Wanda's POV å The air around me crackles uncomfortably, my scarlet allowing me to not only experience my own discomfort, but that of the bare atoms buzzing around me in the air, colliding and shooting o into another direction, only to inevitably collide once more to change direction. A never-ending cycle. It's unnerving. And loud. It makes me twitchy. I try to keep myself grounded by twirling the rings on my fingers, the motion making me stay in my body. a I stare, unseeing, eyes glossed over at the two bodies huddled in front of the computer screen on the table which separates me from them. They are muttering to each other but I'm not listening. I'm trying to not focus on my racing heart and my clammy hands. This is all because of me. ਕੰ Thoughts such as that one keep battering against the weak defense of my mind and I twirl more intently with the silver ring on my middle finger. It's the one Pietro bought for me. Well, he said he bought it, but I know he stole it. But it's the gesture that counts. Around and around and around I twirl it. đ Their whispering thoughts keep wanting to be heard, tickling so ly against the wall I've built up. They're agitated, stressed and scared, their emotions bleeding into mine and it is getting increasingly di icult to discern my own emotions from those around me. Usually, I would find solace in Vis' head, his thoughts a slow flowing stream of musings almost so foreign to me it's like listening to a foreign language, or maybe an opera. Now though, as much as I try to cling onto his thoughts, I fail, slipping and sliding, his mind not slotting into mine like it used to before. I wonder if something's changed him, if by him not dying at Thanos' hand like he originally did, he was changed, somehow. My Vis,I sigh heavily as another attempt at grounding myself in him fails. Darcy and that Yelena girl are virtual strangers to me, their presence is no solace to me. I don't like the way Yelena feels. She's unreadable, like Nat. But I trust Nat. I don't trust Blondie. My scarlet uncoils within me, desiring to tear. I know it's not the girl's fault, but something ugly unlocks in me when I feel her change when my Olivia is near. I don't even care to chastise myself for thinking about Olivia as mine. She feels like she belongs to me. And she herself thinks of me as hers, I can feel it whenever Vis touches my waist. Her jealousy is strong. And I selfishly enjoy it. ď Her thoughts have been the only thing keeping me somewhat sane and they're currently the only thing that are keeping me from myself flying o and tearing Hydra apart with my scarlet. The thought of doing that makes my scarlet burn underneath my skin, pulsating through my veins and my cells hotly and strongly, and I want to just let it burn. Oh, and I will. At the slightest indication of anythingbeing wrong, I will. The weak warnings of the others concerning Hydra are lost on me. What do they know of myscarlet? It's mine and I'm the only one who understands it, and it understands me. My scarlet reminds me of Olivia and me. As much as I don't remember her, or know her, I understand her, and I can see it in her eyes and feel her understanding me. With my scarlet, I'll always be kept safe, and with her, I feel safe. a I close my eyes as I feel the air around me vibrate in all sorts of di erent colors and histories, and I feel the cold air on my cheeks as if it were real, the familiar feeling of dipping my entire body into a warm bath filling my muscles as my thoughts slow down, like a jigsaw I'm so ly pressing against her consciousness. It takes a considerable amount of concentration for me to stay with her, and I have to willingly upkeep the connection. Faintly, so faintly, I feel the burning hot presence of Nat, and the oceanic consciousness of Steve. They're alright. वं I let myself stay with her, her consciousness lulling me into a false sense of security and comfort as the prickling atoms around me fade away and everyone else fades into nothingness. I'm not in her mind, I cannot hear her thoughts or really discern her emotions, and although I want nothing more than to understand all of her at all times, I would never invade her person in that way. I hate doing that as much as everyone hates me for being able to do it. So instead, I just feel all of her, making sure she's alright. I don't understand the pull my scarlet feels whenever she's near, and I don't quite understand why my body wants to be