. Another difference, she deducted, as the touch grew more intimate, knowing exactly how to coax out the bolts of pleasure that shot through her body, accompanying the caress of exploring fingertips. There was a careful consideration in

each stroke, an obvious awareness of exactly where she needed to be touched. Her back arched into the woman's body, feeling the softness of breasts pressed against her ribs as teeth nibbled along her clavicle and she needed more.

Nicole nearly laughed as the shorter woman's hands moved to the edge of denim, attempting to push the offending barrier away. She regretfully slipped her hand from the tight pants, despite Waverly's disappointed whimper, to assist in the removal. "You are impatient, aren't you?" She couldn't help commenting as she was pulled down again as soon as the clothing was shed. The response she received was a hand covering her own, pressing it against heated flesh, slick with arousal. Fingers covered her own completely and she went with the guidance, her middle finger covered by Waverly's, circling the small bundle of nerves that forced a shuddered breath to emerge from the brunette.

It was far more intimate than Nicole thought it would be, allowing her hand to be controlled in such a way. They moved together in synchronized harmony, circling, exploring. They filled their lungs with each other's breath, sharing the air between them as Waverly guided their joined fingers into the depths of her arousal.

Watching the look of complete bliss on the woman's face, Nicole was spellbound. Waverly's eyes were pinched closed, her bruised lips parted just slightly, the corners of her mouth lifted in a smile even as her breath came ragged. It was the most beautiful look she had ever seen, and it aroused a hunger from within her, a need to bring as much pleasure as possible to the small woman. With a new determination, she moved down the woman's body, knowing that she would interrupt the shared movements. There was a small groan of distress as eyes dark with desire blinked open to look at her, the briefest moment of confusion washed away by sudden realization as Nicole settled between her thighs. There was no disapproval in the eyes watching her, but rather curiosity laden with anticipation as she got more comfortable on the couch, easing one of Waverly's thighs over her shoulder to conserve space.

Waverly wasn't sure what to expect, a nervousness settling in her gut. Champ had been her high school sweetheart, and when the only boy you've slept with refused to do certain things, she'd cast the deed from her mind. She'd been content with Nicole's gentle caresses and exploring fingertips, more than content really, but as she felt herself parted, and a hot tongue move against her, she regretted every moment of her life in which she accepted Champ's refusal as the norm. "Holy fffiretruck." She lost all control as her hips jerked up, thrusting towards the source of pleasure. This was so far from what she expected.

A hand tangling in her hair barely registered as Nicole lost herself in tasting the sweet arousal, breathing in the scent that set her own body on fire. Each whimper and moan she managed to coax from the woman was a symphony that played only for her as she returned her fingers to the depths of heated passion.

It was overwhelming, Waverly thought as she attempted to pull the woman closer. She could feel the pressure building inside and she wanted both to run from it just as much as she wanted to burn in the fire of it. There wasn't enough oxygen in the air and she felt like she was spiraling out of control until she found one of her hands captured. Looking down, she found Nicole's free hand wrapped around her own, their fingers intertwining and anchoring her down to reality. Her eyes locked with light brown and it was everything she needed. It was as if the rest of the world fell away.

There were no revenants No Bobo. There was no Purgatory confining her to a boring life. There was just she and Nicole, and the steadily building fire from within that was bordering on madness. And all at once, so much sooner than she thought possible, the pressure uncoiled from within, her body arching and every muscle tensed before releasing in a series of trembling pulses of desire.

She was tumbling into an infinity of nothing and everything at once, held in place by the hand that gripped her own as each wave of pleasure passed. When finally it subsided, and the pure ecstasy was replaced with a cloud of lingering bliss, she found herself cradled in the woman's arms, their bodies laying together on the couch, pressed close in the small space. She could smell her own arousal on the taller woman, taste it on the lips she captured in a soft kiss as micro-tremors continued to course through her body.

