Chapter 92 WANDA'S POV a I feel my eyes begin to lazily flutter open, a great sense of calmness flowing through my entire being. It's been so long since I've felt like this. My body is completely and utterly relaxed. I don't want to wake up. I didn't even dream. I keep my eyes shut, wanting to stay in whatever moment of bliss I have managed to capture for as long as I possibly can. I realize that I both hear and feel the calm, steady heartbeat under my head, and I remember that I'm draped across Olivia. Wait, what? My eyes pop open. What am I doing!? á I can't seem to make myself move away from her, though. I feel too... I can't quite pinpoint the slow stirring emotions I feel pumping through my veins. It feels right, though. Whatever it is. I feel safe. I discover that Olivia's arm is loosely wrapped around my waist, and although my brain is telling me this is too close, too intimate, my body doesn't seem to share the same apprehension. It wants quite the opposite. I want to be wrapped in her arms. Tighter. Closer. Hiding away. She hides me away. I allow myself to listen to her heartbeat underneath me, her breath slow and even, slightly tickling the back of my head. It's music to my ears and I could probably listen to her beat of life for a long time. I close my eyes, feeling a faint smile grace my lips as I gravitate toward the calming feeling of her thoughts. They feel... like a sunset. There's a small breeze as she dreams, but I don't focus on what exactly she's dreaming of. I don't want to infringe on her privacy in thatway. Whatever it is she's dreaming of is making her happy, though, the feeling seeping into me, orange and radiant. I burrow myself closer to her, ignoring the slight trepidation in the back of my mind. It feels too good. She feels too good. I'm safe. I feel the rise and fall of her breath, my arm draped across her stomach rises and falls with her and I have an indescribable urge to be even closer to her although I don't quite know how I would manage that. My legs are tangled with hers. Her heartbeat is all I hear. I feel oddly giddy at the same time as I feel like I have no energy in my limbs. I close my eyes and just listen to her. My breathing syncs up to hers and I'm almost sure that my heart matches the beat of her heart. I could doze o again. I slowly open my eyes again in the dim room, curiousness overtaking me. I li my head barely o her chest, mindful as to not disturb her. Her slack arm falls slightly lower on my waist, the feeling making something stir inside of my chest. My breath gets stuck in the back of my throat. I turn and peek up at her face through my eyelashes. She looks so peaceful. So so . So relaxed. Di erent from how she looks when she's awake. The seemingly permanent frown on her face is nowhere to be found. My eyes skim over her features delicately, selfishly drinking her in without her knowledge. I gaze at her for a while, wondering why she makes me feel so at ease. I want to merely be close to her, permanently. When she le me... I pout, trying to shake away the unwelcome shi of my thoughts. I return to her mind. The so ness of her dreams calms me and pushes away the negative thoughts. My eyes fall down to her lips. They're slightly parted and I notice they're slightly turned up in a delicate smile. I realize I'm smiling too, that unrecognized feeling stirring in my chest again, and I blush when I concede that I'm thinking back to how it felt to have my lips on hers, my heart on fire. I wonder what would happen if I kissed her again. Why am I even thinking of kissing her? I shouldn't. I have what I wanted. What I want. But I can't help but fantasize, the prospect making my stomach tighten and my chest flutter. a "Mmmhhhwhatthefuck?" Olivia so ly mumbles, her arm tightening its grip around me and I hold my breath as she talks in her sleep. a Her thoughts stir slightly more actively, the orange hue turning slightly yellow and pink. I bite my lower lip in amusement. Her eyes move under her eyelids. "Is that how it is, Maximo?" She slurs lazily, her so features breaking into a smile and I try to not chuckle. "Give-" she squeezes my waist and my heart summersaults without my permission. "Mmh-mmh. No. Lie down." I suddenly feel slightly awkward. I shouldn't be doing this. Her arm is suddenly constricting, my face too hot. Why am I reacting like this? I frown, examining her calm face. Why does my body gravitate towards her like this? I'm so bewildered, my heart and my head acting like two separate beings. "It's rude to stare, you know." I blink rapidly, discovering that Olivia's opened her eyes and is observing me with a sly smirk, putting me on a "I'm - I- eh." I struggle to form a coherent thought, feeling my face flush further and I become aware of how I'm almost on top of her. "Sorry-" I mutter, pushing myself o her, her arm falling o me. She watches me with a knowing grin and I feel oddly naked. I remind myself that I'm the only one who can read thoughts here. She can't. So why does it feel like she knows exactly what I've been thinking of? As if on cue, all I can think about is kissing her. I sit up on the bed sti ly, wondering why I allowed myself to fall asleep cuddling her, a stranger, really, and why I feel so well-rested and calm. Well, until now. Now, I mostly feel confused and embarrassed. "I'm not sorry." Olivia drawls, yawning, stretching both of her hands above her head and I try to not notice how her shirt li s slightly, revealing her stomach. "Sleep well, miss