"Natasha?" I croak out, my voice tired and scratching my throat painfully as it leaves my lips. đ Natasha does not reply. In fact, she doesn't do anything. She doesn't move from where she is, sprawled out on the floor. The blood continues to very slowly trickle out of the cut along her forehead, creating a little pool by her face. She looks pale, surrounded by red. I'm worried. The blood hasn't stopped trickling, and she has been out cold for probably a good fi een minutes. I try to pull on my restraints, but the cu s cut into my skin harshly with no give at all. I'm stuck watching her like that. I growl, annoyed at my situation. I cannot believe we made it so close. I crane my neck to the le, squinting in the harsh fake light, recognizing the computer Natasha was hacking into with the help of Darcy and Vision. It sits there, hauntingly close. The room which is filled with wires and computers around me hums contently on, blissfully unaware of what turmoil I'm in. A couple of minutes more, and Natasha would have managed to reset the hard drive, and the multicolored chords emanating from the computer, taking thousands of bytes of information through to wherever in the world would have seized to do so. They would have forgotten all about Wanda. And then, all we had to do is grab the physical drive, get Steve, and get back to Wanda. So close. a But naturally, not a single thing can go right for me, ever. I scowl at the memories of the Hydra agents suddenly swarming us from all directions we didn't even realize they could come at us from. Their guns drawn. Their faces covered. Eyes gleaming under the fluorescent lights. And then her. I thought I was having a nightmare, asleep on the couch in the cabin. Unfortunately for me, the sound of her gun hitting the side of Natasha's head is too real in my head still now, and the mental image of Natasha's eyes rolling back in her head as she just crumbled so easily is hard to shake. And I just stood there, unable to move my body because of the handful of guns aimed at my face. a I stare at the redhead, the sight of her so vulnerable not sitting right with me. She's Natasha Romano . She's the Black Widow. She is supposed to be unbeatable. She's not supposed to get hurt. The most human out of all the Avengers, and yet the most inhuman in her strength. And she went down so easily. I shiver, trying to yank myself free again, my shoulders sti and dully aching, the restraints just cutting into my wrists more, most probably drawing a little bit of blood. I struggle to make my brain work with me here, to figure out a plan. There must be a plan. But my head remains stubbornly empty. The only thing I find some sort of solace in is that I am indeed tied up. That shows that however confident Strucker feels in her plan, she isn't one hundred percent confident in me, and their control of me. Maybe I showed them that I could indeed bypass their stupid Vernut programming in me when I escaped with Wanda. The thought of Wanda makes me involuntarily shiver, the hairs rising on the back of my neck. It feels near unsettling, now that I'm alone again in the large facility. Well, now that I'mtruly alone. I feel slightly numb ever since Wanda's consciousness le me. A er Wanda forced her way into my head the way she did, I'm now sporting a dull headache and a numb body that feels foreign to me. Like something isn't right. I haven't had time to process that event at all, as I've been occupied by thoughts about Natasha's state. But now, realizing I actually am not able to free myself from the stupid restraints keeping me hostage to the side of the table which is secured to the floor, I have ample opportunity to think about my situation. It isn't looking great. What the fuck even happened? I feel slightly sick, remembering how I tried to push her out of my head, how her usually comforting warmth felt sweltering and stifling, was making it hard to breathe. How when I tried to push back, she pushed back, harder. I felt her scarlet push through me, the magic hotly, slowly coursing into my consciousness, like small, sharp knives cutting my body away from me until I was cornered, unable to move, speak or think. I shut my eyes, trying to not liken the feeling to that of being stuck in my body as whatever Hydra created takes over. This is Wanda, and it's not the same. a But it is A small voice of my consciousness pipes up, and my stomach sinks as I know it is right and thus allowing it a foothold. She promised you she would never invade your privacy like that. She promised she would never read your mind without your permission. How does she go from that to completely showing up everywhere, squashing you away? a To add to everything, it seems as though everything we've done has gone precisely according to Strucker's plan. As if we've all behaved almost boringly according to her will. I cannot really seem to argue with that observation, sitting here on the cold floor, alone with a passed-out Natasha, arms yanked back, unable to move, just hoping that whatever Wanda saw when she was in my head wasn't enough to send her barging down here. Because thatis certainly exactly according to Strucker's plan. Wandal try loudly shouting for her in my head, waiting silently with a loudly thumping heart for her familiar presence to flood me.

I sigh exasperatedly, yanking at my restraints again. Nothing. Why do I have the bad feeling of Wanda being stupid enough to try to come and save us, and not even Darcy or Vision being able to talk any sense into her? I can't count on Yelena at all, for she would probably run hand in hand with Wanda if it meant getting to join the action. Strucker will be well pleased; her plan has gone fantastically so far. I'm not certain she meant for Wanda and me to escape when we were at Stark's facility, but her toying with Wanda's head held up well enough. She still cannot remember me. My stomach sinks at the prospect of Wanda coming here, so susceptible to Strucker's manipulation. Here's to hoping I convinced her to trust me enough...

