

Chapter 21

"Olivia!" With one last bang on the door, the person on the other side goes quiet.

I stay frozen in bed. I squeeze my eyes shut once more. When I open them I'm still in my old dorm. I sigh and get up. I'm wearing pajamas I haven't worn in years. My ribs do not hurt, and neither is my arm in a sling. I'm completely fine. I look around the room, picking up pieces of clothing and textbooks as I go. It all looks exactly like how I remember it looking.

"I must've hit my head pretty fucking hard." I laugh, looking around in amazement. "I had no freaking style, either."

I walk over to the closet and pull out a pair of jeans and a t-shirt with a worn Taylor Swift logo on the front. I still have the shirt, but I haven't dared to wear it since graduating college. I chuckle as I pull it over my head. Deciding to make the most out of my foray into the past, I walk out of my room into a busy hallway, filled with students hurrying back and forth.

"Sup, Liv?" Some of them nod at me as they hurry past.

I actually laugh out loud, making some students look at me inquisitively as they walk past me. I can't believe my brain has decided to take me back to college of all places. I briefly wonder when I'll wake up. Figuring I'll wake in due time, I might as well go to Mr. Lauder's lecture. I always hated him back in college, maybe I can have some fun while I'm here.

I lazily walk through the campus, breathing in the still warm fall air in New York. I must be in my second or third year, I guess, based on my surroundings. Everything feels so real. I'm amazed at the details my brain is conjuring up. The smells, the feel of the air against my skin, the clothes on my body, the sounds...

I finally make it to where Mr. Lauder held his lectures. The doors are shut, so I open them casually, not afraid to disturb the lecture going on. Mr. Lauder is in full swing at the front of the class. The students nearest the door turn around to look at me as I walk in. I stay standing up in the back, not minding the curious stares I get.

"And so, what three rights are suspects granted when arrested, hmm?" Mr. Lauder asks the room, not yet having spotted me. I look around the room, curiously.

The students shuffle a little bit, a few timid hands being raised. Mr. Lauder sighs audibly, rolling his eyes. I grimace at the sight of him. Ugh.

"Come on, people. It's a very simple question." He says, ignoring the hands in the air.

"They may get free legal advice, ask the police to tell someone they have been arrested, and look at the Codes of Practice, which is a book about what the police can do and how they should do things. Basically." I say loudly.

The whole lecture hall turns around to look at me and Mr. Lauder looks up, surprised. When he sees who's spoken, he seems to deflate, slightly.

"Ah, Olivia." He says, sweetly. "How nice of you to show up. Thirty-five minutes late." He informs me, looking down at his wristwatch.

"You were always slow to get going." I shrug, some students quietly chuckling at me.

"Have a seat."

"You know, I think I should have a go at this whole teaching thing!" I suddenly say and hop down the steps to the front of the hall.

This makes the hall erupt in whispers as students turn to whisper to one another. Mr. Lauder looks utterly taken aback.

"I bet this has never happened in your hundred and fifty years of teaching, huh?" I wink at him.

His mouth opens and closes like a goldfish, but he has suddenly lost the ability to speak. I laugh merrily, quite enjoying my little trip.

"So, what are we learning today..." I ask as I look down at Mr. Lauder's lecture notes. "Ah, the merry act of arresting people. How many people have you actually arrested, Mr. Lauder? I bet I'm already beating you!"

The lecture hall is in complete shambles now, students not bothering to whisper to one another anymore. Mr. Lauder seems to regain his composure.

"Olivia!" He bellows. "Get out of my class! Now!"

"Really? An instant ago you said you missed me!" I pout.

"I'm going to call security! Out of my class!" Mr. Lauder has adopted a rather impressive shade of red. I chuckle and throw my hands in the air.

"Alright, alright, geez! I'm going! It was nice to see you again!" I bow to the class and begin skipping up the stairs.

"You go straight to the office!" Mr. Lauder's voice follows me. I flip him off before the door shuts behind me.

I can still hear the echoes of Mr. Lauder's voice trying to regain control of his class as I walk down the hallway merrily.

"That was fun." I speak out loud, not caring if anyone can hear me. Still, I begin to wonder when I'll be back at the Ra. I'm wondering in what situation I'll be in when I wake up. Will mere seconds have passed, or hours or even days? There is absolutely no way of knowing, as I physically feel completely fine.

I let my feet do the choosing as I continue walking along the halls of my old campus. Why I am here, I'm not quite sure. My college experience was not particularly memorable. Years of studying my brain out to get into the Bureau. That was all I could think of, or want at that point. I'm taken back into memories of times past as I continue walking without a destination in mind.

I've left the campus at this point, and am walking along the ever-busy streets of New York. I am suddenly awoken from my reveries as a loud honk goes off on my right, and I look up just in time to see a yellow cab rush towards me. I've just begun crossing the street without any regard for anything.