Nicole returned the kiss lazily, simply enjoying the way the spent form melted against her own. "Are you ok?" She whispered after breaking off the kiss, brushing soft kisses across every surface she could reach without actually moving. She could feel her own arousal thrumming, needing to find relief, but for the moment she was content where she was.

"Mmm-hmmm." Waverly nodded, resting her head against the officer's shoulder, her fingertips lightly brushing up and down the length of Nicole's arm.

"Are you sure?"

"Mmm-hmmm."

Nicole smirked, pressing a kiss against the the top of Waverly's head. "Are you going to say anything beside mmm-hmmm"

Waverly thought about that. What exactly could she say that would encompass what she was feeling? What could she even say that would come close? How she felt like she'd finally found her place? That she'd never felt so... wanted? Maybe it was too soon for those type of thoughts? Instead, she looked up at Nicole, finding amused eyes watching her. Finding the officer's lips once more, she enjoyed the soft pressure before brushing the tip of her nose along the length of Nicole's.

"Say something." Nicole was beginning to feel a bit insecure, despite the woman's obvious enjoyment.

Pursing her lips momentarily, Waverly let a grin creep across her lips before responding. "Haught-damn." She was rewarded with an exasperated groan that she couldn't help chuckling at. "Sorry."

"Insufferable." Nicole shook her head, unable to stop the smile from spreading from ear to ear.

Waverly chuckled at that, letting her hand drift down the woman's body and pausing at the waist of the pajama pants she still wore. "You know... I think I need to get me a pair of these." She commented as her hand slid easily in, the loose cotton offering no resistance.

Nicole's nostrils flared. "Take them. You can have them."

"Don't mind if I do." Waverly commented, beginning to move down the long frame with delicious intent.

Chapter 2

Ok so maybe I lied and this is a bit of a part 2 that I just don't feel like posting separately. This takes place after 1x11

Waverly noticed three things as slumber slipped from her grasp, her dreams slowly fading into the waking world. One was the smell of something sweet in the air, like cookies... or cake... whatever it was it smelt incredible. Almost instantly her stomach growled, making its presence known. She hadn't eaten anything since... well she'd been so distracted with getting ambushed and shot, she'd skipped dinner. The second thing she noticed was the persistent beep she recognized coming from her cell phone. No doubt it was Wynonna or Gus wondering where she was. She hadn't spent a night away from home since she moved out of Shorty's and she hadn't exactly planned on staying at Nicole's place last night, but she'd been too tired and far too comfortable to move from the taller woman's embrace.

She had come over pretty late... again... after telling her sister... correction sisters... she needed some room to think. She still wasn't quite sure what her thoughts were on recent events. First Willa reappearing, then the siege on the homestead... She needed to separate herself and thankfully, the redhead offered a somewhat sanctuary in her arms.

That brought her to the third thing that she noticed, the weight on her chest that supplied a comfortable warmth. She remembered the redheaded woman brushing the most tender kisses along her collarbone before pressing her ear to Waverly's chest, content to just listen to her heartbeat. With a smile, she sleepily brought her hand up to run her fingers through the shoulder-length crimson locks, but as her hand found impossibly shorter hair, she finally blinked her eyes open, finding green orbs just inches from her own, a furry face inching closer.

"What the Frick?!" She shot up, startled as a black form scampered off the bed and shot out the bedroom door. She hissed as the wound on the side of her ribs pulled with the movement. In seconds, the doorway was filled with a tall form, wearing nothing but a tank top and a pair of boxers.

"Are you ok? What happened?" Nicole's eyes shot around the bedroom, looking for anything that could have hurt the brunette. She didn't expect the woman to start laughing. "Wav?"

Shaking her head, Waverly fell back, grunting in discomfort. "Your cat... Jesus... She about scared 9 lives out of *me*." Looking at the slightly panicked woman, Waverly couldn't help but admire the way the light poured in from the bedroom window, sunlight enhancing the features she found completely beautiful. Tiny shadows appeared, accentuating the dimples that were created when the officer smiled, and Waverly felt a fluttering in her abdomen.

