"I'll be right back, Wanda." I tell her loudly over my shoulder as I go to open the door to exit our room. đ

"Where are you going?" I hear Wanda's worried voice over the sound of the shower.

I open the door and look back into the room and notice with a little jolt Wanda's head poking out of the bathroom door, her hair dripping wet, the water dripping down the long, dark strands of hair to fall on the floor. Her piercing eyes are locked on me, and she looks concerned, as her expression always seems to be nowadays when she looks at me. Normally, I would say it is getting rather annoying, but it's Wanda, and a selfish part of me likes the attention.

"I can get myself a snack, I'll be fine." I sigh and smile at her, hoping it'll be enough to appease her.

She frowns slightly, obviously not quite satisfied with my decision, but well, me having timed my exit quite perfectly, she doesn't have much of a choice unless she wants to chase me down the halls of Stark's tower naked. I wouldn't be much opposed to that, but I bet she isn't the biggest fan of the idea. She clearly isn't, as she pouts.

"Alright. But I'll be listening. If there's anything-"

"I know. Thank you." I say sincerely, which she accepts as her wet head retreats and she closes the door behind her, mu ling the sounds of the shower.

I do the same, happy to have a little moment to myself. I'm not really hungry, but between all of the tests I've been subjected to a er Wanda's training with Natasha and Steve -which all of them have come back with the exact same message; something's definitely wrong with me, but what that is is anyone's best guess at this point, and all of the overthinking I've been trying to suppress ever since the kiss last night so that Wanda wouldn't overhear, I feel like I'm going insane.

I walk down towards the kitchen in deep thought. I move slowly and carefully as I don't wish to have a repeat of my fainting in front of everyone earlier as we were leaving the training facility. It was incredibly embarrassing to wake up in Steve Roger's arms. My slow progress towards the kitchen again allows for some ample overthinking. You'd think my brain would be more pressed to figure out what is wrong with me, but it seems to think Wanda is our priority.

Every time I'm forced to relive that kiss I'm flooded by as much childlike giddiness as I am by absolute embarrassment as I relive the moment I spilled my tea all over Wanda. She said she didn't mind, but of course, she did mind. What if it made her completely regret it all? I have no idea of what she even is looking for -just a few days ago she was ready to rip apart the very fabric of time and space to retrieve her family. I would be kidding myself if she saw me as anything but someone to dull her loneliness while she is apart from them. And, as far as I know, she's only dated men. And that toaster. I hu, annoyed, and turn a corner, using my hand against the wall as a crutch of sorts.

I am almost there now, for which I am thankful as I feel like sitting down is going to be the only thing to keep me from emptying the content of my stomach; the spinning just makes the vertigo so much worse. My brain seems to take this as the perfect opportunity to play back all of my memories of Wanda since the kiss like some sort of 'best of' montage, giving me free rein to overanalyze them next. She's been completely fine, very supportive and kind, but she hasn't made any indication of either wanting to repeat the kiss, or never wanting to speak of it ever again. Rather, I almost feel like she's being so protective and over-helpful to make up for the fact that we haven't had the opportunity to talk of it yet, and that she probably views it as a mistake. It was me who initiated it, a er all. Although a small voice in my head fights back, it wasn't like she's totally innocent in this and didn't give you any signals. Remember "don't think", hello?

I stop dead in my tracks, holding in my breath. The kitchen isn't empty a er all; I can hear some hushed voices. I very quietly tiptoe closer. I don't know why I am being weird like this, but I really do not want to meet anyone right now. And by the sound of the voices, neither do they.

As I make it closer, I can distinguish two voices, and I'd bet anything it's Natasha and Steve. I use my hand on the wall to steady myself and then very carefully poke my head around the corner to look into

the dining area. As I suspected, Natasha and Steve are standing in front of the fridge, having what looks like a very serious conversation in hushed voices. I strain my ears to catch some of what they're saying.

"We can't be sure it's him." I think Natasha whispers, and she looks concerned, an expression she doesn't let many people see.

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"I'm telling you, Nat, it's him." Steve replies, and I can't quite make out his expression from where I'm hiding, but he sounds tired.

"Steve, I know you want to believe-" "It's not that!" Steve's voice rises slightly and Natasha hushes him.

"Look, we have enough on our plate with them here-" "Tony can handle them."

I let out a quiet exhale, finding this conversation very intriguing. Who on earth could they be talking about like this? "I don't doubt that." Natasha is saying. "All I'm saying, is last time he tried to kill you, what's going to be di erent this time?"

"Wrong. Last time he saved my life."

"A er almost taking it!" Now Natasha's voice rises, and she looks up at the ceiling to center herself a er her outburst.

"I told you- it's not him!" Steve places his hand on Natasha's shoulder, and she scowls at him. "If we just gave him a chance-" "No, Steve, I'm sorry." Natasha shakes his hand o her, which falls back down limply by his side. "I know Hydra, and you don't just walk away."