snore?" "Snore?" I repeat, confused, pulling my eyes up to meet hers which are sparkling mischievously, making me break into a reluctant smile. "I don't snore." "Hmm. I beg to di er." She grins, her arms folded behind her head as she watches me. "Sleep well?" "I did." I admit shyly. "I'm glad. I think you needed it. You look better." She says and my heart acts up again. "Better?" I repeat, raising my eyebrows in question. "Are you implying I looked bad before?" Olivia smiles and I feel accomplished. She hums in thought, still keeping me hostage with those eyes of hers. "No. You always look good. It's kind of annoying." I know she can tell I'm blushing. "Well, at least I don't talk in my sleep. That's annoying." I shoot back and I smile toothily as she momentarily looks taken aback, her thoughts ticking loudly, anxiously. She's hiding something. This is a "What-I didn't-" She stammers as she tries to regain her guileful composure, her cheeks flushing and I stop myself from pinching her cheeks. She's sweet. What is wrong with me? Stop it, Wanda. á "Oh, is that how it is?" I ask her, my voice dropping low, barely above a whisper as I'm repeating her earlier words and she blushes, even more, a groan escaping her. I grin, satisfied with her reaction. "I didn't- you didn't hear anything else?" She mutters, squeezing her eyes shut in embarrassment and I tilt my head curiously. "No, I didn't." I lie, not bearing to tease her any longer. She opens one eye cautiously. "Promise?" She asks so innocently that my heart cannot help but flutter again. "What? Is there something you want to tell me about your dream, Livvy?" I tease her as she breathes out, her eyes going round. I frown, not expecting her reaction. a "What?" "N-nothing." She shakes her head, plastering a smile on her face as her thoughts rev up in their intensity, and she feels heavy. My smile falters slightly. Her eyes are downcast and she drops her arms, letting them play with the hem of her shirt. My heart twists slightly. What did I do now? Why do I keep hurting her? "Hey." I scoot closer, my hand finding its way to her chin, tilting her head up to meet my eyes. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you sad." "What did I do?" I ask her so ly, my heart clenching, sending a stabbing sensation through my chest. She forces a smile, her le hand carefully closing around my wrist as I hold onto her chin so ly. It feels like my skin heats up where she touches me, my scarlet stirring underneath the surface. But it doesn't stir in the way it does when I'm in danger. I frown slightly at the odd sensation. Olivia pulls down my hand, her eyes following it as she starts toying with my fingers, her thoughts stirring almost painfully. I wait patiently, wondering why I feel so for her. I suddenly want to be the one to wrap their arms around her and keep her safe, just as she makes me feel. "You didn't do anything." She finally speaks, looking up at me, and my breath hitches. "It's me." "I'm not-" I frown, shaking my head slightly. "What?" "God, Maximo, don't you get it? I'm in love with you." She exhales heavily, her fingers stopping their dance with mine and I stare at her, my chest constricting as it seems like all I can hear is my breathing. "You-" I croak out, not knowing what to say. She smiles so ly, but her emotions are... they're too much. I distance myself from her slightly, pulling away from her usually calming thoughts, but now they feel as though they want to drown me, to overwhelm me in their intensity. "I'm in love with you." She repeats calmly, her eyes burrowing into mine and the air is suddenly all too hot. I can't breathe. I can't move. "I have been for a long time. I'm in love with your eyes. I'm in love with your voice. Your touch. The way you care. The way you make me laugh. You make me feel safe." She pauses, examining my face. My mouth hangs open, not knowing how to process what she's just told me. My heart is beating fast and my palms feel clammy. Why is she saying this? I can't- what about Vision? a "But lately I don't like how I feel around you." Olivia continues and my heart clenches painfully. I want to hug her. Nothing's going to hurt you, babyI form the words in my head, knowing guiltily I can't protect her from me. What a joke. a "I'm sorry." I whisper and she smiles sadly. "I'm too." She so ly begins to play with my fingers again, twisting and turning the rings I've been wearing. "I know you don't do it on purpose, but you have to stop leading me on. I ca- it hurts, Wanda. It hurts that I can't just hug you, or touch you without being afraid that I'm going to make you uncomfortable. All I want is just to kiss you but I can't." I bite the inside of my cheek, feeling anxious as she is mustering confidence I could only dream of. Here she is telling me how she really feels, putting down boundaries, while I can't even identify the feelings that are stirring in my chest when I look at her. I'm not worthy of her in whatever shape or form. "I know you're with him, just like you... you should be. He's good for you." She smiles meekly and I know she's being sincere. "I just need you to... to let me go." "Let you go?" I repeat, blood pounding in my ears. "Yes." Her thumb brushes against the sensitive skin on the top of my hand and my scarlet slithers underneath her touch. "I don't want to." I say, feeling slightly ashamed. "I'm afraid." I meet her eyes and I feel the pull she has on me, but it's... it doesn't make sense to me and I pull my hand out of hers, letting