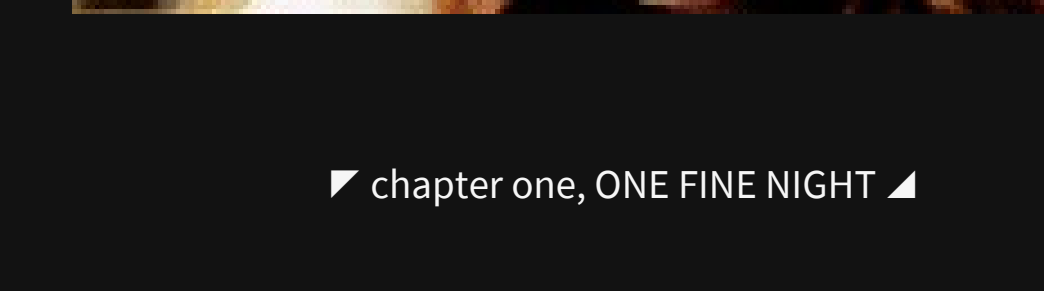
『 i. ONE FINE NIGHT』

◤ chapter one, ONE FINE NIGHT ◢



Davina Royce was a cancer, and that honestly said a lot about her. People who believe that astrological signs were meaningless and didn't say anything about one's personality clearly hadn't met the woman because she exemplified cancers so well that it was almost scary. She was most definitely caring and very emotional, watch her leave the theater of any movie ever. One sad moment comes on, one character that she's only known for five minutes dies and Davina is in tears. Not one of the traits she values.

But she was a big crier and cancer most definitely described her enough to where when her teachers started off the year going around in a circle and calling on kids to tell them one thing about themselves that summarized them little Davina Royce (even Patterson when she still held that surname) would say, "I'm a cancer," and it fit. Perfectly. Scarily.

That was Davina, though; July born with a heart that ached for everyone and a motherly instinct which would be great if, well, she actually wanted kids. Which she didn't and people found that sad, but she never understood that. Don't get her wrong, she absolutely adored kids, they were amazing, but she never wanted any of her own. Blame it on past scars from her own childhood, but Davina had never wanted children. But she did want to be a teacher – a kindergarten teacher, to be exact.

Yet, she was twenty-six and still working on her degree in education because the first time she went to college she was stupid enough to get a degree in history which never helped her at all. It was a useless plaque she still had in her bedroom at her dad's house that meant nothing to her anymore. She could be a working teacher like her roommate and best friend, Brinley, but back then she hadn't even thought of teaching until she there, working at the diner she had held a job at since she was a teenager, and realized, "Hey! I think I wanna be a teacher!" and so she decided to go back to college.

And now she worked at a flower shop, which was weird because most would assume she would continue to work at the diner out of loyalty or something, but no. The flower shop paid more and gave her better hours that didn't leave her bone tired and actually allowed her to finished her school work without pulling all-nighters. But Apple's Eye Diner didn't lose a Royce, or Patterson, since her younger brother started working there not long after her. It was mostly because he needed to prove that he would be too busy to sell drugs or something like that and not because he actually wanted/needed to, like Davina and other people who got jobs.

But now Finn was gone. He wasn't dead, heavens no, he was just on his merry little way to juvie because he got framed for selling drugs. Which, at one point, he did but that was months ago. He had been clean for months and now he was paying the price for someone else; for Caden Hayes, the boy who was once friends with Finn, who dated his best friend and was a complete jerk.

(There was stronger words to be used to describe him but Davina couldn't bring herself to use them no matter how many times Brinley or Finn muttered them.)

That didn't matter though. It did, it mattered a lot because now Finn wouldn't be sleeping over multiple times a week after shift because he would be in juvie and the apartment would feel so lonely even though two bodies would be living there. It mattered because now she would have to endure the mandatory month dinner alone with her father and step-mother.

Don't get her wrong, Lucy (her step-mother) was a lovely woman. She was. It was just that the two didn't get along. For a time they did. When Davina was too young to understand that she was the reason her own mother was so sad all the time and became an alcoholic, although blaming one person for her addiction seemed a bit much to Davina. But back then, when the affair happened and Lucy became pregnant, causing the divorce between her parents and everything that followed, she was too young to feel anything negative towards Lucy.

She was too young and naïve and Davina Royce had always been an oblivious person. She was too caught up in her own world and she didn't like to see the bad side of people or tragedies, she liked to see fairy tales and happy endings. That was why she always loved Disney movies because they always wrapped up nicely with a tight, bright bow. She liked that and didn't like horror movies or anything that could end unhappily. It made her sad and she would cry and Davina didn't like crying despite doing it a lot.