near her at all times, and as much as it confuses me to feel so much for someone I cannot remember meeting, it also intrigues me. Vis wants me to let go and hold onto her, but he doesn't understand human emotion. He just thinks with his brilliant, one-of-a-kind, and amazingly intricate mind, but he doesn't truly ever justfeel. My lips curl upwards as I'm reminded of the countless times I would want to rip him apart as he would annoy me to no end with his logical thinking. Solutions, solutions, solutions. There's a small hitch in Olivia's thoughts, which perks me up, and my scarlet prickles hotly back in my body. a Olivia's POV The air around me is stifling, and I feel like I'm about to pass out any second. I try to focus on my breathing. Steady, dependable. In and out. Easy, right? Fuck, I can't keep my hands from shaking ever so slightly. I can't decide if all I want to do in this moment is to throw up or to start running away. It feels like I've taken ten steps back, standing here in this Hydra uniform. I keep waiting to lose control over my body and become nothing less than a prisoner inside my own mind. I try to push those thoughts away and ground myself in my breath. "Right, I give up! I literally can't make you look evil, Steve. No, don't make that face at me!" Natasha lets out an airy laugh, which brings me into the present and out of my mind. I turn to look at them. Natasha is standing in front of Steve with her hands on her hips, looking up at Steve, who, despite wearing a uniform that only stands for evil, looks like he might burst into song at any moment and give everyone around him warm hugs. It won't work. a "He should put on a helmet. Will make him less recognizable." I mutter darkly, bending to grab one of the half-naked guards' helmets and handing it over, my body feeling awkward in these clothes. I briefly wonder if it was any of these guards who watched me change that time, and I shiver at the unwelcome memory. "Oh, yeah, good idea." Steve smiles at me, but I can't reciprocate his smile in fear that I would just end up grimacing at him. Natasha and I watch Steve place the helmet over his blonde hair. It doesn't really suit him, but at least it won't instantly draw everyone's attention to him. Natasha pats him on the chest, turning to look at me with inquisitive eyes, but whatever question she's pondering in her head she does not pose. Instead, she looks o slightly to the distance as she speaks to Darcy, keeping the line of communication open and clear. Darcy lets us know that as soon as we exit this room, we will be in the main section of the base, from where we should go down two stories deeper into the earth. On that level, we should be able to find a room that houses the central base for all Hydra electronics, and from which all their information flows. If we erase Wanda's file from those computers, it should disappear from everywhere - as long as we get the physical copy of it too. It sounds easy enough, as long as no one recognizes us. I cannot ignore the gnawing fear in me much longer; it's speak now or never. "What if they get me, and they make me... do things?" I awkwardly express my worry, scrunching up my face as I sound small and frightened, the opposite of how I want to come across. "Don't worry, they won't." Steve tries to placate me, but it's not enough. "No, you shouldn't have brought me. If anything happens... if they take me... I could, I could hurt you or-" "Liv, you flatter yourself, both Steve and me can easily take you on. Don't worry about us. We will be just fine." Natasha tells me, her voice sounding matter of fact and almost tired of this conversation, but she does give me a warm smile to counter her tone. I am not at all assured by this, but there's really no point in arguing. And, even if I wanted to, it's too late. Natasha and Steve are already assembling by the last door shielding us from Hydra. I try to bite down my fear, knowing that if they speak those words, I'll be lost. And she's not here to save me, as usual. Stay safe! suddenly feel her with me, pushing aside my hesitancies, just as though she knew I needed her right now. It warms my chest and I break out a tiny smile as I walk up to the other two. Little am I aware of how much she's having to fight for those two, four-letter words to reach me. But they do, and I feel momentarily soothed. a Natasha turns her head towards me, giving me a quick look. She tilts her head slightly, a