Chapter 50

there ever was anything before the chair. I'm slowly but surely wiped of anything and everything that used to be me. The first time I returned from the chair, I lied on the cold floor, not even able to cry, but able to still recall my life, still pry the memories from behind a thick dusty curtain. I remember the feeling I had when I graduated. I remember the pain when I held my niece. I remember kissing Wanda, and Wanda kissing me, and feeling like everything was just right for once being held in her arms. But no matter how hard I try to imagine her warmth wrapped around me and her voice in my ear, she's not here, and it's just a memory. And my memories leave me, one by one. Even Wanda leaves me.

I become as empty as cold as the cell I'm stuck inside. I'm taken back to the chair. I don't fight. Someone told me not to fight. The white-hot pain easily shoots through me, but there's nothing for it to attach itself onto. When I'm alone in my cell, I just sit there, not knowing what to do. I try remember who I am and why I am here, but this

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The endless cycle of being wiped clean continues, and I forget that

pain easily shoots through me, but there's nothing for it to attach itself onto. When I'm alone in my cell, I just sit there, not knowing what to do. I try remember who I am and why I am here, but this becomes harder and harder until everything about me is unreachable. I'm not a person who gets scared easily, but now all I am is scared. The first few times I return from the chair, I repeat my mantra over and over again to remind me of the most important things I can not a ord to forget.

I am Olivia.

I work for the FBI.

I am stuck in the past.

My mantra is all I have, but now, everything has lost meaning. Even my mantra loses its meaning and I just repeat empty words that do

I need Wanda.

not make me feel anything. I don't know who Olivia is, and I don't know any Wanda. I tried so hard to keep a hold of my memories that

they slipped through my clenched fingers like water. And now I'm all dried up.

Then the chair takes on a new meaning, and instead of ripping away memories from me, it gives them. Memories that I might have known become something else, they're changed and strange. Distorted. The chair is always interested in my memories of a woman with red hair. The pain flips through each and every memory of her and takes them

from me. I don't even know why that hurts my heart. I don't

understand. When the pain returns the memories, they're not mine, but I accept them as though they were. I don't even remember the memories of the woman ever hurting my heart. Now the memories are horrifying. Now they fill me with rage. And fear. The memories show someone I should hate. Someone terrible.

Those are the memories that replay in my head when I lie curled up in my empty box. They replay and replay and I feel tired and scared and angry. And all of that is directed at the woman with red hair, whose eyes glow red.

A well-kept woman with brown hair she keeps in a bun visits me with guards who never look at me. She talks to me and helps me

remember. She says it isn't important to remember who I was before. She says Hydra found me, saved me. Saved me from the red-haired woman with red eyes. I find myself looking forward to learning more from the woman with her hair in a bun. She helps me feel more secure, find footing. She tells me about Hydra, and she doesn't shut me out when I ask her who the woman with red eyes is. She tells me how Hydra saved me from her, and that she used to be like me, but

she went insane, she disobeyed Hydra. She hurt people. And she

red eyes, the less I want to.

wants to hurt more people. The more I learn about the woman with

When the woman with the bun finally feels like I am strong enough, she allows me out of my cell without having to put on handcu s. I get to train with the man with dark hair and silver arm. My body feels tired and weak, but just as my mind slowly gets put together, so does my body.

During my training passes with the man with the silver arm whom I know is called the Winter Soldier -a code name Hydra gave him, just like they give all of the people they help, we just fight, we don't talk.

"Who are you?" I finally ask the Winter Solider one day, making him pause, surprised at hearing my voice, and he looks at me with empty eyes that match mine.

"I don't... Does it matter?" He says with a voice that doesn't match his hard exterior while masking his uncertainty quickly.

middle of the room. I drop the knife and pick it up midair with my other hand and go to stab him in his side, but he quickly lets go of my hand and blocks my thrust with a swi kick of the leg which makes my knife go flying. I don't waste a minute and drive my knee up into his abdomen. He responds by grunting so ly and bending forwards

just enough for me to kick up one of my legs into the air with such

manage to flip one of them over his neck. I contract my muscles and

pull down, my momentum helping me. He's taken by surprise and his

force it li s my entire body up into the air. I swing my legs and

I duck under his hand and go to place my knife against his throat, but

he blocks me, grabbing my forearm and pushing me back into the

"I guess not." I agree and we continue sparring, his metal hand

painting my body purple and blue.

body smacks down on the floor with a thick thud. I tap him on the back and he nods silently, both of us slightly out of breath.

"I didn't teach you that." He mutters as he gets up, brushing himself o.

"No." I agree, walking over to where my knife landed.

