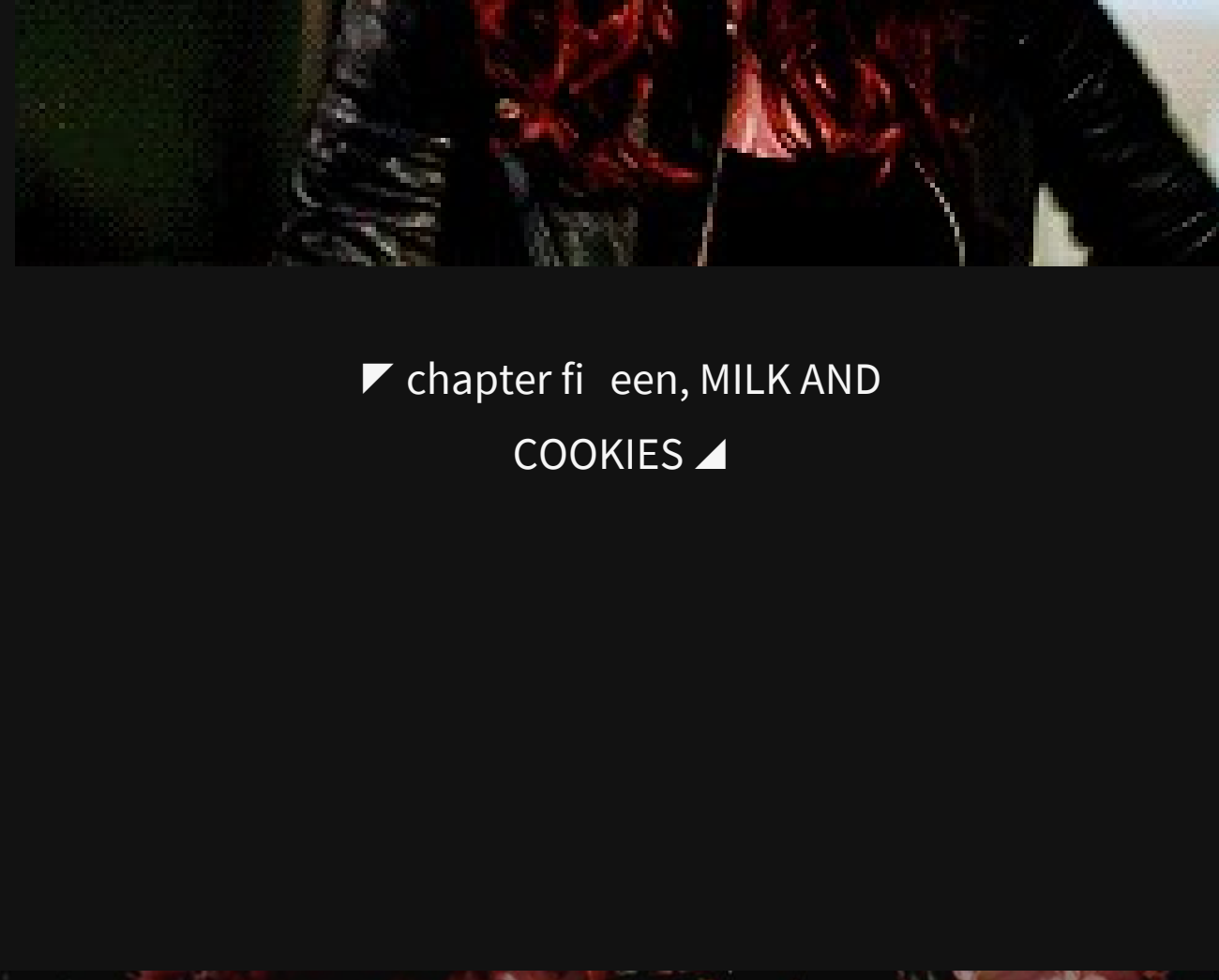


『 xv. MILK AND COOKIES 』



▼ chapter fifteen, MILK AND COOKIES ▲

Brinley sat comfortably on the couch and Davina couldn't help but have her heart warmed at the sight. Her friend, home again, right there and smiling and laughing and bringing her back to the vision that Wanda had showed her. Her friend, happy again, out and not hiding underneath her covers, getting back to her old life again and moving forward.

