Chapter 100 (Fear not, I am alive. Apologies for the wait my darlings) "Olivia?" Wanda's hand feebly strokes my back as I cling onto her frail frame as though I might completely float away into oblivion without her. My head is spinning and I feel like throwing up. It's as though someone has just punched every atom of my being repeatedly. I squeeze my eyes shut, willing myself to somehow return to myself, but I can't seem to. I just cling onto the warmth that is Wanda and hope everything will be over soon. "Livvy? Please tell me you're okay." Wanda's voice shakes slightly, her vowels thick with emotion. "You're scaring me." a Something in her voice manages to break through and I stop shaking. I realize she's used my nickname again. I try to regulate my erratic breathing which has le me lightheaded. Wanda's fingers gently put steadily wrap around my shoulder as she tries to pry me o her. I shake my head, my heart beginning to pound against my sore ribcage as I cling harder to her. I can't let go. Not now that I just got her back. No, no, no-"Olivia, please." Wanda whines, her breath fanning across my neck. "You need to talk to me. Please, honey." I recognize the exhaustion in her tone of voice and recognize that if I've made it back in time, back to us on the Ra, minus the mist, she must be feeling about as great as I am. In her state of grogginess, my behavior must not make any sense to her at all. She must be so confused. I breathe in her familiar scent to try to force myself to acknowledge that she is real, that she is right there, right here, in my arms. She won't disappear if I let go. She's real, and her chest rises and falls with each of her shallow breaths. She's real. a "There you are." Wanda so ly pushes me away from her again and I finally allow it. a I feel myself shake slightly as Wanda keeps her hands on my shoulders, letting them drop down my arms slightly. I suddenly notice my arm is back in its sling and I feel a dull ache in my ribs. My heart begins to race as I realize I don't exist anymore. Well, I obviously do exist, but not in my old body. Well, this is obviously my old body, "Hey-" Wanda briefly touches my cheek, gaining my attention as I begin to panic again. As soon as my eyes find hers, she drops her hand, a slight rosy sheen tinting her cheekbones. Her eyes briefly wander to something behind me before they're back on me, that small familiar frown gracing the middle of her forehead as her eyebrows furrow as she searches for something on my face. "I don't-" She grimaces slightly and I feel a growing kernel of worry blossom in the pit of my stomach, pushing its way to the forefront of all my other confusing feelings. "I think they might be about to-" Wanda mutters, her words slightly muddled in her mouth as she again looks behind me, and with a pang of fear I realize we're in the middle of running away from the soldiers on the Ra . I could not have picked a better time in, well, time, to return to. "Shit." I shake my head slightly to gather my thoughts, deciding that whatever questions I have must wait until I have successfully gotten us out of here. Now I only have one objective: to get us out, alive. I hear Wanda exhale a sigh of what I think might be relief as I finally seem to snap out of whatever daze she found me in. I push myself o the floor with a newfound rush of adrenaline until a pang of pain courses through me. "Fuck!" I grit my teeth, screwing my eyes shut for a moment. "What?" Wanda's worried voice reaches me and I forcefully exhale. "I forgot my arm's still broken." "What do you mean for-" Wanda starts, and I open my eyes to meet her confused expression. a "I'm... Okay. You need to come with me." I exhale through the pain and the queaziness and extend my hand -the one that isn't in the sling with metal screws in it, to Wanda, who furrows her brows again at the gesture. For a second I worry she might not take my hand, but she does. With the worrisome relief at feeling her warm skin against mine, her fingers wrapped around my hand tightly, being so very much alive albeit not safe or sound, I lead us towards the now very familiar staircase. She's alive. a "This way." I announce, dropping her hand as I begin to climb up, making sure to go slow so she can keep up. "Do you have a plan to get us out of here?" I hear Wanda's slightly doubtful voice from behind me, her accent seeping in strongly as she must be feeling weak. "I do, believe it or not." I try to sound confident, only half lying. I have a plan, but I don't have the mist anymore, so how well it's going to work I do not know. "Humph." Wanda sarcastically snorts and I turn to peer down at her as we're climbing. "What?" "You're a shitty liar." She smiles a wonky smile, not taking her eyes o the stairs. "Last time I was out of here in five minutes." "Is that so?" I grin to myself, facing forward again, trying to shake of that feeling of deja vu. Except this deja vu happened. "What, and