

Dreams

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Dreams

by [tikli](#)

Summary

Set right after "Revelations". It's not like you can just talk about your feelings without them affecting your dreams the next night.

Notes

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

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

I'm walking towards the beach, my feet seem to know where I should be. When I get there, I sense Peter's presence before I see him riding a wave. I smile while watching him surf, his board gliding on the water effortlessly. Then Peter notices me and waves his hand. I sit on the sand to wait for him. Soon he wades to the shore, carrying his surf board under his arm.

"Hello, Cornelia," Peter says, flashing me a dazzling white smile.

"Hello, Peter," I answer and feel stupid, because I can't come up with anything more sensible to say. There's a short pause, during which I pluck up my courage and ask something I've never asked him before. "Do you like me?"

Peter looks at me with a mischievous grin.

"Of course I do. I've always had a weak spot for blondes."

My heart rejoices, but then I stop to think. Something's not right.

"No... That's not..." I protest, uncertain. Something is wrong, but I can't put my finger on it.

"Oh, little one, you have to learn to see things from a different perspective," Peter gently states and pats my head brotherly. Then he turns around and starts walking away from me. I shout after him, but he doesn't hear me - or doesn't want to hear me. I slump on the sand powerless. I can't understand why Peter has left me alone. Then I hear a rumbling noise that is getting closer. I turn to look and see a gigantic wave, that rolls over me and sweeps me into the sea. I can't stay on the surface, I can't swim, I'm sinking...

Cornelia woke up startled and realised she was sweaty all over. According to the clock on her nightstand it was barely past midnight. The room was silent, only the breathing of her sleeping friends mixing with the sounds of rain outside. Cornelia's mouth felt like sand paper, so she quietly got up and sneaked into the kitchen for a glass of water.

I see Cornelia approaching the beach. At first I think she's coming to me. Then I notice that her interest is directed at someone else: Peter. I feel like knocking that boy off his board, but I resist the temptation.

Peter wades to the shore and stops to talk with Cornelia. They smile at each other and suddenly there's this hollow, heavy feeling inside me. I see Peter touching Cornelia's hair and I close my eyes, clenching my jaw.

When I open my eyes, I see Peter walking away from the beach. Cornelia is sitting on the sand by herself. Then I see the wave, taller than any wave I've ever seen. The wave that is moving straight towards Cornelia with a terrifying speed. Before I have time to react, the wave rolls over her and returns to the sea. The beach is empty. Without any warning a scream erupts from me:

"CORNELIA! NO!"

Cornelia returned from the kitchen and was about to slip back under the blanket when she paused next to her bed. Had she heard something, some kind of a small noise? She stayed on her feet and after a while she heard it again, this time more clearly. A quiet whimper that might have been a "no". It came from the mattress in front of the window. She crept towards it, trying not to trample any of her friends. Finally she kneeled next to Irma's mattress and studied the sleeping girl.

Cornelia is gone, the sea has taken her. I can't believe this could happen, it shouldn't have gone like this. I start swimming towards the shore. Towards the spot where I last saw her.

Halfway there I find her. She's floating on the surface, eyes closed, like she's just sleeping. But she's pale. So very pale. I grab her gently and try to shake her awake, even though I know it's futile. No, this wasn't supposed to go like this... No... No...

Irma was sleeping restlessly and every once in a while she repeated that small word, "No..." Cornelia was puzzled and didn't know what she should do. Apparently Irma was having a nightmare, but should she wake her up? Then Irma let out a tiny sob and Cornelia decided that *something* needed to be done. Irma's whimpers and sobs would surely keep her up all night, so if

she wanted to get some more sleep, this had to stop now.

Cornelia grabbed Irma's shoulder tentatively and shook. "Irma," she whispered quietly. The other girl whined, but didn't wake up. Cornelia sighed and waited for a moment. Irma was silent and breathing deeply. Cornelia got up and turned around to get back to her bed, but then she once again heard Irma squeaking "No!" - this time it was quite frantic. Frustrated, Cornelia did a 180 and kneeled back next to Irma. She gave her a good shake and finally Irma opened her eyes, looking baffled and panicky.

"Cornelia? What...? Why are you...?" Irma was looking for the right words, even though she had no idea what question she was trying to form.

"You were talking in your sleep, seems like you had a bad dream," Cornelia clarified. "I thought I should wake you up, because if you're going to whimper until morning, I can't sleep."

"Did I wake you up?", Irma asked sheepishly while sitting up.

"No, I had... I got thirsty, that's probably why I woke up," Cornelia lied, or rather, told a half-truth. "But falling back to sleep would have been impossible with all that ruckus you were making."

Irma looked miserable and twisted her hands in her lap. Cornelia relented a bit and patted Irma on her shoulder. "How bad of a dream was it?"

"I guess it was quite bad. What did I say?" Irma asked worriedly

"You just kept repeating the word 'no' and you sounded like something awful was happening. Do you remember anything from the dream?" Cornelia asked, now curious.

"No, I can barely remember anything... There was a lot of water, but... No, the details have gone," Irma lied fluently. "Did I say anything else?"

"I think you mumbled something else, but I couldn't quite catch it. Funny though that you also had a dream with water. You see, in my dream..." Cornelia started, but then snapped her mouth shut.

"What, was there water in your dream too?" Irma pressed, with a slightly worried tone.

"Well, yeah... I was at the beach. Maybe it's because of the rain," Cornelia answered and continued quickly, before Irma could interrupt her. "I think I'll get back to bed now, don't want to be super tired tomorrow. Good night."

"Umm, good night. Try to have some nicer dreams," Irma wished and laid her head back on her pillow. It took some time for her to fall asleep again, because Cornelia's words had made her quite thoughtful.

End Notes

In hindsight, not naming this fic "Wet Dreams" was a missed opportunity.

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