little smile on her lips. "Damn, who got you smiling like that?" a "The promise of fucking Hydra over." I tell her as Wanda's familiar presence ebbs away from me. "Hmm. I'll take that as an okay, I'm ready to go." Natasha grins and I nod determinedly. "1059, come in?" A static voice crackles to life from one of the untimely deceased agents. The three of us stare at each other for a second. "1059? Come in." Steve finally reacts and crouches down by the "1059, copying." He looks at Natasha and me and shrugs innocently. "Is everything okay? There's been some commotion by the outer perimeter." "Er, yes, all a-ok over here, ugh, thank you very much. Over." Steve fumbles awkwardly and there's an uncomfortable silence as whoever is on the other end of the connection seems to weigh Steve's answer. "Okay, thank you, 1059. Over." "Alright, that was... well, here we go." Steve breathes out, walking over to the other end of the room and beginning to force the heavy metal door open. We enter a huge room. The ceiling is low and everything is gray. I instantly feel stifled and claustrophobic under the uneasy lighting. Everywhere I look, passageways speed out from the walls, and on the wall furthest away from us, three elevator sha s are installed. The space isn't empty; there are Hydra agents walking about, but it's not as busy as I would have hoped in order for us to pass entirely undetected. The three of us begin walking towards the elevators on the far end, Darcy's voice quiet in our ears. My body seems to have forgotten how to naturally walk, and every step feels like a misdirect. I try to remain calm and unassuming, Wanda's words to me echoing in my empty skull. I need to do this, and I need to get back to her. Who the fuck designed this place? Why are the elevators so far away? With every inch of the floor we cover, I feel my heart beat against my chest, feeling as though we're about to get caught out any second. But no one speaks to us or glances at us. It's like everyone is too scared to look up from their feet, rushing to get to their destination. And we make it to the elevators. Steve reaches out and presses the call button, and then we have to wait. It's excruciating, but we just stand there. Natasha and Steve are on my right, but I don't dare look at them, so I just stare forward at the metal grates in front of me, every noise in my vicinity excruciatingly loud. The elevator takes its fucking time to get to us. I break out in a slight cold sweat. I was never great at undercover ops, back when I worked for the FBI. I was best just out in the field, where I was me and my target wasn't some slippery hundred-year-old terrorist organization out to kill someone I lov- or, care about. The elevator finally rattles up to meet us. I'm not so sure we can trust the contraption at all as it looks like it existed when the Titanic sank, but Natasha pulls the old door open, looking at me with green eyes which o er no room for debate. With a lowered head, I step in. Steve follows, with Natasha close behind. The elevator sinks slightly and I gulp, not foreseeing dying like this. "Which floor, Darce?" Natasha whispers next to me, her lips barely "Two down." Darcy replies, her voice serious. The depth of which we're at already makes the sound crackle as it comes through our earpieces. As soon as Natasha has pressed her finger against the button, the elevator shudders to life and we start descending. The base seems old, everything about it worn and as though the earth is trying to reclaim what was taken from it, swallowing the base whole. I glance at Natasha and Steve, both standing stoically in their Hydra uniforms. Neither of them seem to share my apprehension, but I know better than to judge what I can read on the outside. Natasha especially is no stranger at smoothing over her emotions, pretending as though the waters are still, no waves rumbling beneath the mirror-smooth surface. Steve's jaw tenses occasionally, betraying his nerves slightly. I can but imagine how he must be feeling, deep down in the belly of the monster that swallowed his closest and oldest friend whole. I let out a shuddering exhale, looking up at the old flickering light of the elevator. Fuck this. a A er what feels like years, the elevator stops. The doors are yanked open with a creak, revealing four Hydra agents. They look at us briefly. My blood turns to ice and I turn my head to look at the dial indicating the floors. We only