

Eleven - Drunken Declarations

I am pretty much eating my weight in ice cream. As if being attacked isn't enough, my lifelong crush has basically said he only views me as a sister, and will never see me as anything more, which has completely shattered my dreams.

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"Ugh!" I moan through a mouthful of cookie dough for the hundredth time today.

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This is much worse than the friend zone! At least friends always have a chance of becoming something more (even if that chance is minuscule), but with family, (unless you're a sick perv) that's all you can be, and all you will ever think to be. I just couldn't face going to class today knowing there was a chance I would see Zander and Viv together. They certainly looked pretty comfy at the party!

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I have always been in love with Zander, and hearing him talk so brutally and surely has really done a number on my heart. Suddenly the hope I have always had that we will end up together and are destined soulmates is not as strong.

I have been nothing but an ignorant fool with her head in the clouds, and have finally landed back on earth with a painful bang. Waverly stayed home with me this morning like the sweetheart she is, and she tried to stay home this afternoon too, but I know how much uni and getting good grades means to her so I forced her to go. I should probably go too, but I cannot summon the will to get off the couch. As much as I don't want to see Zander, I don't want to see Sheub even more. He is the reason I wake up covered in sweat in the morning. I know he only stole a kiss, but pondering over how much worse it could've been and how vulnerable I was gives me chills. The 'what ifs' are constantly plaguing my mind, and I know I am just delaying ripping the band aid off by avoiding him, but for now I am more settled and peaceful this way.

I have decided to be productive and catch up on some laundry and housekeeping while Waverly is gone though, so the day is not completely wasted. I also still have one last pesky box of belongings to unpack. I'm a procrastinator, I know. After scrubbing the apartment clean and finally sorting out the lurking pile of clothes on my fluffy desk armchair, I decide to put 'The Avengers' on - my favourite movie ever - as I do what I hate most in the world - ironing. Coulson's death hits me in the heart every time.

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Once the ironing is done and Loki is apprehended (he is totally my third favourite character in the franchise) I get on with cooking dinner for us. Nothing too fancy mind; I can just about prepare spaghetti and meatballs to an edible level. By the time Waverly arrives home, I feel like a proper little housewife, and I feel a little better after a productive day. Not that I want to be like this all the time... the wife life is going to be limited to two days a week. It is so much effort! However, even though I can kind of fool myself that I am ok, every time I think of Zander a stab of ice strikes my heart, which is literally every second. If only I could erase him and my feelings from my memories.

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"Hey honey how're you feeling now?" Waverly asks as she drops her bag on the floor and heads over to give me a hug as I stir the sauce.

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"Hey I'm ok thank you... How was college?" I ask as I hug her back then she reaches up to retrieve a glass from the cupboard.

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"It was very interesting! We are learning all about the mind at the moment. Did you know that the term 'mind' is from the Old English gemynd, or 'memory,' and the Proto-Indo-European verbal root men-, meaning 'to think, remember?'" Waverly reveals excitedly whilst my brain retracted into itself screaming 'too many words'.

"Oh wow. That's cool." I hum.

"Also if you ever have children you should definitely make sure to sign them up for music lessons. It has been proven that children who learn to play a musical instrument can develop their mental skills further than those who don't!" She exclaims as she pours herself a glass of water.

"Ah ok, I will definitely make sure to do that." I wink, thinking how adorable she looks when she is excited about something. Her emerald eyes sparkle with childish wonder and her deeply bronzed skin glows.

"Also thanks for making dinner... it smells amazing! Oh and you did all the ironing too? Thank you so much!" Waverly squeals. "You are the sweetest Nell - that was very wifey of you." She chuckles. "Do you need any help?"

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"No I'm fine, it will be ready in about fifteen minutes, so go and get freshened up then we'll eat." I reply with a smile.

"Ok mom." She teases before heading to her bedroom.

Gosh, the roles have reversed tonight! Usually it is Waverly mothering me. Soon enough dinner is served and we eat together on the couch in front of the TV. I don't know how it happened but somehow we end up watching the Kardashians, a secret guilty pleasure we both have, although we would vehemently deny watching it. After dinner, which I can proudly say wasn't half bad, Waverly goes to write up her notes in her amazing calligraphy handwriting, leaving me curled up on the sofa in a big burrito blanket (which Owen got me for Christmas) watching the Kardashians, which is a little sad. My story only gets sadder as I remember the bottle of Malibu we still have hidden away on the top shelf, and I can't get it out of my mind, so eventually I give in and pour myself a strong glass mixed with lemonade before collapsing back on the sofa like a forty-two year old divorcee.