no stairs?" "How did- no. no stairs." "I bet Captain America carried you out bridal style not tousling a single hair on his head in the process, huh?" I decide to tease her slightly, still trying to snap myself out of my state of near panic, my body feeling like it wants to break out in a wild escape any second. "Correct. This is not quite the same." Wanda notes, hu ing slightly. "I'm no Captain America." I mumble and Wanda chuckles. "No, that's definitely not America's Ass." đ I almost stop dead in my tracks, turning to look at Wanda. She meets my eyes, smiling her wonky half-smile at me, her teeth showing. I roll my eyes at her, feeling a familiar warmth spread in my chest. She's a "Stop staring, Maximo ." I warn her as we continue on. "You chose to walk in front." She simply replies as if that makes it okay. We don't speak a er that, but the warmth in my chest doesn't dissipate. I got her back! bite my lower lip, trying to push away the thoughts of what this means. She hasn't experienced any of what we went through a er breaking out of the Ra the first time. All of that has been erased from her, but not from me. A gnawing feeling of anxiousness mixes in with the warmth and my chest feels constricted. There is no time for this now, Liv.tell myself that over and over again. I only need to get us out. Then, I can deal with the rest. I sneak us silently back to the hangar bay. Wanda seems a little paler and her skin looks clammy, but she isn't complaining. Not that she looks like she'd have much strength to do that anyway. I have decided to try to retrace our steps from the first time we did this best as I can, so I've hidden us behind the large smelly trash bags, just like we did the first time around. Wanda seems to relish the moment of stillness as she leans back against the wall, closing her eyes, her dry lips slightly parted. A couple of strands of her hair cling to her face as she breathes shallowly in and out. The last time we tried to sneak up to the helicopter, we failed. I am racking my brain, trying to remember exactly where we went wrong. I remember being caught by a guard, and him not believing my story as I tried to distract them so Wanda could make it to the helicopter. They shot at Wanda. I need to come up with a better plan. If anything goes wrong... I don't have my mist to rely on, and by the looks of it, I doubt Wanda has any chance of helping me, magic-wise. No, I need to come up with something else. a "At some point, Olivia, we're just going to have to try." Wanda speaks up, sounding slightly impatient on my side, and I run my hand through my hair nervously. "No, I know, I know, I'm just trying to..." I mutter, trailing o as I feel Wanda's eyes on me. "What? Magically make those guards disappear?" "That's not funny." I narrow my eyes at her and she hu s slightly, pulling a face. "If only I could get these o ..." Wanda trails o and I glance at her, seeing her fiddle with the cu s around her wrists which hum merrily on. As I watch Wanda, wishing I could disguise her somehow an idea pops into my head and I cannot believe I hadn't thought of it earlier. I straighten up, looking around the black hin bags, wondering if maybe, just maybe... a "What?" Wanda pokes my arm as I spot a couple of bags that are made out of fabric instead of plastic. "You ready for an outfit change?" I grin at her dumbfounded expression as I scoot over to the bags. "Olivia." Wanda whines impatiently, not liking being kept in the dark. I grab one of the heavy bags, unfastening the ropes that are keeping it closed. The bag is so and heavy, and I'm almost certain of... my hands untie the last rope and I impatiently open the bag, finding it filled with dirty Ra guard clothing. "Uh, what are you doing?" Wanda questions and I turn to her, smiling. "No, absolutely not." "What? I did say blue wasn't your color, didn't I?" "Wanda, that is seriously the least of our worries." "But-" Her next words die out as I throw a pair of wrinkly pants at her. Wanda narrows her eyes at me in thought as she holds the pants. "You keep calling me Wanda, not Maximo." "I-yeah." I stutter slightly, being caught o guard. Naturally my behavior would seem weird to this Wanda. To her, we are barely friends, if even that. The thought makes me indescribably sad. "Didn't you say you wanted me to call you that?" I try to salvage the situation, referring back to the hazy memory of our discussion in her cell. "Hmm. I guess I did." "Is it... is it okay?" I furrow my brows, feeling worried I might have overstepped a boundary I did not even realize existed. Wanda's lips crack into a small, so smile and her cheeks go slightly rosy underneath the sheen of sweat on her face. "It's okay." She whispers. "Good. Now get those pants on, I've got places to be.! I beam at her, finding her expression of mild disgust kind of funny as she regards the fabric in between her hands. "Great." She sighs, beginning to pull the pants