



### xxx. Light Among Dark

Every story had an end. Auralie hadn't wanted her's to come so soon, but here it was, in the form of a monster whose influence had haunted her all her life. She had always assumed she would die in a battle, but not like this.

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She wanted to go down fighting. So she tried to stagger to her feet, despite her pain at Lucian's death. But Elory just flicked her wrist and Auralie collapsed on the ground, unable to get up, to move, her limbs disobeying her mind.

How horrible, to die like this, without dignity. But it was what she deserved. She killed her own twin. She was a murderer, and she should not get the satisfaction of dying on her feet.

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"Oh, I expected better than that. Pathetic," Elory said lightly, as though she was enjoying this. She probably was, Auralie thought. She was a sick bastard like that.

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Elory approached, slowly, toying with her prey. Auralie couldn't even cry out because of the monstrous woman's spell. She closed her eyes, the only thing she could do and thought back on the life she had lived.

She had spent a lot of time helping others with their stories, being afraid to live her own. She would always regret that. But for all the pain, there had also been a lot of happiness. She thought of eating shawarma with the Avengers. She thought of laughing about "borrowing" a car with Steve and Natasha. She thought of Tony listening patiently to her nightmares and giving her advice. The shadow manipulator thought of Bucky and how he had gone from a broken man she wanted to save to a great friend. She thought of Sam and his unwavering loyalty, hilarious comments, and priceless friendship. She thought of Pietro Maximo, a hero who hadn't been afraid to die, and hoped she would be so brave.

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Auralie thought most of all about the people close to her. She thought of her loving parents, who's memories she so rarely brought back but treasured so much. The parents who deserved a happy ending but never got it. She thought of Lucian, her poor brother. She forgave him then, for everything, even though it was too late. She thought of Maria Hill, the greatest sister anyone could have asked for. Maria, who had taken her in and loved her unconditionally. Maria, who she, who lived in a world of fear, had never been scared to love. The family she hadn't expected, but wouldn't trade for anything.

Auralie thought of Wanda. Everything about Wanda. Wanda, her teammate, fighting against Ultron alongside her. Wanda, her friend, understanding her pain and helping her rediscover life's beauty. Wanda, her crush, making her heart flutter in a way no one else could, even during a Civil War. Wanda, her girlfriend, making the most of their time on the run with dancing and hand-holding and looking at the stars. Wanda, the love of her life, the one she would do anything for, and had done anything for, the one who had saved her over and over, the one who made anything seem possible. Auralie knew that it was worth it, her years being afraid of love. She had only been waiting for a witch to break down her barriers and show her how amazing true love could be.

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Auralie had been many things in her time. A Shield Agent, an Avenger, a fugitive, a friend, a sister. None made her heart sing like being in love with Wanda Maximo. She tried to hold on to that feeling. She would rather die with love in her heart than here, alone, in pain.

Elory was crouched over her, and the sorceress's cold breath was close enough to brush against her cheek, "any last words?",

"I hate you. For what you did to my mom, my dad, my brother. I hate you. For making me afraid and closed o. For taking away my thirteen-year-old self's joy," Auralie spat, her lips suddenly able to move. This was the end, and if she was going out, she most certainly would not do it with a filter on. So, ignoring Steve's little voice in her head, she met Elory's eyes and said, "fuck you!"

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Elory laughed, "what a little spitfire. I doubt you'll be saying that when I burn your world to the ground, along with everyone you care for. That precious team, and that secret agent sister of yours."

"They'll stop you," Auralie hissed.

"No my child, I'm afraid that you will die alone and in vain," Elory said, not seeming apologetic at all.

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Auralie closed her eyes, "no. Not as long as there are those who love me. You can scorch our world, you can't kill our hearts."

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She fell silent a er that, her chest rising and falling. She appreciated each breath now, that she was inches away from death. Amazing how everyone took it for granted. She called up images, of Lucian, of Maria, of Wanda, all to mind.

This was what Elory started when Auralie was only thirteen. She could have died that day, but she hadn't. Everything else had been borrowed time. Well, now the clock had run out.

Elory raised her hand and prepared to end the last true opposition to her plans.

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Wanda Maximo had not spoken since they arrived in the other world, and her brother did not ask her to. Pietro knew how stressed his twin was. Pietro would never pressure her. If she wanted to speak, she would. Right now, she needed to think.

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The two made their way through the billowing clouds of ash. Sweat dripped down Wanda's forehead, the heat of the world not pleasant. Pietro decidedly appreciated being a ghost.

Then they heard the faint sound of two female voices. Pietro, for once, reacted slowly, but Wanda ran, propelling herself with magic, fueled by the strength of her love for Auralie.

She found a horrifying sight. Elory the Executioner, prepared to strike down the love of Wanda's life. Lucian's body was lying a few feet away, and Wanda surmised that Elory must have killed him first.

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"Auralie," Wanda breathed. Elory and Auralie both heard. Auralie's eyes opened and she turned her face towards Wanda, her love, the light among this dark pain they had found themselves in.

Elory also looked at Wanda, saying, in that cold, cold voice, "so, what is it that we have here?"

"Leave her alone," Wanda demanded, her eyes glowing red.

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Elory scowled, "and who are you?"

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"The Scarlet Witch. Wanda Maximo," Wanda said. For a moment, she saw a flash of fear in the dark sorceress's eyes. But Elory made her face impartial and thoughtful as she studied the witch.

Wanda continued, "and I'm here to make you pay for your crimes."

"My crimes! Why should you care?" What is she to you, witch?" Elory demanded, straightening and pointing at Auralie.

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Wanda replied, magic at the ready, eyes full of fury at seeing the one she loved threatened, "she is my wife."

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**A/N: DUN DUN DUN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Plot twist!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I've been waiting for this reveal forever!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I'm sure you are all wondering what the hell is going on! Well, next chapter should clarify for you! AHHH I love Auralanda so much!!!!!!!!!!!!**

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