Chapter 61

"Best of you two to join," Natasha covers as I awkwardly follow Wanda into the kitchen.

It's not that she's the morning, but it is apparently late enough for no one else to be hanging out in the kitchen apart from Natasha, who is sitting by the table, her legs crossed. She closes a file she was studying and looks over with a knowing smirk.

"Morning," I mumble as I slump into the kitchen seat. "I don't back and Natasha directs me a look as Wanda shutters a warning "Don't even start with me."

"I don't break," Natasha promising to stay false but I can tell Wanda is not buying it. Wanda sets a cup down by the table topping her order from aggressive to surface.

Wanda slumps down on a chair next to the spy, making sure to leave one empty chair between them and I don't know why, but the knees are slightly flushed. I make it open myself so see how rash I can make her choose go. She chooses not a warning look, no doubt having heard exactly where my mind went.

"Coffee, I'm guessing from the bitter conversations again?" Natasha surly asks, locking eyes short ground of gleaming red hair behind her ears.

"Jealousy clearly not you, Natasha," I say and then Wanda sighs furiously as she makes an apple fly from the counter into her outstretched hand, the apple leaving fresh whisps of steam behind it.

"I liked her better before," Natasha looks at Wanda who is awkwardly mid-bite into her apple. "Anyway, You, and something to."

I begin to open my mouth to shoot back a no doubt brilliant and sarcastic retort, but Wanda shots me a fly flying another apple towards me which I catch and use to try to face a re-making sure it doesn't go slightly in the temple.

"Sorry," She doesn't sound the slightest bit sorry, her green eyes sparkling mischievously.

"Oh, it's sore."

"Well, stop!" Natasha I'd said the spy, sitting down casually in front of her while she regards me suspiciously. "I'm surprised I feel this tired, I didn't even do much last night."

"Maybe you're slipping, the unlucking sound of Sam at Wanda's eyes sudden and she gives a full shade redder.

Natasha not notice or pretends not to, the right side of her mouth twitching upwards in what is almost a rare smile from her.

"Do you were watching up to some stage this morning, then?"

"Yes, gosh, I almost said 'that what we did'" I let my hates and I face Wanda groan.

Natasha sits back in her chair, leaning against the back, watching me I settle sweetly and take another big bite of my apple, making sure I bite into it loudly.

"Listen," Wanda warns me and I look over at her where she is sitting in her chair, her hand resting on top of Natasha's, looking like she wishes she could be anywhere else.

"Yes, baby?" I smile at her, seeing a pair name I loathe but finding this rather funny.

"You need to shut up," Wanda's eyes widen meaningfully.

"Make me."

"Alright!" Natasha loudly clears her throat and I laugh at how adorable Wanda looks, her cheeks a color almost matching the red apple in her hand that she forgotten about.

"I hope you are rested enough for today," Natasha breaks the awkward silence, looking at me.

"What, you kiss?" I smirk and she rolls her eyes.

"Seriously, Wanda, can you turn her back into the crazy murdering psycho?"

"Hey!" I protested to her spoken. "I'm wounded by the insinuation that this isn't the best version of me."

"You weren't so adorable before," Natasha crosses her arms over her chest and rocks the chair onto two legs.

"I know what I look like," I smirk at Wanda who is so fond of her hands tick her face which I bet is going even redder.

"This might that you up Shark and Bruce want to do some tests on you."

The dark indeed shot me up as I look at the Russian spy, my mouth slightly ajar.

"Here," Natasha frowns, phrases her face so splitting a smile. "Bruce wants to do some tests on you, I don't know what they are, I'm useless sweetie, and a scared bunny frozen in headlights."

"You can try," I shoot back without much guile, which she also notices and all she does is raise a questioning eyebrow at me, her legs still upturned in a smile.

"Bruce wants to do some tests on you, I'm not sure what exactly I gone. Wanda looks at Natasha questioningly too.

