a

å

á

đ

đ

a

```
"NATASHA!"
"Get back!"
"Ouch! What the fuck?"
"Sorry, I'm just trying to-"
"No, not you, her! What the fuck is she doing here?" I clarify and stop
moving, well, I try to, as much as my drunken body will allow as
Wanda's grip on my wrist persists. The room is dark and it's hard to
see because of the way the purple flame keeps shi ing and twirling
around itself, casting its monstrous light on the furniture and our
faces.
Fuck, I don't feel great. Great timing getting drunk, Olivia. Classic.
"She is here and she has a name." The black-haired woman sighs
impatiently, sounding as though she is explaining something simple
to a child.
"Which is?" I snarkily answer her.
"Agatha Harkness. Pleased to meet you again, my dear." Agatha says
with what looks like some surprise at the idea that I do in fact not
know who she is.
I blink a couple of times, feeling Wanda's fingers around my wrist try
to tug me further behind her, away from Agatha. Agatha must've
noticed this too, as her eyes, purple flame reflected in them, flit down
to our hands for a millisecond before she looks back up at our faces, a
knowing grin spread across hers.
"Well, well, well. It did work. Took you long enough."
"What worked?" Wanda snaps impatiently and her fingers
accidentally grow hot around my wrist.
"My match-making, obviously." Agatha smiles sweetly. "You two look
cute together. She's not as tall as Vis-"
"Shut up." Wanda growls.
" Stillhung up on that one?" Agatha asks incredulously. "Wow. Huh,
what do I know."
"I'm sorry-" I begin, taking a step forward, still stuck on the fact that
Agatha is here. Howdid she get here?
"Yes, darling?" Agatha looks over at me with a sickly sweet smile that
does nothing to quell my unease and the last image I have of her
flickers to life in my head.
"Think you forgot to answer my question earlier. What the fuck are
you doing here?"
Agatha sighs again and crosses one leg over the other, looking like a
very patient cat that is just waiting for the mouse to come out of the
hole in the wall. She waves her hand nonchalantly and the purple
flame happily soars slightly higher on its own accord and stays there.
"You were taking too long." She simply answers me.
"Too long?" I repeat stupidly and she just blinks. "Too long doing
what, exactly?"
"Looks like what is holding you." Agatha smirks and I feel burning in
my cheeks and I hope she cannot notice it in the weird purple
lighting.
"Stop being funny." My voice is surprisingly steady. I sneak a quick
glance at Wanda, who's quiet. She doesn't meet my eyes but keeps
staring at Agatha with loathing on her face.
"It was pretty funny, though. Anyway, you were supposed to take a
brief visit back, but you seem to be enjoying yourselves a little too
much. I wouldn't say I have many flaws, as a person, but I will admit
this: I'm slightly impatient, you see. It's my one flaw."
"What do you mean, 'supposed' to visit back?" I shake my head,
trying to clear it of the alcohol rushing through my veins, making it
terribly di icult to think straight. Agatha isn't helping my slow brain,
either. "We came here by accident."
"Do you really think that?" Agatha asks me, slightly surprised.
"I-" I pause and her eyebrows li slightly. "You"
"Yes, me. Surprise!" Agatha shakes her hands in a mocking jazzy
gesture.
"I knew it! I knew something wasn't right!" I exclaim loudly and turn
to Wanda, who breaks her staring and looks up at me, the green in
her eyes fighting strongly against the purple. "There was a flash of
pain in my head, I'd never felt it before- and my magic!" I trail o,
looking back at Agatha.
"That would've been me, honey." She proudly announces.
"Why?" Comes Wanda's low voice from beside me.
"Ah, she finds her tongue again. Why what, Wanda dear?" Agatha
turns her attention onto Wanda, who inadvertently grips tighter
around my wrist, unbearably tightly.
"Pretty clear question, no?" Wanda speaks again and I notice the little
thrill of her accent return slightly stronger than it usually is.
"Why I sent you here?" Agatha cocks her head. Wanda doesn't move.
It might be the alcohol, but admittedly, Wanda looks pretty fucking
hot when she's mad. Wanda turns her head slightly to look at me and
I quickly look at Agatha. Nope
"I don't want to give everythingaway now, do I, Wanda dearest? That
would spoil the fun!" Agatha coos, clapping her hands together like
the matter is resolved and with that, she stands up.
Instantly, Wanda tugs at my wrist again, forcing me to take a few
steps back. Man, she's strongAgatha looks up at us, surprised.
"Oh, don't worry, Iwon't harm a hair on herhead." I frown at her
weird stress. God, I wish I hadn't had that last drink. Maybe I could
figure all of this out then... or maybe this is all just a dream and I am
still lying passed out on that couch while Thor drones on and on?
