

Chapter 26

I push myself up to standing using the aid of the container which is lodged full with bullets. I feel like I've been awake for a week straight. My heart is beating out of my chest as I look over to Wanda. I breathe out a sigh of relief as I see her standing upright. She looks over at me as she notices me move, and I see a small bullet in midair just moments away from shooting straight through her head.

"Will you please move out of that bullet's way?" I ask her tiredly and she instantly steps away from the hovering bullet and walks up towards me.

She stops just in front of me with a weird expression on her face. I raise my eyebrows at her and she looks around at the quiet freeze-frame around us. Then, she looks back at me and I cannot quite place her expression.

"How..." She begins, but apparently changes her mind. "This is familiar, somehow."

"Yeah, I'd love to have a sit-down and talk about this, but I can't keep this up for much longer." I smile and stagger slightly, making Wanda quickly come up and steady me.

"Ok, ok. Look at me." She asks me quietly and I look up with heavy eyelids, the black spots starting to swim across my vision. "You're ok. Let's get out of here, ok?"

I nod and she starts leading me through the hangar bay. All I am focused on is keeping up the flow of energy around us. I blackout for just a moment, and the next thing I know Wanda has somehow gotten us into the helicopter. She sits down in the pilot's seat and looks at me with a worried expression.

"Are you able to tell me what to do?"

"I don't even know what to do." I chuckle and close my eyes.

"Hey, hey." Wanda says and touches my cheek to get me to open my eyes. "Come on, what do I do here?"

I sigh and look over at the control board. I take slightly longer to compute what it is that I am actually seeing before I lean forwards and push a few buttons and flick a switch here or there. Thankfully one of my old friends used to pilot a similar helicopter model for the FBI and would take me out every now and again, claiming that my distaste of the method of transportation would bring them immense glee. Seems like I took in some of what they were doing despite wanting to hurl the entire time I spent in that godforsaken helicopter.

"Ok. It's on. I just... I don't know how to open that hatch." I say with a sinking feeling. How could I have been so stupid as to completely forget to think that in the slim chance that we even if we got to the helicopter in the first place, we would need the entirety of the Ra to actually rise out of the sea and open up to let us out. This entire thing feels like a huge mistake, and I wish I would have for once not acted rashly and just done what was expected of me. And now all I can do is to wait to pass out and wake up in a lovely cell somewhere in this hellhole I should probably just start to call home.

I look over to Wanda, just about to apologize for this entire catastrophe. But Wanda isn't looking remotely concerned, instead, she is looking positively scarlet. She's sitting completely still, eyes closed, her head slightly tilted to the side as if she's listening out for something. It almost looks like she's shimmering red. I can see her eyes moving frantically under her eyelids, and the cu s around her wrists are humming furiously.

"Wanda?" I tentatively speak out, her name coming out in barely a whisper.

She doesn't reply. Her head twitches slightly, and I suddenly hear a loud creaking and the ground beneath me gives a shake. I bite the inside of my cheek, fighting to keep control of the mist keeping everyone frozen in place. There's another loud creak, and the floor gives another shudder. Then, my attention is pulled upwards towards the roof above. I lean forwards and peer out of the windshield. It suddenly clicks. Wanda is fighting against the shackles, managing to somehow use her magic.

The roof is coated with the red smoke I have come to associate with Wanda. The metal above shrieks loudly as it's being torn into half, slowly exposing the dark clouds overhead. I clumsily reach over to grab the controls. The helicopter starts buzzing as the blades start rotating faster and faster. By now, my body is so tired from upholding the spell, that I am shaking so severely I know that would I force the helicopter to take o , I would instantly crash it into a wall. Or pass out. Whichever comes first. And so, I exhale and let go of the energy.

I see the guards coming back alive like marionettes. In the confusion that ensues, I push the controls forward and the helicopter leaps upwards. Not the smoothest takeo , but it's a takeo . The helicopter rises steadily, and now the guards around us have clocked what is happening and I hear them firing at us, the familiar hollow bans of the bullets against the metal spurs me to push the controls forwards, even more, accelerating the ascent.

And just like that, we're out of the ra and hovering above the still stormy seas, being splattered by torrential rain. The helicopter veers violently to the right, being pushed by a strong gust of wind. I start correcting, and then we're pushed to the le and I curse, just barely saving us from crashing into the blue below.

"Wanda!" I yell out. "Wanda, you need to help me!"

