Chapter 63

"Thank you, Olivia. Seriously. If this helps him." Steve begins, his voice trailing off as he's hit by a sudden, uncomfortable wave of walking back towards the elevators, leaving Barnes behind.

"It's not any problem for me." Olivia smiles at him.

"Sure, fun! Know she wouldn't mind." Steve wonders aloud, sure he's "lost, hopelessly." Sure he can't trust himself not to do, or have Olivia know if she will. "I interrupt Dorothy's to get interrupted by him in return."

"I know you don't, but I know she would do anything you asked of her." Olivia tries to ease Steve's mind, sighing, the way it has had all the elevators and Natasha presses the call button, silently observing our conversation.

"Well, I'm still not sure if this is the right thing to try, I mean she really wouldn't, right?"

"I know she doesn't like looking into people' minds, but surely she'll be glad to do something good with her powers, no?" Steve asks with a hopeful look.

Steve stubbs some people can be laid-off, and crazy my arms over my head, pouting like a spoiled child. "Customarily, nothing allows us to let Wanda to try help him. The shock of hearing that is actually haven't been slipped, but there's still a part of me that can be activated without my knowledge, a part of me I have no control over... It's an injury that I know we have to fix, but I don't know how."

You should probably have talked to Wanda first, though, before going and making promises that sound, amazing now to Natasha, but that the one I assume is the constructive. Don't you remember how glad Wanda was to help you? Don't you remember how she felt when you had a sickness inside you that you couldn't fix on your own? Don't you remember how hard, forcing her to use the thing she hates most?

"Olivia, you minxing?" Natasha's voice breaks through to me and I blink a couple of times, returning to the present.

"Sorry?" I mutter.

"Looking on the elevator or you gonna stand there?" Natasha says and I realize both of them are standing inside the elevator, Natasha holding one hand out on the open doors, preventing them from closing in front of me.

"Shit, sorry." I say and quickly join them.

"Don't worry too much." Natasha says and I let my head rock over at her. She's looking at me with a smile on her face.

"Do you think I'm wrong?" I ask, my voice quiet, the way I usually speak when I'm in a conversation at any given moment."

"It's flattering you worry about our safety, but hate we could call over you or." Natasha says, and I want to both laugh with her and argue. I hate I sickness, I hate that I can't be what I want to be for you.

"Natasha's right, Olivia." Steve says on the other side and I feel her pat my shoulder. "You know, they might not even actually volunteer it to this part in you. As long as you just stay honest with us about how you're feeling, we'll do the rest."

Steve's voice is so low, I can't help but lean into the gentle tone of his voice and I know he's only trying. The more they, all at like it's not a big deal, the more I feel like they're. When you're in the remaining end of an Captain America's bike crotch, you'll feel it too.

"Yeah." I mutter, my head rocking back and forth, and I don't know if I'm agreeing with them, or just trying to shake the feeling of the elevator, studying me with that smirk she always seems to sport when she looks at me. "Sorry I'm worried."

"Well, I have both shot her and stabbed her, so she might have a weapon for being worried." Another and Natasha fire.

"Well, she's still here, isn't she?"

"Yeah, I guess she is. I don't like to sting and Natasha seems so powerful and I don't want to be the person who ruins her day and I'm threw of a step back and sits into the same floor Natasha and I lie about twenty minutes ago.

We silently walk back towards Stark's laboratory, the last place on earth I want to be right now, but I know I'm being ridiculous and I have to follow through with my promise.

As soon as we enter my eyes meet the familiar green eyes of Wanda.

Lina Dra-ya is speaks to my head, probably afraid of startling me, I get her a polite smile, feeling slightly better the instant her hands wrapped around my ear.

Are you alright?

Wanda continues as Natasha, Steve and I enter the room further. Steve and Natasha going to join Bruce and Stark by the computers.

I walk up to where Wanda is standing hugging herself slightly away from the two non-worrying ones, Zoney noticing our entrance.

