## "Livvy?"

I can't believe it, it's like it's something my brain just cannot seem to even compute. I can't even quite feel it at first. But something is wrong. Why would she hurt me? I thought I felt something was not right. But hugging her, holding her, looking into her eyes, it feltlike her.

I feel my eyes water, blurring my sight of her. She holds me tightly against her and I can almost imagine everything being right. And yet I can't ignore the blinding pain in my gut. I look down, seeing warm blood stain her pale hand, holding a sharp knife which she has driven into my gut all the way to the hilt. I look at the sight, still not fully understanding.

I look up at her again, looking into those eyes in which I always find strength and belonging. Now they're filled with hate. That is what makes my heart hurt even more than the steel in me that doesn't belong.

My knees buckle, and I feel myself beginning to slide down, my entire body shaking with adrenaline and scarlet. She just looks. My scarlet furiously turns and turns in me, not knowing what is wrong, what is causing me pain, and more importantly, who to hurt. It tries, but I won't let it.

## I won't hurt her.

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Then Stark's suit yanks her away from me and all there's le to do is fall. My head feels so light. I feel weightless. Just before my head hits the ground someone so ens my fall. For a minute I think it's Liv, and that she's there to save me. But it's not her, she isn't here.

Nat's pale face swims into view, shouting something while pressing down on my stomach. I wish she would stop, I can't breathe. My head lolls to the le and I am lying right next to Livvy. She's still, her eyes closed. I can almost imagine that we're just lying in bed. Maybe we are. She's sleeping. I want to sleep too.

"No, no, Wanda, hey, look at me." Someone gently slaps my cheek. What?

"There you go. Hey, baby girl-" Natasha.

Why is she crying?

"No, don't speak. Just look at me. You'll be fine. You're so brave."

Now the bed is moving. No, I'm not on a bed. I'm being carried. I hear a tiny sob leave my body involuntarily as it feels like I'm being ripped apart. Where's Livvy? Is she okay?

"Stop." I whisper, tears running freely down my cheeks.

"Wanda, you're safe. You're hurting me, Wanda, I'm trying to help." Steve's familiar, calming voice reaches me and I realize my scarlet is burning him, trying to make the pain stop.

"There you go." He says, and I close my eyes.

"Wanda, don't go." Natasha's voice makes me fight the urge to just sleep.

Now I'm being placed down again. I miss Steve's warmth. I feel cold. I look around, bewildered. Am I on Stark's plane? Natasha's right there next to me, still pressing down on me.

"Let's go! Now!" I can tell she's shouting, but I can barely hear her.

"Hey, hey, stay with me here. We're almost there. You're doing so good." I'm shaken back into the pain. I wish she would just let me be.

"Hey Wanda, I know I don't know you that well, but I think we're going to be good friends." Natasha smiles at me, but she doesn't look happy, and her warm hand so ly caresses my cheek. "We're going to get you all patched up, just you see."

"Where's Livvy?" I manage to croak out, not seeing her anywhere.

"She'll be fine, Wanda." Natasha holds me in place, and even in my state, I can tell she's lying. "Wanda, Wanda, come on, don't fight me here. You need to lay still. You're losing too much blood." I try to relax, but all of my muscles are cramped up, shaking. The world is spinning. She hurt meJ feel ill. My scarlet still furiously tries to understand what is wrong with me, what is causing my pain. What

is making my body fail. Why didn't you save me? think, not understanding why it would let me get hurt. It always protects me. Deep down, I know the answer. A little nagging voice speaks up in the back of my mind.

You love her.

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I cannot do it anymore. With that thought repeating over and over again in my head, I drown Natasha out and let myself sink, or float away and forget my pain.

**OLIVIA'S POV** 

The first thing I'm aware of is a killer of a headache. The second thing I'm aware of is that I'm not lying on anything comfortable. The rockhard surface feels like it's made out of shards of glass. Jesus. I pry open my dry eyes, which feels like a workout on its own. I don't recognize my surroundings. I'm in an empty room. One of the walls is made out of glass. While I do not know where I am, I easily recognize the logo which is all over. Stark Industries.

