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Chapter 52
My finger doesn't so much as tremble as I keep it fixed still on the
trigger, squinting through the sight of the gun, trained steadily on the
lone figure walking inwards, their steps echoing against the concrete
floor of the warehouse. The figure stays concealed by shadows and is
backlit, so I can't quite identify them. The way they move suggests
they're not on high alert, though. Could it just be a civilian? The
Winter Soldier did tell me Hydra was absolutely certain that this place
is abandoned. Just a few steps more and I can see you.
And they step out of the shadows. I instantly recognize the person as
Steve Rogers. He isn't wearing his silly costume, I note. Instead, he's
standing there in jeans, a grey shirt, and a jacket, his blonde hair
clearly visible. I try not to feel a slight twinge of disappointment at
the sight of him. I wasn't as stupid as to think Maximo would just
walk straight into my hands. I don't quite understand why the Winter
Soldier and Hydra feel so confident that only hacking Stark's servers
with a message containing an image of me and my location will spur
her to come to us instead of us going to get her, but I have to trust
them. Instead of the witch, I get the captain. I follow him looking
around himself through the sight. With just one little twitch of my
finger I could make him bleed, drain the color out of his face... but
that is not my mission.
I li my head slightly to look over the gun at where I know the Winter
Soldier is hiding. I can barely see him, but I know he too knows it's
Rogers.
Why isn't he moving? Rogers is close enough by now, standing
completely uncovered in the middle of the empty warehouse. I frown,
confused, returning to look through the sight, ready to act at the
slightest flinch. Nothing happens, though. I feel my jaw muscles
contract with tension. I'm just a piece of the puzzle. The Winter
Soldier is in charge.
"Bucky?" Rogers suddenly speaks out, loud and clear, his voice
steady.
I'm so taken aback by this that I lower the gun a few inches, looking
at the scene in front of me with my naked eye instead.
"Bucky, I know you're here." Roger speaks again and even from my
vantage point, I can see how the Winter Soldier tenses up.
"I just want to talk." Rogers shows his empty hands, still not directing
his speech at any particular spot. He doesn't know where we are We
could get him -easily.
Why the Winter Soldier hasn't attacked by now beats me. My mind
works furiously to try to catch up with everything I know. The Winter
Soldier's old name was Bucky. I am never to call him that. He is the
Winter Soldier now. Bucky was what someone used to call him.
Everything in me screams to take control, to disobey the Winter
Soldier and take charge, but I don't. I cannot go against my orders,
which were very clear. The Winter Soldier is in charge of your
recapturing of Maximo.
"I know it was you who took Olivia." Rogers' calm voice reaches me,
snapping me back to the present. "It's okay, Bucky. We just want her
back."
I don't understand who he's talking about; I wasn't told of Hydra
having already captured someone the Avengers want. My jaw
tightens even further, that feeling of having one foot in the door, not
quite being told everything returning with full force.
"She's gone." My heart sinks watching a very sti Winter Soldier
slowly stand up, exposing himself to Rogers. What on earth is he
playing at? At least he's still pointing his gun straight at Roger's face.
"She's not gone, Bucky. Neither are you." Rogers watches the Winter
Soldier without even flinching at the gun aimed straight at him.
I should probably interfere. Just as the thought crosses my mind, the
Winter Soldier shakes his head, and I know he isn't reacting to what
Rogers just said; it's a sign for me to stay back.
"Where is she?" The Winter Soldier now growls.
"Who?" Rogers asks, for the first time sounding slightly surprised.
"Maximo ."
"What?" Rogers now seems thoroughly confused.
"I just want Maximo ." The Winter Soldier elaborates.
"Bucky-"
"Where is she?" The Winter Soldier cuts him o .
"She's not here. Where is Olivia?"
I zone out of whatever the WInter Soldier says next. She isn't here
This is all a waste of time. They're stalling. Why is the Winter Soldier
not understanding this? He's being manipulated. In my annoyance at
my realization, I accidentally twitch and the barrel of my gun knocks
against the steel container. It's the slightest of touches, but it's
enough to alert Rogers. He looks directly in my direction, and I know
that despite not being able to see me, he knows exactly where I am.
The Winter Soldier takes this as his go, and tosses his gun aside,
leaping towards Rogers. Rogers' reflexes are admirable; he instantly
engages on the defensive, not letting any of the Winter Soldier's fists
hit him.
"Eh guys?" Rogers exclaims in between the Winter Soldier's punches,
throwing a wooden box at his opponent to slow him down. "Any
minute now...! Wanda, stay back!"
My focus is torn from the fighting men in front of me towards the
entrance, where a new figure emerges, running directly towards the
commotion. Without knowing who it is, I peer through the sight and
aim at the person's shoulder. Click!Nothing happens. I fire again.
Nothing. I lower the gun, looking at it as though it has just told me the
craziest secret. I expertly open it up, exposing an empty clip.
"In the container!" Rogers yells.
I curse under my breath. I hadn't even thought of checking the
ammunition. Why wouldn't they have loaded it for me? I don't have
any time to dwell on this though, as someone yanks open the heavy
doors shielding me, and then I'm face to face with a slightly out of
breath Romano . She, opposed to Rogers, is clad in an all-black
combat suit. Her eyes quickly scan my body, pausing only slightly on
the gun hanging from my limp arm.
"You're unharmed." She exhales in relief. "Good, come on then!
Rogers will keep him busy, don't worry!"
Without having to think, I know her distraction is my way in. Her eyes
widen slightly in surprise when the butt of my gun hits her in the
temple, knocking her back.
"What the f-" She exclaims in pain.
I throw the gun away behind me and jump forward, grabbing a hold
of a bar on the top of the entrance to the container I'm in, using it to
swing my body forwards feet first. I feel the thick soles of my boots hit
Romano straight in the chest, this time sending her all the way
down onto the ground.
"Everything I've heard about you..." I chuckle as she struggles to
catch her breath. "I was expecting more."
"What?" Romano says breathily, pushing herself up on her feet
again.
"Where is Maximo?" I ask her and her confusion seems to double.
"Wanda?"
"I don't want to harm you." I warn her and she frowns with a slight
smirk as if I've just told a joke.
