



chapter six, WENDY DARLING

## LITTLE THINGS MATTER

**Davina couldn't say that Thanksgiving was ever her favorite holiday.** Really, it didn't even rank in the top three. Most people enjoyed it because of the expectation of great food and time with family, a time to really say that you're grateful for all that life has given you. Or maybe because Black Friday was only a day away – and oh, the sales were amazing.

But Davina wasn't a fan of the food that was cooked. Turkey never tasted good and she had never been a fan of ham. Stui ing was disgusting and her mother never knew how to cook any type of casserole no matter how hard she tried. Lucy was a bit better, but it still wasn't fully enjoyable. Really, only the bread that was served appetized her. She much preferred anything else than what was traditionally served at Thanksgiving dinners.

Then there was the fact that, after the split between her parents, she would spend it with her mother. They didn't do anything, that was probably for the best, so she would be alone for the whole day. That last two years, though, before her dad found out that she wasn't celebrating so he would come and pick her up so she could eat dinner at his house; with his new family. At least Finn was there, but it still didn't make it any better.

So she got to spend Thanksgiving with her dad and step-mother along with her half-brother. That experience wasn't exactly joyful either and she spent every moment wishing for it all to end so that she could go home. Even as an adult; especially as an adult. She always wanted to just spend it with Brinley, but her roommate always went to her brother's house to celebrate the holiday so she would be alone if she didn't go to her dad's.

This year, though, with Finn in juvie...her dad let her o the hook. Davina hated that she was so relieved that she wouldn't have to sit through such a treacherous thing, happy that she could just spend it alone. So when the clock hit five in the afternoon, Brinley smiled at her and let their apartment so that Davina was truly alone.

For the first hour, she watched television but all the episodes playing were about Thanksgiving and she just felt sad. Like when she was a kid and her mother was out of the house with the promise they'd have a big feast when she returned. They never did but she always stayed up for hours hoping before she got too tired and went to bed.

So, eventually, she sighed and got up, deciding to go out to the diner since she had nothing better to do. She got dressed and left the apartment, taking the short walk to the diner and sitting down at the counter.

"!" she heard the exclamation from behind, turning around to see Rosie Harlan grinning at her, "I am so glad you're here!" Immediately, she felt her spirits brighten as she laughed. "Yeah, I'm here," she said, "But shouldn't you have the day o?" Rosie waved her hand, "Couldn't, sadly. I was gonna spend it with my bed and Netflix but I guess I'll just have to reschedule that for another day."

The Royce woman laughed at her friend as Rosie took a seat, even though – technically – she wasn't allowed to since she was still working. But whatever, Wilma never came in on holidays so they were okay. Not like they were particularly strict on rules anyway.

"Sorry to hear," Davina teased. "Nah, it's not a big deal," Rosie said, "But I thought you spent Thanksgiving with your dad." Davina shrugged, "Not this year...he said I didn't have to come this year because of, well, everything."

"Ah," Rosie nodded, understanding that 'everything' meant 'Finn's in juvie, so what does it matter?' "Well, at least you don't have to suffer through awkward conversation between you and Lucy." "Yeah, that's true, but I wish that Brinley was able to eat with me. She's o at her brother's place today," Davina said.

"Well, at least you have me," Rosie grinned at her and she couldn't help but grin back. "Yeah, at least I have you," Davina repeated. Rosie beamed at her repetition before looking down at her notepad, "So? Anything special you wanna get?" Davina shrugged, picking up a menu and looking at it for a second. "Just the chicken tenders with ranch, as always, and maybe an apple pie for dessert?"

"Got it," Rosie nodded, looking up at her, "Feelin' like a milkshake today or just a Coke?" "I want the chocolate shake for sure," Davina decided and Rosie wrote it down. "Be right out," Rosie stood up, about to leave before she turned back, "Oh, and Happy Thanksgiving, V. Glad you're here."

She watched the blonde woman leave, muttering a 'Happy Thanksgiving' back to her before looking down at her hands. She didn't know why this was hitting her so hard, just spending a holiday alone. No matter how much she hated those dinners at the Patterson household...she wished she was there.

No, she did, but she didn't. Because it wouldn't be right. She wanted it to be last year when Finn wasn't in juvie, she wanted her younger brother to talk to...she wanted Finn. That was what was so wrong. She wanted to be there at the Patterson house with Finn, she wanted to be at her apartment with Finn, she wanted to be at this diner with Finn as her waiter.

But he wasn't there. He was away for months, so many months, and she was forced just to wait. That's all she could do and nothing else. Wait and suffer.

The milkshake is dropped in front of her and Rosie gave her shoulder a squeeze before going o to drop o drinks to another table before they could have another chat. She sipped on the shake, taking in the nice chocolate filling her taste buds. It reminded her of when she was a waitress, when she was sixteen and Rosie became her second best friend – Conrad had always been first when he lived in New York – and the girl with blonde curls made her heave.

How could Rosie not? She was beautiful, model beautiful, and she was working at the same diner as her. She had a so giggle that made her melt even though it had never been directed at her but her boyfriend and male customers if she thought they would tip more if she did. Rosie who was so effortlessly beautiful and Davina was pliant to her charms, willing and ready. Not that it ever mattered because while she was helplessly gay, Rosie was straight.

At least they had a friendship, and at least she got over Rosie when she turned eighteen and started college. Still, the two worked at the diner together so it wasn't like she was leaving Rosie behind, but there was a girl there who caught her heart and let her wondering Rosie who? Of course, that didn't work out either but Davina was fine with it. She liked being single, it was nice now.