And with that, it seems the conversation is over. Natasha starts walking towards where I am hiding, leaving Steve in the kitchen. Shit, shit, shit, panic.

What?Comes the sudden reply of Wanda's worried voice in my head.

I don't have any time to answer, instead just trying to figure out in the about five seconds I have le how to hide myself from Natasha. Somehow, I doubt she'd take it kindly if she found me eavesdropping.

Olivia!?Wanda tries again.

I back away from my spot in terror, trying to think but not being able to, only aware of Natasha probably coming around the corner in just a second or two.

"Natasha?" I hear Steve call out and I turn on the spot, as quickly as possible trying to put some distance between me and them.

I round a corner and I have to stop there to catch my breath and lean against the wall as my surroundings spin. No, not again...

I fight against the darkness wanting to envelop me. My legs shake underneath me, but I manage to stay upright. Then, a warm hand on my cheek and another on my waist, guiding me to slim down against the wall towards the floor.

"I've got you, I've got you." I hear Wanda's voice coming from behind a mu led barrier.

The darkness surrounding my vision slowly dissipates and Wanda's face comes into focus and I regain control of my limbs. Wanda's hand on my cheek props up my head and places another hand on my chest, a move that instantly reminds me of last night.

"Livvy, are you okay?" Wanda asks me so ly, her eyes looking me up and down in concern.

"Yeah, I'm all good." I give her a small smile but she doesn't look too convinced, and I don't quite blame her.

"What happened? I was listening and I heard-" Wanda begins, but loses track of her thoughts. "I'm really worried."

"It's fine." I say, and her hand drops o my cheek and she sits up slightly.

"No, it's not. That's the second time you've fainted today." I can't help but smile slightly at her tone of voice.

"It's not funny!" She adds on, seeing my amused expression.

"No, I know, it's just..." I pause, but decide that if it goes south I can blame it on being groggy. "You're kind of cute when you're mad." "Cute?" Wanda looks bewildered. "Livvy, focus, please. I'm being serious."

"I know, that's the problem." I giggle slightly and I swear she rolls her eyes at the ceiling.

"Right. This is worse than I thought." She says, but with a small upturn of her lips.

"Well, blame yourself." I smirk.

"What? For being cute" Wanda tilts her head in question, her cheeks rosy.

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"Some might say." I shrug and she hu s.

"You just said it." She looks at me, trying to still look serious, but failing slightly.

"I don't know what comes out of me, I'm ill." I bat my lashes, and her smile widens.

"Shouldn't have rushed here, I can see that you're completely fine."

"Oh please, you love the drama." I tell her and she frowns.

"I do not. I'm honestly starting to get worried, Livvy, you've been like this for two days now."

"I've had food poisoning last longer than this, Wanda, I'm sure I'll be fine." I say, not wanting to admit that this is starting to worry me too. It's enough to have Wanda worried, if I can balance it by not caring, then that's what I'll do.

Wanda still is hovering over me, her hair is still wet from the shower and it's starting to drip down on me now too.

"Alright, stop faing, let me get up before anyone sees me." Wanda helps me cumbersomely make my way up to standing again, which leaves me feeling momentarily lightheaded once more, but at least I don't pass out again.

"All good?" She asks me, holding onto my elbow.

"All good." I sigh and let her begin to guide me back to our room.

When we get back, I decide to lay down on the bed once more to regain some energy. Wanda stays back, crossing her legs in front of her on an armchair a few paces away from the bed, and sits there quietly, reading a book she's gotten from god knows where. Occasionally, I can feel her look up to make sure I'm still alright, but she doesn't say anything, and I just stare o into the distance, or I pretend to sleep in order to convince her that I am resting and that there's no need to worry.

The day outside is gray and it seems like the others have forgotten about our existence (for now), or they've just got more important things to attend to. At some point in the a ernoon, it's started so ly drizzling down, the rain creating intricate patterns against the huge window. Wanda's nose is still glued to the book. She seems to have completely been submerged into the world of the book as she's forgotten about drying her hair which she initially flung up in a bun above her head, which now looks to have dried in that position. I shi slightly in the bed, pulling the blanket over me slightly higher. The movement makes Wanda's eyes leave the page and she looks up. I smile a taunt smile, not having the energy to do anything else and then I turn to my side and continue my surveillance of the pattern of the rain against the window. This is clearly not to Wanda's liking, as she exhales loudly and I can hear her close the book.

The bed shi s slightly and Wanda crawls up on the bed, letting herself flop down next to me, blocking my view of the window. Her bun tilts precariously on her head, but doesn't unsurprisingly come undone.

"What is it?" She asks me, her voice husky, matching the weather outside in mood.

I raise my eyebrows at her in question, and she sighs again. Instead of saying anything, she scoots down slightly, placing her head down on the pillow and proceeding to stealing some of my blanket. I don't mind though, she's always seemed to run hotter than me, so she's bound to warm me up by default.

