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## I'm yours

by [HaughtBreaker](#)

### Summary

This takes place right before the barn scene in episode 12.

### Notes

Jaybear1701 requested this, cause she's silly and I'm inebriated so I'm willing to write weird shit. Always with these random conversations!

"You're still here." Waverly steps onto the porch, hugging her arms to her chest.

Nicole leans casually against the back of the car. She doesn't say anything, just offers her hand out to the youngest Earp who thankfully takes it, allowing herself to be pulled into the barn where it's quiet and there's less chance of being interrupted. Once the door closes, she releases the hand that clung to her own in desperation.

The loss is a physical pain within her as Waverly takes a seat on the bed, noticing how empty the barn seems without Doc. Just when they had started to creep their way to friendship, he picked up and left. Like Wynonna had. Like her mother had. No doubt Nicole would do the same too if she didn't fix this. "I'm sorry."

Nicole finds a spot to lean against the barn wall, keeping the distance between them. She knows if she moves closer, breathing Waverly into her lungs, she would lose herself to it. She needed to

speak her mind, to clear the air that had been clouded with miscommunication and heartbreaking assumptions. "I know you are."

Pulling the sleeves over her fingers, it's offers a small refuge against the cold. Waverly lingers on the thought that should have brought a coat, but she had seen the cruiser still in the driveway once she'd shaken off Willa. "I don't want it to seem like I take Willa's side over yours I just... We've been walking on eggshells around her because of everything and I don't want you to think I'm ashamed of l... caring for you." She catches herself just barely. It hasn't been long enough for that, but she was always one to love easily. It wouldn't help her case in this situation. "I want to defend you against her, to stand up for you, but... she's my sister and she's hurting."

Nicole nods. She knows she should say something, but instead she stays silent. She couldn't even fathom what to say if she did speak. Instead, she listens.

"It's hard for her. She's lived through so much, things we can't even imagine. She doesn't mean to be difficult." Running a hand through her hair, she feels lost and alone, despite the company in the room. Maybe because of the company in the room. She's experienced the burning heat of Nicole's embrace, the salvation in her kiss, and yet she feels she doesn't deserve it. She deserves the miles between them that she herself instilled. "I don't know if I should give her room to adjust to being home, or if I should jump in and correct her. She has no right to treat you the way she did, but it's because she doesn't know what you are to me."

"And what am I to you?"

Waverly looks up, her vision partly obscured by her long hair and she pushes it back. "I..." She shakes her head because the words that come to mind are too powerful for a relationship still in the stages of being established. "I care about you... You've been here for me, and I just... I feel like I'm being pulled in a hundred directions and the last thing I can worry about is myself, and I'm sorry because that's overflowing onto you because... I do worry about you." She shakes her head. "I worry I'm not enough for you. I worry one of these days Willa will say something that will drive you away."

"Willa's a big girl, Wav." Nicole picks at the purple sweater she wore. "Maybe you should stop coddling her and let her deal with the consequences of her own actions instead of trying to justify them." She feels the words are too harsh and regrets them the second they surface, but once they're free, there's no swallowing them back down.

"I know." Waverly agrees, because she does know. She knows what she has to do, that Willa has to learn to stand on her own. She can't allow her sister to demean Nicole. Not if she wanted their relationship to grow. "I know, Nicole. I just..." She shakes her head, having run out of words to say. She just felt... worn thin. "I'm exhausted."

Her resistance dissipates within seconds and Nicole finds herself moving. "Hey." It's so easy to climb onto the bed, moving to the shorter woman's side and pushing aside a lock of her hair. The proximity takes hold of her and she's pressing a kiss to her neck.

Waverly shies away just slightly. She knows she doesn't deserve this, but the warmth that surrounds her seeps into her chilled skin.

"I know, Baby."

Nicole's voice is the siren's song that pulls her in, washing away the doubt and fear. A kiss breathes life into her and she's turning to capture her salvation, demanding more from the lips she refused to give up. The cold holds no power over her with an inferno burning between them and she needs to feel the woman pressed against her. She needs Nicole to know that she is hers

completely, that she would defend her even against her own sisters.

*You're mine.* The words are translated to actions as Waverly strips away the purple sweater. *I'm yours* is spoken as her own shirt is removed. This was everything. They were everything.

Just as quickly as it came, the heat was ripped from her.

"Shit." Nicole mumbles, breaking off the kiss and putting distance between them, guilt evident in her face as she looks past Waverly.

"Sorry..." The look on Willa's face is surprise, touched with a hint of darkness. "Wynonna never said anything about you being a... a gay."

The look on Waverly's face speaks volumes. Of course Wynonna doesn't know.

"Oh geeze... You haven't told her."

Nicole swallows loud enough for Waverly to hear her, and she knows the conversation that needs to happen. This is Waverly's fight and as much as she wants to stay, she knows she'll be in the way. "I have to go."

Waverly wants to stop her. She wants to fall back in the trap of her warmth and tell Willa to leave, but if she was going to do this, now was the moment. She watches as Nicole pauses long enough to look her way.

"Call me later." She'll come back if Waverly asks. She'll stop if Waverly asks, but it never comes. She had seen the brief flash of anger in the brunette's eyes directed towards her sister as she escaped the barn. She slips into the cruiser, taking a moment to compose herself, running a hand through her hair. She knows that Waverly can take care of herself. She thinks about the conversation that passed and can't help but smile a little.

*"I don't want you to think I'm ashamed of l..."*

She had let it slip by, and Waverly had stumbled covering it up, but she had heard it.

Even if Waverly wasn't ready to admit it, Nicole wouldn't forget it.

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