But now she was older and she understood that if her father never had an affair, if Lucy never came into the picture, she would be an only child and her parents would still be together and Anna Royce wouldn't be in jail. Davina wouldn't have needed to get a job when she was so young to support herself and her mother and a lot of other things wouldn't have happened that could explain the tragedy that was her background, not that Davina ever considered herself a tragedy. Because she wasn't.

Though, if Lucy never came into their lives and her father never slept with the girl then Finn wouldn't exist and that was a very sad thought considering how much she loved her younger brother. But now Finn was gone and he wouldn't be back in her life until a year from. She's not saying that Finn will be completely gone because of course she's going to visit him and see him because he's her brother, but he won't be a staple there anymore. He'll be gone and she'll still be having to go on and finish college and work at that damn flower shop and stay in the same apartment with Brinley.

But Brinley's grading papers now because she can't take the day off of doing work just because her best friend's younger brother was being sent to juvie and that was very sad, even if Peter was a pupil of hers. So Brinley was home and Davina was at a bar, which was an odd sight considering that Davina had never been to a bar before.

She sat at the counter, the bartender cleaning a glass a little way away from her and she was staring at her own beer. Davina Royce had never been in a bar because it was a staple of something she disliked about her mother when she was a teenager, when she vowed to never be like that woman. Yet, here she was now, sitting in one alone.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a jittery woman tugging at her sleeve as she bit her lip and continued to look around as if she were being watched. It intrigued Davina because the woman looked scared, like if she was found something bad would happen to her. Davina looked at her before, with a little alcoholic running through her veins and enough to be feel buzzed and a bit more confident, she spoke.

"What's got you all paranoid?" Davina asked, looking at the woman expectantly.

She was a brunette with long hair worn down and she looked startled as she realized that Davina was talking to her. "I'm, uh, well I've never been to a bar before."

"Neither have I," the Royce woman answered, moving to sit next to her, "I'm Davina."

The brunette woman paused before answering, as if deciding on her name. "Wendy," she answered before looking at Davina, "Don't you think you're a little overdressed for a bar? I mean, I know you said it's your first time..."

Davina chuckled, looking down at the nice, fancy dress she wore for the trial, "I, uh, I came from something formal. Didn't have a chance to change."

She did. She had plenty of time to change but changing meant moving forward, changing meant cementing the fact that the day was over, the trial had already happened and Finn Patterson was going to juvie and she was going to be alone. Well, not alone. She still had Brinley and she friends with Rosie, although they hadn't talked much since she had started working at the flower shop, and Conrad always said he was one call away but he often missed her calls and never seemed to call back. But whatever. That was fine, she was fine. Really.

Wendy nodded. Davina decided to continue with asking, "You new to New York?"

"Sorry?" Wendy looked up, startled.

"Are you new? You don't really look like a New York native..." Davina explained, "I mean, if you are then I am so sorry for assuming but you just look so uncomfortable with the city and everything."

"No, um, you're right. I'm not from New York. Last time I was here...well, I don't really have good memories. Guess I'm just a bit scared to be back," Wendy confessed.

Davina nodded, "Well, if it helps, I can tell you about how terrible my day was and you can forget about whatever happened last time you were in New York."

"It's fine, you don't have to do that," Wendy declined sweetly, looking at Davina and she could swear that Wendy looked so familiar, "I just – I a bit of a falling out with some people last time I was here."

"And you lost a couple friends? Yeah, I understand. I lost my brother today," Davina said, taking a sip of her beer.

"Oh, I'm so sorry for your loss."

"What? Oh! I didn't mean he died, it's nothing like that," Davina started to explain with wide eyes, "I just mean that he had a trial today and lost. He's uh, he's going to juvie. Sorry, I shouldn't be telling this to a stranger, it's way too personal and now I'm rambling. Sorry."

Wendy cracked a small smile and Davina continued to look at her. It was so familiar, like she had seen the woman before but that wasn't true, she had never seen her. Wendy was a stranger, someone she just met that night. Still, she couldn't shake the feeling...

"Still, I'm sorry. I know what it's like to lose a brother," Wendy added the last part sadly, the smile slowly fading as she had a look of pain in her eyes.

Without even thinking, because with the alcohol running through her veins she wasn't, Davina reached out to place her hand on Wendy's that laid on the bar. Wendy immediately removed her hand and Davina looked up with wide eyes. "Sorry, I don't know what I was thinking," she gushed out.

"It's okay. I just – I'm not a fan of physical contact," Wendy explained.

"That's fine, completely fine. I overstepped a boundary because we're total strangers and strangers don't do that," Davina went on.

Wendy looked at her with eyes of amusement, "You sure do talk a lot."

Davina found herself blushing, "I know. Brinley – my friend – tells me all the time."