Then, it all comes rushing back to me. The stakeout. The fight with Romano . Explains why everything aches. Maximo . But what happened then? I remember her landing. But what then? A sense memory returns of her body pressed around mine. I shiver. She kissed me.

But why would she do that? I try to ignore the fact that I can so easily recall how it felt to have her lips on mine. The fact that I can so easily imagine them on mine now. Instead, I try to recall what happened a er. But there is no a er. There is her kissing me with desperate, salty lips, and then there's now.

I groan in annoyance. What led me to waking up here? I get up, all of my muscles screaming at me, and walk up to the glass. I make a fist and punch the glass. Instead of the glass shattering, my knuckles shatter in pain.

"Fuck!" I yell out, massaging my hand.

"That ain't going to work. What is it with the two of you, do you have a vendetta against windows?" A snarky voice gets my attention.

I look away from my bruised fist and notice Stark lingering in the shadows. How did I miss him? Pull yourself together.

"What?" I snap at him.

"Maximo and you. I'm glad I have home insurance." Stark sneers and staggers closer, not looking like he's entirely opposed to seeing me locked up.

"Insurance? You're a billionaire." I hu and back away from the window.

"Now that is true. Multi, if you please."

"Shut up."

"Actually, I won't. What the hell got into you?" His tone switches from sarcastic to sincere.

I don't answer. Hydra never went over how I am supposed to act if captured. This was never meant to happen.

"Where's Maximo ? She's all I wanted."

'You have a funny way of showing that." Stark looks at me almost angrily. "Why would you do that to her?"

Not knowing what I did to her, I quiet for a second. Stark apparently misreads my silence as thinking of an answer for him and so probably for the first time in his life, he waits patiently.

"Give me Maximo and nothing will happen to the rest of you." "I'm afraid I cannot giveyou Maximo ." Stark answers, his voice cold and he seems almost... what? I can't read him. Sad? Scared? Disappointed?

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"Where's the Winter Soldier?" I try another tactic. Maybe he's scared because the Winter Soldier got her.

"Locked up nice and cozy just like you, my dear." Stark knocks on the glass separating us and my stomach drops. "Now you tell me why you were helping him."

"Why?" "Uhmm, yeah, why? Stabbing your girlfriend is-"

"What?" I interrupt him snappily, not having time for his stupid jokes.

"I don't know if your love language is pain but-" "Love language?"

"Aren't you a bit thick?" Stark leans against the glass, looking entirely comfortable, observing me over obnoxious sunglasses. "Why would you hurt her? She's been worried sick, and this is how you greet her?" "Why would she be worried sick?" I make a conscious e ort to maintain my voice steady, meanwhile, all I really want to do is yell and knock the shit out of him.

"Wha- what do you mean?" Stark now frowns, finally snapping out of his holier-than-though attitude.

"I've never met her." I speak slowly, as if he doesn't speak English very well. "Why would she be worried about someone she's never met?"

"Never met? What are you on about?" Stark looks confused. "Did Buckster hit you in the head?"

I stare at him and he stares back.

"Okay, Olivia, very funny-"

"Who the hell are you all talking about!?" I groan, annoyed, and sit down, leaning against the wall, my head in my hands.

"You don't-" Star stops himself mid-sentence. "Oh... Wait here." "Where would I go?" I sigh tiredly, watching him scurry away.

Some time goes by and I just wait. Hydra must be aware by now of the mission failure. If the Winter Soldier has been captured too, Maximo was never returned to them. I've failed. I shudder, hoping that doesn't mean they'll use the chair on me again. My already hurting head pounds slightly more painfully at just the mere thought of the electrical current zapping through me, erasing me.

Movement outside the glass barrier catches my eye and two figures emerge, one being Stark again, and the other following him none other than Rogers. Rogers seems pale and his eyes are red.

They stop in front of the glass, looking at me intently. Stark looks from me to Rogers, and back again.

"So?" He asks Rogers.

"So what?" I chip in, my voice icy.

"Olivia, you-"

"Oh my god, are you stupid?" I laugh hollowly. "Who do you think you're talking to?"

"I'm talking to Olivia." Rogers calmly answers and I snicker.

"Alright."

"What's the last thing you remember, Olivia?" He asks me.

"Stop calling me that."

"I won't."