Things had changed, of course, there was no way to keep them from changing or to deny that they had. Davina had changed, realizations had changed her and the vow to never envy had too, and Brinley most definitely was a different woman than before. The woman had controlled over her mutation before, she could go forever without lighting another fire...but now it happened almost uncontrollably the moment she was enthralled deep with an emotion.

That was different. Davina didn't know before that her best friend was a mutant, she didn't know before that Brinley's hands could light up with fire at her command – or her dismay, really, especially now when all that control had left her.

But they didn't let it get between them. Davina was determined to never lose Brinley again, and so a secret didn't matter; the girl was ashamed of this part of her, she hated that cursed name and 'girl' as some would call it. Others, like herself, would call it wrath – a bad present for a birthday. So, while Davina would've wished that Brinley had told her earlier, she wasn't angry and didn't push the girl away because she kept it to herself. At least she hadn't told anyone at all instead of telling everyone else but her.

"God, it's been so long since you've made cookies. I missed them," Brinley groaned when Davina brought all the cookies on a plate with two glasses of milk for the both of them.

"Yeah, I guess I just always forgot to buy some dough...never felt right, with Finn not here and everything," Davina explained lightly, always avoiding the topic, even Brinley looked sad at the mention of the boy, "But, I was reminded recently about all the good times we've had and cookies seemed necessary."

"Well," Brinley said, dipping her cookie in her glass of milk, "Cheers to whatever reminded you. I am so ready to watch some rom-coms. It's been too long."

Davina smiled at her friend, reminiscing on the times when this was their plans every Friday. "Me too," she said, turning to the screen as Brinley pressed play.

It had been a long time since they've done this, a long time since everything felt good and normal in her life. Too long. But slowly, they were both coming back to their lives and all that's good and bright. Brinley is slowly branching out again and Davina is letting her go, but holding onto her promise to always be there for her. In return, Brinley was staying in more to be with her; they were restarting.

They were together, two friends, and it was okay. They were okay; and that was good.

"I've seen Wanda coming around here recently," Brinley commented as she chewed her delicious, melting cookie.

Davina forced a blush not to appear on her face, as to not give anything away. It didn't matter anyway. "Yeah, she's been checking in on the both of us. She's nice."

"She is. Steve cares a lot about her – treats her like a child which annoys the fuck out of her but Wanda knows it's out of a good place in his heart," Brinley smiled at the thought of those times. Davina tried not to feel anything about it.

"And do the others like her? I know her past isn't exactly...good," Davina treaded lightly.

Brinley paused for a moment, "They're growing on her. Bucky and Desmond are the coldest towards her, I guess, but Des is weird. He keeps a lot to himself but I don't blame him for not liking her. Or Bucky. Too many bad memories for him. But Sam likes her enough and trusts her if Steve does. It's clear, though, that Steve's her favorite."

Davina hummed as a response.

"Wanda seems to like you," Brinley said again and Davina tried not to think that the woman knew something more than she was letting on.

"Yeah, she's nice. We're friends," Davina agreed, restating what she thought about the girl.

"Just nice?" Brinley asked with a raised eyebrow, "You don't think she's anything...more?"

"What's this about, Brin?"

She turned to look at the girl, challenging her by keeping eye contact. Yes, so she might think a little bit more about Wanda – she might think that Wanda is more than great and incredibly beautiful and when she talks with her true accent thinks it's so hot and might send tingles down her spine – but that was a maybe. A strong maybe. And no one else needed know.

Because it didn't matter. Nothing did because it wasn't like anything would come from it because Wanda was something truly extraordinary and Davina was completely normal. Davina was just a girl with a sad backstory; the typical father who slept with his secretary, got her pregnant, divorced his wife and married the pregnant secretary, and moved his ex and daughter out of the house and then tried to force his daughter back into his house when she was a teenager.

