Chapter 84

(my angels... know I love you and know I can take the hate, because it's all about what's waiting on the other siiiide... (or in a few chapters)xxx)

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And there he stands on the porch of the little dark cabin.

My blood is running cold in my veins, each pump of my heart feels like it's sending little shards of glass through my body. Every part of me hurts. I stare at him, disbelieving. Surely not... but then again... why not? I never had to meet his physical body in order to recognize his voice, and as his words hit my ears, it feels like my last sliver of hope is extinguished coldly and without remorse, and I know I've lost. Well and truly, finally lost. For as long as he wasn't alive, wasn't by her side, I was almost enough. I was almost enough for her. But I'm nothing compared to him. Compared to him, I cannot even be compared. I could never truly have her and now I never will. He always had her.

"Vision, get back inside." Wanda growls, her green eyes trained on me, unaware of the losing battle I'm silently fighting on the inside.

I watch him look at her quizzically, his red skin oddly glowing in the pale light. A flame of anger lights up inside of me as I watch him watch her. Then, his eyes meet mine, almost as if he knew I was watching him. I know he is trying to as quickly as possible figure me out, and why Wanda has had me knocked onto the ground. I stand up, embarrassment and mostly anger burning in me. Anger and resentment at him standing there where I should stand, where she told me she didn't want me, that she didn't know me.

"Now, Vision, please!" Wanda barks and I turn my attention to her, now meeting her stare as she looks at me, almost with a scared expression on her face. She never thought we would meet. She thought I was gone.

"You okay?" Yelena softly whispers next to me, her tone caring, and I nod tensely, not trusting my voice right at this moment as Wanda's eyes drill into me. I feel like I am literally disconnected from my own body.

"Wanda, I promise you, we want you no harm, we just want to talk to you, nothing else." Natasha tries again and Wanda ignores her, staring at Yelena and me.

"You won't leave, will you?" Wanda asks me directly, dropping the anger, and just sounding tired. She physically seems to shrink a little.

I shake my head softly, again not being able to talk, and I watch her sigh tiredly as her magic quietly disappears. She slowly drops her arms by her side, looking so small against the backdrop of the giant mountain and the somber cabin.

"I don't want to hurt you." She whispers, but I can clearly hear her. Oh, if only that were true. She has no idea how much she's already hurt me. I thought there would be an end in sight.

"Please." I ask of her, my voice not sounding like my own.

Wanda's face scrunches up slightly as she wants to argue, as she fights herself and whatever she is feeling and thinking. As always with her, I can only guess.

"Okay." She finally softly relents with a raspy voice, her brows knitting together as she looks away from me and up at Natasha and Darcy who are still standing by the jet, which I now notice is slightly smoking from the place where Wanda's magic hit it.

"Can we come in?" Natasha takes a step towards Wanda, her hands clearly empty by her sides and her tone calm and reassuring. Unlike Wanda and me, she knows exactly what she's doing.

"Yes." Wanda curtly says after a tiny pause of contemplation, and then she just turns on her heels and stomps away from us without waiting to see if we are following.

She walks back up to the cabin with quick steps, past a very confused-looking Vision who clearly didn't follow her directions of getting back inside. And then she disappears into the darkness of the cabin. Vision looks at us with a mildly intrigued look before he finally follows her inside like a very large puppy. Natasha calmly follows Wanda's footsteps as Darcy trots along behind her, casting Yelena and me a look.

"Well, that could've gone worse." She grins, but I make no attempt at returning her smile.

I silently watch her and Natasha follow Wanda and Vision into the cabin, leaving just Yelena and me standing outside.

I don't want to go inside. It's the last thing I want to do. I feel like burning the whole stupid cabin down, preferably with him inside. I know I'm being awful, and selfish, but I can't help hating him. I know I should be glad, because this is all Wanda wanted, ever since I met her. All she wanted was him. No matter how much she tried to convince me, and how hard I tried to believe her, I was just someone who was there to fill a void, a cushion to her fall. Before I sink too deep into my own thoughts, Yelena speaks, as if she knew she had to break my train of thought.

"You okay?" Yelena asks me again, this time her tone lets me know she is not asking the same question as before despite using the exact same words.

"How-" I begin, turning to her, trying not to cry as I look into her honest and kind eyes. "How is he back?"

I sound pathetic, my voice small, but she doesn't mind. She gives me a small, sad smile instead and sighs softly into the silence.

"I don't know, malyshka." Yelena shrugs slightly, placing a hand on my upper arm and squeezing me softly. Then, she so very earnestly asks; "Want me to hit him?"

I can't help the little laugh that bursts out of me and she grins, happy with my reaction. Despite barely knowing her for twenty-four hours, I have rarely felt more grateful for anyone.

"No." I giggle but then pause in contemplation. "Actually, I might save your offer for later."

"Just give me a sign and his tomato head is hitting the floor." Yelena punches the air to show me how serious she is.

"Thank you." I sincerely say after a little pause and she nods seriously.