Wanda's rigid body loosens up momentarily as she returns to her senses, but she instantly goes rigid again as she's staring out straight at the huge waves licking at the belly of the helicopter.

"Grab the controls in front of you!" I yell, my arms tired from yanking at my pair of controls.

Wanda does as she's told. The helicopter shudders again and drops, and I get that feeling in my stomach that you get on a particularly steep rollercoaster.

"Shit!" I curse. "Pull up!"

With both of us working together, the helicopter steadies slightly and begins to rise, the waves becoming smaller and smaller. Just as I think we're all clear, there's a loud crashing sound, which Maes the helicopter dip down on Wanda's side as a few buttons light up and an alarm starts blaring.

"Fuck!" Wanda yells out uncharacteristically swearing in a shrill tone. "What was that!?"

"I don't fucking know!" I yell back. "I told you I cannot fly these things! Up and le , now!"

We yank the controls, steadying the helicopter once again. I realize what just happened as something shoots by my window in the darkness.

"They're firing at us! We need to get up into the clouds!" I gasp and without having to coordinate we push the helicopter as much as it can handle and it obeys, rising up like a cannonball into the dark grey clouds above. đ

Once we're up, we push the helicopter into a forward direction as fast as it can go. I have no idea what kinds of defense systems the Ra is equipped with, all I know is the faster we're out of here, the better.

For ten tense minutes, we stare out in front of us, not speaking, concentrating on the flying. When nothing else happens, I begin looking around me, finding what I'm looking for underneath my seat.

"What is that?" Wanda asks, glancing at me, hesitant to take her eyes o of the clouds in front of us. Her voice is low and her accent is purring so ly in the background, indicating to me that she's exhausted.

"A manual." I cheerily show her the cover of the thick book and she frowns.

"Exactly what you want to be reading whilst flying." She shoots me a poignant look, trying to suppress a smile.

"Hey, we haven't crashed so far, just trying to keep it up." I shrug and nudge her, making her laugh.

I find the page I was trying to find, and follow the steps outlined in black and white, thus turning the autopilot on, telling it to keep a steady course. I lean back in my seat, allowing myself to relax for what feels like the first time in weeks.

"You know, since knowing you, I don't think I've ever been as stressed out in my entire life." I tell Wanda, turning my head to look at her.

"Humph, I don't know what you're talking about. You're getting o easily." She smiles tiredly and leans back in her seat, looking out in front of her. I look at her profile for a while, before sighing and looking out in front of me as well. The clouds look peaceful at this height, masking the unease that is happening below. I feel safe up here.

"I wish I could just stay up here forever." Wanda so ly says, echoing my thoughts.

"I think the chopper would run out of fuel at some point." I say without thinking and regret my words as soon as they leave my lips. Why do I have to be so dumb, sometimes? Or a lot of the time? Specifically recently, most of the time? đ

"You could just make it freeze in place." Wanda says and turns to look at me again.

"Oh, I'm included in this? Are you sure? I can get pretty annoying pretty quick." I smirk and Wanda rolls her eyes at me.

"Yes, I'm already regretting it. I take it back." She smiles, then grows serious again, her usual Wanda-scowl making a reappearance.

"Oh no, what now?" I fake being scared.

"Your powers." She says, her eyes flickering down to my hands, which I am certain she didn't miss were glowing silver just a little while ago.

"What about them?" I ask her back and she sighs. "I think it was that thing in the box. I don't know what happened. It just was there, and then... now I can do that."

Wanda's eyes narrow suspiciously. "You know, I feel like... like those powers are..."

She pauses, looking for words to describe whatever she's reminiscing about. A small frown appears on her face and she scrunches u her nose in thought.

"Familiar" She finally says and looks directly into my eyes. đ

"What do you mean?"

"I fought someone a long time ago... I had honestly forgotten... but seeing you do that..." She keeps looking at me, as if she's going to find the answer to her question written across my face. đ

"Did they win?"

"Win?"

"Your fight. You said you fought them."

"No. I won." Wanda says and her lips curl up slightly.

"Hmm." Is all I say and look out again, leaving Wanda looking at the side of my face.

Was everything that happened to me during my blackout real a er all? Did I actually somehow time jump myself back in time, and if I did, then how? Could I do it again? Could I somehow go forwards in time too, if the mist for some reason allows me to control time? I feel Wanda still staring at me so I glance at her. She gives me a small smile which I return before we both look out on the rolling so clouds straight ahead. đ

A/N: A Breather! Finally...

[Continue reading next part](#) □