got to level -1. I have to step over to the right as the four new bodies enter the elevator, separating me from Natasha and Steve. The silence is thick. Someone presses level -4. The doors close loudly, and the elevator creaks into motion again. Someone clears their throat. My heart thumps against my chest, but I know my outer appearance reveals nothing. I stand tall and confident, staring straight ahead. "1045?" One of the Hydra agents speaks, and I turn my head to look over at who spoke, trying to read the situation. There's a moment of silence, which feels way too long. My heart pounds viciously, and my brain is stumbling over itself trying to decipher what the tall Hydra agent meant. He turns fully towards Natasha now, who doesn't look confused at all, just stares blankly back at the man. "Yes?" She replies, calmly waiting, her voice husky. Steve shoots her a concerned look. "1045. I was under the impression that you were posted on outer surveillance until 3015 o'clock." The Hydra agent sounds too suspicious for my liking. The other three Hydra agents are now curiously listening in on the conversation, shooting Natasha wondering looks. I suddenly realize we're all wearing numbers on our uniforms, and Natasha's reads 1045 right across her right breast. Shit. "I was, but I was told to stop by level -2 to pick up additional supplies." Natasha lies with a straight face, masterfully adding a slight sound of honest confusion to her tone. "I was not made aware of a need for additional supplies." The same tall, muscular Hydra agent continues. "Not from level two, either." "It is only a couple more flashlights, sir, as we've got three defective ones. I'm certain such a low-priority transfer would not be relaid." Natasha gives the guard a polite smile, so e ectively playing the part I forget to doubt her story. The Hydra agent hums in thought, still turned towards Natasha. The elevator slows down somewhat, announcing our immediate approach to level -2. I hold my breath, wishing Steve would stop glancing over at Natasha every three seconds. "Very well." The dark Hydra agent finally relents and I exhale, my chest feeling tight. "1059, why have you le your post?" My head snaps back towards Natasha and Steve. I have to tilt my body forwards slightly to see past the two guards in my way, but I am almost certain 1059 must be Steve's number. How didn't we notice the numbers on our jackets? Shit, it's such a rookie mistake I feel we almost deserve to get caught. My eyes catch Natasha's and she imperceptibly shakes her head, telling me to not engage. "I thought it best to join 1045 as I needed the bathroom, sir." Steve's voice rings in my ears politely, and although I want to melt to the ground at the stupidity of his lie, the military tone in his voice might just save his ass. "You needed the bathroom?" The tall Hydra agent repeats, sounding almost incredulous. The guard next to me snickers. "Yes, sir," Steve confirms. No one knows what to say for the next moments as the elevator comes to a stop. I don't dare make an attempt to open the doors as I fear any movement may attract attention to me, and I have no clue why I supposedly le my station. Did I need to grab a co ee? "I will make a note of this on your file, Soldat." The Hydra agent states and Steve seems to nod. I dare extend an arm, pushing the elevator doors open, making sure to not show the agent my torso so they won't be able to read my number. I hold the doors open as Natasha and Steve begin to follow "1059, stay." The Hydra agent suddenly commands and we all freeze. Shit, fuck, shit. "May I-" Steve begins politely, but the tall Hydra agent seems to have had enough. "No, you may not! Step back inside, you can go to the bathroom a er you scrub the bathrooms on level four clean of shit!" The agent angrily spits, his voice strained and a bulging vein appears on the side of his neck, causing him to look slightly mad. I stare at him, and then the realization hits me. How could I not have realized? How slow can I be? I can't stop staring at the guard. It's Greer. The same Greer who led the hit on Wanda the first time. The same Greer who led the hit on Stark's warehouse. It's fucking Greer. And he has seen my face enough to remember me. He doesn't seem to have noticed me yet. "Guys, what's happening?" I hear Darcy's voice trembles in my ear, but we don't answer her. "Of course, sir." Steve retreats back into the elevator, earning curious glances