Realization dawned on Nicole's face as she let a knowing smile spread across her lips. "Ahhh. Yeah sorry about that. Ripley has a tendency to be a little invasive."

"Ripley?" An eyebrow rose in surprise. She'd been over to Nicole's more than once since that evening in Nedley's office, but the animal apparently hid during the day and she wasn't sure why she hadn't thought to ask the woman what her cat's name was. She didn't expect that. "Like... Ripley's Believe it or Not?"

Crisis averted, Nicole moved to the bed, kneeling on the soft surface, checking the bandage on the

woman's ribs. The touch against her skin was gentle and warm, careful of the still tender area. "More like... Sigourney Weaver's character in Alien." Satisfied, she leaned forward to brush her lips against Waverly's, only to have the woman roll away and sit up, looking at her uncertainly.

"Like that really creepy movie from the 80s?"

"Well... it's not creepy. I mean it's a sci fi horror and yeah it's dark but I wouldn't classify it as... " Nicole paused, seeing the troubled look on the brunette's face. "It... it's one of my favorite movies..."

Waverly frowned at that. "Oh." She didn't want this to be a problem between them, but she'd dated a boy in high school once who liked those weird space movies and she remembered having to sit there and watch as he laughed every time she jumped in fear.

"Hey..." Nicole reached up, turning her chin to look in her eyes. "What's going on?"

"Nothing. Nothing." Waverly leaned forward to capture Nicole's lips in a kiss, frowning when it was the officer who pulled back.

"There's something wrong... you're acting strange. Is it waking up here? I know it was your first time staying over, but..."

"That's not it." With a heavy sigh, Waverly shrugged, looking away and hugging the flat sheet to her chest. "I'm just... not a fan of horror movies...they kinda creep me out and I'm really not that big a fan of the dark as it is." She couldn't really go into explaining the numerous amount of times she'd been attacked since Wynonna returned home, not since they'd agreed to keep the officer out of all the revenant trouble. It was bad enough the woman had been abducted and left for dead by the last of the seven.

If she didn't know the name of the woman's cat, or even what sort of movies she liked to watch, what else didn't she know?

"Ok..." Nicole gave her a strange look, sensing something else was going on. "You know that's ok right? We don't have to like the same movies. What's your favorite movie?"

"Titanic?" When there was no response, she looked up to see a very stoic look on the redhead's face, as if she were trying to hide her response. "See! You want to make fun of me!"

"Titanic?... Really?" Nicole shook her head, a smile returning to her face. "It's fine... it's better than fine. I think it's adorable..." She ran a hand through Waverly's sleep-tousled hair. "I think you are adorable."

Waverly shooed her hands away. "No... see this is like a first or second date discussion, not a waking up in your bed after a night of..." She released a frustrated sigh, rolling off the bed with the flat sheet held tight against her chest, covering her body as she moved to stand in front of the woman. "I was just so focused on getting over my own fear of this... of us... and every time I'm around you, you're just so darn irresistible and we haven't really talked because we skipped the whole dating phase..." She could feel her thoughts pouring forward, every worry she had suddenly surfacing. It wasn't Nicole's fault, it was her own. Once again she'd jumped in head first and now she was left trying to make sense of everything. "I mean is that really all this is? Just sex?"

"Of course not. We can talk at any time, Waverly. It's not something you have to do over bad pasta and wine." Nicole gave her a reassuring smile. "It just takes time and I mean... we can't really just go on a date..."

Because of her family... Waverly finished the thought easily. She'd asked Nicole to keep it secret because she wasn't sure she wanted everyone to know just yet. She'd told Doc but he was the only one. She hadn't even told Wynonna yet... not really. She'd insinuated... but she still couldn't just come out and say it. After all, how serious were they really? She hadn't even bothered to ask the name of Nicole's cat.

As if on cue, her phone began to ring. Waverly huffed as she grabbed her phone. The 10th missed call from Wynonna. "Well that's going to change cause I wanna go out on a date and learn about movies and what your favorite flowers are and get dressed up and all that stuff." She grumbled more to herself than to anyone in the room. She was not going to let something as silly as her own fear stand in the way of what she wanted. "Hello?"