Not a dreamWanda's voice echoes in my head and I feel a sense of
comfort in hearing her so close. Livvy, I need you to pay attention. I
don't want you getting hurt.
 I am paying attention.
No, you're staring at her magic.
Oh.I blink a couple of times, clearing my head. I was indeed staring
mindlessly at Agatha's purple flame.
It's pretty fucking cool though, you must admit.
"Agatha." Wanda says out loud this time, ignoring me as she lets go of
my wrist which I thankfully rub with my other hand. "Leave."
"Oh, I will." Agatha smiles and all the nicety is gone from her face
which now just looks gaunt in the pale light.
"I suppose you don't want to make that exit now?" I lean out from
behind Wanda to look at Agatha.
"Well, no, actually. Not yet. See you are both coming with me."
"I actually quite enjoy Stark's tower." I say loudly, looking around.
"I've never seen a shower as nice as this one, you need to check it
out."
"I'll make a note of that." Agatha rolls her eyes.
"No." Wanda says and she almost makes me think of a petulant child.
God, she's hot, but she needs to work on her comebacks.
Wanda's head tilts slightly as she shoots me a dirty look, to which I
shrug. I'm right, though. That wasn't your best work, love.
God, what on earth is wrong with me? Why am I annoying Wanda
when I should be annoying Agatha so Wanda is free to zap her ass?
My thoughts exactlyWanda dryly comments in my head.
"It's rude to not include everyone in the conversation, ladies." Agatha
impatiently snaps.
"It's also rude to break into someone's room and wait for them in the
dark, but here we are." I say and Agatha shoots me a look not too
dissimilar to the one I just received from Wanda.
If I'm not careful they might both just attack me.
"It's also rude to so impolitely decline someone's very kind o er to
return you to the present when you seem to be stuck in the past."
Agatha says.
"I don't know about you, Wands, but I think I'll pass." I say and turn to
make my way over to the drawer in which lays my gun, waiting for
me.
Somehow, Agatha must have sensed that I am up to no good as the
ball of purple fire suddenly and without warning sets its course
directly for my head. All I have the time for is to turn around and blink
as the ball of crackling electricity zooms confidently straight for my
face. I open my mouth ready for the gasp of pain. But it never comes.
Wanda's hand is outstretched, her fingers slightly twitching as she
holds the magic in place, the purple stubbornly fighting against the
red tendrils of Wanda's own magic. Then, Wanda's fingers close into a
fist and the purple light explodes inward until it is replaced by a so,
warm red glow.
"Showo ." Agatha mutters bitterly. "You keep your fingers o that
little gun of yours."
"I was going for a glass of water." I try, knowing neither woman
believes me or is listening to me.
Livvy Stop doing that.
"What?" I snap loudly and catch Agatha's raised eyebrows.
"I'm drunk." I add, shrugging, as if that would account for my
behavior. It kind of does.
"You're annoying." Agatha helpfully suggests.
"And you're leaving." Wanda adds on, her voice icy.
"You tell her babe." I grin and Wanda shoots me a look I'd rather not
be on the receiving end of again. It does shut me up e ectively.
"As I said; we'releaving." Agatha says, wringing her hands in front of
her, looking even more gauntly not in the red light of Wanda's magic
still flickering in mid-air than she did in the light of her own flame.
"I'm in no condition to be travelling, unfortunately." I flop down on
the armchair Wanda so likes to sit in, feeling both women stare at me
with what I assume to be equal amounts of annoyance.
"And yet, you will come." Agatha confidently says, as though this
whole situation is completely and utterly normal and something she
expected would occur.
"You leave her be." Wanda says and steps slightly side-ways so that
she is blocking me from Agatha.
Don't antagonise her, Wanda.try to think out to her.
You're one to talkçomes Wanda's dry reply.
"You're cute." Agatha says, seemingly undaunted by Wanda. "I
thought it was the dog's job to protect its master, not the other way
around."
"Shut up." Wanda's magic crackles to life in the air, burning brighter
and furiously twisting on itself. Agatha tuts.
"There's no need for that, Wanda."
"I'm going to ask you once more, and then I'm telling you. Please
leave." Wanda says, her voice steady and low.
"Olivia. Why don't you be a doll and go get your gun." Agatha
suddenly leans into view behind Wanda. I gape at her. "What? You
were so eager to get it just a minute ago. Go on."
I frown, standing up slightly unsteadily. Why am I allowed to get my
gun? I cautiously walk over to the drawer, all the whilst staring at
Agatha who is looking at me with keen expectancy.
```