from the other three Hydra agents. He shoots Natasha a look. As the door begins to close, Greer's eyes suddenly snap straight to mine, looking me straight in the eyes and my heart stops beating. He doesn't move a muscle in his face, just stares at me. The last thing I see as the door slams shut is him smiling straight at me. a He knows. a "Nat-" I turn on my heels to face Natasha, who's still staring at the closed elevator doors. "It's fine, Liv-" "No, Nat, they know." I stumble over the syllables, trying to get the words out as quickly as possible. "Guys, the connection's fishy, what's happening?" Darcy's voice wheezes through the earpieces again, crackling more strongly now and I can barely understand what she's saying. "What do you mean they know?" Natasha smirks. "Liv, you're "No, Nat, I'm not playing. I know that guy. His name's Greer. He's been working with Hydra since the beginning, he's-" "You know him?" Natasha interrupts, her smirk fading. "You're sure, Liv?" "One hundred percent." I nod, serious as ever, my heart pounding in my ears, adrenaline coursing through my veins. Natasha's brows pull together at my words, instantly turning around, surveilling our surroundings. I do the same. We're at the beginning of a long, white tunnel. There are a couple of grey metal doors dotted on either side of the tunnel. There's no one around us. "Okay." Natasha tuns back towards me, clearly thinking furiously about how to proceed. "We -our mission is still retrieving Wanda's files. We should- we should keep that our priority. Steve... Steve knows how to handle himself. He'll be fine. We get the files, then we get Steve, and then we get the fuck out of this shitty place, alright?" Natasha breathes out, her green eyes wide and I can tell she's not liking this turn of events. At all. She's pale, but determined. It's clear to me she's worried, there's a small wrinkle right between her brows, and I know it must be di icult for her to not instantly get Steve. I give her a taut smile and a nod, which she returns. "Darce?" WANDA'S POV My stomach is in knots as I stand slightly behind Vis' tall body, my hands crossed defensively across my chest. Darcy's furiously typing away on the keyboard that makes way. Too much noise for my liking, her brows furrowed and her manicured fingers but a blur. The computer screen shows things I cannot understand. Her mind is clicking as loudly as the keyboard, turn, twist, race, twist, race, turn. Vis' mind would usually be my bu er when the Avengers had meetings like these, emotions running high, everyone's minds furiously hacking away at issues and problems. Vis' mind would calmly and expectedly, logically, hum and I could latch onto his consciousness which would work through the issues almost without the noise of human emotions. Now, he does not o er that solace, and in my worried state, I'm truly struggling to shut out Darcy and Yelena, while staying with Olivia. My head pounds painfully. Blondie is pacing the length of the quintet, muttering foul words to herself in Russian, forgetting I can understand her, or maybe, she just pesn't care. I would bet on the latter. Vis is focused on wha Darcy is working on, completely forgetting about me. I try to not let that hurt me a little. Back in the day, he would always shoot me concerned glances. I hear the crackling of the team's earpieces through the small, gray speaker next to Darcy's computer on the table. Their voices are almost not understandable. I can hear Olivia's voice, and I can hear the urgency in her voice, and it matches the snippets of weak emotions I can perceive from her end of the bond I'm struggling to upkeep. "Hey, guys? Do you copy?" Darcy tries again to establish a connection, her fingers momentarily stopping their incessant dance across the keyboard. "Going - Wanda's - location?" Natasha's voice jumbles through and Darcy curses under her breath. "Try rerouting through there, Darcy." Vis o ers, pointing at the screen, and Darcy's eyebrows shoot up as she nods, fingers clacking away again and I have to turn away, raking my fingers through my messy hair. Blondie kicks a bench, cursing loudly as she jumps on one foot, folding her other in her hands as her face is contorted in pain. Her mind erratically attacks mine, giving Olivia a run for her money in terms of loudness. I roll my eyes. "I saw that, witchy." Blondie's voice reaches me and I open my eyes, finding her already looking at me. I don't