

Conversations

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Conversations

by [tikli](#)

Summary

Set right after "Dreams". Cornelia is still asleep, but not for long.

Notes

Written over 15 years ago in my native language. Some minor changes happened during translation, but this is still basically the same fic.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

I open my eyes and see the sky. Warm sand under my back feels safe and solid. Then I register the roar of the sea and quickly sit up, alarmed. I can still clearly remember the wave that swept me into the sea, and I have no desire for anything like that to happen again.

My clothes are still wet. Apparently the wave flung me back to the beach. Incredible luck. I stand up with all the intention to hurry away from the shore, away from that deceptive abyss.

“Cornelia... Cornelia...”

I stop and turn around, hesitantly. Who’s calling me? Or am I hearing things? I’m almost on my way again, when I hear that weird, humming voice again, ”Cornelia... Why are you afraid of me?”

I'm confused. "I don't... I don't even know who you are."

"Don't you? Mere moments ago you were in my embrace."

I try my best to understand what's going on. I haven't been embraced by anyone. Unless.. No, that's a ridiculous thought.

"I do admit that I was maybe a bit rough with you, but trust me, it was not my intention. Please don't leave me, Cornelia," the humming voice continues.

"Is this... Are you... Am I speaking with The Sea?" I utter, in disbelief.

"Oh, Corny, finally you're catching on!" The Sea sounds delighted, but also maybe a bit snarky. There is a weirdly familiar timbre, but it's impossible for me to say where I've heard that before. This whole situation has gotten me so baffled. "What do you want from me?" I demand.

The Sea doesn't answer right away. "I thought it was quite obvious," comes the faint reply.

"Apparently not, because I sure don't have a clue! Please, explain!" I ask, already feeling tense.

The Sea takes a deep sigh, "Corny, I can't explain it to you, you have to figure it out yourself. There's got to be some sort of machinery meant for forming thoughts under all that hair. Use it."

"Hey, listen now..." I huff, but The Sea continues, "Or you can continue these nice little dream conversations with your subconsciousness. It's your pick."

"Dream conversations? Do you mean that this is a dream?!" I blurt.

"Maybe I overestimated your brain capacity..." The Sea states, more to itself than to me. The nerve! I decide not to waste any more of my time on this nonsense and once again turn around and start walking away from the beach.

"Cornelia, you aren't angry, are you?!" The Sea shouts after me. "I really do like you, and I don't want to hurt you, even though it might seem like that occasionally."

I stop. Something about those words is making it impossible to walk away. "How could you like me? You don't even know me!" I shout back.

"Corny, Corny... Sometimes you really are endearingly clueless," The Sea smirks at me.

*"Stop it!" I'm furious. How dare it (they? she?) talk to me like that? The Sea is almost as insufferable as... as... Irma? "Is **that** what this is all about? Are you..." I start the question, but suddenly another wave towers over the beach and drenches me.*

Cornelia woke up spluttering and saw Irma's grinning face in front of her. She was holding an empty glass.

"IRMA!" Cornelia hollered and jumped out of the bed, shooting daggers at that smug face.

"Good morning, Miss Sleepyhead! Wonderful that you finally decided to join us!" Irma teased while bouncing away from Cornelia's reach, accompanied by giggles from Taranee and Hay Lin.

"Cornelia, don't be mad at Irma, we are all guilty when it comes to the method of your wake-up," Will explained with an amicable tone. "You were sleeping so soundly, nothing else seemed to work, so Irma decided to try a new tactic."

”And it’s super effective! I have to remember that for the future,” Irma chuckled from across the room. Then she snapped her fingers and all the droplets from Cornelia’s hair, face, nightgown and bed floated upwards and formed a narrow stream that surged through the air, back to the glass Irma was still holding. ”Nifty trick, isn’t it?” Irma beamed. ”Not a drop spilled!”

”Hmph, good to see you’re all having fun,” Cornelia grumbled. ”Just you wait, Irma... One morning I’m going to retaliate - with a flower pot.”

”Oh, Corny, was that a promise? I can hardly wait,” Irma smirked.

Suddenly Cornelia’s dream came back to her. She had forgotten it for a moment in the shock of the abrupt aquatic wake-up. What on earth was that about? She felt like she had been given a puzzle with mismatched pieces, even though she knew for certain that they all belonged to the same picture. Last night’s dreams had to mean something, there was some sort of message that she should understand. If only she could twist and turn all the pieces the right way and on their proper places...

”Hello-ooo? Earth to Corny!” Irma’s comment made Cornelia wake up from her thoughts. ”Umm, what? Sorry, I was thinking of something...”

”Oh no, I’ve lost the bet, there *is* indeed some movement inside this blondes head,” Irma joked.

Cornelia glared at Irma and left the room without a word, closing the door with a loud bang.

”Cornelia, it was just a stupid joke! You aren’t angry, are you?” Irma shouted after Cornelia. ”I didn’t mean to hurt you...” Irma looked at the closed door, now ashamed of herself.

”Maybe you should go after her and apologise,” Taranee suggested. Irma nodded and went after Cornelia.

End Notes

And this is where I left this storyline in the early 2000's! How could I! What happened?
Will we ever know?

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