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Somewhere between Kim getting engaged to Kris Humphries and the birth of Kourtney's daughter Penelope I manage to fall asleep. I jump awake what must be several hours later to a dark room with my blanket pulled tight around me. Groggily I think how Waverly is such a sweetheart. Stretching out with a moan and slightly achy back, I wonder why I have awoken, when there is an uneven knock on the door. Bright green letters jump from the digital clock on the TV stand highlighting the fact it is one am. I sit up feeling quite out of it and wanting just to snuggle up in my blankets again when there is another impatient thump at the door. I feel quite unnerved and wonder whether I should just ignore it, but then I wonder if one of my brothers got into a fight or something and needs my help. The person would have had to climb a few flights of stairs to reach my dorm, and we are at the end of the corridor, so they were obviously intent on coming here. Sheub's face flashes in my mind making me shiver, but I tell myself to calm down - he probably doesn't even remember where I live. He was only here once for five minutes! Still I grab the baseball bat down the side of the fridge in the kitchen just in case. After switching on the light hurting my eyes for a moment, I look through the peephole and get a very big surprise.

"Zander?" I exclaim as I pull the door open, making him sway on his feet.

"Nell..." He slurs as he stumbles very drunkenly into my apartment. "I missed you." He mumbles as he pulls me into a tight hug and leans on me heavily, causing me to nearly fall.

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He reeks of alcohol confirming the fact that he is wasted. God, I am way too tired to deal with this!

"Zander w-what are you doing here?" I ask in a strained voice as I struggle to remain upright, having to lean onto the wall for support.

He doesn't look it but he is damn heavy!

"Nell... I missed you so much... you're so perfect." He mumbles sloppily into my ear as I try to balance his body on mine, taking little steps to support us and ease some of the tension like some funny kind of dance.

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"What are you talking about? What is going on? Why are you drunk?" I ask, wondering if this is some kind of weird messed up dream. Still, my heart is hammering in my chest and the strain of holding his body up proves this is real.

"I want you so bad." He pouts as he wobbly stands up straight much to me and my poor backs relief, and shuts the door behind us, which I forgot about.

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"What are you talking about?" I gasp, hardly daring to believe this is real.

"It's you... it's always been you. I want you but I can't have you." He sighs like a stropky child as he leans heavily on the wall and reaches out to wrap a lock of my hair around his fingers.

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Thank goodness he is so drunk; otherwise he would notice my probably smudged makeup all over my face and my knotty hair. It is safe to say I don't look very good right now, but I can't find it in me to care as I can barely breathe, too enthralled by what Zander is revealing to me.

"No... You're drunk... you don't mean it." I whisper anxiously.

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"I love you Chanel." He interrupts adamantly, his beautiful green eyes sparking with fierce honesty, and my heart flutters as he uses my full name. "That's the most honest I've ever been with you." He says passionately as he looks at me intently.

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Speechless. I am completely speechless, gaping like a fish out of water. Zander loves me? Oh my... I can't believe it. I feel myself become emotional as my heart thumps joyously in my chest. I can't stop the smile that breaks out onto my features and my dewy eyes. Zander stands there, gazing at me intensely like art from the heavens, breathing heavily with reddened cheeks, plump pink lips and messy bed-head hair.

"No don't cry... Please don't cry it hurts me." He fusses worriedly as he leans forward and swipes at my eyes.

"No I'm not sad Zander, I'm happy. I love you too." I grin as I reach up to cup his face causing him to smile happily with the excitement of a child.

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"Oh... ok... That's allowed. Can I kiss, kiss you?" He asks, making my heart melt in love for this man who even whilst drunk wants to make sure I am ok with him touching me. Is he crazy? Of course I am ok with that!

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Still I shortly debate saying no, wanting to experience this moment when he is sober and preferably doesn't stink like an alcoholic, but a kiss is like sealing this moment as real, so of course I nod yes.

Hopefully this will be the first of many.

I am momentarily mesmerised by the handsome grin that lights up his features, but as he leans forward his eyes flutter shut and I am fairly certain he has passed out, especially when he collapses heavily on me, pulling us both to the floor with a thud.

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"Great, just great." I mutter moodily from the floor with an aching back and head as Zander snores away on my chest.

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Edited

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