"Well, I've seen the way she looks at you when you're turned away from her. She looks so gone for you, like she would do anything for you, and I think she already has. Like you said, she comes in to check up on you, but I'm pretty sure it's not out of a friendly manner," Brinley explained, silencing Davina with her finger when the girl tried to speak.

"And I've seen the way you look at her," Brinley continued, "You have the same look on your face. You adore her and you're always staring at her face, I've seen you openly glance down at her lips while she's talking to you and she doesn't seem to notice."

"That's silly, Brinley," Davina waved it all off, thinking of ways to be more discreet for next time the girl comes around, "She doesn't like me at all. She doesn't do any of that at all."

"But you didn't deny that you don't like her," Brinley smiled coyly.

Davina scooped and looked away from her friend, a light blush on her cheeks that Brinley made sure to point out. "Whatever. So what if I might have a crush on her, it doesn't matter," Davina admitted sourly, wanting to change the topic of the conversation more than anything.

Brinley, of course, squealed, "That's so cute! You two are so cute together! I can already see the wedding; it'll be kinda big – but not huge – because of course your dad will want something with Lucy's family there and you won't be able to deny him, and then the Avengers will be there to support Wanda – it'll be great!"

"Shut up, Brinley, none of that is ever going to happen!" Davina silenced the girl.

"Oh, come on, of course it will. I'll start planning the ceremony tonight," Brinley decided.

Davina stared at her, "No, you won't, because you're mad. Wanda doesn't like me and if she does then she clearly has bad taste. I mean, she could have anyone in the world, why would she choose me? She's so special, she wouldn't settle for someone as plain as me."

"Davina Irene Royce, you are not plain. You are the nicest person I've ever met. You care about everyone before yourself and you are actually incapable of hating anyone. You have given people second chances a mer second chances – Lord know if she knows what's given me. Wanda is honored that you like her and if she manages you've good for her she will never break your heart," Brinley said decisively, looking Davina in the eyes as she said the words.

The girl only looked back at her as a response. "I still think you're wrong," she told Brinley, to which the girl gave a frustrated-slash-look, "Wanda has Captain America as like a pseudo-father-slash-older-brother and was an Avenger. I have a mother who was a drug addict and is in jail and a dad that never really loved me."

"And that doesn't mean you don't deserve love," Brinley stressed, "You are wonderful and deserve the world. You deserve someone who can give you the world and rest it in your palms and that's Wanda."

"No, it's not. She doesn't like me like that. She thinks we're just friends and that's okay. That's fine. I've gotten over crushes on my friends before and I can do it again," Davina waved it all off.

Brinley frowned, "You've had a crush on a friend before? Was it me?"

Davina shook her head, "While I would totally marry you if you were gay, it was Rosie. I mean, who wasn't affected by her when we were younger?"

"I think you mean who still isn't affected by her?" Brinley snorted, "That girl looks so nice. Like, damn. We could totally be in a relationship with her if we were all gay."

"Sadly, my dream shall never come true," Davina joked with a wistful sigh.

"Sadly. But I didn't know you had like a full-blown crush on her, I just thought it was like everyone else who couldn't help but have their knees a little weakened when she smiled at you," Brinley said.

Davina shook her head, "Nope. I fully liked her. Like, really liked her. But then she kissed Harry Palmer and started dating him and my heart was crushed. I think I cried over her."

"God, that is so sad and so you."

"Shut up," Davina hit her arm lightly, "So I just kinda started moving on and now I don't like her more than anyone else."

"Nice," Brinley nodded before complimenting the girl, "You have such good taste."

Davina brightened up at that, "Thanks, I like to think so."

"Wanda's a nice choice. You two will be so cute and I am most definitely going to have a folder on my phone full of pictures of the two of you now. Especially for when you're a couple and you hold hands and sit on each other's laps," Brinley grinned mischievously.

Again, Davina hit the girl again and tried to fight the blush on her cheeks. "Shut up," she muttered and Brinley cackled.

It was good to have her back; it was good for things to be normal again.

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