"I never said it was a bad quality, though it can be," Wendy added mysteriously.

"Yeah, well, it's a pretty bad trait. At least, I think so and it's one of my qualities. Sorry you have to be on the receiving end of all of it," Davina apologized.

"I don't mind, I like it when others talk."

"Noted," Davina nodded, although she was pretty sure she'd never see Wendy again, "Sorry, you just – you look so familiar."

Wendy froze.

"I mean, you probably just have one of those faces. Like generic white guys and everything, I didn't mean to offend you or anything," Davina explained when she saw Wendy's reaction.

The brunette eased, "Yeah...just one of those faces..."

"Right..." Davina agreed uneasily, "So, uh, what brings you back to New York if you don't really like it?"

Wendy, still tense, looked at Davina, "One of my closest friends. I wanted to visit them."

"Ah, so you'll be gone in a week or two, I guess," Davina said, "Well, I hope you have a lovely stay here and have a great time with your friend."

"Yeah, maybe," Wendy said, "I don't know if he wants to see me, though. We didn't part on good terms last time."

Davina frowned, "Sorry to hear that. Well, if you're really friends he'll forgive you and all will be well. At least, hopefully. I've always been too optimistic for my own good, so you probably shouldn't listen to me."

"Right..."

And Davina flashed her again, forgetting for a moment about what had happened that morning. But it all returned when she went home.

— ♡ —

It felt weird, being the one coming home so late. She was used to being the one who stayed in the apartment while Brinley went out with friends, returning home late. She was used to Finn coming there after a long shift and practically collapsing on the couch. She'd have to get used to not seeing Finn there anymore and her heart ached.

It ached even more when she saw Brinley rushing to greet her with a hug before pulling apart and looking at her with anger. "Where the hell were you? I was worried sick about you!" the girl said.

"Sorry," Davina apologized, something she had been doing a lot that night, "I was out. Met a girl and everything."

Brinley smirked, "And went back to her place? Because if so, you are so off the hook."

Davina shook her head, she never did one night stands unlike Brinley and Finn. "No, I was at a bar..."

"You didn't," Brinley looked at her with concern, knowing that Davina had promised herself she would never go to one as long as she lived, "V, tell me you didn't actually go to a fucking bar."

"I did," she admitted quietly, "But I just – I don't know. I don't even remember ending up there or ordering a drink, it all just felt so hazy. And then I was there and I was sitting and gulping down my drink and talking to this other woman and she seemed pretty cool and everything and now I'm here."

"Davina..."

"I know! I know, Brin, but I don't know. I just wanted to forget for a moment, I guess, and well, people always say alcohol helps so I thought I'd give it a try," Davina defended herself.

Brinley sighed and shut her eyes close, "Alcohol never works, believe me. Maybe for a little while, when you're drunk, but it all comes back the next morning and you also get a terrible hangover which isn't worth it at all."

"I'm sorry, Brin."

"You don't have to apologize to me, you didn't make the promise to me. You made it to yourself and Anna," no one else ever said 'your mom' to Davina once they knew the story. Brinley and Finn especially hated the woman, Rosie and Conrad didn't know the full story to full form a hatred against the imprisoned woman, "I just – I wanted to help you enforce it."

"I'm fine. I'm not going back or making a habit out of it, it was a one-time thing," Davina promised, "Just...a slip."

"Finn wouldn't like to see you like this," and ouch, that stung. It was such a fresh wound. He had only been gone for less than a day, only a couple hours and it pained her heart so much and she could feel the tears swelling in her eyes.

"Finn's gone, Brin, he's gone! God, he's gone and he won't be back for a year and I just – I wanted to forget that, I wanted to be live with the thought that I'd see him tomorrow or something but I won't! He's gone!" Davina exclaimed, tears pouring down her cheeks. She had never been good at keeping in her tears and she was an emotional creature. It would never work.

"I know, but he'll be back," Brinley rushed towards her again, "I'm sorry, V – I didn't mean to –"

"God, he's gone! I-I don't know what to do," Davina cried, sobs racking her body as Brinley brought her close and let her wet the t-shirt she was wearing.

"Shh, I know. I know..."

"I want him back! I-I want, I want him to be here, I don't want him in there," Davina continued to cry.

She was emotional enough sober, and with only a handful of times drink (and she meant that she could actually count the amount of times she had gotten drunk on one hand) she had learned she was an even bigger emotional mess drunk.

Brinley rocked them and she continued to cry. She didn't like crying, but it was part of her. Just like Finn. But now he was gone, and he'd stay that way for a year and she was already falling apart.

hi, i think it's obvious but 'wendy' is wanda under a fake name because obviously she can't be like 'lol I'm Wanda Maximoff the war criminal yeah' so there's that

Continue reading next part