over her blue overalls, the action kind of clumsy, her body seemingly still out of sorts. I do the same with some di iculty due to my stupid broken arm, while doing my best at ignoring the orange stain on one of the legs. We then pull on jackets, wanting nothing more than to keep away from the smelly clothes, but here we are. Well in the clothes, we look at each other. Wanda narrows her eyes at me in warning and I bite my tongue, no remark slipping o it. "Okay, what do we do about your hair?" I ask her and she scowls, surprised. "What about my hair?" "It's ginger." "Right, you're not colorblind, great to know." "Idiot." I roll my eyes and she crosses her arms, frowning. "How many gingers have you seen running around here? Oh, yeah, just one. Wanda Maximo ." "Yes, well, unless you've got some box dye anywhere-" "You're snarky on drugs. I like it." My comment makes her blush slightly and suddenly that warmth in my chest is back. a You gonna stare or get us out of here?" Wanda deflects, pouting slightly in challenge. "I'm not staring -I'm... I'm finding a solution." I fumble, now feeling my cheeks burn up as Wanda's lips twist upwards. "Mmhmm. And your solution is to stare?" "No." "So?" Wanda smirks triumphantly, as though she's winning some competition I wasn't aware we were having. "I guess... Hope they don't notice?" I sheepishly grin and Wanda "There's nothing in those bags?" "Just shirts and pants." "Alright. Wait." Wanda swi ly collects her hair into a messy braid, tucking the braid into the collar of her jacket. "Er, sure, I guess that'll do." I nod, mulling her over. The hair is visible, but not eye-catching. "Okay, let's just casually walk towards the helicopter. Keep your head down and walk briskly, but not too quickly. And keep your back straight-" "Olivia, I can walk, thank you for the tutorial." Wanda interrupts me, but she doesn't sound too annoyed. There's even a small smile on her pale face. "Now please, let's go, or I'm going to have to sit down." I nod, giving her a small smile, and then we're o . We walk at a good pace, keeping our heads low, me a couple of paces in front of Wanda, but I can still clearly see her red hair is in my peripheral. The hangar bay is not teeming with soldiers, but it is still a little too full for my liking. I feel like our steps echo way too loudly, and I notice Wanda subtly tug at the sleeves of her jacket, making sure the cus around her wrists are concealed. I feel myself sweat lightly in anxiousness, but so far, we've made it a good way towards the helicopter. There are the crates I remember from the last time this happened. I notice a clipboard on one of them and I graciously swipe it up, holding it in my hand as though it has always been there. I feel Wanda's questioning glance, but I don't dare look at her. We're almost there, now. Just a little bit further. I notice a couple of men dressed in similar outfits to those Wanda and I are wearing congregated a little bit away from the FBI's helicopter, talking amongst themselves. "Alright, Jackson, we're going to want to inspect the tension of the cyclic stick, they told me it was veering slightly to the right. I hear myself confidently say to Wanda, pulling the entire sentence out of thin air. I look at Wanda who stares at me with a slightly agape mouth, her green eyes glassy. Come on, catch on...l pray in my head that the calming drugs she's been given won't interfere with her too much, not now that I need her alert. "Y-yeah, of course." She finally stutters, her voice tense. "Great." I nod to her, a nod that to anyone else might seem like just that, a simple nod of acknowledgment, but to her, I hope it shows her I'm with her. That we've got this. That I've got her. We make it to the side of the helicopter and I open the door, looking around me with a feigned air of nonchalance. I notice a couple of the men look up at me, but they seemingly approve as no one says anything. "Jump in." I whisper to Wanda who's stopped next to me. She clambers in slightly awkwardly, the red light of one of the cu s blinking happily as her jacket is pulled slightly. She notices it quickly though as she sits down, pulling the sleeve down again. Then, she looks at me for reassurance. "Okay, I'll be right back." I tell her, watching whatever little color is le on her face disappear. "W- wait, what? Where are you-" She begins, her eyes wide like a frightened puppy. "Gotta get the roof open, darling." I smile a forced smile as I close the door on her. I feel her stare locked on me as I briskly walk back the way we came. I feel more confident now that she is in the helicopter, away from most prying eyes. I make my way towards where the familiar-looking young guard is standing, the one I spoke to when I came back to get rid of the mist. God, it feels as though my memories of time are getting completely jumbled. I try to ignore the disaray in my head and look at the boy in front of me. He is looking