"There is no point fighting me." The dark-haired man warns as he slowly steps closer to me, his steps heavy against the gravel of the path underneath his shoes.

"I have a gun." I lie, panicked, backing away from the man as much as I can without tripping and falling to the ground, my uncertain steps a contrast to his sure and heavy ones.

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My head pounds viciously, and I feel like throwing up because of it, at the same time as I feel like I'm going to faint, my earlier relief sadly short-lived. My chest rises and falls rapidly as I breathe shallowly, no longer noticing how clean and fresh the air is. I try to think of a way to get myself away from the man, but none come to mind; it's as if my head is working against me. Damnit. I curse, looking around me for inspiration. Maybe there's someone there. Maybe there's something to defend myself with that I haven't thought of before. Nothing. Just woods, and a small stream to my right. The dark-haired man was smart. He waited until he had me in a secluded area. No matter where I turn my head, I see no viable route for me to escape via. That being said; I doubt I would get very far in my condition. There are only two ways for me to move: backward, or forward, through the man. The dark-haired man seems to already have thought along the same path as me, as he chuckles so ly, a chuckle completely devoid of any real glee, and it's terrifying.

"You don't have a gun. You never took it with you a er you fought those men and then fainted. And there's no point running from me. You know you won't make it." He speaks almost robotically.

I stare wide-eyed at him. How could he know? Has he been following me all this time? Why? Who is he? I strain my eyes, willing myself to see him, really see him, and know him. He's quite tall, much taller than me, and looks fit. It's hard to make out his face as we're underneath a canopy of branches which remove all trace of sunlight, and his hair keeps falling in front of his face, obscuring it from my view. My eyes seem to pound in their sockets, angry at the way I'm squinting. I study the man's physique. Normally, I think would have a chance at winning a hand-to-hand fight, but right now I doubt I could overpower even a three-year-old. Shit.

"What do you want? I've got no money on me." I speak, my voice shaking, tripping slightly as I step back slowly, keeping my gaze fixed on the man, ignoring the way my vision keeps jumping in and out of focus.

"I don't want your money." Is his curt answer, his eyes drilling holes in me. He's gotten close enough now for me to see that he's wearing some kind of mask over half of his face, obscuring his mouth and nose, making his eyes appear all the more cold between the black mask and black hair. There is nothing familiar about him at all.

"Who are you?" I ask, just to keep talking to delay whatever is going to come next.

Maybe he's someone from an old case I've worked on? But that doesn't make sense. I haven't worked on any cases at all. I'm not in the present. How does he know me? Does he know of my powers? Does he know who I'm staying with? Is that why he's targeting me?

The man narrows his piercing eyes slightly, thinking of an answer, maybe. I step back another step as he advances, but this time I miscalculate my step and I can't save myself from crashing down onto the sandy path, the hard, tiny rocks poking holes in my palms as I try to catch myself. My vision spins and I almost feel myself puking, but nothing comes up. Good thing I haven't eaten since yesterday a ernoon. When I look up, fear grips at my chest. The dark-haired man is standing right over me, looking down.

He seems almost pleased. I try my best to not appear scared, but I can't help the small gasp that escapes me when he leans down and with his le hand grips my collar and pulls me up by my hoodie with no indication of me being heavy at all; it's like he's picking up a napkin he's dropped. I'm nothing more than a rag doll to him. I feel my shoes leave the ground as he li s me to his level. My hands grip his, and shocked I realize he's wearing some kind of armor; his hand and arm are completely solid, all I feel are hard plates moving underneath his clothes and glove.

"Wha-" I manage to say, confused.

He stays eerily silent, his eyes looking into mine like he's bored, almost. I try to kick him, but there's no force behind the kick and he doesn't as much as flinch. I bring my fists down on his arm in a bid for him to release me, but it does nothing. His arm stays steady.

I open my mouth to scream, but no sound comes out and suddenly there's a pinch at the nape of my neck. An overpowering feeling of sleep suddenly overcomes me, and no matter how much I kick and scream and fight it on the inside, my eyes droop and close, and then I'm gone, lulled into a false sense of security and darkness. The last thing I consciously take in is those icy blue eyes, staring at me with no emotion in them whatsoever.