"Harm me? What are you talking about?"
"All I want is Maximo ." I repeat, walking slowly towards her.
"I'll bet." She smirks again.
"Where is she?"
Romano narrows her eyes at me, looking like she's suddenly noticed
something. I tilt my head just a little in question, confused. Romano
studies me again, this time much more guardedly, her eyes going
over my body again, noting my gear for the first time.
"What were you doing in the container?" She slowly asks. Now it's my
time to narrow my eyes at her.
"You ever heard of covering?"
"Covering who" I don't miss the way her body subtly tenses up.
I look over at where Rogers and the Winter Soldier are still fighting.
Rogers catches my eyes and his face lights up in surprise. His
distraction is something the Winter Soldier instantly takes advantage
of, a metal hand covered in leather crashing against his jaw.
"Olivia?" Romano whispers, a new expression over her face.
"I don't know who that is. Where is Maximo?" I ask her again, getting
impatient. "I will knock it out of you Romano ."
Romano actually lets out a hollow laugh, before she presses a finger
into her ear.
"Stark, we've got a problem."
Knowing that the Winter Soldier and I will lose if all of them attack at
the same time, I quickly grab the hold of the small knife by my calf
and charge towards Romano, who now expecting an attack, is
ready. She blocks every swing I make and every stab, an almost bored
expression on her face. Reading about fighting the Black Widow and
fighting the Black Widow is not the same, I quickly note as she kicks
me in the stomach, the air flying out of my lungs.
"Olivia, quit it." She mutters, and I wonder if she's talking into her
earpiece again while looking me dead in the eyes.
Our fighting takes us past Rogers and the Winter Soldier, who now
seem to be quite exhausted, both sporting varying degrees of
bruising and cuts. Romano quickly casts a glance towards Rogers
and I manage to swipe the knife over her bicep, cutting the black
fabric easily and drawing a little blood.
"Damnit, stop it. You know me!" She hu s, blocking another of my
stabs.
"Ouch, Romano, bad form." A new voice booms out and the Iron
Man suit lands a few meters away from Romano and me with a loud
thud. "Alright, kids, stop fighting!"
"Something's wrong with Olivia!" Romanno yells and I roll out of the
way as Romano spin kicks in my direction, using the distance
between us to dig into one of the pockets in my cargo pants, getting
out a small device which I press and throw towards Stark's suit. I
watch it land on his chest and attach itself.
"What the-" He exclaims as the device sends out an electrical charge,
messing with his suit's systems. "Jarvis!?"
"I think they've done something with her head!" Romano yells
again, frustrated.
"You don't say?" Comes Roger's tired reply.
I charge towards Romano again, knife high, aware of the small
window of opportunity I have. She blocks the knife again and I yell
out in frustration. I engage her in a series of blows and kicks, all of
which she blocks, but won't engage back.
"You - need - to - stop!" She hu s, her dark red hair flying around her
face as she moves.
"Get me Maximo and I will!" I retort, trying to distract her towards
the le .
"Steve?" Romano yells out whilst expertly catching onto my
distraction and blocking my knee on the right.
"Kind of busy!" Rogers yells back.
"Tony?" She tries, my arm twisting painfully as she spins holding onto
it.
"This damned device!" Comes Stark's angry mutter. "What is this!?"
"Olivia, quit it!" Romano tries again. "No! Wanda, stay back"
"She's here!?" I yell, doubling my e orts in getting past Romano.
I try to get my leg over her head to bring her down, but she ducks out
of the way.
"Oh no, you don't use that against me!" She angrily spits. "Alright,
I've had enough!"
My tired limbs don't have much energy le in them, and when
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almost too easily when I go to get another out. "Knock it out of me my ass." She hu s, repeating my earlier warning, and then she feigns a blow which in my tired out state I go to block. She uses my mistake to punch the side of my thigh and I yell out in pain. 'Oops." She chuckles and then she twists around me in a blur, twisting my right arm painfully behind my back. I try to yank my arm back, but her grip is too strong. She forces me down onto my knees, which hit the ground painfully. I struggle, but in vain. I feel her lean down, her lips right by my ear, not even out of breath while I'm gasping for air. "I always found you annoying." I try to pull my arm from her again but she just hu s. With a sinking stomach, I see Stark finally able to override the device on his chest, his suit coming back alive. He turns towards Rogers and the Winter Soldier, li s his hand, and fires a white blast towards them, which hits the Winter Soldier smack in the shoulder -the side where his metal arm is attached. It twitches in response, disobeying its master and Rogers finally gets the upper hand, grabbing a hold of the Winter Soldier's other arm, brandishing some sort of syringe in his right hand. "Watch out!" I yell, but too late. Rogers swi ly brings the syringe down, stabbing it deep into the Winter Soldier's flesh. He staggers, his weight falling against Rogers. Before going completely limp, he looks over at me, our eyes meeting. He struggles to keep his eyes open as he mouths ' clear your head'. And then he collapses, Rogers easing him carefully down onto the floor where he lays still. "What did you do to him?" I yell and Rogers looks up at me. "You're safe now, Olivia." He looks at me in sympathy, and I shoot him a hateful look, making him frown. "You're all welcome." Stark merrily announces, his helmet opening up, showing his face. "What a day!" "Yes, he's out. We've got her." I hear Romano speak behind me. "Yes, but Wanda-" She's cut o by a window exploding in a red light overhead, making all of us jump in surprise. "You need to stop doing that." Stark mutters sourly. "What happened to using doors?" I watch as none other than Wanda Maximo lands so ly a few meters away from where I'm held kneeling on the floor. Her hands are glowing red, long curls of red hair so ly framing her pale face. My heart instantly starts pounding loudly against my ribcage, telling me to go, go, go!Her mouth opens slightly in a silent gasp as she sees me and the red magic disappears, having safely gotten its host to the ground. I feel my hand which Romano is still holding onto start shaking. "Livvy." She whispers in a small, shaking voice. "Wanda-" Romano 's voice is cautious behind me, but Maximo can't seem to look away from me. "Let her go." She whispers. "Wanda, I don't think-" Romano tries again, her fingers digging into my arm. "Nat, please." Maximo looks away from me up at Romano.