myself fiddle with my rings instead, breaking eye contact. "Why are you afraid?" She whispers, making goosebumps erupt on my skin. "I don't want to be alone..." I admit, trying to be honest with her as she deserves. She frowns. "You're not alone, Wanda. You've got-" "But I don't, do I?" I interrupt her harsher than I wanted to. Her eyebrows pull together contemplatively. I feel cold all of a sudden, my earlier conversation with Vision playing in the back of my mind and I feel small. My chest is tight and my scarlet flows through my body protectively. "He wants to leave me again." My lip quivers and I feel tears congregate in my eyes, making the vision of my hands in my lap blurry. "He's not leaving you, Wanda." Olivia's warm voice is soothing, but it does nothing to stop the small sob that escapes my lips. "Oh, come here." Her hands pull mine towards her and I let myself be pulled down next to her as she wraps her arms around me and I hide my face in her neck, inhaling her scent and my body shakes with another sob. She strokes my back soothingly. "I don't want to be alone." I cry into her silently and she hums, making her chest vibrate so ly. đ "It's okay. I've got you." She whispers onto the top of my head and I let another mu led sob escape me. I'm so tired of trying to keep myself together. I'm so tired and nothing makes sense. I feel so embarrassed by my loss of control, but I can't stop the tears that just flow out. So stupid. Her hand is on my back and I don't deserve this. I don't deserve her compassion when all I do is use her. Use her to feel, and now I can't stop feeling, and nothing I feel is good. Everything is fear. "It's okay." She murmurs again into my hair and my chest tightens. Why does she know exactly what to say and what to do? She knows exactly how to make me feel wanted. Cherished. "I'm so sorry." I blurt out between sobs and she wraps her other arm around me too, squeezing me into her safety. I curl up against her. I just want to give in, but there's something tugging me back. I just want- I don't even know what I want. It's like I've finally gotten my greatest wish granted only to realize the idea of it was what I wanted. And that makes me feel fucking awful. There's what I know. There is the comfortable, the completely and utterly home. There's him. I feel warm thinking of him, of his touch and his words. And then there's her. Holding me together now. I don't even know what she is. She's not comparable. She's not comparable and I can't even remember how she fell in love with me. I don't deserve someone who loves me like that. I can't reciprocate. How can I feel the same when every time I try to think of her, my heart beats for her but my brain feels sluggish and I'm pushing against something that is keeping her from me. Each time I look at her I both want her and I can't help but also feel mad. I know I shouldn't be mad at her, that she didn't rip my memories from me, but she pressed the button. I shiver, the icy memories of the pain flashing through me like a ghost. \vec{a} I look up at her through teary eyes and she meets my eyes, concern on her face. But I feel so... no. "I'm sorry." I excuse myself once again, pushing away from her, breaking eye contact and she drops her arms from around me and I instantly feel colder. I take a deep breath. "Wanda-" "I'm sorry. I should- you should probably go." I mutter, my hands shaking and I can't bear to look at her. "You want me to go?" She confirms uncertainly, and the pain in her voice breaks me further. "Yes. Please." I sob silently, tears continuing to roll down my cheeks. "Go." She doesn't say anything, but I feel the bed shi beside me. The floorboards creak and the so click of the door and then the quiet way she's closed it tells me she's gone. My lower lip quivers as I bite and begin pacing, wiping my face on my sleeve again, bidding myself to stop being so weak. My scarlet stirs within me, and I barely notice how it's lapping around my fingers. I feel the disjointed thoughts in the main part of the cabin, each thought di erent and unique and warm, pulling me out of my own head towards them. I seek out one entity in particular. Natasha's thoughts are curt, flat, and comfortable. I bring my fist to my mouth, biting down on it, the pain keeping me from erupting into sobs again. I don't want to lose her again. My scarlet swirls in my chest and I feel o balance. I draw blood, accidentally. The coppery taste caresses my tongue and my lips. I close my eyes and feel him and I take a deep breath. Vision. There's so much home in him that I slot right in. I drop my fist from my mouth, exhaling shakily. I need to pull myself together. I can't break down like this and lose them all. I can't. And I won't. I tiptoe out of my room, opening the door and the light from the cabin makes me squint slightly. They stop their hushed conversation as they notice my presence. I look around for her, but she's not there. She must've gone for a run or something. "Are you okay?" Natasha comes up to me quickly, placing a hand on my upper arm, her eyes drilling into me and I press my lips together and nod, knowing she's not that easily persuaded. "Where-" I clear my throat as my voice comes out as odd. "Where's "She muttered something about needing to get some air." Natasha says, her voice making me almost break down again as I look into her concerned eyes. This situation is so eerily familiar to many other moments consisting of my on the verge of collapsing and her holding