I'm having the worst headache of my life. My whole body aches. Have I been in a fight? I feel like every muscle is burning. My chest constricts with fear and I recall what led me to this moment. My eyes spring open, and for a few moments I'm staring around, not seeing anything. Then, my eyes seem to remember their purpose, and I'm beginning to take in my surroundings. I turn my head, my neck screaming from having lied in a weird position for god knows how long. The first thing I notice is the door right opposite me. I'm in a small, dark room. No, not a room. It's moving. The ground is moving underneath me. I'm in a van of some sort. There's no light anywhere, no windows. I'm in almost complete darkness. I can only hear the sound of tires on concrete and the sounds of an engine, and other cars around me. With a huge e ort, I force myself up into a sitting position. I realize my hands are tied behind my back. Nothing hard and cold, it's a rope of some sort. I tug just to see what happens, but there's no give. They know what they're doing My shoulders ache from being pulled back like this, but there's nothing I can do to alleviate the discomfort. Only then do I realize the same fate has befallen my ankles -a thick, black rope keeps my legs bound together. I lean against the cold metal wall of the van, feeling the vibration from the engine travel through me.

I look to my le where I assume the driver must be sitting behind the wall. I swivel so that my feet are facing forwards and kick the wall hard, letting them know I'm awake. The echoes of my boots against the van reverberate loudly, further exasperating my headache. Fuck Liv, smart.The driver does nothing to indicate they heard me, or rather, care whatsoever that I'm awake. The van rolls on merrily. What now? I swivel around again, this time facing backwards, and press my feet against the door, trying to push it open. Unsurprisingly I fail at that. Exhausted from this I lay down flat on the ground, breathing heavily but feeling like no air really enters my lungs. Calm down. Not the best place to have a panic attack.tell myself, consciously making an e ort to breathe in for four counts, hold my breath for four counts, then breathe out for another four, then hold it again, and so on.

A er a while, this helps, and the cloudiness in my head dissipates slightly and I know I'm o the edge of a full-blown anxiety attack. One win for Liv. Without anything else to do, I just lie there, waiting. I wonder if Wanda's back from her training yet, if Jarvis has told her I'm on a walk. How long have I been gone? There's no way for me to tell. Based on the soreness of my muscles, I've been lying in this van for at least a few hours. Surely they'll be done by now. Is Wanda just reading her book on the bed, patiently waiting for me to get back? Somehow, I don't think that sounds like something she would do. I imagine she's unhappy with me going out without her. Maybe she's even worried? I can just imagine her walking back and forth in our room, gnawing on her lip with her brows furrowed the way they always do when she's thinking about something. I wish I wasn't so stupid as to not tell Jarvis exactly where I went. Do Wanda's powers include tracking powers?

"Fucking hell. What has my life become?" I sigh out loud, my voice echoing in the silence.

WANDA'S POV

"Wanda, you can't just-" Nat begins, but I'm not having any of it. "What? I just wait here while he kills her? She's ill! She can't defend herself!" I yell, my voice betraying my panic as I look from Nat to Stark, both of whom are looking at me wearily, their minds ticking loudly, adding to my sense of disorientation and panic.

"Vis- Jarvis just said he was there when she was there! What aren't you understanding!?" I pace angrily back and forth, ignoring the red crackling at my fingers as my scarlet worriedly simmers in me, agitated by my anxiety.

"We need to figure out what he wants, there's no telling anything even happened." Nat's voice shakes slightly from her trying to keep it sounding calm, but my scarlet easily tells me how she really feels, and it's all the more frustrating that she's treating me like I'm stupid.

coming from both of them.

My heart pounds in my ears and I march towards one of the huge windows, my scarlet eager to be used, which just makes me more and more energized. Without thinking I li my hands towards the glass, which promptly explodes in millions upon millions of tiny, sharp, scarlet shards.

"That wasn't necessary!" I vaguely note Stark yell out, but I'm already soaring out of the broken window, my skin glowing hot despite the strong gust of cold wind that meets me, tousling my hair le and right.

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I fly towards the huge expanse of green, ignoring the lurch my stomach does once I realize how high up I am. I need to find herl hover above the green tops of the trees, suddenly uncertain of what to do next. I look down, silently wishing I would just see Liv walking around without a care in the world. I don't though. I close my eyes and let my mind expand down below me. I'm instantly bombarded with the thoughts and emotions of hundreds of people, and it's enough for me to withdraw slightly, feeling overwhelmed. I need to find herJ remind myself, and try again.

"Why would she say-"

"Just make it to that tree-"

"Damn, I wish I looked-"

She's such a fucking bitch-

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"No, mom, I didn't say-"

I let out a frustrated grunt. I want to yell out, I don't care about any of that, I just need to find her. All of their strange and unfamiliar thoughts and emotions barrage me and I can't find myself in them, they're soloud. Livvy, Livvy, find LivvyMy chest constricts and I feel that icy cold creep in on my heart even more. I open my eyes, finding them swimming with tears. I'm all alone.

A sudden red motion to my le catches my attention and I whirl around, ready to defend myself, my scarlet angrily responding to my fear.