"Anytime." She gives me a supportive smile, then links her arm with mine. "Alright, come on baby girl. They're going to think the wolves got us."

Despite kind of wishing the wolves would have gotten me, I let Yelena lead me into the familiar cabin, the same cabin that used to fill me with a sense of calm, but now all I feel is dread as I walk towards it. As we step through the front door, still arm in arm, I notice that the few lights inside have been turned on, and the rest of the group are slightly further in the cabin, congregated around the couch. Darcy sits awkwardly on it as Natasha rather leans against the armrest. In front of them, Wanda sulks in the corner, her arms draped around her chest. Vision is standing next to her, a curious, yet polite look upon his face.

As soon as Yelena and I enter, everyone turns to look at us. I don't miss Wanda's eyes instantly darting to Yelena and my linked arms, and a ghost of a frown crosses her face before it is replaced with her usual blank expression I know she learned from Natasha.

"So? What do you want?" She mutters, her tone annoyed as she looks away from me to Natasha.

If she is at the slightest surprised at seeing Natasha well and alive, walking and talking, she isn't showing it. I assume she must not be quite sure who Natasha is, or she's just accepted people who are supposed to be dead just aren't. I wouldn't question it either if I were her. Seems to have worked out for her rather well.

"Olivia was telling us about what happened with you two and Hydra, since we last saw each other." Natasha's response is matter of fact, and Wanda's eyes quickly meet mine at the mention of my name before the flutter back down to Natasha. It doesn't stop my heart from jumping at the slightest attention from her, and I wish it wouldn't.

"Yes, so? We escaped." Wanda shifts slightly from one foot to the other and I notice Vision stepping in a little closer to her as if he's trying to offer her support. I pretend I didn't notice as I return my attention to Natasha.

"You did." Natasha nods, looking over her shoulder at me briefly. "But Steve and I-"

"Steve?" Wanda tilts her head slightly, frowning, her eyes on Natasha.

"Yes. Do you - do you remember him?" Natasha's tone softens.

Wanda hesitates for a moment, clearly thinking hard. "Not sure."

"That's fine. It'll come back to you." Natasha tries to offer some consoling words, which seem not to be met too enthusiastically by Wanda, who mostly seems annoyed.

"How do you know?" She counters stubbornly.

"Well, Olivia remembers, doesn't she?" Natasha shrugs and Wanda's green stare shifts to me again and I give her a tiny smile which she doesn't reciprocate.

"It's not the same." Wanda says and looks away from me with a weird expression, almost like she's swallowed something slightly sour. I have never felt more fantastic, by the way. Hurt me more, baby.

"How so?" I pipe up before I have the time to stop myself, my anger flaring up within my chest.

Everyone's eyes are on me now, but there's only one pair I care about. I meet her eyes stubbornly, feeling angry at her. Here I've been literally banned from going back to my life because of her, while she's been cozying it up with her ex. Or whatever the hell he is. I've lost everything for her, and what has she lost for me? It seems like I am the only one constantly losing between the both of us.

"We've had this discussion." Wanda tells me, her voice slightly wavering, letting me instantly know she doesn't quite mean her words.

"Yet here I am, again." I grumble and she huffs.

"Didn't ask you to be."

"I'm very aware." I laugh coldly, trying to ignore how much this hurts. "Believe me babe, wouldn't be here if I had the choice."

"Well, you know how to run away, don't you babe?" Wanda spitefully replies, her voice cold and her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Are you serious?" My voice rises slightly. "I have never left without being pushed away first."

"Aren't you the saint." Wanda coldly laughs, no joy evident and I huff, trying to keep my stupid tears of anger from falling. Why do I always start crying when I'm arguing? Yelena tightens her grip on my arm.

"I never said I was." I rather successfully keep my voice from trembling as I look at Wanda again, who looks like she's trying to keep it together just as much as I am. But I can't ignore the person standing right next to her. "I'm happy for you, Wanda. Really. I don't want to argue. I'm tired. I don't care."

As the words leave my lips her eyebrows rise on her forehead and she blinks rapidly, her shiny eyes looking hurt for a second before she pulls herself together. I convince myself I meant those words.

"Then why did you come back?" Wanda asks, her voice completely different now as it wavers user a heavy blanket of unspoken emotions.

I've completely forgotten about everyone else, almost returning to a time when it would just be Wana and me inside the cabin, secluded from the rest of the world. Safe. But that's not the case anymore. The world has followed us here.

"Because I asked her to." Natasha speaks, her voice heavy as she seemed to have sensed Wanda's and my conversation was turning in circles.

"And why?" Wanda wraps her arms slightly tighter around herself, as if to shield herself from the situation as she cannot run away, physically trapped.

"Because Steve and I have been tracking Hydra activity ever since you two disappeared." Natasha explains, nodding at Wanda and me. "And we think we've got a pretty good idea on what they're planning next. And then Darcy told me Olivia was back-"

"You're welcome." Darcy beams proudly, trying to bring some levity into the situation. It doesn't work, and her smile quickly slips off her face as no one smiles back. "Damn. Tough crowd."