"What about Hydra?" I mutter, once again using the sleeve of my cardigan to angrily dry my tears. Their thoughts tick anxiously. "Wanda, they've used Stark's data on you." Steve explains calmly, looking at me like I'm about to break. Ironic he thinks Hydra is the thing that is breaking me. "What data?" I frown, confused. "The data Stark collected when you were staying at the Tower with Olivia... they've used it to their advantage. We-" "We're not quite sure how." Steve looks from Natasha to me, helping her finish her sentence. I don't miss the appreciative look she casts his way. I scowl, not remembering staying at Stark's tower with Olivia at all. "-but they're coming for you." I tune back into what Steve is saying. "So? Let them. I will end them once and for all. My scarlet-" "Your scarlet is the problem, Wanda." Natasha interrupts me and I fix my gaze on her. I defiantly stand up slightly taller. Vision gives my arm a squeeze. "They're not coming just for you." Natasha continues in a low voice and I frown at her anxious thoughts. "What?" I prompt her, feeling slightly unnerved. "They want Olivia, too." "How do you know this?" I ask her suspiciously, looking from her to Steve. "We've been gathering intel on them ever since you disappeared that night." Steve explains to me and I frown, not knowing what he's talking about. "Why do they want her? She's nothing to them." "You're wrong." Natasha frowns, looking slightly confused. "Do you really not remember?" "Remember what" I ask desperately, feeling kind of irritated now. Why don't they comprehend that I can protect them all? "Wanda, Olivia accidentally stole one of their... creations, when she was trying to save you from the Ra." Darcy suddenly speaks up and I turn to look at her. She pushes her glasses up higher on the bridge of her nose, giving me an award smile which I don't reciprocate. "She was saving me from the Ra? What?" I feel like everyone's out to make me feel like I have no grasp of reality. "Steve, you got me out." "I've never been to the Ra, Wanda." Steve looks at me, confused and I stare back at him. "Yes, you did, a er the-" I pause. Something is wrong. Why can't he remember? I look around me for support, but I get none. They're all just staring at me. Yelena looks as though I've gone insane. Where is Olivia? She would know. 'Lagos..." I so ly whisper, but no one seems to recognize the place's meaning. What the hell is going on? "Wanda, we need to stop Hydra. If they manage to execute their plan-" Steve tries to steer the conversation back on track and I try to snap out of my bewilderment. "I don't care about Hydra." I try to tell him again, my scarlet stirring within me, agreeing. They should run in fear from us.