"You shouldn't bring anything with you that they didn't give you." His tone of voice makes me pause and look up at him.

He's standing there, clad in all black, his le arm shining. He wears a new expression on his face. An expression which despite being new to me on him, I recognize.

"What did you bring with you?" I ask, surprised to hear my voice being nothing more than a whisper.

"A name." He says, swallowing. The silence spreads between us,

WANDA'S POV

It's been eight days since I last saw Livvy. Eight whole days and

her, willfind her. They say I should take care of myself in the

they're not letting me look for her. They say their machines can find

thick, but I let it. He watches me for a moment, debating. Then he

"Bucky?" I repeat so ly and he nods, his dark hair unruly on his head.

"Bucky," I whisper again, something stirring lazily in my mind, but I'm

"But please don't call me that." Bucky pleads, his voice small. I meet

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his eyes, and in this moment, he suddenly looks much more like a

seems to decide something. "Bucky."

not able to recall.

young boy than a man.

meanwhile, while we wait. I don't want to wait. Every inch of me is screaming to leave to look for her myself, and yet I can't leave my bed. I lie amongst the unwashed bedsheets that still smell like her, my body fighting itself as though I'm just waiting for either my fight or my flight response to win. My mind keeps going over every

My scarlet is seemingly torn, too. I'm having trouble doing things that

figurative walls crumbling. While I am alone in bed, I'm not alone in

my head; without Livvy as my anchor or my bu er, so many voices

And so I just lie there with the thoughts of thousands to keep me

possible thing that could be happening to Livvy while I just lay

normally wouldn't be more di icult than li ing a finger. I don't

understand it, and it feels like I'm back inside the hex with my

fight to be heard that I feel like I'm going insane. I try to direct it, to tell my scarlet to find her, but it doesn't seem to hear me no matter how much I try to make it understand that I will sink without her.

departs me.

waiting like a coward.

Company when all I want is one.

Only Nat has been in to check on me, but I can't seem to be able to talk to her, a lump in my throat keeps me from speaking. This might be for the best as all I want to do is yell and yell until my voice goes hoarse. Nat doesn't bring any news except that they're still looking, looking, looking. Just hang tight, Wanda. Hang tight. It's hard to hang tight when there's nothing around you to grasp. It's not your fault Wanda. It's not my fault, no, but it is all because of me. I don't have to have anyone spell it out for me. I'm not stupid. It's always me, and my scarlet.

On the ninth night of half sleeping, half staring out into the distance, I

feel a familiar tug inside of me. My scarlet. Finally. The silence that

the night brings out space for my scarlet to connect with me again. I

inhale deeply, and when I exhale, it feels as though something more

powerful than anything I know, and yet something still as light as air

I'm aware of everything my physical body feels -the cool sheets, the

mixture of a smell of laundry detergent and her but I'm also scarlet.

give of the mattress, the so caress of the air against my skin, the

It's a strange feeling, having two consciousnesses.

And my scarlet doesn't see the world as simply as I do. My scarlet sees more. My scarlet feels the vibrations of atoms in the air, the pull of gravity, and the electricity of energy that flows all around me. My scarlet burns hotly. It flows and I follow, still vaguely aware of lying on my bed.

I'm very far away. It's bright, the bright little hotly flowing molecules feel like hail, they're unnatural. I don't like it. But I am brighter.

Hotter. There's life in this place that feels like death. Warmth against the cold. I open my eyes.

There's nothing here. Only cold, grayness. But my scarlet knows. It shows me towards a mind that should feel like coming home a er a

very long day. It's changed, though. My sanctuary. Someone's

so small. Looks so broken. She mirrors my emotions.

Why doesn't she understand? It's just me. Wanda.

A tear rolls down my cheek far away.

It's me. Why won't you see me?

down my cheeks.

fabric with my tears.

"Wanda?"

What have they done to you?

how can I just wait while I saw her like that?

She looks at me with her eyes wide, her fear slowly mixing with

another emotion. I can't understand it at first. I've not experienced

looks at me with hate. I'm vaguely aware of my body back in my bed.

Anger flares up inside her, anger to match the anger in my scarlet. She

slowly staggers up to standing, her movements sending erratic waves

in the air around her. Her body is so tired. I watch, not knowing what

this in her. But it's unmistakable once it gains traction. Hate. She

rearranged the furniture. It's then that I see her. She's there, tossed

aside in a small heap in the corner of the room. My chest back in my

bed constricts, and my scarlet flares up, always quick to anger. She's

A little hitch in her thoughts, a little jump, and I am relieved to feel a

Waiting. Patient. She frowns. I feel her confusion as though it were my

own. She li s her head up and opens her eyes. Those eyes I've seen

flow of energy in her, albeit a weak one. I stand there, watching.

so many times, and which have seen me. Now, they don't. They watch me, blankly. Her mind is quiet. Then, it becomes more frantic. I never have looked into her mind, and I never will. And so I stay, and receive. My scarlet is unhappy. Fear. I don't understand. Fear in her mind and in her eyes. I haven't seen that in so long. I don't want to see that.