bored, picking at his nails. He only looks up when I'm right in front of him. "You need to-" I pretend to be out of breath, which catches his attention. "Raise the alarm." "What for?" He asks, sounding suspicious. "Maximo, idiot. I've just seen her." I widen my eyes meaningfully. "What? Where?" "Sublevel 5. Laboratory 14. I just escaped. The others-" I take a dramatic pause. "I don't know. She did something to them, man." "Are you sure?" The guard frowns, looking me up and down. "God, yes I am!" I raise my voice slightly, making sure to sound scared. "Look, we need to get her, quickly. You didn't see her, sheshe..." "Okay, okay." The guard nods swilly, his voice rising slightly in fear now too. And that easily swayed, he turns to the control panel behind him, pressing a red alert button which instantly makes lights start flashing around the hangar bay. Everyone starts milling about, trying to discover the origin of the alarm. The boy presses another button and "Attention. Maximo has been spotted on sub-level 5, laboratory 14. Attention. Maximo has been spotted on sub-level 5, laboratory 14." At his words, most everyone begins to rush towards where they believe Wanda is. I try not to high five myself for pulling this o so far. How people like him are actually in charge like this still boggles my mind. I wait until almost everyone is gone until I ever so quickly push the young guard's head back, giving him no chance to react. The back of his skull hits the wall behind him with a thud, and I know before he hits the ground that it's going to be lights out for him for a few minutes. And a few minutes is all I need. a Now knowing exactly what I need to do, I waste no time in getting the ginormous ceiling to begin to open up over us, the structure creaking and groaning like a giant monster being awakened from a deep sleep. Underneath it, I find myself sprinting as fast as my battered body allows back towards the helicopter which houses the redhead this is I reach the helicopter just as a gunshot is heard. I instinctively duck, but nothing hits my body. I yank the door open, clambering into the small cockpit as my ribs whine. My chest feels tight as I try to focus on the task at hand. Another gunshot echoes in the air and this time I hear a hollow sound indicating the helicopter has been hit. "Shit, shit!" I mutter to myself, beginning to haphazardly press buttons to awaken the helicopter. "Hey," A gentle but steady hand lies on my right thigh. I look up to meet Wanda's warm eyes. "Breathe. You've got this." I nod to her, grateful for her interruption as the helicopter is hit again. I feel the vibration in my seat telling me the blades above have started to spin. My head spins along with them and I place my hands on the cyclic stick and pull. It takes a second, but then we slowly begin to li . I guide the heavy metal box of hell upwards as another few shots echo through the noise of the Ra opening up and the whirl of the helicopter blades. The helicopter rises with more and more speed, making me feel heavy in my seat. a Just before we make it out of the relative stillness of the Ra I remember with a twinge of fear how windy it is outside, and so I quickly motion to Wanda to grab the controls in front of her. Wanda hesitantly grabs the stick as we break out of the Ra and the helicopter lurches violently to the right, being pushed by a strong gust of wind. For a while we fight against the wind which seems adamant about returning us to the ground, whether that be the Ra or the dark waves below, does not seem to matter. I quickly make the helicopter rise like a cannonball into the grey clouds, remembering how the last time we escaped, we were fired upon. I don't want to risk us getting blown apart by some stupid little bullets, not a er everything, so I push the helicopter probably slightly harder than needed, but soon we are up in the clouds, seeing nothing but darkness all around us. I easily tap a couple of buttons on the dashboard in front of me, and then gratefully remove my hand from the cyclic stick, letting the autopilot take over. I turn my head to the right as I lean back against the back of the chair, feeling exhausted. Wanda hasn't let go of the controls, so I give her a small smile, but she just stares straight ahead. I watch her tense posture for a moment, still reeling over the fact that she's here with me. My mind feels sluggish, and the rollercoaster of emotions I've been on feels like it is happening to someone else. For a split second, Wanda's red hair shimmers in a way that suddenly reminds me of Natasha's hair, and with a pang of sorrow, I realize that she never knew me, and that she never will. That she's gone. I lean further back in my chair, slumping into a tired heap, not even realizing I'm beginning to doze o as I'm so exhausted. a "Olivia?" A so, careful voice rouses me, somehow penetrating the deep state of unconsciousness I've found myself in.