"Whoa, whoa, kid! It's me!" Stark yells from inside his suit, raising his hand in front of him in a steady motion. "Quit the red eye thing, it's super unsettling!"

"She is not here!" I yell back, looking around me in a panic once more, my heart beating so fast I'm certain it's going to break through my ribs. My scarlet unhappily swirls around me, trying to figure out what is making its host so upset.

"Calm down, we don't know that for sure!"

I want nothing more than to make his stupid red suit fall from the sky, and I'm sure I would make that happen, were it not for my concern for Livvy. I knew I should never have gotten close to her. I told her, I warned her! Everyone I ever love ends up hurt. But I don't love her. I don't, I just- I sob loudly, torn. My scarlet flares up even more angrily and I don't care to control it. It's the only thing I know for sure, the only thing I can always count on.

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"Okay, little witch, you need to come back to the Tower!" Stark's stupid suit yells at me. "There's nothing we can do from here!" A small part of me knows he's right. There's nothing I can do here. She's not here. I can't turn back time as she can. My scarlet slowly retreats and I let Stark fly ahead, leading the way back to the tower. I function on autopilot, my scarlet keeping me safe. Why am I so anxious? It must be hearing Vis, and having relied on Livvy too much. It's all too confusing. I feel like I'm being torn from the inside, a wound that keeps trying to scab over and heal but never being allowed to. I'm so stupid. Anger flares up inside me. So selfish. I remind myself of the reason I fled to my little cabin. If I'm kept away from people I cannot hurt anyone. But she kept coming back like a little puppy no matter how much I tried to keep her away. I should have tried harder.

Stark leads us back to the window I broke and we fly in, landing in the same spot as earlier. His helmet promptly opens up, and the metal starts disappearing somehow, but I don't care to figure out how. I feel Nat and Steve getting closer, their minds rapidly buzzing, his so open and easy to read I have to close my eyes for a second to pull myself away and not become overwhelmed again.

"First of all." Stark says and I open my eyes and look at him. "I know we're besties, but that does not mean you get to break my things!" He exclaims and points dramatically towards the broken window.

"Second of all, here, we talk first, act second, understood?" He continues, his tone of voice making red hot anger build up inside me again, and although I made peace with him long ago, precisely now I cannot remember why.

"Wanda, calm down." Nat's almost bored voice warns. "Tony, don't be a hypocrite."

"What? I told her! No magic indoors!" Stark looks away from me towards Nat behind my shoulder, pouting like a child being told o by its parents.

"We've got an update." Steve says and I turn around on my heels, my heartbeat picking up speed again.

"Where is she?" I ask him breathlessly, and he looks at me pityingly, almost.

"I found footage of Bucky and two still unidentified males loading her into a van." He explains, looking rather guilty as if all of this is his fault.

"Where? I will make them pay." I growl, my scarlet licking at my fingers in anticipation.

"No making anyone pay." Stark says and I hu , annoyed, my scarlet pushing out in his direction, having correctly assumed he is the source of my upset.

Stark ducks a little too slowly and my scarlet hits him in the shoulder, making him fly into the wall behind him with a loud smack.

"Wanda!" Steve exclaims, rushing over to Stark.

I look at Nat, whom I feel a little bit of joy emanate from. She doesn't show any on the outside, except for a little upturn of her lips.

"You throwing people into walls is not going to speed this up." She says, crossing her arms. "You need to focus on helping Olivia." "I think she would have approved." I say, looking back at where Steve is now helping a shocked Stark up to standing.

"We are going to find out more about who we're dealing with. I want you to go to the living room, and stay there. We'll get you as soon as we know anything." Nat seriously says, and I suddenly feel too exhausted to argue.

I just nod and leave them there, their thoughts loudly pushing against my barriers. I feel like I've aged a hundred years as I walk towards one of Stark's too expensive couches and let myself fall down onto it. This entire situation is my mess. I made her take us back in time when she didn't want to when she told me she wasn't ready. And I just selfishly used her, just like I used her time and time again. I want to tear something apart, I want to just break something, just to pretend I'm not the reason everything else is breaking apart. If anything happens to her... If anything else happens to her, you mean, small voice in the back of my head corrects me and I bite down on my lip hard.

"Jarvis?" I speak out in a trembling voice, so unlike me.

"Yes, Miss Maximo ?"

"Can you, can you just talk to me, please?" I close my eyes, scrunching up my face as I try to keep myself from completely breaking down, wishing I could ask him to hold me instead of just talking to me. All I want is to just be held.

"Certainly, Miss Maximo ." Comes his reply and I curl up in a ball, pretending he's right there, just right there. "Shall I call you Wanda, just for this conversation?"

A/N: Back so soon!

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