



## xix. Time Stops

**A/N: I was so excited when I found that gif. It looks so much like Auralie and Wanda hugging and it makes me so happy.**

**Just to warn you, asshole character in this chapter, please give him hate. I'm already yelling at him for being an asshole, but you all can help by joining in. Also, non-asshole character, don't yell at him, he's actually nice.**

Auralie pulled the car into park and got out. She was on a mission, a local mission, but a mission nonetheless, and a rather important one at that. She had gone around NYC placing trackers on people of interest - those who might be working against the Avengers. Wanda had gone around doing the same. They were going to meet up at this small bar and head out together, like two roommates heading home.

Auralie pushed into the bar, seeing Wanda sitting there. The Sokovian, being only twenty and not able to have alcohol, was eating a plate of nachos. Or, more accurately, picking at them while the guy next to her at the bar kept trying to initiate conversation.

Auralie moved closer, trying to remain as stealthy as possible. She examined the man. He was clearly drunk, in his mid-twenties, and was a large man. Auralie knew she could take him, but she didn't want to make a scene. Also, she wasn't supposed to be bar fighting, she was supposed to be stopping Hydra agents, and this man clearly wasn't one.

However, he was saying to Wanda, "you're gorgeous, really, I don't know where your boyfriend is, but he's missing out because damn you look good."

"I don't have a boyfriend and I'm not interested, so if you would please leave me to eat my nachos," Wanda replied angrily, a bitter edge to her voice. This man had not shut up all night. He kept hitting on her, edging closer to her, and she wanted nothing more than to punch him like Natasha had taught her how to do.

"Oh come on babe," he laughed drunkenly, "everyone's interested. I haven't met a girl who didn't want me, and I doubt you're any different."

"Well it's not as though every woman is the same and has the same opinion about you," Wanda cried in frustration.

"Sure sweetheart, sure," he laughed, reaching out to take her hand. Wanda pulled away, and at that moment, Auralie decided that, though Wanda was very competent, the witch could use some backup.

"Excuse me," she said to the guy, giving him her coldest smile, "I promised my friend I would give her a ride. We have to be going now."

"Yeah," Wanda said, getting to her feet. The guy reached out and grabbed the witch's wrist. Both women tensed up. Auralie could smell the alcohol on his breath from where she was standing.

"Let go of me," Wanda said, her voice low and dangerous, her eyes starting to flash red.

The man smirked, "Oh come on babe, let me give you a ride home."

"You're drunk," Auralie cried, "you aren't allowed on the road. Let Wanda go." He released her but shifted so he was blocking their path out.

"What kind of idiot would choose a friend over me. Come on Wanda," he said her name in a proprietary way that Auralie hated. He had just met her, he was an asshole, and Wanda was not hooking up with him. She looked about ready to murder him from the look in her eyes.

Wanda glared at him, "I'm going with Auralie. I don't want you. Get lost."

He narrowed his eyes, "going with her? What are you, one of them little girls who thinks they can run the world? Who wants to kiss other girls even though it's wrong?"

"It's not wrong," Auralie was in a fighting mood now, "I'm lesbian and I don't get drunk and hit on people I just met, unlike you."

He sneered, addressing himself to Wanda, "oh, oh is she your girlfriend. Are you one of them lesbians too." He said the last few words with a frenzy filled hate. His hands were balled into fists. Auralie was a moment away from losing it and attacking him, consequences be damned.

Wanda shot back, "I'm pansexual, actually, not that it's any of your concern. Stop with this hate and let us pass, asshole."

"Ha," he slurred, "I bet I can change your mind. I bet she isn't even your girlfriend."

Auralie bristled. She wasn't Wanda's girlfriend, of course, but that had nothing to do with it. Her right to love was under attack and her friend was in trouble. She needed an idea. She had an idea, which she broadcasted with all her might to Wanda. Hopefully, the girl's mindreading powers would kick in and Wanda would get it. They had to appall him, to scare him, and to show that Wanda did not like him in the least.

Wanda gave a small nod. She had got the plan and agreed to it. She looked the man dead in the eyes, "let my girlfriend and I pass."