reply, just frown slightly, trying to decipher who this woman really is. I know there's a harness to her, just as there is to Nat. But hers is dierent. It's less... complicated, as though Blondie has decided to completely accept and work with her darkness, whereas Nat constantly pushes hers away. "Don't tilt your head at me, Witchy, you don't intimidate me. Stay out of my head." Blondie growls and I chuckle at the little blonde woman, so cute, thinking she could scare me. "What would I do in your head? There's not much in there for me to see, is there." I mutter, getting I rise out of picking on her, finding it amusing how her thoughts race as she looks at me and I annoy her. "I'll let that slide because you're worried for Olivia." The girl tells me, and my stomach twists as her name leaves her lips. "I'm worried for all of them." I correct Blondie, biting the inside of my cheek as my scarlet swirls within me worriedly. "I know, so am I." She grimaces as tears overwhelm her eyes and her emotions lurch within her, all of them strong and overpowering. I find myself subconsciously trying to lean against Vis' consciousness to keep her emotions at bay, but he isn't of any help. My connection with Olivia is too tempered because of her distance from me and so I'm le to be battered by all of Blondie's loud, overpowering emotions. They seep into me, filling me with anger, annoyance but most of all fear. Fear strong enough to paralyze me. Fear for her sister. Fear for Olivia, for whom she has... feelings she can't discern, and fear for Steve, for whom her heart lights up fondly. "It's..." I open my mouth but I don't know what to say. I try to push away her emotions from me, seeking out Olivia to ground me as I feel myself becoming swept away. I can barely feel her, but her consciousness is still out there. I attach myself and feel slightly less bombarded, and I let out a small breath. "It'll be okay." Blondie looks up at me, at first defensively, almost angrily, but then her face relaxes and she takes a hesitant step forward towards me. "Do you really think so?" I watch the younger woman look at me with such desperation that I feel obliged to just nod mutely. Blondie nods with me, as though that makes my false conviction more real. "Yeah, it will be. If not, I'm going to seriously kick some ass." She pauses, looking up at me curiously. I tilt my head at her, an invitation for her to speak her mind, which I sense is buzzing with a question she's wanted to ask for a while. "Do you really care for her, Wanda?" I don't have to ask her who she is referring to. My heart glows so ly at the thought of her, and that gnawing feeling of fear returns to me. "I do." I whisper, not really understanding why, but now, I'm too tired to keep pushing it away. I take a deep breath as Blondie gives me another small nod, stepping closer, and suddenly, without warning, she gives me a hug. I tense up, and so does she, but still, she doesn't let go. It's as though she needs to hug me just as much as she probably feels she needs to be hugged. Probably not by me, but she'll take whatever she can. So, instead, she squeezes me so ly, her hug warm and so and I can't put relax slightly in her arms. I don't hug her back, but I don't have to. I feel her thoughts slightly change feeling as she holds me before she steps back, looking at me inquisitively. "This doesn't mean I likeyou, witchy. You still better be careful." She warns me, one finger waving in front of her face and I can't help but let out a small laugh. "Don't worry, I don't like you either, Blondie." I tell her, but with a small smile on both of our faces. I don't even notice how during our small interaction, she managed to distract me from my anxiousness and my fear, but now it returns with full force as I suddenly feel a cold, icy fear run through my veins. a "What is it, Wanda?" Yelena takes a step closer, placing her hand on my lower arm, holding onto me, her face going blurry in front of me as I float miles away, my scarlet pulling me far below ground until I can feel her in my veins, her terror mine. "You seriously thought you'd cross Hydra and get away with it, did you?" Strucker looks at Olivia condescendingly as she struggles against the agents holding her in their steely grip. My scarlet pulsates strongly and I struggle to stay with her. I wildly panic, silent. а "Considering I got away twice before, I thought third time's the charm," Olivia says through