"You should. If not for you, for her." Natasha coldly says and I meet her eyes. She's serious. "I don't know how to help you remember, Wanda, but at least understand this: you owe her this much."

"Don't tell me what I owe her." I coldly warn her, feeling my confusion quickly turn to anger. They don't understand, any of them. They should be on my side, thanking me for getting them back. Why don't

"Well, I am telling you." Natasha looks at me without any expression on her face. "Snap out of it and realise this is serious. You're leading her on, you got her to take you back in time and now Hydra has what

"And you? Do you not have what you want?" I ask her loudly. "Are you

"Wanda, you can't just bring people back." Steve so ly tells me, his

"Darling." Vision suddenly speaks and my throat goes dry and I

suddenly want to cry again, which makes me angry. "I know you did it

"You're not meant to be alive, or weare not meant to be?" I ask him

He smiles so ly, his eyes kind and I want to just break down. Why are

"We were always meant to be, my love. Always." He so ly assures me.
"But we had our time. And I cherished every moment of it. Just
because it was shorter than we both wanted, doesn't make it any less

meaningful, darling. It was beautiful, and I was so lucky. And I'll always wait for you. But not now. Not here. You have another path to

I gnaw hard on my lower lip, my eyes welling up again. Vision smiles so ly and leans down, kissing my forehead with so much tenderness I can't stop the tears that roll down my cheeks again. He so ly

they understand?

it wants."

"Why not?"

not alive? Is he not alive?"

voice such a contrast to Natasha's and mine.

with good intentions. But we're not meant to be."

fiercely, my heart thumping loudly.

they doing this? I don't understand.

take, and I'm not meant to walk next to you."

me up.

him before?

around me.

into his kind eyes.

blade. "It's Hydra."

pulled towards him. Safe.

feel bad at all. "Natasha called me."

away from me. "Wait-"

onto a new set of thoughts I've not felt in-

"Oh." He chuckles surprised. "I've missed you too."

"What- what are you all talking about?" I try to steer the conversation

I frown, looking into the room properly for the first time as I catch

"Steve?" I whisper, all of a sudden looking straight at him where he's sitting on the couch, looking at me with a kind smile. How did I miss

"Hi, Wanda." He greets me, standing up and my face contorts as tears invade my eyes again and I walk up to him, letting him wrap his arms

"What are you doing here?" I ask him, voice trembling, looking up

"I heard someone here wrecked the jet." He smiles at me and I don't

"You- you're here." I feel warm tears roll down my cheeks again and I bury my face in his chest, ignoring the confusion I feel from him.

I shake my head, my eyes closed as I stain his white shirt. I don't want to talk. I don't care about what they want. I don't care. They're here somehow and they should be glad. I don't understand. They're back. They can't leave again. They can't leave me again. I can't do it again. I won't do it again. They're back and I will bring them all back. I shiver at the prospect of holding onto my brother again. They're back. He

"I am." He rubs my back. "Look, Wanda, we need to talk."

could come back. My mom. My dad. They could come back.

"Wanda-" I hear Natasha's voice and feel her hand on my shoulder

I begrudgingly let go of Steve, instantly missing his strength, his gravitas. I feel so lightheaded, their emotions and thoughts are almost too many and complicated. I can't feel her. She doesn't ground me. I look around, but she's still not anywhere. Instead, I meet his familiar blues. I shu le away from Steve and to Vision's side. He places an arm around my shoulder and the mind stone blends into my thoughts, my scarlet pulsating strongly in me and I feel

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brushes them away with his thumb.

"I love you." He whispers and I sni le. "You're so beautiful. And you've got the biggest heart of us all. Letting us go doesn't mean we have to vacate your heart. It just means you can cherish us closer. My love, we need to go. We need to make it right."

"I don't want you to leave me." I whimper, looking up at him.

"I won't ever leave you, Wanda." He pulls me into his arms and I let him hold me as the tears continue flowing and my heart continues breaking. Why is he doing this?

"But you are. I couldn't hold you. I couldn't-" I gasp between sobs. It hurts so much. "I was alone."

"I know, my dear. And I'm so sorry. I am." He mutters against my head. "But you're not alone now."

"What do you- what do you mean?" I clumsily struggle to get the words out.

"You look at her the way you used to look at me." Vision whispers to me and I shake my head. Why is he doing this? "And she looks at you the same way, Wanda."

"But I don't- don't remember- her." I sob.

"Your heart does." He holds me tightly as all my heart does is break.

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A/N: Oooh, hope you liked a little bit of Wanda's side for a change!:) It wasn't TOO bad, was it?:)))) Consider this a warm-up.

a'

LOVEYOU angels x

Continue reading next part □