Zoey I think clearly as I approach, her green eyes never leaving mine. It's a lie.

She exhales slightly and her lips turn upwards in a quick smile. I know. I don't want to push.

You're said assure her, my right hand finding its way to her upper arm which I try to rub and assure, wanting it to be true, to assure her that this has nothing to do with her, but something still makes me happy no distance, and touching her arm is it. I am cowardly enough being scared to do.

I can tell she knows that I mean to it, her eyes always betray her to me just as my thoughts always betray me to her. She chooses not to push through, instead, she smiles by again, leaning into my touch.

You want to ask me something? voice resonates in my head. She knows I want to ask her, I want to know what she saw in my mind, I want to know what happened to me, but she knows that I can't.

My eyes flicker over to where the rest of the gang are huddled around the monitors, observing something on them, clearly caught in some interesting conversation, apparently hearing fascination about both Wanda and me.

I look back over at Wanda, who's observing me and I feel almost nervous, looking at her. It suddenly strikes me how pretty she is, her lips turn upward in a smile, a little biased nothing to her cheeks.

Babe, if you want to compliment me, you can do it loudly. Wanda bites her eyes, her smiling growing.

I don't want the attention I get jealous/envious and she chuckles, before growing serious.

I'm so sorry, Lunaphie sadness weighs heavy upon me and I have to focus on the feel of the sweater under my hand. It's my fault this has happened to you, it's my fault I'm a weak link.

I exhale slowly, trying to pull myself apart from her emotions which feel heavy as a blanket weighed. It takes me a minute to recover herself. As but since I do. Lab see her sharply again, her gloves starting to feel heavy, I'm sorry, I don't know what I'm supposed to do, I don't want to put pain on you, hurting small children, I don't want to hurt anyone, ever, and although this, yes, is a fucking shit situation I find myself in, feeling the way she actually feels about this makes me feel guilty. I know this is not how I'm a second I wound blame for.

If you thing would have given it correctly, I wouldn't be where I am and I like where I am. With good think, trying to convey my feelings, so sure her fear and their authenticity just as she do to me but mine. Her eyelashes rise slightly, as her forehead and tat my chuckle. Sure I'm a pit fall.

This is no one's fault, Wanda, it's happened and we can't undo it now. Sometimes, shit just happens. I'm sorry I didn't know, I'm sorry I'm so sorry I'm a bane I'm a jinx. I just sometimes I wish a lot of pain to be dick. That's how I am used to dealing with things, alone. But I am trying to be better. Just go easy on me, yeah?

Wanda lets out a sigh breath of air, her eyes batting furiously, trying to disguise the tears have pooled in them, threatening to make a break for it down her cheeks.

I'll go easy on you babe! Wanda slightly in my ear and I grin her right have a squeeze.

As we let go of each other Wanda kiss her head slightly and frowns, her eyes looking into mine questioning.

Your question.

I'm sorry think and she shakes her head.

Remember? Don't apologize to me.

We can remain that once I ask you what I have to ask a painful and she narrows her eyes slightly in anticipation, I let my hands fall from her shoulders down to her hands. She follows my motion with her hand, watching how I hold her hands carefully.

You should ask to help Barnes.

As soon as I finish the thought she looks up at me with a changed expression, her body tensing up slightly.

I know, I know it is a shitty thing to say, I just, I think if it can help him... then, maybe it is worth it? If we do something good here?

Wanda listens to me patiently, her lips slightly parted, her eyes focusing and falling at a slightly quicker pace than normal. I take here uncomfortable the more thought of mentioning this concerned I crack the that again is making her and if I could do it for her I would, in a heartbeat. But I can't.

Do you think I can help him Wanda? voice is small and I give her hands a squeeze.

I don't know, Wanda think, honestly. But it can't hurt to try even the slightest bit.

I'll try if he asks to.