"Anyway." Natasha looks at Darcy with an expression that clearly warns her from interrupting again. "I came to find Olivia to see if she knew where you were-" Natasha continues, looking up at Wanda as Wanda shoots me an annoyed look. "And here we are."

"Here you are." Wanda agrees, looking sulky.

"Wanda, darling-" Vision begins and I suddenly feel an inexplicable urge to puke. "Should we not listen to them? If they're trying to help-"

"I don't want any help. I want to be left alone." Wanda counters and without meaning to, I roll my eyes. This earns me another annoyed look from a certain witch.

"You're being stupid." Yelena suddenly pipes up from my side and Wanda looks at her with a frown.

"And you are...?" She coldly asks, tilting her head as she stares at the blonde on my side. Yelena lets go of my arm to place her hands in her pockets instead, looking entirely unaffected by Wanda.

"Yelena." She says.

"Okay." Wanda smirks coldly, clearly imitating Yelena's tone.

"Great." Yelena sarcastically says, and I kind of want to see how much she is able to annoy Wanda. "Now stop being a bitch and listen to my sister."

"What did you just call me?" Wanda asks her in an icy tone, her eyebrows hiking up her forehead.

"Oh, are you not only stupid but deaf, too?" Yelena asks her in a silky sweet voice and I can't help the little smile that crosses my face, hoping Wanda doesn't notice.

"Watch yourself." Wanda growls, her eyes flashing red.

"What are you going to do? Yell and throw your red balls at me?" Yelena's eyebrows raise, unamused written all over her face.

"You might not be so cocky when I do." Wanda tilts her head again and I can tell she is itching to use her scarlet, a little spark appearing by her right hand.

Yelena goes to answer, but I place a hand on her arm, stopping her. As much as I want Yelena to annoy Wanda, I know when enough is enough. Wanda's eyes flash daggers at my action, and I actually swear I can feel some of her anger seep through her to me as a little seedling of that feeling brews in the back of my mind. As much as she doesn't want to, it seems as though that connection that allowed us to trade thoughts and emotions is still there, something I don't know whether I revel in, or rather would just want gone. It reminds me of how close we used to be, and now it mostly feels like I am eavesdropping.

"Wanda, please just listen to Natasha. No one wants anything from you. We just want to make sure you're safe." I tell her, my voice sounding slightly defeated. "Then, I swear, you'll be left alone."

Wanda stares at me for a moment, clearly mulling over my words. She traps her bottom lip between her teeth as she ponders, her attentive eyes on me and I feel slightly self-conscious under her stare. Then, she lets her shoulders drop slightly and with a sigh, she nods.

"What does Hydra want?" Vision asks in his stupid accent.

"Steve and I are pretty sure they are creating a way of recreating Wanda's powers in someone else." Natasha explains as if she hadn't been interrupted.

"How would they do that, exactly?" Vision asks, his blue eyes trained on Natasha. "Wanda already had her powers. They were amplified by the mind stone. But they were there from before. They don't have the mind stone, do they? I am struggling to understand where you are coming from."

Idiot, I mutter in my head and Wanda's eyes meet mine again.

"No, they don't. They do have a witch, though." Natasha says and for a second I'm confused, but then Wanda whispers her name softly.

"Agatha."

"We believe they want to use her, yes." Natasha nods.

"But-" Vision frowns, trying to understand.

"They have Stark's data." Natasha says with a sigh, like she finds all this explaining hideously tedious.

"So?" Wanda stubbornly asks, pouting slightly, but I can tell that behind her facade she is feeling anxious. Vision seems to notice as well, because he smoothly wraps an arm around her much smaller frame. Wanda's eyes flit to me and then away. I try to focus on anything but his stupid red fingers around her upper arm.

Toaster.

Wanda's eyebrows pull together slightly and I can feel her eyes on me again, but I quickly look away in order to not meet her stare. I hope she heard me.

"Wanda, seriously." Natasha sighs from her position sitting almost squarely between Wanda and Vision and Yelena and me.

"I am serious." Wanda mutters, a slight twang of her accent seeping through. She must be tired.

"Then you realize the danger this poses, surely." Natasha says with a deceivingly sweet tone.

"I've escaped twice before. I don't see why I couldn't do it again. Agatha isn't stronger than me."

"Yet." Natasha darkly says.

A/N: aaand we're back! Loads of talking in this one, ooo , hope it wasn't too hard to follow :)))) sometimes it makes so much sense in my head but written out...

Wanda and Yelena, what's going on there, ya think?

Anyway, hope you don't hate me too much, I promise you it'll be worth the pain once it ends (that sounds vaguely threatening???)

Also, can I just gush at this having over a hundred THOUSAND reads? Most of them are probably me, but still, what ????

See ya soon my angels! x

Continue reading next part