

Chapter 37

And with that, Wanda races out of the bedroom with a grin that could rival that of the Cheshire cat's before I have the time to even blink.

"Hey! No one said it was a contest in speed!" I yell out as she and push myself off the bed to follow her into the main area of the small cabin.

"That's true!" Wanda yells over her shoulder, not slowing down until she skids to a halt in the kitchen, her hair fanning out behind her like a sparkling fire.

"A true sign of a novice." I haughtily remark and slow my walk, push my shoulders back and walk just a little straighter, my chin in the air. "Speed over quality."

"Alright then, you just take your time and make your one pancake, Livvy." Wanda pops out from under the counter with a bag of flour in her hand and I have to suppress a smile at hearing her nickname for me again.

"My pancake will be the one, true supreme." I shrug coolly and join her in the kitchen.

Wanda tilts her head slightly and looks at me with a twinkle in her eyes and I already know she's got something up her sleeve. What that exactly is I find out exactly a second later as she flicks her wrists and the cupboards all slam open with small streaks of red flying off them and I jump back.

"Fuck! That is not fair!"

"Language." Wanda just leers and makes all sorts of bowls and whisks land gracefully in front of her as I just scowl at her which just makes her giddier, apparently, as if she's onto some joke I'm not a part of.

"Alright, well, you just go ahead and cheat, then." I say and steal the bowl from her hands.

"Hey!" She exclaims with an exaggerated pout, which I ignore.

"I will do this the old-fashioned way, the way pancakes have always been made, for hundreds and hundreds of years..." I go to open the fridge, but finding nothing inside but a slightly musky smell.

"Eh, Wanda, one problem..." I begin and look at Wanda over my shoulder.

She turns to look at me with raised eyebrows, then her eyes travel past me to the fridge.

"What do you need?" She asks and looks back at me.

"Well, eggs, milk, butter..." I start listing off, trying to remember what actually goes in pancakes. "Do you happen to have a 7-Eleven around the corner?"

"Nope, but you got a me. Look again." Wanda just says and when I do, all the ingredients I've just listed are sitting there in the fridge like they were always there.

"Alright, I'll admit, that is damned handy." I grab the ingredients and when I turn to bring them back to the counter I catch Wanda's smug expression and I know she's having too much fun. It's weirdly enough not an odd feeling at all to behave like this around her and have her be this playful around me, and that's something that surprises me when I think back to the first time I saw her in the far corner in front of us when she wanted to get rid of us so badly she broke my arm and ribs and I shot a bullet at her. If you'd have told me then I'd be making pancakes with her in this very room I would probably have shot you, and laughed.

I smile at myself and place everything down in front of me when I'm standing next to Wanda again, and I extend my hand towards the flour for her to pass it to me. She takes the already opened bag and as I go to take it from her she squeezes the bag, making a huge puff of flour shoot up into the air and straight into my face. I jump back, surprised, coughing slightly from having inhaled some of the flour.

"Are you mad?" I gasp between fits of cough as my eyes water.

"Some have called me that." She breezily shrugs, leaning against the counter to watch my struggle.

"Goddamnit woman." I grumble, rubbing my eyes. "You are truly taking this too far."

Wanda just hums in response and I finally dare to stop rubbing my eyes, hoping all the flour is out. It is, but my eyes still feel irritated and I bet my face must be covered in flour still if Wanda's amused expression is anything to go by.

"Ok, stop sabotaging me, it's not fair." I tell her and very cautiously take the bag of flour from her which she hands me with the sweetest, most innocent look on her face.

"You're welcome." She says pleasantly and I shoot her a look.

"Alright, let's start by measuring this bad boy..." I say and pour flour into a measuring cup.

I glance up at Wanda in between and find her watching me intently with an expression I can't quite read.

"Are you studying the pro?" I chuckle and return to preparing the batter.

"You make a cute face when you're concentrating." I hear her reply as she beats.

"Cute? Honey this ain't cute, this is serious business." I reply, now mixing the batter with a wooden spoon.

"What's the batter babe? Scared you'll lose?" Wanda says, suppressing her chuckle by gnawing on her bottom lip.

"Oh my god!" I can't help but laugh at her horrible joke. "What has gotten into you?"

"I don't know." She shrugs with a sigh and pushes herself up onto the counter and smiles at me and my stomach flutters slightly.

"How do you make a pancake smile?" I stop stirring the batter and look at Wanda expectantly.

She frowns, thinking. Then, giving up, she shakes her head.

"I don't know, how?"

"You batter her up!" I giggle and before Wanda has a chance to react, I've dipped a finger into the batter and smear it onto her nose.

She squeals and scrunches up her nose, laughing, and I cannot help but join her. I turn and grab a kitchen towel and bring it up to her face and wipe the batter away.

"Is that batter?" I ask her, batting my lashes.

"Wow, ok, you win!" She giggles. "But, not fair, I know many good jokes in Sokovian."

"Hm, I only heard the part where you said I win." I shrug at her smugly and she pokes her tongue out at me.

"Alright, will you show me where I can find a pan?" I ask her, raising one eyebrow in question, hoping she won't come up with some other trick, but still kind of expecting her to.

"I will." She agrees and hops off the counter and turns around, bends over, and emerges with a pan in her hand which she raises up to show me with a wide smile.