"Alright, tell me. I'm all snuggly and not judgy." Wanda prompts me, pulling up the blanket to her nose and waiting patiently, her eyes calm and peaceful, so unlike how I'm feeling.

I give her a look to which she responds by giving me puppy eyes, which sadly makes my resolve crumble and I take a deep breath before quite possibly shooting myself in the foot.

"Okay, this might be super dumb and whatever and I'm not the one to be this insecure and whatnot-" I begin all in one breath. "But I just feel super awkward a er last night and you haven't brought it up so I didn't know if you didn't want me to or not-"

Wanda interrupts me by, to my surprise, letting out a tiny giggle. I pause, mid-sentence, my mouth hanging slightly open. Wanda sighs and shu les slightly closer to me on the bed, close enough for her to most definitely invade my personal space. I try to remain strong and pretend like I'm not feeling hundreds of di erent levels of insecure at the moment, something my outburst might negate. Wanda brings my attention back to her with a little exhale.

"Who would have thought you'd be the nervous kind?" She remarks with a small smile playing on her face and I smile, but it feels more like a grimace.

"I'm not."

"I think you are." Her smile broadens, and we're so close I can see all the fine wrinkles it creates around her eyes. "Are you talking about the kiss?"

And there, she's brought it up. Called it by its name. Too late to go back now. I nod, not wanting to give her any more ammunition in the form of oversharing. She hums in understanding, her smile still not quite washing from her lips.

"You think I regret it?" She then asks, and I nod again, scared my voice will fail me, and most probably scared of what she'll say next.

"If I regret it-" Her smile is gone now and she li sherself up slightly, hovering almost directly above me. "Would I do this?"

She lovers herself down, and kisses me, almost timidly at first, but time makes her bolder and she's translating her emotions into a kiss, hoping it's enough to transcribe the unsaid. I'm pressed against the plush pillows behind me as she pushes me down, but I don't mind, my breath's le me anyway and I have no energy in me to argue, even if I wanted to. Which is the last thing on my mind. Actually, nothing's on my mind, and I'm reduced to something more primitive, primal, a being experiencing the world through Wanda's touch. She so ly, yet firmly presses her lips against mine once more and I'm struck by how something can be so so and yet so impactful. She's turned me into nothing but a mindless body, my only want is for her to never leave me. And yet, that's exactly what she does, her lips slowly leaving mine, her nose just barely touching mine and I open my eyes to look up at her. Her eyes meet mine and I'm again reduced to nothing but her in her focus. Her eyes are a dark shade of green, like a deep pond or a forest in the late summer, just a er it's rained. Her skin is slightly flushed, tinted with a so blush and she smiles the so est smile I've seen her smile.

"So, would I?" She whispers, her voice dark like her eyes, calling back to what she said before she kissed me, as if there was any before.

"No." I agree, my voice breathy, and I can't stand the pressure in my chest and so I snake my hands around the back of her neck and pull her back down on me.

She complies as if she initiated it, and then we're kissing again, and it's all I want to do for the rest of my days. I let one of my thumbs brush against her jaw and she hums in response, making the butterflies in my chest awaken again with a jolt. She lightly traps my lower lip between her teeth, carefully as to not hurt me, but I doubt she could ever hurt me.

A er some time we pull apart, both of us slightly breathless, and Wanda now considerably more flushed than she was before. Her lips are slightly more swollen and red too. She falls down on the bed next to me again with a huge grin she's trying to suppress. I blame her for making my vision swim again.

"Convinced now?" She looks at me, eyes sparkling.

"Hmm, not sure." I begin. "Maybe you could just, once more..."

"Oh shut up." She giggles, playfully nudging me.

I can't help the smile that spreads across my face at the sight of her, lying there next to me with her sparkling eyes and messy hair, and my chest seems to swell like someone's blowing a balloon inside of me, and I feel like I could float away.

"Can I just ask you something?" I suddenly burst out and Wanda turns her head to look at me. "I thought you liked guys."

Wanda laughs at that, and when she's calmed down she looks at me inquisitively.

"Why'd you think that?"

"I don't know." I stall, not wanting to burst the bubble so soon.

"Vision?" She fills in the gaps, her smile slightly fading. I nod. "Well, there's only really been Vision, and Vision's... well, not quite human, is he? He's something else."

"Toaster." I mutter.

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"What?" She laughs, probably thinking she misheard me.

"Nothing." I smile and scoot closer to her, and she wraps herself around me. It shocks me slightly that this all feels so easy with her.

I fall asleep to her playing with my hair, and I don't wish to ever be awoken from whatever dream this is. a

A/N: Hey hey! Alright, one more cutesy chapter. Next chapter, I promise, will be a lot less fun :) Or more fun, depending on if you like sadness haha! Also, who is it Nat and Steve are talking about???? ď

Continue reading next part □