



xviii. Deep Connection

A/N: This is currently #1 in both Steve Rogers and Captain America. And Wanda Maximoff. That's really cool.

Both women were dirty and bruised. They had just gone to kick some rogue Hydra agents' asses. It had gone fine, especially since Maria had shown up to help, but now they were collapsed in the quinjet (Maria was flying) and they were extraordinarily tired.

"I vote no more four am missions," Auralie sighed.

Wanda laughed, "says the woman who constantly stays up that late reading."

"Reading is different," Auralie cried, "reading doesn't leave me bruised, it just leaves me either waiting for the next book or yelling at the ending. And how would you know I stay up so late if you didn't stay up that late yourself?"

"Who said I didn't," Wanda replied.

"Nightmares?" Auralie asked.

Wanda shook her head, "nope. Reading, same as you."

"What are you reading now?" Auralie asked.

"Divergent," Wanda replied, "Rhodes recommended it. It's alright, but after I finish that series, I think I'm going to start another fantasy series."

"Nice," Auralie responded, "did you ever take the Pottermore house quiz?"

"Yeah. I'm a Ravenclaw," Wanda informed her friend.

"Awesome. We're in the same house!" Auralie cheered with excitement, "now we just need Maria to take her quiz so I know where my sister fits."

"Chill out Ali, I'm a busy woman," Maria called.

Wanda laughed. She was sitting beside Auralie, resting her head on the light manipulator's shoulder. Auralie instinctively put an arm around the witch.

"Why is it that I feel like I've known you forever?" Auralie asked, "it's weird. Usually, it takes me a bit to become friends with someone, but you and I hit it off right away."

It was then that Wanda remembered her visions. In the aftermath of losing Pietro and her new job with the Avengers, she had forgotten the little glimpses of things that she used to see. Wanda took a deep breath, "my powers, sometimes they show me things. It's like a dream, and I can't control it. Most of the time I can't remember. But I saw you once. I heard your name. It was like my magic had latched onto you or something."

"Is it because my powers come from magic too?" Auralie said, her curiosity spiking.

"Maybe," Wanda acknowledged, "but I can't seem to think of how that connection would form if we had never met. I mean, I spent my childhood running around Sokovia, you were in the US for yours, it's just so confusing. The timelines don't match up at all."

"Yeah," Auralie agreed, "I only ever went to Sokovia because of Ultron and the scepter and before that, I was there for like a day, when I was thirteen, to, you know, find my brother."

"Wait, everything that happened with your brother happened in Sokovia?" Wanda asked.

"Yeah," Auralie replied.

Wanda's eyes went wide, "when I was thirteen, my brother knocked an American girl my age down. She had blonde hair and blue eyes and I helped her up. We talked for a moment, and afterward, I felt rather funny."

Auralie gasped, "I was helped up by a green-eyed brunette of 13 years old."

"My magic must have latched onto you then, but it was mostly dormant at the time so I didn't start dreaming about that connection later," Wanda realized.

"You must have sensed unconsciously that I had magic based powers too," Auralie exclaimed, "and magic is connected, and so are we. Fascinating."

"No wonder I felt like we have a connection. We do in a way," Wanda mused, "it's like soulmates or something, but, you know, magical connection instead of emotional."

"Yeah," Auralie trailed off, taken aback by the mention of soulmates. She looked over, only to find Wanda was dozing off, her head falling off the blonde's shoulder.

"Can I use you like a pillow?" Wanda asked.

"Of course," Auralie smiled. Wanda stretched out as much as she could, laying down, her head on Auralie's lap. The light manipulator's heart was beating out of her chest. Her crush on Wanda had not gone away yet. If anything, it seemed to be getting stronger, and that scared Auralie.

The attraction was a fine thing, as were crushes or liking someone. But love, real romantic love, that was terrifying. Auralie was terrified at the thought of giving her heart to someone and just expecting them not to break it. It took a lot just to give people like Maria and her friends' little bits and pieces of it. To love someone, to really love someone, it was the most intense and dangerous thing Auralie could dream up.

She trusted Wanda. She really did. But she wasn't sure how to deal with all of the feelings spinning around her soul. Should she act on them? Should she try and kill them? Hell, she didn't even know if Wanda was attracted to women. Emotions were so complicated sometimes.

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The quinjet landed and Maria gave Steve, who had been waiting for them, the rundown of the mission. Then Steve took Wanda and began carrying her up to her room. Auralie smiled. Steve could be such a father sometimes.

Maria and Auralie decided to take on the task of putting away equipment. Together, though Auralie was desperately in need of some sleep and a shower, they hauled gear to the supply cabinets.

"So how long are you staying sis?" Auralie asked. She was doing alright with the Avengers, and she and Maria talked constantly, but she missed having her sister by her side at all times.

Maria shrugged, "couple days. Maybe a week. Not long. I have a lot to do, with tracking down Hydra and all. We're looking for leads on Rumlow, we've officially confirmed he survived."

"Well that's horrible news," Auralie sighed, "too bad. I miss you, Maria."

"I know. I wish I could visit more," Maria said, "but Steve and Nat and all the others are there for you. Plus you have Sam, and he's like, one of your best friends."

"Yeah, Sam's great," Auralie agreed.

"So," Maria asked, a playful smirk on her face, "how long have you and Wanda been a couple?"

"Wanda and I aren't a couple. Yes, I have some feelings for her, but I haven't seen any signs that she returns them. We're just friends, no matter what Sam says," Auralie hurried.

Maria smiled, "well, it seems like she likes you."

"Ridiculous," Auralie snorted, "I would have realized by now."

"No, you wouldn't. You're a brilliant woman but you can be kind of oblivious sometimes," Maria replied, "and I'm your sister, so I would know."

"Look, I'm just not looking for a relationship," Auralie commented.

Maria corrected, "No, you aren't looking for a true relationship. Auralie, I can tell you're scared to love, but you shouldn't be. Yes, love hurts, but it can be one of the most amazing things in the world. Look at Clint and how happy he is with Laura or Tony with Pepper. Their loves haven't always been easy, but they've made it work. You shouldn't have to be scared of love Ali."

"I know. But I just can't get over that fear," Auralie looked down, "no matter how hard I try. I can't fight the fear and the self-doubt, the thought that I'm going to be someone's worst mistake."

"Well," Maria took her sister's hand, "I've made a lot of mistakes in my time but adopting you as my sister is not one of them. You're amazing sis, and someone will see that. I just want you to be able to see them."

"I'm working on it," Auralie said, "I'm not sure if I'll ever get there."

Maria smiled, "whatever happens if you get there or not, I'll be rooting for you."

Auralie smiled back, "thanks sis, you rock."

"It's what I'm here for," Maria said with a grin.

A/N: If Sam is the captain of the Auralanda ship, I think Maria has earned the title of first mate. At least, until Civil War starts, in which case I think some other characters might start supporting the couple.

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