With wandering eyes, as she usually had when she was somewhere by herself and she didn't feel like playing games on her phone and she had already looked through enough posts on Instagram, she saw the different families and couples celebrating because of course they were.

A mother with her two children, feeding one with the other munched down on some chicken tenders on his own. They looked adorable. An elderly couple holding hands across the table and eating apple pie – how cute – and so many others. No one else was alone except her and that made her feel so much worse. She was Davina Royce, alone because she didn't go to dinner at her dad's house because that would be torture with all the awkward silence.

And then her eyes went to the counter where she sat, seeing that someone else had just taken a seat. Taking a moment, she eyed the person before realization hit her like a truck. "Wanda?" she called out. It wasn't loud but it couldn't be classified as a whisper either.

The Maximo (as she learned out – through her best friend because she was too thick to recognize someone she had seen on TV so many times) girl's head turned to her as she asked, "Davina?" Davina cracked a smile and got up to take the seat next to her, moving her milkshake as she did. "Hey! I haven't see you in a while!" maybe pretending that life-altering information hadn't been given to her last time they saw each other would be for the best.

"Yeah, you never called," Wanda teased with a sarcastic mix at the end. The Royce woman rolled her eyes, "You never gave me your number...do you even have a phone number? Or a phone?" "I have a phone – and a number, if you want it," Wanda assured her, smiling at the woman who smiled back at her.

"I'd like that," Davina told her, "But in a few. Knowing me, I'll forget in, like, half a minute and everything...hey, how do you even have a phone?" Wanda shrugged, going to her pocket and bringing out a model of a Stark phone. "He gave me it when I moved into the building," she said, "Well, when I became an Avenger."

"That's nice," Davina commented, looking at the phone, "Oh, love the design. Looks original." "Really?" Wanda frowned, looking down at the details of the phone, "I didn't think he'd do that for me." "Well, Tony Stark has changed a lot in the past years," she took another sip of her chocolate goodness, "You know, sleeping with weapons and being CEO, having all these women, from publishing their experiences...and now he doesn't. Hasn't for a while. It's a nice change."

Wanda seemed to have frozen at that and Davina frowned, noticing how she went still. "Wanda?" she asked carefully. "Hm?" Wanda looked up, "Oh. I didn't...do you really think he's changed so much?" Davina shrugged. "Well some things haven't changed," Wanda nodded, "You know, like he's always given money to schools and have those charity galas. God, I remember being young and wishing that my dad knew him just so I could attend, they looked magical. So, he still does that, and of course he still makes mistakes, but who doesn't? It'd be a little unnerving if he didn't. If anyone didn't."

"But he made and sold weapons, he murdered so many people with them," Wanda replied back and Davina nodded. "Yeah," she admitted, "But, I don't know, I don't like to think about that." "How could you not?" Davina shrugged, "I'm not a fan of looking at people's mistakes. I like seeing the good things they've done, like the Avengers. You guys saved the world, multiple times, and so much more. Yeah, some things got destroyed...but at least we're all still here, right?"

Wanda nodded. "Exactly. This is why I couldn't sign the Accords, they would restrict everything and I...I couldn't," Wanda then sighed, "America was always this symbol of freedom to Pietro and I. We wanted to help people, and when we were younger we wanted to come here. To get money to send back home..." "I'm sorry, Wanda," Davina said sincerely, "Really, I am. But I never read the Accords...I don't know what they even said."

"The Accords brought me to the Ra where I was chained and without magic," Wanda bitterly snapped, thinking of that retched place again and how she felt, no magic. Davina, not even thinking, placed her hand on top of Wanda's to comfort the younger girl. "I'm sorry that you had to go through that, but at least you're not still there."

"Yeah," Wanda nodded in agreement as Davina's food was brought out. "Here ya go, V," Rosie smiled as she placed the food down, "And who's this?" Wanda panicked for a second, bowing her head for her hair to cover her. Davina gave her a glance as she turned to her friend. "OH! This is Wendy," she lied, already feeling terrible for it with that sickening feeling in her gut, "We seem to keep bumping into each other."

Rosie indicted her gaze to their hands, still touching and resting on top. "Sure...I hope you have a great dinner, V," Rosie winked as she walked o, leaving Davina with a red face.

When she fully out of view, Davina lied her head again. "You know the waitress?" she asked Davina, who began to dip a fry in the ranch. Davina hummed 'yes'. "She's my friend," the Royce woman explained as she popped the fry in her mouth and began to chew, "I've known her since I was fifteen."

"That's nice. She looked nice," Wanda commented. She grinned as best she could with the food in her mouth as she brightened up at the topic of her friend. Once she finished swallowing, she began to ramble, "She really is. Rosie was really only my second friend ever and helped me get used to working at the diner – this one, I used to work here. And she's honestly just the best and I love her so much."

"I don't really have friends like that," Wanda admitted and Davina frowned, leading her to explain, "I did. Pietro was my best friend before...and I was close with Vision, but we've stopped talking since everything happened with the Accords. And now I see Clint sometimes, he has a wonderful family and I...I'm glad he chose house arrest and everything like Scott, but I can't stay with him long."

"And you don't have any other friends?" Davina asked sadly. Wanda shook her head, bashful, "Not close ones. No one would talk of me like you speak of the waitress."

"Rosie," Davina supplied before frowning, "Well, Wanda Maximo, I am going to be the greatest friend you've ever had."

"That's not necessary, Davina, you don't have to," Wanda shook her head, chuckling to herself. "No. I am," Davina decided, "I'm your best friend now and you don't get a say in it."

She continued to eat her food as Wanda looked at the woman and smiled. Davina Royce was really one of a kind.