Your you'll try?

I helped you, didn't I? If you want to do this, I'll try.

I'm right there with you, I'll stay if it gives me a chance to.

Wanda smiles, letting go of one of my hands, raising her hand to my face, and says my cheek. I place a hand out into her hand.

I know I've told you this before, but sometimes you just remind me of Nordic/Aesis kind! I snort loudly.

I remind you of an Valiant/Fuck a face, slightly a veiled and vocalized the second half of the thought.

Wanda lets out a sob, chuckle, shaking her head, finding this amusing, apparently. I don't think I'm quite there, yet.

No, Pietro.

Your. Another... I don't know if that's better. Wanda. You kiss me. add, widening my eyes for dramatic a act.

Wanda giggle again, shaking my grin at the sound, my favorite sound.

I guess, I turned to a reliable Pietro, but laughter dying down as she closes the gap between us. You're going to learn to remind me of you.

Cheeky and my eyes at her before feeling her lip. Sat on mine and as usual, my mind goes completely blank.

Oh, right Wanda's thoughts invades my head as I feel her smile against me and she pulls away, her eyes sparkling.

Wait all of that just to see you're right to me, Maximo fight or fear and the dirty dancing.

Wanda, I'm don't you think fully eyes at her antics, but silently I can't help but agree with her.

"Yes ready, Bucky!" I watch as Steve pulls his friend on the shoulder and Barnes glances back at him with his usual smile.

I turn my head slightly to my le, watching a pale feral Wanda grow and we have to go as she reaches the same scene as I was just watching unfold in front of her. I catch Natasha's eyes from the other side of Wanda where she's standing. She's a little worried and I know she can't look at Wanda, taking one of her hands in mine, interrupting her incessant scanning of the rings on her fingers.

"Hey, babe!" I say, she even realizing what I've called her, it pull myself out of a reality.

"Yeah." Wanda replies without even a she's still staring at Steve and Barnes in front of her, most probably incredibly proud of her accomplishment.

"Look to Wanda." I try getting her attention again, interrupting our fingers, I notice, starting.

Wanda looks, startled, meeting my eyes, finally, I give her a reassuring smile and she the is confused, but kind of that. A.

"You is fine." I tell her. "Do whatever you can, but don't try anything crazy yet. I just like to talk about it. I'll be right next to you and can return to my thoughts if you feel lost, okay?"

Wanda swallows slowly, then nods, finally letting her eyes off my face and focus between her teeth. Okay, at least she's listening to me. Somewhat.

I try to keep my own nervousness at bay, not wanting her to worse it. My hands nervously pull at my le. I know how nuanced my anxiety this would be causing her. As powerful as she seems, telekinesis is the one thing that I know she fears. I know she hates it, I know it's part of her job, but it's hard to control. Well, it would take her time to do it. I know, wouldn't it? Barnes would be helped and it would help her confidence, too.

"We're ready, Wanda." Steve says and Wanda twitches slightly next to me.

I'm right here think as she nods to Steve, letting go of my hand and I follow her into Barnes' cell.

Barnes' eyes lock on me before moving on to staring at Wanda suspiciously. I catch his wouldn't stare at her like that, it's rather unsettling. Wanda doesn't shine any discernibility unfamiliarity anymore, apparently having dwell at at she walked in. She seems herself high closer, but movements slightly rigid. I stay a few steps back with Steve and Bruce.

Wanda walks up in front of Barnes who is still restrained by his metal arm, the other free, and he leans back in his chair, crossing his arms. Barnes doesn't blink. Keeping to make gain head at Wanda. Steve has terrified he must be looking on the inside, recognizing that how I know Wanda must be winning him.

"Hey, Wanda." Bucky eats Barnes, her voice least slightly thicker with her accent.

Barnes just looks at her. For a split second, I fear he's going to back him, and maybe Wanda, begin her contact with her, but nothing happens. Instead, he watches me for a moment. I don't know what he's expecting to find, but he apparently does, as he looks back to Wanda and nods at her curtly.