me, then studies her nails on her le hand, waiting. Again, confused, I comply slowly, walking up to Wanda's side, almost standing close enough to her for our shoulders to touch. I can practically feel the magic crawling under her skin, furiously eager to get out, to tear at something, or someone. Agatha finally looks up. "There we are. Aren't you two an image?" "What do you want, Agatha?" I sigh tiredly, feeling kind of done with her annoying teasing. She's not half as funny as she seems to think she is. "What do I want... there's an interesting question. One I am certain we will have plenty of time to discuss, just not here. Wouldn't want any of you new-found dead friends to find us, Wanda, would we?" Wanda doesn't answer, but I don't have to hear her answer to know how well Agatha is finding the exact right buttons to press. "You can't exactly be surprised I came to get you, can you? I can't be blamed for having a bit of a bone to pick a er how you two le me

last time on that godforsaken mountain, now can we?" Agatha says

and for the first time, I can hear some of her real emotions seep

"I suppose you won't accept an audible apology?" I try and she

"You're annoying, but kind of funny. Makes sense this one would find

"Hey, she's great at puns." I defend Wanda and Wanda makes a sound

you amusing, she's not the funniest gal around." Agatha nods at

"Enough." Wanda then says and I notice her palms start glowing

"You're right, we should probably leave now." Agatha nods, ignoring

the new glow of red. Instead, she looks straight up at me and I feel my

Then she speaks, and it is as if my world is yanked from right under

Wanda and I feel like she just insulted me personally.

I can't quite decipher the meaning of.

heart start to pound irrationally fast.

"Prikazyvayu tebe podchinit'sya, soldat Vernut."

brightly red. "I want you gone."

I reach the drawer and fumble slightly in one of the drawers until my

fingers clutch around the cool, familiar feel of the hilt of a gun and I

pull it out, keeping it steadily aimed at the ground. Even in my state,

"Well done. Now, why don't you join us over here?" Agatha smiles at

I'm not stupid enough to point it at anything I'm not one hundred

percent sure I want to shoot.

through her words.

chuckles.

my feet.

cat.

light.

me. "Take her and let's go."

My blood is pounding in my ears, and I feel warm, despite an unusual

coolness is spreading through my veins, like something that doesn't

belong. But I belong. But I am ready. I stand fast as I await. Agatha is

watching me with big, excited eyes, her lips slightly parted. Maximo

next to me has turned to watch me, her eyes big, too. But she doesn't

seem excited. She goes from confused, to worried, to scared, her eyes

betraying each state of being entirely to me, as though they're open

I look away from her, and back at Agatha. I am ready. Agatha's parted

lips stretch out into a wide grin that makes her look like the Cheshire

"Shall we leave, then?" She asks me, and nods towards Maximo .

I know what I have to do. I turn towards the redhead and all I see is a

fizzling out and the magic hanging in the air angrily crackles for a few

"Well done, Vernut." I hear Agatha say as I stare at the heap in front of

I nod curtly and pocket the gun. I stumble slightly as I bend down to

take hold of Maximo, and manage to roll her onto her back. I push

her into a seated position, her head bobbing whichever way. I then

forcefully pull her up to standing, me hugging her from behind as her

knees lock and she leans against me like a tree trunk, her head lolling

backwards to react against my chest. I carefully move around her,

holding her wrists as I lean forwards and heave her onto my back,

Agatha watching me silently as I position myself in front of Maximo,

seconds until it too fizzles out and is promptly replaced by a purple

flash of confusion and shock in those eyes of her as I raise my gun,

flip it expertly in my hand and bring it down quick and hard.

windows for me to look straight into the heart of the house.

a²

å

The hilt of the gun hits her right in her right temple with a sickening crunch And with that Maximo 's eyes roll back and her eyelids close like a curtain call and her entire body goes slack as she passes out. She falls on the ground unceremoniously, the magic in her hands

every muscle in my body screaming with the e ort.

"Ready." I simply say and look up at Agatha, Maximo 's hair ticking the side of my face.

"I could've helped, but that was entertaining. Alright, let's get cracking." Agatha smirks and walks closer to Maximo and me.

She reaches out to me with a pale hand, and as soon as she makes contact, I feel my centre of gravity lurch and my surroundings become a blur of colour as wind roars in my ears. I keep hanging on tightly to Maximo 's wrists.

Continue reading next part □

A/N: Oh lordie. That is all.