"Where the hell have you been? I've been worried sick, I was thinkin' maybe Bobo took you or something."

"Sorry. I just... I wanted to be around someone that wasn't... you know... a part of the craziness." She gave the officer a pained look. Now that she was on the phone with her sister, she wasn't exactly sure how to go about telling her.

"What? Someone? Someone like who? Don't tell me you took Champ back... Waverly..."

"No! God no. The last thing I need is to open that Pandora's box again. I've been with Nicole." Waverly spoke with certainty, watching as the officer's eyes doubled in size.

"What? You're at the sheriff's station? Why? What happened?"

"What? No... I'm not at the sheriff's station." She looked at Nicole who gave her a wry look and she smacked her forehead. Of course Wynonna would think that. "No. I'm at Nicole's... apartment. I have been..."

There was a brief silence. *"Like... a sleepover?"* There was a hesitation in her sister's voice.

"Oh... there wasn't much sleeping." Waverly couldn't help grinning when Nicole's face reddened and the officer stood up, leaving the room.

"Damn it!" There was a disgruntled groan that came over the line. *"Now I have to buy Dolls dinner..."*

"Wait... what? You two were betting on Nicole and me?" It didn't make sense. She was starting to get a headache.

"No I was betting you'd get back with that d-bag, Champ." There was a laughter that came over the phone. *"Officer Haught-pants is totally a step up... Do you love her?"* Wynonna mocked, bringing back the memory of her asking her sister the same about Doc not that long ago.

"God, Wynonna." Waverly mumbled, looking around the room until she found a t-shirt, quickly slipping it on, the larger garment falling almost to mid-thigh. "I really have to go, but I just wanted you to stop calling."

"Go Girl! Get you some of that..."

Hanging up on her sister's catcalling, Waverly ducked into the bathroom to freshen up before going in search of the redhead. She found her in the kitchen along with the source of the smell she had detected. "Hey."

Nicole pursed her lips as she arranged two plates of pancakes she'd made. "Hey."

Sensing the woman was possibly embarrassed, Waverly pressed herself against the tall back, brushing her lips between shoulder blades as she wrapped her arms around the strong waist, hands splayed against the warm surface of Nicole's abdomen. "Sorry about that."

"It's fine."

Waverly frowned, noticing the flat tone and how tense the officer had gotten. "Are you upset I told my sister?"

"You're asking now?"

It hadn't even occurred to Waverly that the officer didn't want anyone to know. She felt her stomach drop, realizing she really should have thought it out better. "I'm sorry. I should have asked you. It's not just me in this, and I just got so wrapped up in things and I wasn't thinking." She could feel the form relaxing. "Forgive me for being blinded by the chance to get dressed up and go on a date with you?"

There was a soft chuckle as Nicole covered the smaller hand with her own, leaning back just slightly. "Of course. You're too cute to be mad at."

Waverly buried her face in the woman's back, a blush showing to her cheeks. She'd always hated being called cute. Her entire life, Wynonna had always been the hot sister and she was the *cute* one, something that had bothered her to no end. But, when Nicole said it, she felt a strange wave of giddiness wash over her. "What time do you have to go to work?"

"10. Are you working today?"

Waverly shook her head. "I quit. Ain't no way in high heaven am I working for Bobo."

"What is it with you guys and Bobo DelRay?"

"He's just a bad guy. Let's not talk about him." A mischievous grin crossed her lips as she began to slide her hand lower, running around the edge of the boxers. "So... 10 o'clock... that's about... 2 hours out?"

"Yeah." The word came out in a high pitch, startled just slightly by the sudden bold move. "Why? You got anything in mind?"

"Maybe." Waverly felt the surface under her hand jump with a sudden inhale as one hand slipped beneath the waist of the cotton boxers. "At least one thing."

"Yeah?" Nicole turned to face her.