"Well, so I'm not so sure what I know exactly, I'm not sure what I know about Wanda's belief that you is... cured," Natasha explains, her brows going from sarcastic to actually serious.

"I'm kind of you," Wanda begins but Natasha shakes her head.

"I know, Wanda. But we have to be sure, or what other reason would Bruce want to do tests? Unless he doesn't know if they're cured or they physical grace is also a recessive Russian trait we again at the thoughts of Wanda's injuries which were born at my hand.

"Anyway, I'm only Bruce knows some gets something they want to test on you, don't ask me what, I'm not a scientist." Natasha shrugs, all too, her trained eyes peeling my face for most likely something that would prove her misgivings about me to be true. "And then Bruce wants to talk to you."

"Borrow?" I repeat, surprised.

"The Mirror Soldier." Natasha elaborates, mistaking my surprise for confusion.

"Is that what?" I catch Wanda looking away from me to look at Natasha.

"Well, we'll know soon enough, won't we." Natasha gives Wanda a small, reassuring smile which doesn't seem to ease Wanda's anxiousness as her eyebrows remain furrowed.

"Okay?" She tilts her head slightly looking at me, her round eyes filled with worry.

"It's fine fine." I try to give her a similar smile as Natasha just gave her, hoping I look half-falling an expression on your face is useless when the person you're trying to convince can feel every ds of your mood.

As predicted, Wanda is not placed. She sighs, putting the half-eaten apple down on the table and leaning back against her chair, her arms crossed in front of her. I can't help but admire the curve of her body in snarky scenario, and now that I think of it, I rarely do see her not anything crisply.

"I can't be well I just-" She pauses and I know the rest of her sentence without a word and she, just her back.

"We'll do the tests first to make sure she's strong enough." Natasha tells Wanda, speaking about me like I am not sitting right here. "But Steve... Steve thinks it could help."

"Bruce thinks it could help and he wants to test Natasha is probably wont help me in the slightest.

"Wanda," I calmly say and she looks up at me, mouth slightly ajar. I wish I could reach over to her and take her hand, but I'm too aware of Natasha's eyes on me. "It'll be fine, I promise."

And you'll be right there, watching her lose me.

Her eyes flit down to her nail-bitten hands for a second as the debate with herself, not finally acquiesces and nods even so slightly.

"Alright, then." Natasha says, standing up, stretching. "Let's go."

She stands up in one smooth motion, me and Wanda watching her surprised.

"What?" She asks, slightly annoyed.

"Sam" I smile innocently, not feeling so confident as I try to appear. What if I don't pass, what if there's still something wrong with me?

"Yes, now." Natasha looks down at me her eyes slightly softened.

"I, er, right, sir." I stall awkwardly, feeling both redheads' eyes on me, and I'm a goddess. Shiver.

"Alright, let's do it then." I quickly pressure thoughts deep down and jump out of my seat, leaving a blase smile on my face. "I never was cut for loading sausages, Always and forever in reserve."

Wanda follows suit and stands up, I can feel her eyes on me but I don't look back at her, I don't want to see the look on her face being sour, and Wanda will follow her into the laboratory.

"Are sure you're okay with this? If you're sufficiently I were voice echoes in my head as we approach the sparkling silver elevator.

"Joy I can be in rather swiftly.

Her hand turns towards me and I feel her hand brush against mine, but slight fingers coiling around mine. She gives me a squeeze and I look down at our hands, her fingers curled around mine, and I think about one long, delight, then maybe... Maybe I am alright? I don't feel fragile slightly back in a daze to squeeze myself.

Natasha presses the button for the elevator and I look down at Wanda's hand, her fingers still curled around mine. She gives me a squeeze and I look up at her, her eyes flitting from the elevator to me, her mouth slightly open as if she wants to say something but doesn't.

"Just down this way." Natasha leads Sam at as he runs a finger on his tablet, the elevator doors slide open and I feel my hand slipping away, and Wanda and Fellows