"Alright, well done, don't smack me in the head with it, please." I caution her and she chuckles and shakes her head as if I'm being totally ridiculous. Which I don't think I am, by the way.

"Here you go, chef." She simply gushes and hands me the pan normally.

I squint my eyes at her suspiciously, but she just bats her eyes at me and so I roll my eyes and place the pan on the hob and turn to look at Wanda expectantly.

"Do you mind?" I ask her and she just points at the stove and it lights up with a slightly unnatural red flame.

"You know, I don't think cooking with you will ever get old." I say, amazed, staring at the flame.

"Will?" Wanda repeats so ly.

"Uh, yeah, well I imagine we'll cook a few more meals here, I don't know, I guess, I'm not feeling quite up to hiking up to my car just yet, if that's fine by you, I mean." I blurt out, feeling the telltale warmth that means I'm blushing spread through my face.

"Oh, don't worry. I'm not kicking you out just yet." Wanda replies, blush creeping up her face too.

"Right." I stammer and she flashes me an awkward smile.

"Pancakes." Wanda grimaces and I jump to action, thankful to have something to distract me with.

I grab the bowl filled with batter and place it next to the pan, then drop a dollop of butter onto it which immediately starts to sizzle. As I pour some of the batter onto the pan I turn to look at Wanda with sudden realization.

"Wanda, we have nothing to put on top of the pancakes." I yelp, as though I've just stumbled upon the most horrible secret mankind has ever kept.

"Did you just forget everything I just did?" Wanda snickers.

"Oh, Right." I blubber and Wanda's smile grows. "Stop, you're making me feel self-conscious." I whine and she tilts her head, eyes wide like a little puppy.

"No, I don't." She argues, green eyes still wide, her mouth slightly pouting.

"Yes you do, stop looking at me." I feel flushed and turn to look at the pancake. "I get performance anxiety."

Wanda explodes out in a burst of bubbly laughter at that. I grin at her and decide to impress her by flipping the pancake in the air. I can do it, about 50% of the time. This isn't one of those times, sadly. As I go to flip it, I underestimate how heavy the pan is, and the pancake goes flying uncontrollably in the air. Wanda squeals and I duck, not even trying to catch it as it zooms across the room. Before it hits the ground, Wanda thinks on her feet and a scarlet ball zaps at it and catches it just in time. From the corner of my eye I see Wanda's hand guiding the mistreated pancake back towards us.

"Oops." I cheekily say as I extend the empty pan towards the pancake.

"Oops?" Wanda repeats and sets the pancake down, flipped. "This was supposed to be your one, the supreme!"

"All the more special now that we've both helped it come to life, no?" I try and she hums and shakes her head.

"As much as I am enjoying the show, this is taking way too long." She raises her hand and before I can open my mouth to protest, she twists her hand in the air and scarlet tendrils sneak their way out of it, towards the pancakes and with a soft whooshing-gound, the batter is replaced by a stack of neat, perfectly whooshing-gounds.

"Are you joking?" I exclaim and inspect the pancakes closer. As expected, not a single flaw is detected.

"Who wins?" I hear Wanda's taunting voice behind me, knowing fully well the answer to her question.

"Now, I want to point out that I made the batter, you merely snapped your fingers and cooked what was already there."

"Yes, but that's much batter, no?" Wanda asks and I turn around to face her.

She tilts her head and smiles sweetly, her green eyes sparkling, standing just an arm's length away from me, her self-congratulatory aura bouncing off her and I can't be annoyed at her. There's just no way, and she knows it too.

"That was a crepe joke." I try and she scrunches up her nose, shaking her head.

"You just keep trying." She says and rubs my hair.

"Ok, thanks." I pout and try to flatten out my hair, which to be fair must not have looked the tidiest beforehand, taking into consideration that the past forty-eight hours haven't exactly been spent relaxing.

"I'm hungry." Wanda whines.

"Did all your cooking tire you out?" I sarcastically ask her and she hums. "Alright, team effort, thank you so much."

"That's better." She bounces away and flicks her hand and the broken table is glued together in an instant and reassembled in the middle of the room.

I watch her as she pulls out two chairs, flicks her hand again and the pancakes fly (much more delicately than a second ago), and settle on the table alongside two plates, some cutlery, and two glasses filled with orange juice, I presume.

"Breakfast is served." She announces proudly and beams at me expectantly.

I go to join her and sit down on one of the chairs and she nods and sits down too. She quickly ties up her hair into a messy bun at the top of her head and then she scans the table and I watch as she realizes something, and a second later I'm taken aback when I'm now sitting by a table so filled with different condiments and toppings that I don't know what to do with myself, so I just look up at Wanda with an expression that makes her chuckle, a little timidly.

"I didn't know what you liked."

"So you got me everything!" I laugh, amazed.

"Well, you did make the pancakes." She shrugs minutely and seems like she's slightly uncomfortable with my stare. "Here, have one."

She hands me one of the pancakes from her stack and I bring the plate up to meet it. She then motions for me to have at it, so I look around, choosing to top it up with some syrup.

When I look up, Wanda's busy preparing her own pancake, and I don't fail to notice she's picked the one I made.

A/N: Another fluffy chapter, because why not! Hope you enjoy all of the plugging as much as I do, they're terrible!

Plugging my new story on here, go check it out it's an Elizabeth Olsen/Reader story, it's only a one-shot atm but if people like it I could make a series of it!