Pressing up against the tall form, Waverly pushed herself to her toes, meeting her lips in a soft kiss before pulling away, having grabbed one of the plates of pancakes from behind the redhead. "I'm starving!"

"What?" Nicole blinked, her brows furrowed as she swallowed audibly, trying to cope with the sudden loss of warmth.

Waverly took a seat at the table. "I can't believe you made pancakes. That's so amazing." She proceeded to pour a liberal amount of syrup on the stack, seemingly oblivious to what was going through the officer's head.

Taking a deep breath, Nicole breathed in the rich scent of fresh coffee as she filled two mugs, grabbing her plate before taking a seat. "Waverly Earp... I do believe you are gonna be the death

of me.."

Looking up through long lashes, Waverly smirked. "Don't go dyin' on me now, Officer Haught. I've got plans for you."

The seemingly innocent way the brunette said it made Nicole's heart skip a beat. Sitting across from Waverly, she found, made it impossible to concentrate on anything except the way syrup clung to soft lips, the tip of a tongue emerging to lick it away. Her gaze locked on the way tapered fingers caressed the bowl of her coffee cup as the brunette took a sip, eyes meeting hers over the porcelain rim.

"Not hungry?" Eyebrows raised, Waverly reached over to steal a piece of her pancakes. "You know breakfast is the most important meal of the day and your cooking is totally amazeballs."

"Yeah?" Nicole grinned, inching her chair a little closer.

Pausing with a bite halfway to her mouth, Waverly's eyes fell to the officer's lips, swallowing audibly. "Yeah."

Unable to resist anymore, Nicole leaned toward the warmth she craved. "Let me..." Bypassing the forkful of pancakes, she captured lips in a kiss, tasting the sticky sweetness that clung to the soft skin. She heard the clatter of a fork hitting a plate before a hand tangled in her hair and the brunette was kissing her back with vigor. Tongues brushed against each other and teeth nipped at lips just before there was a scrape of a chair against the wooden floors and she felt the woman straddle her lap. She could feel the delicious heat against her bare legs, realizing there was nothing under the large shirt and she was pushing the material up, caressing the length of strong thighs.

Waverly broke off the kiss, pulling back. She let the pad of her thumb trace the redhead's bottom lip, smirking as it was captured between white teeth. "What do you think?"

"I think..." Nicole pressed a kiss to the thumb before pulling the shorter frame closer. "I'm hungry for somethin'..." When the woman wiggled away and off her lap, she groaned, a sound that quickly faded as her shirt was stripped off and dropped to the floor, a hand held out in her direction.

Waverly pulled the now standing woman to her, finding the taller frame easy to direct as she tugged at the tank top that blocked her access, leading them back to the bedroom. This had been a bit of a learning curve, but as she pushed the tall woman on the bed and quickly straddled warm hips, she felt her newborn confidence emerging. The first thing Nicole had taught her was patience, and how little she had. But she let her hands slide across deliciously soft skin, her nails raking over ribs that expanded with a sudden inhale. That was so different, the way every touch had meaning... purpose. The way her body trembled as heated hands slid over her thighs... This wasn't just... body parts fitting together to accomplish a final goal... it was the journey of flesh against flesh, of lips caressing every beautiful inch she could find. She was very aware of the heated depths that waited for her, but she took her time, paying attention to every gasp and whimper. She loved the way Nicole's breath caught in her throat as she took a nipple between her lips, her fingers toying with it's twin.

Waverly felt it before it happened, the feeling of Nicole's abdomen tightening as she tried to sit up, another attempt at taking control, but she was quick to push the redhead back down, a smile on her face as she shook her head. "Oh no you don't." She saw challenge in brown eyes and she leaned down for a kiss, hovering over the taller frame as she adjusted her position, sliding her thigh between the officers. "You're mine."

Raising her eyebrows, Nicole could only laugh, a sound that turned to a groan as a mischievous

grin spread across the brunette's face. As sure hands and curious lips moved down her body, she had zero arguments with that statement.

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