She presses herself back against the wall, further away from me. I don't understand. All I want is to hold her against me.

It's me.

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"You." She whispers in a voice that sends shivers down my spine and makes my scarlet protectively coil itself around me.

"Livvy." I whisper, so confused.

She breathes heavily, her mind turning furiously. Confused. She doesn't know what to do; it's like there's a battle inside her. The loudness of her thoughts increases, as does her heartbeat. Before I know it she's running towards me, her eyes so empty of any kindness I've ever seen in them.

My scarlet yanks me away before she reaches me. I open my real

eyes, gasping for air in the dark room in Stark's tower, so far away

from Livvy, yet seeing the anger in her face more clearly than ever. I

I roll onto my side, crying silently. I don't understand how I still have

tears le to cry. My scarlet slowly retreats in me, and I curse it. Why

did it have to show me that? I'm nowhere closer to finding her, and

My mind begins to pick up thoughts and emotions from the people

I quiet, hearing his voice. I can't do this. I can't do this. Make it stop.

around me again and I can't stand it. I yell into my pillow, staining the

lie there in the warm, so bed, breathing shallowly, tears rolling

"I detected your heart rate being elevated, and it seems like you are in distress. Shall I talk to you again, would that help you calm down?"
I gasp quietly into the pillow, feeling like I just want to throw something, to break something. What good could it possibly bring to talk to a stupid robot who isn't really him when someone's broken my Livvy because of me? I couldn't protect her, and I couldn't protect him.

"What is the point?" I hear myself speak into the pillow.

"I'm not a human, so I wouldn't know, but I believe healing comes

"Don't you understand!? There's nothing le inside! I can't heal!" I

yell loudly and a wave of scarlet forcibly escapes me and it loudly

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all out." His voice tells me and I feel my scarlet hotly flare up.

knocks over the furniture around me.

OLIVIA'S POV

constricting.

intently.

He is quiet and I'm alone again in the dark.

from understanding, and to understand you have to process. To let it

"She was here." I tell the woman in a tight bun who I see every day, but still don't know the name of.

The woman lights up in surprise and she taps the pen in her hand slightly quicker against her notebook. We're in the middle of my daily examination. I lie on a stretcher and a nameless man in a white coat performs the same tests on me every day.

"She took her time. I'm surprised." The woman admits, looking at me

"That's right." The woman sighs and looks up at the man in the white

coat quickly. He doesn't seem to mind our conversation at all. "I think

when addressing me. I know that cannot be my real name, but as the

Winter Soldier told me -we don't bring anything with us from before.

The man in the coat unstraps my hands and I sit up, massaging my

"Right away." The man in a white coat hurries out of the room,

"You know how I feel." I reply in a monotone voice. "She's extremely

dangerous, and not to be trusted. She has stolen from Hydra. She

"How do you feel about Wanda Maximo , Vernut?"

needs to be returned to Hydra immediately."

for the second part of your mission, soldat."

"You two are going to bring back my asset."

Anyhow, I hope you're ready for the next chapter :o

She addresses me using the Russian codename they all now use

it's time we sent you out on your first mission, Vernut."

"Maximo?" The woman confirms and I nod curtly, my chest

"You said she would come." I say flatly.

"You said she would come. Not why."

wrists which are bruised and aching. The woman is still, watching me not unlike a snake watching its prey. I don't enjoy her company, but I don't know why. She's never done anything to me except house me and feed me and help me find myself again.

"Bring the Winter Soldier in here." The woman speaks without

Hydra is our identity now.

looking away from me.

leaving me with the woman.

"Good. Good." The woman nods, pleased.

Just then, the man in white coat returns with a surly-looking Winter Soldier in tow. He doesn't meet my eyes but stares out in front of him with a blank expression a er curtly nodding in the direction of the woman.

"Wonderful." The woman smiles towards the Winter Soldier. "It's time

The Winter Soldier doesn't reply, but his eyes finally travel towards

looks towards me and I feel a bubble of dislike rise in me again.

the woman and he nods. She smiles broadly in his direction, then she

A/N: POV jumping around in this one -hopefully it wasn't too confusing, especially Wanda's part! This one was a bit of a slower one, but it's needed to explain where we're at now, and to make sense of what's about to happen...

Continue reading next part □