Chapter 88

"It's—I found it," Catalina, my mind still behind me inside the cabin as I sit down the stairs into the morning.

You found it." Natasha repeats conspicuously. "Where?"

"Wanda's sister's, not me." I delete myself, throwing my hands up in the air. "Anyhow, she found it. Wanda's sister's name doesn't matter."

"Hmm." Natasha gives them an eye roll.

"Anyhow, I found the gem. Even if I knowingly put it back in you right now, I can't be blamed for taking it in the first place."

Natasha doesn't turn around to look at the monstrous, red body. Instead, I stang at her, not frankly in the mood to argue. Her expression is anti-digestive if that can be in-bred. Cin-up, she sighs.

"Did you sleep at all?"

"I sleep."

"You look like shit."

"Thanks, you too." I roll my eyes and she ha-s.

"Shut."

"Natasha?"

"You're spent too-much time with my sister." She scowls at me. "What's bidding in an ass."

"I'm not good for that." Kitrina question up towards us, fancy in her hand, a cup of tea.

Natasha doesn't turn around to look at the monstrous, red body. Instead, seems to deflate slightly, her lips thinning out, but she can't appear to help the minuscule smile on her lips.

"Good morning." Kitrina gives me a smile which quickly vanishes in her face. "Did you look like shit?"

"Shut-a bidding in an ass." I mutter, looking back at Natasha.

"Shut up."

"Dysfunctional, all of you." Dary mumbles, crossing her arms across her chest. She's wearing her thick hair in a comically-unstable bun on the top of her head which keeps threatening to fall either way as she moves.

"What are we arguing about now?" She snickers, looking from me to Natasha and back again. "Or, if it about your hair-do again I swear to—"

"It's not." I quickly cut her o-, feeling my cheeks burn.

"Oh. What is it-ment?" Dary sitting in front and Kitrina chi-hair appears-ed. I shoot her a look but she just grins back at me.

"Why are you standing out here? It is cold." Kitrina ask-Natasha.

"Look, you're a-ware-more than that stupid-t-shirt." Natasha replies in a hard tone, raising her eyebrows at her sister.

"What? It's cold." Kitrina looks at us like a-peaky waiting for reprimal.

"Anyhy, it's mine." Natasha says briefly.

"But it's cute."

"Kitrina."

"Natasha!"

Their interruption makes a burst of laughter escape-ks. Both sisters turn to look at me with unimpressed looks on their face. I quickly shut up.

"So, why are you here? Why is everything another fi-a-there?" Kitrina asks me, nudging at the cabin behind me.

My jo-quickly dissipates as she reminds me of what I was trying to avoid-ed. I shrug, my shoulders tensing up. I can't help but feel a little-nervous-ness-ed. Kitrina and I are not-ty-ry the-lumbers. I-ment-ion-ed it.

"Don't ask-ed-mind, I-ment-ion-ed." Natasha replies in a hard tone-ness, raising her eyebrows at her sister.

"What? It's cute!"