It feels like a fight to pry my eyelids open, my dry eyes feeling sensitive, as though the inside of my eyelids is made of rough sandpaper. For a moment, I've forgotten where I am or what is happening to me, and I go through the motions of wondering whether I'm at home, in Wanda's cabin, at Stark's, or at Hydra. At the last option, my heart hammers in my chest, my ribs twinge and I discover I'm still in my old, broken body. Wanda must've recognized I am fighting something, as she so ly speaks again. "Olivia? I'm sorry, I didn't want to wake you. Can I let go?" I turn my head to look at Wanda, feeling slightly confused still. Wanda reads my pression and her eyes flit over to her hands and she smiles a strained, slightly wonky smile. "My arms hurt." "Oh." I let out a small chuckle at her wholesomeness. "Wanda, it's on autopilot." "It's-" She pauses, and frowns, her nose scrunching up slightly, making her look childlike. "I could have been sleeping this entire time!?" I don't answer her, my laugh filling the helicopter being answer enough. She pouts, giving me an annoyed look while letting go of the cyclic stick, stretching her arms out in front of her with a so sigh of relief. I stare at her, my body pressed flush against the seat, my head leaning back against the headrest. Wanda massages her arms, not aware of my eyes on her. I can't seem to look away, afraid that if I do, she might disappear. She looks the same as before, just this version of her, the slightly younger version, the one who hasn't experienced everything with me a er the Ra, this version of her still hasn't recovered from her experience being held at the Ra. I know what this version of her is truly still aching for, too. She is still wanting to be with her family. She doesn't know me as I know her, and she never got to choose between Vision and me. As if she feels my gaze upon her, Wanda turns her head slightly towards men her green eyes slightly dull and the dark circles underneath her eyes match those cast by her prominent cheekbones. Still, her eyes are so enough to o set her sharp features. Her lips turn up in a small, self-conscious smirk, making a tiny dimple appear on her cheek, which begins to slowly turn a so hue of pink under my gaze. "You're going to have to blink at some point, Olivia." She notes, pronouncing my name in the midst of a breathy chuckle as she turns even redder in the face. "Hmm. I don't know." I lazily say, letting her slightly embarrassed actions make my own lips curl upwards. "Olivia, I'm serious, stop staring." Wanda rolls her eyes at me, deciding the safest route to take is to stare straight ahead, as if the dark sky suddenly is whispering her secrets I could only dream of transcribing. "Why?" I smirk, selfishly relishing every moment of her when so recently she was so gone. "You're making me feel embarrassed." Wanda mutters, annoyed, but her smile does not fade. "Why are you embarrassed?" I ask her and she steals a glance at me and just as quickly she looks away again. "Stop it." She flushes, hiding her face from me. "God, you're so annoying." "Maybe I just want to commit every part of you to memory." I bravely declare, making her eyebrows pull down into a grimace. "What are you on about?" She finally meets my eyes, looking at me suspiciously. "Just... I've realized how special every moment is." I shrug noncomittally, feeling a little lump in my throat form. Wanda's frown deepens as her eyes search my face. "If I'm the one who's been drugged, why are you acting like you're high?" She narrows her eyes at me. "You'd think I was high if I told you the reason." I laugh so ly, looking "Hmm. Try me." Wanda's voice is low and calm, filled with what I imagine to be curiosity. I turn my head back to look at her again. Her glossy eyes catch the so light from the dark sky and the piercing lights of the dashboard in front of us. Her skin is pale in the darkness, and her entire being is focused on me. For a moment, I forget myself in her again, feeling content with simply seeing her in front of me, however sickly looking, but alive. "Livvy." She pulls me out of my head again, this time her voice is laced with concern. "Are you okay? You're worrying me." "I'm okay." I smile at her, my voice catching slightly in my throat. "I'm just glad I'm with you again." Wanda pauses slightly, her eyes darting between mine, most likely trying to decipher the root of my odd behavior. She shi s slightly in her seat, her body turning more towards me. Then, one of her hands finds one of mine, which she holds sweetly, her fingers steady but not strong. "I'm glad I'm with you, too." She assures me, her tone is sincere and her eyes honest, if still a little guarded. I give her hand a squeeze, reminding myself she isn't the same Wanda I saw last. For a moment, I let myself mull over how to proceed from here. Last time, I took her to see Darcy to get those cu s removed, only for Wanda to leave me to go see Agatha. If I let that happen, she'll end up on that mountain again, consumed by her own scarlet in search of her family. But how do I convince her not to do that? I don't have the mist to help me help her anymore. "Livvy?" Wanda once again pulls me to her with a tightening of her grasp on my hand. "Please talk to me. I can tell there's something on your mind." I exhale shakily, feeling at a loss as to what to say. How does one explain what I've just gone through? What she's gone through, except she hasn't, really? I wish she would let go of my hand so I could fiddle, but she keeps a steady hold of it, reminding me of what an impossible situation I'm in. I open my mouth, but close it again as no words trickle out. "Olivia, what's going on?" Wanda tries once more. Our eyes meet and I feel guilty, as though I'm keeping something from her, something that belongs to her. Wanda pouts slightly as her narrowed eyes search mine for any reason which would make my behavior make sense. She does not seem to find one as her green eyes widen slightly, their confusion swirling around like deep pools of mossy green, dotted in by specks of sunlight-"Livvy?" Wanda interrupts me once more and the tremble in her voice makes me feel unable to breathe. "I don't-" "It's okay." Wanda accepts whatever I'm about to fling her way without question, the earnestness on her face makes me want to melt "No, you don't understand, it's..." My voice fades away into nothingness, the sound of the helicopter the only noise piercing the silence until Wanda lets out a so sigh. "What's going on in that head of yours?" She wonders so ly, making me once again marvel at the fact that she could so easily find out herself, but will not. And that is when I realize I can't tell her, but I can Wanda must've sensed the change of pace of my thoughts even if she isn't listening in on them as she curiously tilts her head ever so slightly, her lips parting slightly as her right eyebrow raises on her forehead. "Please, I-" My voice catches in my throat and I clear my throat so ly, feeling nervous and my hand must feel clammy in Wanda's. "I don't