"Well, then I won't talk to you." I cross my arms over my chest, hoping I don't come o like a petulant child, but fearing I do in the eyes of the older men looking down at me.

"It's useless, I tell you, the thing you said they did to Barnes, I think they did it to her." Stark almost excitedly tells Rogers, who just looks at me, still with that sad face.

"What's your name?" Rogers finally asks me, his voice so.

"We don't have names." I say begrudgingly.

"What were you called with Hydra?" "Vernut."

"Vernut?" Rogers echoes.

"That means return." A new voice says and Romano emerges, her eyes fixed on me.

"Ooooooh... Interesting!" Stark looks from Romano to me, his eyes twinkling with excitement.

"What was the purpose of your mission?" Romano asks, her voice icy.

I pause, wondering if it is wise to give that up, but I quickly decide the Winter Soldier and my actions in the warehouse were pretty obvious and that even these three would be able to deduct it sooner rather than later.

"Maximo ."

They're silent.

"Why?" Romano finally asks, her voice cracking slightly.

"She belongs to Hydra."

"What do you mean?" She squints suspiciously.

"Hydra gave her her powers." I calmly explain.

I've got their attention now. They look uncomfortable, surprised, even. I tilt my head slightly, smiling. They didn't know. She didn't tell them. Of course she wouldn't, that lying, stealing witch.

"Forgot to tell you that, did she?" I smirk at the three who look at me with wide eyes. "No one forced her; Maximo volunteered, she chose Hydra. And when Hydra gave her everything she could possibly have wanted, she le ."

With every word I say, the more uncomfortable Stark, Rogers, and Romano look. Especially Romano and Rogers. I know they personally have experience with Hydra. I grin maliciously. Maybe I can get them to turn on Maximo, to give her up. God knows they should. What good has she done them?

"And now you are hiding her here. And for what? Hydra told me she's traveled back in time. Why do you think that is? To use you some more. What do you think she's running from?"

"Shut up." Romano finally seems to regain the power of speech.

"How can you talk about her like that?"	
"I'm trying to tell you the truth!" "And you think Hydra is giving you nothing but the truth?" Rogers whispers, still looking pale. "Who do you think took Wanda back in time?"	
For the first time, I hesitate. I don't knowBut I cannot admit that to them. That must not have been important -if Hydra chose to not divulge-	
"You, Olivia. You took her back."	
I open my mouth stupidly, then close it again. I do infect not have anything to smartly retort with. A small voice in the back of my consciousness, a voice I should ignore, begs for my attention. The Winter Soldier had a name before Hydra. What if What if they're telling the truth? shake my head. No.	
"I admire your loyalty to Maximo , I do. But Iam telling the truth. Maximo needs to be taken back to Hydra! Don't try and confuse me with your ill-fitting lies. How on earth could Ihave taken Maximo , a witch, back in time?" "I swear, Olivia, we aren't lying to you. Hydra is." Stark rubs his face tiredly.	
"Stop calling me that." I growl, feeling just as tired.	
"How can we prove it to you?" Rogers sighs. "You won't even entertain the idea." "Why would I?" I laugh at him. "It's ridiculous."	
"We need to go check on her." Romano says, and with a last look at me, they walk away, leaving me alone again.	
I hu at their retreating forms. How stupid do they think I am? The best lie they can come up with is to say some bullshit about me being able to turn back time? The thought alone is so ridiculous I chuckle out loud.	
I find it kind of rude you're enjoying yourself.	a
"Who was that?" I jump, confused. I try to see if I can see anyone behind the glass, but I can't.	
"Hello?" I ask loudly when I don't receive a response.	
Stop yelling.	
"What?" I look around. It almost sounds like I'm hallucinating a voice.	
Well, you were always loud	a
It is in my head. Great, I'm going insane.	
You might be. The voice sounds slightly ironic.	đ

A/N: Hey hey babies! Thought I'd ask y'all where you would like this to go from here, if there's anything you'd like to see happen? I know where we're going to end up, but the road there can be changed ;) å Alsooo, realized I've been updating every day for a whole week straight...!? I think I'm going to do updates on Fridays, Sundays, and maybe Wednesdays from now, how does that sound? I can't keep up with this story haha! đ

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