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## Bonus Chapter: Violets

Wanda Maximo had done many unplanned things in her life, but very few were as strange as the time she went to a florist shop at one in the morning.

It all started when she had to walk home from the airport because it was late and she couldn't manage to catch a cab. She had just gotten back from a meeting with the West Coast Avengers (AKA Scott and Hope) and was on her way home. She had promised to be back as soon as possible to see Auralie, but she was running a little late.

She hadn't planned on getting into any fights that night, in fact, she really didn't want to. But, when someone was in trouble, she had to help, and that night, someone was most definitely in trouble.

Two seedy looking guys had been following a young woman who had been walking home from her late shift job at an all-night pharmacy. The woman kept glancing over her shoulder, looking frightened. Wanda had noticed from the sidewalk across the street and decided to walk over to the woman and see if she needed any help.

"Excuse me," Wanda said politely, "I was just wondering if you needed any help with those bags." The woman was indeed carrying a purse and three bags full of purchases she had made right before her shift.

The woman, catching on to what Wanda was doing, nodded thankfully, "Thank you for the offer, but are you sure?"

"Yeah. How far away are you going?" Wanda asked.

The woman replied, "my apartment is only a few blocks away. Here, can you hold the green bag." Wanda did as the woman asked and held the green bag.

"I'm not taking you too far out of your way, am I?" Wanda's new associate said.

"Nope. I live just a little ways away. It's all good," Wanda replied, lowering her voice, "so, how long have those two been following you?"

The woman frowned, "almost all the way home from work."

"They're creeps," Wanda commented, "anyways, I'm Wanda. Also, I just want to say, I really like your shoes."

Wanda's companion looked down at her boots with a slight smile, "thanks. I'm Olivia."

"Nice to meet you," Wanda held out a hand. Olivia shook it, and she seemed more comfortable now that she had company. She didn't have a timid sort of voice, and she didn't seem to be a fearful person, but this situation worried her. Olivia was around the same height as Wanda, and the pharmacy worker's black hair hung down around her face in braids. She had dark brown skin and dark brown eyes with a take no shit look in them. She seemed like the kind of person who could hold her own, but who would not turn down help in a potentially dangerous situation. And Wanda, being an Avenger, was more than willing to offer that help.

They kept on walking, picking up a slightly faster pace when they noticed the two men behind them had gotten closer.

"How much farther," Wanda whispered.

"Not far, we can make it," Olivia whispered back, "but wait, what if they wait for you?"

Wanda shook her head, "don't worry about me, I'll be fine."

They did not make it. They had slowed down a little while they were talking, and one of the men had run around, meaning they had an assailant on either side. Olivia clutched her bags tighter, snarling with anger.

"Well well," one said in a drunken sort of voice, "what do we have here? Two little ladies all out on their own?"

"Get the hell out of our way you asshole," Olivia hissed, "we don't want any trouble."

"But we do," the man said with a sleazy grin. Wanda felt sick. She hated people like this, scumbag humans who caused others nothing but trouble and discomfort.

The man took two steps forward, and Wanda's hands lit up with magic. Before she could start the fight, Olivia beat her to it. The other girl shoved the man away from her, firmly, which enraged him. He grabbed the front of her jacket, and Wanda let out a cry of anger.

Wanda hit him with a blast of magic at the same time Olivia kicked him in the nuts. Then Wanda turned and knocked out the other man.

Olivia turned to Wanda, "what the hell was that?"

"Magic," Wanda said, extinguishing her scarlet light.

Olivia cocked her head, "you're an Avenger."

"Yeah," Wanda confirmed, "and you have one great kick."

Olivia shrugged, "I ain't gonna let someone like him get away with assaulting people on the streets."

"Well, Olivia, you should get home. I'll call the cops and make sure these two get put somewhere they can't hurt anyone," Wanda said.

Olivia reached into one of her bags and pulled out a business card, "here's a number you can call if someone needs to get in touch with me. Thanks again."

"Thank you. You were great," Wanda said.

Olivia flashed a small smile, before gathering all her bags, including the green one Wanda had been holding and walked away at a brisk pace. Wanda watched the woman make her way into an apartment building a little ways away before taking out her phone to call the authorities. Something told her she would be getting home a lot later than anticipated. She only hoped Auralie wouldn't worry.

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Auralie did worry, worry all through the hour Wanda was sitting in the police station, explaining everything. That was evident through the many texts Wanda missed responding too. Feeling bad for worrying her wife, Wanda spotted the 24-hour florist shop across the street. Why there was a 24-hour florist shop, she did not know, but she got an idea.

Wanda Maximo, at one in the morning, decided to buy a bouquet of violets, one of Auralie's favorite flowers. Wanda also liked the flowers, though she preferred roses and lilies. She bought the flowers, then made her way to her apartment.

Opening the door and calling softly, "Auralie, are you up. Sorry I didn't answer your texts. I was helping arrest these two assholes."

"Wanda," Auralie cried, jumping off the couch and hugging her wife, "I'm so glad you're ok. Sorry for bombarding you with texts, but I was just so worried. You were so late."

"I know," Wanda said, "I got you these." She held out the violets.

"Darling, oh dearest, you shouldn't have. It's really ok, and also, what flower shop is open at one in the morning," Auralie said.

Wanda laughed, "I don't know, but they had some nice flowers." The witch went to go find a place for her violets. Once the flowers were safely on display, Wanda yawned, "I'm going to bed, it's late."

"Yeah, I'm coming too. I've been up," Auralie replied.

"Waiting for me?" Wanda questioned.

Auralie blushed, "and watching Netflix."

"That makes sense," Wanda agreed, "so, you want to hear about my adventure or save it for tomorrow."

"Save it for tomorrow," Auralie decided, "I'm tired." She leaned in to kiss Wanda on the cheek. Then, with a thoughtful look on her face she said, "those violets really are lovely."

Wanda smiled, "you're the most lovely, beautiful, and utterly amazing creature I have ever had the pleasure of laying my eyes on."

Auralie turned to her wife and responded, "and you are the same for me. The stars pale in comparison to you Wanda."

"You just had to go and out compliment me," Wanda blushed.

"Well, you're so easy to compliment," Auralie laughed.

"I love you," Wanda beamed.

Auralie took Wanda's hands, "I love you too."

Then they kissed again, on the lips this time, long and deep and utterly in love. Even though these two women had jobs that lead them on crazy lives, even though they ended up in situations which ended with one am violets, they loved each other endlessly, and no weirdness could ever change that love.

**A/N: Here's your second bonus chapter.**

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