gritted teeth, her eyes fluttering over, concerned, to where Natasha lies, unconscious on the floor, a trickle of blood slowly oozing from the cut on her forehead. "Third time's the charm indeed." Strucker hums in agreement. "You've really delivered this time, Olivia, and I didn't even have to employ Vernut. Not only did you return, you brought me Romano and Rogers. What gi s, and you're not even done." Fear grips Olivia's heart and thus my heart at the name, and at the mention of Steve. Does this mean he's been captured, too? I hear her think loudly, her thoughts racing loudly. I feel her furiously rack her brain for a plan, but it's coming up stubbornly empty. I feel so insignificant, so far away from her as she's sinking. Her pain is searing as she tries to keep the tears from escaping from her beautiful eyes, her hatred for Strucker seeing her in tears would be the worst humiliation. Think, Liv, think, you idiot! She practically yells at herself and I desperately try to find the strength in me to let her feel that I'm with her, but the strength required by me to keep me with her at all is so much I can feel my physical body shaking. Livvy's feeling too much to notice me. "Wanda?" "What do you mean I'm not done?" Livvy says, trying to buy herself some time by keeping Strucker talking. Strucker lets out an icy laugh which freezes whatever warmth I can still feel in her body, Strucker's taut, long face breaking out into a maniacal-looking grin, her red lips pulled wide into a smile that doesn't quite look like a smile. a "You'll give us Maximo, too, before the night is over, I believe." Strucker muses, looking at my Livvy like she's some sort of foreign animal she's managed to capture, and my anger flares hotly and I'm surprised Livvy still hasn't caught onto my presence, but I understand how she's missed me amongst her strongly swirling whirlpool of emotions which are threatening to drown us both. "I don't know where she is. As you might remember, you conveniently made her forget all about me." Livvy spits out, trembling slightly in the Hydra agents' hold, her words tearing at her heart. "She wants nothing to do with me." "Wanda?" "Hmm. She indeed cannot remember you, but unfortunately for Maximo, she won't be able to let me hurt you. She'll be here." Strucker calmly declares, walking closer to Livvy, and Livvy's body shudders as her brain is accosted by involuntarily being taken back to memories of her slumped over the chair, too spent a er the electric knives slices her insides open. I feel her memories as my own, suddenly a floodgate of my own memories rushing back to me of how it felt to sit in that chair as the hot and cold current ripped at my atoms, tearing me apart, kissing me away. a "Oh, or is she already here?" Strucker's voice peaks slightly, bringing me back to Livvy, and her cold, bony fingers taking a hold of Livvy's jaw, tilting her head up to meet her icy eyes. Her eyes stare into Livvy's intently, like a hawk watching its prey. My scarlet burns painfully. "Hello there, Maximo ." Strucker whispers into my eyes, no, Livvy's eyes and Livvy's body freezes as she finally recognizes me, feeling my warmth within her. No, no, no, Wanda. t's okay, my love. I'm with you, I'm here, I try to calm her, keeping my presence like a ra for her to cling onto. My scarlet flows through me and it's like it's flowing through her veins too. It seems to do nothing to calm Livvy, though, but quite the opposite. Her emotions rumble Please leave, Livvy begs silently while she tries to push me away, but I push back harder, finding strength I didn't know I had, and my scarlet burns, burns, hot and uncontrollable. Something changes. I overpower Livvy. I'm in her, I'm her, I'm everywhere. a "Let them go." Livvy's voice suddenly speaks my will out loud, and I'm bombarded with Livvy's weak surprise and fear of me taking over her body. Her fear mixes with mine. I falter, my surroundings in the quin jet momentarily reappearing, before I'm back in Livvy's body, once more a mere passenger instead of at the wheel. "I don't plan to, no." Strucker's voice pulls me back and I grip onto Livvy's consciousness as she tries to fight me o . "But, I promise you, I won't hurt them too badly if you show yourself." "Wanda!" Someone shakes my shoulders so hard I'm yanked away from Livvy; I lose my hold and I'm back in myself. I stumble, losing my foothold, but I'm caught by someone as my surroundings