"Like I said, she's not your girlfriend sweetheart," he roared, "it's just a fake thing and you can't prove anything, so who are you to deny....."

He trailed off in horror and anger as he realized that Wanda was not his and never would be. Wanda had finally made him take a hint. How? By pressing her lips to Auralie's in their silently agreed plan to make this homophobic asshole so enraged he slipped up. Auralie's mind went blank in that single second. It was Nat's strategy, that kissing threw people off, but it was weird when you liked the person you were fooling everyone with. Her heart, despite knowing this was a serious situation, kicked into overdrive.

They broke apart and Wanda glared at the man, "get it now?"

"YOU LITTLE....." he screamed.

"OUT OF MY BAR," a new voice yelled angrily. While the fight had been happening, the bartenders had changed and the new one was clearly paying better attention. He was a tall man, as skinny as a beanpole, with dark skin and eyes, who looked to be around thirty, and his face was contorted with rage as he ran over and yelled, "I do not, I repeat, do not tolerate misogyny or homophobic remarks in my bar. Leave these women alone and get the hell out."

The drunken man ran out, deciding that three on one were not good odds. Auralie turned back to the bartender, who's nametag read Fred, and said, "thanks. I was hoping not to fight tonight, but it came close there."

"Yeah," Fred scowled, "sorry about that jackass. He's been thrown out a few times before for remarks like that. I'm trying to get him banned. He has no right, no right to say the things he does."

"No sir he does not," Auralie agreed.

Fred sighed, "sorry again."

"Who does he think he is?" Wanda muttered angrily.

Fred replied, "I don't know, but from my dealings with him before, he's a full-on jerk. Doesn't accept anyone. I've been yelling at him to get the hell out for a few months now, but this time I think I can actually get him banned."

"Thanks again," Auralie said to him, "sorry for the disruption."

"It's fine," Fred waved it off, "you were sticking up for yourselves. I get it. My brother and his husband have told me about other people like him and well, it just makes me sick. Don't let people like him get you down. Your relationship is perfectly fine and if he can't accept that, he has no place at my bar."

"We won't. Thanks," Wanda smiled at him and they made their way out of the bar.

Walking to the car, Wanda said, "thank you Auralie, if you hadn't intervened, I would have probably snapped and could have harmed someone."

"Anytime," Auralie said, "sorry about the whole pretending to be your girlfriend thing. I was trying to use a strategy of Nat's and if it was weird....."

"No," Wanda smiled shyly, "it wasn't bad or anything. Though kissing you was unexpected, that wasn't..... I mean..... it was fine. I get why you did it."

"Yeah," Auralie was thankful for the dark hiding her blush.

As they stopped outside the car, Wanda hugged Auralie, a silent thanks. Wanda's head seemed to fit perfectly against Auralie's and the light manipulator couldn't help but love the feeling of Wanda's hand against her hair, of being in Wanda's arms. Their fake kiss earlier had imposed many feelings, but not so many as the hug.

Sure they had hugged before, but now Auralie felt something else. She had been thinking that this feeling she had for Wanda would go away, but it had been a year since Ultron and it still hadn't. Auralie, though she feared it, though she was terrified, had to admit that it might be the first stirrings of love.

While their kiss was an act, their hug was not. It was genuine, and that was why it was hugging Wanda, not kissing her, that made time slow to a halt in Auralie's mind, and why though it was a noisy New York night, the only sounds that mattered were the beatings of her heart and Wanda's.

**A/N: I'm not sure if this chapter turned out good or not. I had the idea in my head but getting it in words was hard. But anyways, basic points to sum up, Auralie and Wanda kissed, Auralie has admitted to herself she is falling in love with Wanda, Wanda is starting to fall for Auralie. (for those of you who didn't realize, in this story Wanda is pansexual and Auralie is a lesbian)**

**Also:**

**I do not tolerate sexism or misogyny. Please promote the message that neither of these things is intolerable, and if you see something happening, help.**

**Love is love. All love is valid. It is very important that everyone realizes this. Love is love.**

**Alright, the important messages are done. This chapter is done. I should stop typing and post this.**