

Twelve - Not A Happily Ever A er

With all the commotion it was inevitable that Waverly woke up, looking quite mind-blown when she nervously tiptoed into the kitchen with a lamp (for protection), to find me on the floor with Zander dead to the world on top of me. A weird situation, I know. A er she helped me roll him o my body and we prodded him for a while, it became clear that he was in an alcohol-induced coma and wasn't going to wake up for anyone. With a sigh we realised we had to call my brothers, and Waverly suggested we call Owen, as he is definitely the most reasonable.

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Whilst Waverly ran o to find her phone and call Owen, I placed a pillow under Zander's head and pulled a blanket over him. Gosh, even his snores are cute! I can hardly believe the last half hour actually happened, and I can't keep a smile o my face. Zander loves me. My wildest dream has come true! Although I doubt he will be very in love with me watching him as he sleeps, like a total creep. I just can't help it though! He truly is a masterpiece, looking so peaceful with the longest black eyelashes I have ever seen. He really doesn't deserve them. And don't get me started on his jawline - I'm pretty sure it could cut through rock; it is that sharp and defined. His bone structure is elite.

I wonder what will happen now. Does this mean we will get together? What about my brother's? They certainly won't be happy. Oh well, I could run myself into the ground contemplating the 'what if's.' Zander quite clearly revealed that he loves me, so I just have to trust in that and allow everything to fall into place. I will leave the worrying until tomorrow. Or later today even. Once we have slept and I look significantly less homeless we need to have a proper conversation and tell each other that we love each other again, this time with both of us sober though. Yep, it will be that easy.

"Owen is on his way Nell. Why is Zander here again?" She asks as she yawns tiredly.

"Well... as you can tell he is drunk, but before he passed out, he revealed that he loves me and tried to kiss me." I reveal with a blossoming grin.

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"What? Oh Nell, that is incredible!" Waverly squeals as she dives onto the floor and hugs me.

"I know! I can't believe it, it feels like a dream!" I exclaim happily.

We continue to gush over the situation until Owen arrives ten minutes later, and I swear Waverly to secrecy. He is slightly out of breath and looks tired, although I know he probably only just settled into bed considering he games for half the night. He also looks weird because he has tied his longish hair back. Usually it is hanging in his face, and he actually has more defined features than I remembered.

"Hey girls you alright?" He asks, before frowning when he sees my appearance. "Are you alright Nell? You like a mess." He says bluntly making me roll my eyes.

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"Whatever, you're not going to be winning any hotness awards any time soon either." I retort.

"Alright calm down. Didn't mean to o end you." He shrugs.

"Don't insult me then." I cross my arms sassily.

"Women." He mutters under his breath causing Waverly and I to share a look, but hers is one of amusement.

"Alright I better get this sucker home. I think Ethan - his roommate - was probably at his girlfriends so I have no idea why he was drinking alone and came here." Owen ponders aloud as he hauls Zander up from the floor.

"Be careful with him!" I snap causing Owen to look at me as if I have three heads.

"He's a big boy, he'll be fine." Owen murmurs as he decides just to hold him up under his arms and drag him along.

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They will make a sight if you pass them along the road! Hopefully there are no police roaming around; Owen might get chased for suspected murder.

"Do you know why he was here?" Owen asks as he shi s his weight.

"Erm... I'm not sure... he passed out before he spoke." I shrug but I feel my cheeks grow hot and my heartbeat thump in my chest.

I feel really bad - I never lie to my brothers, but this time it is a necessity - for the time being anyway.

Owen doesn't look convinced, and I know he is about to call me out on it, when his eyes snap to Waverly and widen, taking in her nightclothes. She is only wearing a pair of short shorts showing o her toned, tanned legs and a tight cami top showing that she isn't wearing a bra. I smirk as he turns red and can't keep his eyes o her, and Waverly blushes and awkwardly fiddles with her hands under the weight of his heavy gaze. She is certainly doing a good job of distracting him, and she hasn't even spoken!

"Erm anyway, I better go. Nice to see you both... see you later!" Owen exclaims in a slightly strained voice before backing out through the door with Zander in his arms, looking like a dead body with his head rolled forward.

"Are you sure you don't need any help?" I ask stifling a laugh at his flustered complexion.

He totally has the hots for Waverly; this just proves it!

"Nope, nope. I'm fine." He hu s as his eyes dart back to the bashful Waverly numerous times.

Ugh, they are so annoying! Just get together already.

"Ok bye then, please be careful with Zander." I ask as he nods then makes his way down the corridor, eyes flickering to Waverly's one last time.

With a smile, I close the door and lean back on it, way too excited, thrilled and exhausted to sleep.

Two days later...

Ok so something is definitely wrong. It has been two days since that life-changing night and nothing has happened. Zander hasn't approached me, on the contrary, he is avoiding me, and when I finally stopped being a pussy and texted him asking if we could talk, he le me on read! How embarrassing is that?

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Rylan kindly gave me the notes of the class I missed on Monday. Although he is a bit of a womaniser and slightly irritating with his endless comical pickup lines, he is really nice like his sister and I can see us becoming good friends.

I caught Zander's eye today when I came out of class, and I made sure to wave shyly at him, but he just ducked his head and walked faster which was like a knife to the heart. He obviously regrets his confession on Monday, which brings tears to my eyes. I feel so rejected.

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I wanted to catch up to him and demand answers, but I have work this evening meaning I needed to scam. It looks like I haven't found my happily ever a er yet then anyway.

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Edited

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