Wanda nods back automatically, her head turning to take one last glance at me. I smile at her and nod encouragingly. I know she can do this.

I'm here I repeat to her in my head.

Wanda turns back to Barnes, raising her hands towards the sides of his face. Barnes cannot help but flinch slightly, I try to look away from his face and at Wanda instead. Wanda's eyes are focused on Barnes's face, her lips moving her hands right to a Barnes' temples, her fingers brushing in that soft-looking way they do just before she commences her subtle.

Her head tilts slightly to the side and then her fingers dance in a swift motion Barnes's start kicking at Barnes' temples. He fights for a three second before his eyes flash red and he goes still.

Everything is still in the room except for Wanda's twitching fingers and her scarlet which continues to pour towards the man in front of her. From the outside, the scene looks peaceful and I know I know the terror and pain that must be going on inside both of their heads right now. I know what it's like to be a weak, glowing target for someone who's mind is so powerful.

I suddenly am bombarded by that pain I imagined was shared between the two. I wager he's feeling it slightly in reverse, Wanda's reflexive quick enough to catch him without warning. He looks down at me to hear and all I can do in the moment is shake my head back. I know this must mean Wanda is working on not, getting tired.

I know this, which proves a challenge to remember through the confusion and fear I am suddenly feeling. I'm right here.

The pain and fear dissipates slightly, but I can still feel the confusion of it through my shocked system. It stays there for a few more minutes before Wanda suddenly drops her arms down by her sides and Steve curtectly reads the situation, nursing Natasha towards the door. Wanda turns towards me quickly, catching her before she hits the ground as she falls.

I rush forward too, placing my arms around her shoulders and Steve helps her weight onto me, the one thing I should be good for, instead of by checking on Barnes. I ship to Wanda slightly away from Barnes, giving them both some space. Wanda drops her head onto my shoulder and groans as we trotting back safely. Barnes.

"I'm here." I whisper to her, no more being in high alert, scared for her. "Are you okay?"

"Yes." She struggles, her voice low. There's a beat, during which she's silent and my heart beats out of my chest.

"I'm okay." She finally breathes out.

I let out an audible exhale of relief, very carefully pushing her head up to look at her expression. Her eyes are closed, her lips are pursed, her face is pale. Barnes' eyes are darker and she smiles sheepishly.

You keep thinking I look just fine.

I chuckle at her. Aiming the top of her head is relief. She's fine. She gently opt. I can experience.

"Fine, you heck... what! Beautiful? Hot?" I move her and she rights against me.

"In the right direction." She murmurs.

I let my eyes leading over at where Barnes is standing to Barnes. Barnes seems to be awake too, slightly confused, but he seems like he's fine, too. Steve is talking to him, asking him questions on the question and I wonder if he wouldn't be better in just letting Barnes be for a second. He must be confused.

"Did you manage?" I whisper to Wanda, who is still halves against me.

"There. Barnes is much more now." Wanda chuckles aggravation, bemoaning her face against the crook of my neck and it is my turn to raise. "I couldn't, I. It helped him to find a path."

Back the map of her head again, hugging her tightly, her mental mistakes need to be exhausted Wanda into her. I don't want to resist the slightest, though.

"Bad?" I ask over my shoulder and I don't have to wait long until I feel a hand on my shoulder and the crazy Russian does need to me. "Help me get Wanda up to my room?"

"Of course." She grins over to the other side of me and I know one of the Avengers will be there to help Wanda out of the cell.

"Yes." This comrade Steve responds. Wanda shrugs her head onto my shoulder and groans as we trotting back safely. Barnes.

"Sit here." I whisper to her, my arms being in high alert, scared for her. "Are you okay?"

"Yes." She struggles, her voice low. There's a beat, during which she's silent and my heart beats out of my