My heart beats wildly and I close my eyes, ready for the impact. But it never comes. Everything has gone completely silent. I slowly open my eyes. The cab has stopped mere centimeters from my outstretched hand. My eyes slowly focus on my hand, which is encased in a soft, barely perceptible shimmer. It looks oddly like the mist I saw in the glass box in the Ra.

I dare relax my body and stand up straight. This trip keeps getting weirder and weirder. Everything around me has frozen! It's like someone has pressed pause on the world. People are stuck in mid-stride, steam erupting from the sewers is still, and cars aren't moving. My mouth falls open as I step around the cab. I seem to be the only one who is able to move. I look down at my hands, which are still glowing with the silver mist.

"Hello?" I ask the world around me loudly, but I receive no answer. The silence is pressing.

I walk back to the sidewalk and walk up to a woman who is standing, apparently yelling at someone on her phone. I walk right up to her. She doesn't so much as blink. I poke her carefully on the forehead. She feels alive but does not respond to my poke in any way.

"Holy shit." I murmur, amazed. "My brain is the coolest!"

I pry the phone from the woman's hand and take it to my ear. I can't hear anything, and yet I can clearly see that she is on a call.

"Wassup?" I ask the person on the phone. Nothing.

I give the woman her phone back, and move on. I walk along the street, stopping every few strides to look at someone or something that's been frozen more carefully. It's the most amazing experience I've ever had. I bend over and tie some businessman's shoelaces together. Then, I place a woman's handbag onto the arm of the woman walking next to her.

I finally bore with creating contained chaos. I look around. I'm starting to feel rather tired. I wonder if I'm beginning to wake up in real life. I sit down on a bench, a car pushing a man off to make room for me. I feel very heavy and almost like all my energy is gone. I look down at my hands. Yup, still glowing. Perfectly normal.

My chest begins to feel constricted. I am seeing spots. I feel faint. Before I know it, I faint.

"Whoa, shit! What the fuck!? Are you alright, lady?" Someone shakes my shoulder and I groggily open my eyes.

The man I've just pushed off the bench is standing over me, shaking me. I look around. Everything is in motion again, but I'm still in New York, not on the Ra.

"What just-"

"I don't know, I was sitting on the bench one second, the next I'm on the ground!" The man explains, excitedly. "And you were passed out!"

"I'm- What, what year is it?" I suddenly ask the man.

"It's 2015." He answers, looking confused. "Should I call someone?"

"I'm- I'm sorry, I've got to go." I say and get up, still feeling woozy.

"Are you sure? Should I call-"

"No, no, I'm fine, thanks." I absentmindedly wave him off and leave him standing there, utterly confused.

I look down at my hands, but they are back to normal again, no mist around them. I'm beginning to feel more and more uneasy. At first, this flashback was fun, but by now I must have spent a good few hours here, and it feels way too real. Even that weird pause-of-the-world felt utterly realistic.

I suddenly have an idea. It's 2015. I look around me and locate where I am. It should be just a few blocks. I begin jogging, heart and head pounding. I finally see it, towering in the distance. By the time I make it to the front entrance, I am shivering and slightly sweaty, still feeling extremely weak after having fainted.

I walk through the big glass doors at the entrance and look around the big, lavish entrance hall, filled with people in suits milling about, minding their own business. I have no clue what to do, so I walk up to what I assume is the reception.

A young-looking woman looks up at me and smiles politely, if she notes my disheveled appearance, she makes no comment on it.

"Welcome to the Avengers Tower, how may I help?" She asks me sweetly.

"I-" I stutter, catching my breath, holding the stitch on my side. "Is Tony Stark here?"

"I'm sorry, miss, I cannot divulge that information. Is there anything else I can do for you?" She still smiles sweetly at me and I hurt, annoyed.

"Come on!" I say loudly, and some people turn their heads. "Help me out here!"

"That is what I am trying to do, miss." The woman says, still just as sweetly.

"Is he, can I make an appointment to see him?" I ask her and she smiles and pretends to write something on her computer.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stark is completely booked for the next 3 and a half years."

"You're fucking kidding." I laugh loudly. "What a dick!"

"Miss, all I can do for you is book an appointment on the... 16th of March 2019."

"What time?" I ask sarcastically. "Look, I'm with the FBI."

She looks at me suspiciously, and I'm way too aware of my Taylor Swift shirt.

"I have my-" I begin, remembering I do in fact not have my badge on me, or any identification whatsoever.

"Miss, if that is all I'm going to have to ask you to leave the premises."

"No, you don't get it! I have to speak to Stark!" I shout, feeling almost scared, now.

"Miss, you have to calm down-"

"No, I do not have to calm down!" I yell. "I have no fucking idea what is going on! I'm on the Ra one second, the next I'm in 2015 and the world just pauses on me! I. Need. To. Talk. To. Stark!"

"Miss, I understand, please calm down." The woman pleads, and I can see two security guards walking up to me from the corner of my eyes.

"Wait, no! Please just call Stark down!" I back away from the security guards.

"What's going on here?" A man asks and I spin around.

"Oh my god." I say, relieved, standing face to face with Bruce Banner.

A/N: You didn't see that coming?