

Preferences

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Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	W.I.T.C.H.
Relationship:	Cornelia Hale/Irma Lair
Character:	Irma Lair , Cornelia Hale , Will Vandom , Hay Lin , Taraneh Cook
Additional Tags:	Pre-Slash , Pre-Femslash , Banter , Characters Watching Harry Potter Movies , During Canon , Female Friendship , Bisexual Female Character , Female Relationships , Friendship , Humor , Not Beta Read , Dialogue Heavy , Secret Crush , Sleepovers , Pajama Party
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Power Of Mud
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-14 Words: 760 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

The girls are having a well-earned pyjama party and watching a Potter movie. "Who do you think is cutest?" -type of discussion ensues.

Notes

Set after the events of W.I.T.C.H. issue #44 (Never Alone, Never Again), which was originally released in 2004.

I wrote this over 15 years ago in my native language. Today I decided to translate it. When I got to the second paragraph, I had to stop for a while to have a good laugh, because I realised this did not age well. I decided to keep the setting as it was, because hey, there wasn't Netflix in the comic, was there? So enjoy this highly accurate description of mid-00's.

After restoring their sense of unity again, the Guardians decided to celebrate the occasion in the form of a pyjama party. A short moment of relaxation was also in order because of all the stress caused by Phobos' plots. The next day was Saturday, so the girls had no problems getting sleepover permissions from their parents. Cornelia was hosting, and the conditions her mom set weren't over the top. Watching movies would end at nine o'clock. Then the girls would move into

Cornelia's bedroom and at least try not to disturb the household too much.

Choosing a suitable movie had been a bit difficult, because finding a movie none of them had seen previously was surprisingly hard. Finally they got *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets* from a video rental store. They had watched the first Potter movie together some time ago and deemed it entertaining, even though it didn't have any lasting impact on any of them. So, the sequel would go perfectly with a huge vat of popcorn.

The movie ended and girls retreated into the safety of Cornelia's bedroom. They were sharing their thoughts of the movie and very soon the conversation focused on the characters - especially the young wizards.

"I think Harry is the cutest," Hay Lin revealed shyly.

"Well, Harry is okay, but Oliver Wood is much more handsome," Will said, her eyes shining.

"If I had to choose, I'd pick Ron..." Taranee shared with a smile.

"I agree with Will, Oliver was definitely the most handsome," Cornelia stated.

Irma had been following the conversation with a slight amusement and finally decided to make her own opinion known. "I have to say, you all have such a bad taste. Those guys have no edge whatsoever!"

"Hey, there's nothing wrong with Oliver!" Cornelia snapped.

Taranee was trying a more polite way of interaction and curiously asked, "Then who did you find most appealing, Irma?"

"Malfoy, of course," Irma answered, totally calmly.

The other girls stared at Irma with their eyes wide open. After a few seconds Will was the first to find her words again. "Malfoy? But... But... Malfoy is evil!"

"That's beside the point, isn't it though?" Irma asked. "Does it really matter which side they are on, as long as they have some edge?"

"Umm... Which Malfoy?" Taranee asked cautiously.

Irma stopped to ponder. "Well, now that you mentioned it, why not both?" she grinned. "I did think of Draco at first, but there's nothing wrong with Malfoy senior either..."

Cornelia rolled her eyes while Taranee and Hay Lin looked shocked. Will was starting to look more and more nauseous.

Irma started to laugh. "Girls, come on! You're taking this far too seriously! And besides, I've always had a weak spot for blonds, especially if they have blue eyes..."

"Oh, so *that* explains why you tolerate Joel!" Cornelia realised. "Is there a future for the two of you?"

"Hmm, what? Oh, with Joel? Umm... Well..." for once, Irma was speechless.

"Yes, how are things with Joel?" Hay Lin asked innocently.

"Quite all right, I guess... Joel just isn't... I mean... I just feel like he's not The One... Or like,

something is missing..." Irma stammered.

"Luckily the world is filled with blonds! You're bound to find the prince of your dreams amongst them, if it for some reason isn't Joel", Hay Lin comforted her.

"What's wrong with Joel?", Cornelia started to interrogate.

"I don't know, I guess nothing... Maybe it's me... Maybe I'm too demanding or something..." Irma squirmed.

"What could be wrong with you? What kind of demands do you have?" Will had joined the interrogation.

"Aargh, I don't know..." Irma was flustered. "Well, longer hair would be nice..." she added and started to blush.

"Irma! Aren't you a bit too shallow now?" Hay Lin scolded.

"Joel can always grow his hair longer, if that's the only problem," Will tried to reconcile.

"And if it's not, there's plenty of fish in the sea! You just have to find the one with long, blond hair and all the right qualifications to be the perfect one for you," Taranee laughed.

Irma was blushing even more now and avoiding eye contact with the others. This didn't escape Will's attention. "A-ha, I think someone else has already caught Irma's eye!

"Heh, yeah..." Irma mumbled, now red as a beetroot, desperately trying to save the situation. "Didn't I mention that Phobos asked me out?"

Other girls started to giggle uncontrollably and made some retching gestures. Irma sighed with relief and made sure she didn't look at Cornelia.

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