know how to tell you, what I, er- can you... can you look in my head?" Wanda listens intently until I've posed my question. I feel self-

conscious under her scrutinizing gaze, but she doesn't look away. Her expression shi s slightly, but I'm not quite sure how to read her. I feel the urge to explain myself to her and make her understand I don't

"Something's happened to us, er, it's... it happened on the Ra, but I also, well, it also didn't happen, but I think you need to know, because I don't think it's fair that I just... know." I ramble awkwardly and Wanda's expression shi s into one of confusion and slight trepidation. Gosh, well done, me. Way to make her at ease.

"I'm not, eh, sure I-" Wanda slowly speaks, her hesitation evident in her body as she lets go of my hand, shi ing in her seat slightly,

"Please." I ask once more, my chest feeling tight and my voice sounds

Wanda looks at me for a moment, clearly mulling it over. I know I'm

everything I went through didn't happen? Surely I can't just imagine it all away? The mere thought of ignoring everything, ignoring

everything I shared with Wanda and learned about her makes me feel <u>ill at heart. It feels like I'm</u> being dishonest to her, like I know a secret

I meet Wanda's eyes, seeing my doubts reflected in them clear as day. Her eyebrows tense slightly, the way I'm so used to them frowning, and her eyes gain a steely look to them and she finally nods tensely. She'll do it. I breathe out in relief, quickly casting a reassuring glance

I look back to Wanda and give her a nod back, hoping my expression isn't betraying how I feel on the inside. Wanda reaches out a tired hand towards me and I gently wrap my fingers around the base of her hand, guiding it to my temple without breaking eye contact with her. Wanda's eyes search mine again for any sign of me regretting this, but she finds none. And so I watch her eyes begin to shi and burn a

A/N: Again, so sorry for the wait! I think I might subconsciously not wanting to write as guys, this is like so nearly it. I think we've got like,

I love you all, I know waiting for these to update is annoying so I appreciate you for waiting to patiently!!!! As always, much love to you

Continue reading next part \Box

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towards the dashboard. Everything looks fine. We'll be fine.

scaring her with my behavior, but surely I can't just pretend

mean any harm.

making herself smaller.

of hers that I have no right knowing.

crackling, fearsome scarlet.

This can only go one of two ways.

a chapter le . Then we're done. Oh boy.

all my angels xxx

small and weak.

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