

Revelations

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28139640) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28139640>.

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 , During Canon , Female Friendship , Bisexual Female Character , Female Relationships , Friendship , Humor , Light Angst , Secret Crush , Not Beta Read , Sleepovers , Pajama Party
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Power Of Mud
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-18 Words: 470 Chapters: 1/1

Revelations

by [tikli](#)

Summary

Set right after "Preferences". Irma has to get out of the room ASAP. Later, some eavesdropping ensues.

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.

"Didn't I mention that Phobos asked me out?" Irma asked, grinning and fluttering her lashes.

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

"And now, if you'll excuse me, I hear the call of the nature," Irma blurted and jumped up from her mattress. She disappeared into the hallway, moving a bit more swiftly than usual. The others didn't notice this because they were still trying to collect themselves after Irma's quip about Phobos.

Irma stared into the bathroom mirror, leaning to the sink and breathing deeply. She had almost spilled the beans. "That's what you get when your mouth runs quicker than your brain," she thought. But she was fairly sure that the others hadn't noticed anything weird. Well, weirder than

usual. She rinsed her face with cold water and took another look into the mirror. "Get a grip", she whispered to herself. "Otherwise, you're going to ruin everything."

Irma was just about to turn the handle of Cornelia's bedroom door, when the current discussion from the room made her stop and prick up her ears.

"Well, Cornelia, how is your love life?" Taranee asked. "Hay Lin hinted that something is brewing..."

Irma leaned carefully into the door and pushed her right ear against it, straining to hear better.

"Hay Lin! Did you have to!" Cornelia shouted with agitation in her voice. The others immediately tried to hush her.

"Shh, Cornelia, it's not like it's big news or anything," Will tried to calm her down. "Everyone with a pair of eyes in their head has noticed that there's *something* between you and Peter."

"And I do know my brother quite well," Taranee added.

"Ah, you're impossible!" Cornelia huffed, but she didn't sound terribly irritated. "All right, I guess I have to admit it then. I think Peter is just awfully nice and sometimes I feel that maybe Peter thinks of me the similar way."

Irma listened to the cheerful whoops, laughter and encouraging words coming from behind the door. She bit her lower lip and squeezed her eyes shut for a moment. Sighing deep she turned the handle and plastered a smile on her face before entering the room.

"What did I miss?" Irma asked, the cheerful tone of her voice almost non-faltering.

"Nothing much, only Cornelia confessing her undying love for Peter," Will revealed.

"I didn't! Will is exaggerating!" Cornelia exclaimed with a blush and threw her pillow at Will.

"Corny and Peter, wow!" Irma gushed, feigning surprise. "When's the wedding? Can I be the maid of honor?" Irma teased, only to get Cornelia's other pillow straight into her face with a well aimed throw. The attack launched a proper pillow fight and relationships were forgotten for now.

Outside, it had started raining.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!