I feel Romano 's grip tighten, but then her fingers loosen and I yank

thighs aching, but I ignore them. Maximo looks back at me, her eyes

Just as I'm about to pounce at her, she sni les and runs towards me.

I'm momentarily taken aback by her actions as her body slams into

mine, her arms enveloping me in a hug. She borrows her face in my

"I thought I'd lost you. I thought I lost you." She whines against me,

I'm frozen in place, sti ly standing there as she looks up into my eyes,

her face streaked with tears. As I look into those green eyes, I feel a

burning in my chest. Clear your headMaximo loosens her grip on

me, her hands traveling to either side of my cheeks, her expression

changing as her brows furrow and she studies my face intently, like

face. Again, just as I'm about to move, she moves before me. I gasp as

I taste the salt from her tears on her lips and the burning in my chest

fingers fumble on my side before I find it, my fingers closing around

I feel her so exhale against my lips and her eyes open in confusion. I

hold her in place and her eyes well up again. I frown. I find a weird

green in her eyes. My le hand shoves the knife slightly deeper and a

"Livvy?" I'm the only one that hears her whisper as she sinks into me

Something red flickers on my le and my head explodes in pain as my

vision explodes in a thousand white little stars before everything goes

and I feel the warmth of her blood trickle down on my hand.

sense of deja vu looking into the hundreds of dierent shades of

intensifies. Her fingers dig into my cheeks desperately. I feel my

she's trying to find an answer to some question written across my

she presses her lips against mine with a so sob.

"Wanda!" Someone shouts, but too late.

myself free of her, my arm burning in pain. I slowly stand up, my

welling up. My heartbeat pounds in my ears.

neck and quietly lets out a small sob.

her entire frame shaking.

the hilt.

black.

tear falls from her eye.

Romano goes on the attack, I am le sloppily blocking her attacks.

She gets me to drop the knife with her third blow and stops me

A/N: And I oop.

Continue reading next part