flicker, making me feel ill, and my stomach turns. My body has no strength in it and I fold like a deck of cards, my vision going black for a moment. "Wanda, what's going on, darling?" I open my heavy eyelids as Vis places a so hand on my cheek. I'm in the quinjet, staring up at the ceiling as I'm lying on the cold floor. Vis' face floats right above mine, Yelena and Darcy's above his. I turn to my side as a wave of nausea sweeps through my body and I vomit, my body convulsing weakly, my throat burning, and my eyes filling with tears. Vis holds onto me, slowly caressing my back as I expel the meager contents of my stomach again. "You're fine." He murmurs to me soothingly and I let out a so sob, feeling so weak and overwhelmed by what I just experienced. Clearly done with puking, I try to sit up, but I'm still shaking, finding it hard. Thankfully, Vis realises what I'm trying to do, and Yelena quickly gets down on the other side of me, helping Vis help me up. My scarlet pulsates weakly in me and I'm too tired to even feel their concern for me. Another sob wrecks through my entire body, the a ershocks of Livvy's fear still running through me and I feel paralyzed. "Wanda, my darling, you're alright." Vis' voice is too compassionate, which just makes me feel more inadequate and insu iecient. My eyes burn as more tears spill over. "Oh, my love." Vis pulls me into his chest, which mu les the rest of my sobs. I cling to his shirt, shaking violently, my body so spent. I try to make sense of what just happened, but my thoughts are so jumbled. Why was Strucker there? What happened to Nat? Why wasn't she moving? And Livvy's fear, it was so paralyzing. She was so scared they'd turn her back into a prisoner within herself. I don't understand. Vis caresses my back patiently as I sob into him, feeling powerless and helpless, but I can't compartmentalize as whatever just happened seems to have drained me of all my energy, lowering my walls. I've never done what I just did to Livvy before, and the thought of what I just did threatens to make me sick again. I promised I wouldn't look into her head, and I just did something so much worse. But it wasn't on purpose, I can barely understand what happened, it's all so confusing; her feelings, my feelings, her thoughts, my thoughts, where did she start and end and I begin? a "Wanda, darling, you need to tell us what happened so we can help." Vis' chest vibrates as he speaks so ly raking his fingers through my hair just like he used to do, how he used to calm me down when I was in the midst of a panic attack a er Pietro le me. "Strucker-" I blurt out, my voice rough, gravelly, and thick, mu led against his shirt as I refuse to move away from the safety that is him. He holds me tighter. "She's - they've - Hydra has them." I tremble in his arms again as another wave of sadness overwhelms me, paralyzes me. I feel him sti en up around me. "What did she?" Yelena wonders quietly, her accent strong. "Did she - blyad!" She curses hotly and I hear shu ling. "Yelena, stop, you have to think-" Darcy sounds pleading. "I told them to take me - I know these things! I was always good -Natasha is so stupid!" Yelena yells. "Darcy, get out of my way! I'm going!" "Wait!" I sni le, finally untangling myself from Vis. I sound small and my voice is scratchy, but Yelena pauses nonetheless at the exit of the jet. "Take me with you." "Witchy, you're shaking. Stay. I don't want Olivia to kill me because I made you faint." Yelena manages to smile at me but I shake my head, pushing myself o of Vis, my body reeling from the e ort I just spent, but I begin to make my way to standing nonetheless. "I said I'm-" I stagger, but Vision's quick to catch me. "I'm coming." "Witchy-" "Please." I plead, my eyes tearing up again and Yelena pauses. a "Blyad!" She sighs desperately, running her hands across her face.

A/N: Another long one, oof, I hope these aren't too long for your

parts which I apparently like to write very... confusingly, lol!

there potential for a friendship? Who knows....

love me, xoxoxoxoxoxoxo

I thought it'd be interesting to jump POV's here a bit more as I rarely do that, so hopefully, this wasn't too disjointed, especially Wanda's

Kind of loved sneaking in a little Wanda-Yelena moment in there, is

Anywho, things are going SPLENDIDLY, aren't they???? I know you

Continue reading next part  $\Box$ 

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liking!!!

**Chapter 96**