Nothing happens. So much for being "loud".

Without anything better to do, I just wait. My arms go numb and my legs start feeling like they've got needles in them. I keep an eye on Natasha while I try to somehow feel that stupid mist within me, my last-ditch e ort. Nothing happens as I try to force the weird, slippery magic to resurface. The only thing I manage is to feel is a similar feeling of wooziness to the one I experienced a er I brought Wanda and myself back in time. "Fuck sake!" I growl, frustrated as I feel my surroundings shi slightly

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as my head spins. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" I hu and let the feeling of nauseousness wash over me, waiting for it to pass with my eyes shut. Then, I suddenly hear shu ling behind the closed door to the room I am stuck in. My heart instantly picks up

speed and I feel nervous, not knowing what to expect with Strucker. What will she do to me this time? But it isn't Strucker who enters the room. Instead, the door explodes

open with a crackle of red scarlet and Wanda stands there, breathing heavily, a scared expression on her face and I've never been so angry and so happy at seeing anyone ever.

Her lips move quietly as her eyes find mine and at one I feel reassured, but also so scared. She cameShe drops her outstretched hand and steps cautiously in, her head turning towards Natasha and concern washes across her face. Before she is able to move further, Yelena storms into the room, wildly breathing. She looks around, then noticed Natasha and scrambles over to her. She drops to her

knees by her sister. "Sestra?" I hear her scared voice murmur to Natasha's unconscious body as she cradles it in her arms, shaking. Then, Vision and Darcy join us in the room. Vision calmly notes my

existence before he joins Yelena with Natasha. Darcy swears so ly under her breath, looking around the room. Vision crouches down next to the sisters, examining Natasha.

"She'll be alright. We need to stop the bleeding." He notes matter of factly, his British accent bouncing around the walls, and Darcy hurries over to help.

I tear my eyes o the group to turn back to Wanda, who still has not moved from her spot. She stares at Natasha, still seemingly ridden with... what is that expression on her face? Guilt? As if she seems to sense my eyes on her, she turns her head towards me. Her eyes sparkle sharply, seeing right through me. Yes, definitely guilt now. don't like seeing her so insecure. As much as I feel conflicted about what she did to me, my heart still pulls toward her. I shoot her a wonky smile. Like seeing me tied up? think loudly, not wanting the others to hear me, but I know Wanda did as her eyebrows hike up her forehead, giving her a comical look as her face flushes slightly. đ My words seem to make her regain control over her limbs, as she hurries toward me, her long hair swirling behind her. "I'm so sorry Livvy. I'm so sorry!" Wanda sni s so ly as she throws herself down on her knees in front of me, her hands reaching out to the sides of my face. Her fingers are delicate against my cheeks, and I instantly feel blood rushing to my face. Her round eyes are filled with tears which she allows to flow down her hollow cheeks without bothering to hinder their downpour. a "I'm so sorry. I don't know what happened, I don't know - I'm so - can you forgive me?" Wanda mumbles, her voice thick and her accent seeps through as her bottom lip quivers miserably, her eyes searching mine desperately. Her hands haven't stopped worrying on the sides of my face and I feel su ocated, like I can't breathe. "Please, Wanda-" I trail o , pulling my face away from her, making her hands drop as her lips turn downward, her mouth opening slightly in a shaking exhale, her chest rising and falling erratically. "I'm so sorry, dorogoy-" She whines, finally breaking eye contact with me and I cut her o soly, my heart swooning as I don't miss the term she called me for the first time. She never called me that, even before Hydra. đ "Wanda, stop." My voice is gentle, but my words seem to startle her nonetheless, as though I've just shouted at her, and her lip quivers. Her eyebrows pull up in the middle, making her even more doe-eyed. She bites down on her lip to stop herself from talking. She looks so innocent; I could mistake her for a young girl being chastised by her parents for watching too much television. "I was just going to ask you to untie me, please. My arms might fall o any second." I give her a wonky smile and she exhales in an almost laugh, quickly tilting her torso to the le, peeking around me at my restraints. "I thought you-" "Don't worry." I cut her o , shaking my head. I don't want to have an argument with her now. I just want to hug her. I watch Wanda raise a slightly shaking hand, giving me an uncertain, guiltily questioning look. I nod, imperceptibly, and small scarlet flames suddenly lick her fingers. I notice her fingers are dotted with an eclectic collection of rings. A small click, and my arms fall to my sides. Wanda leans back, watching me as I slowly bring my hands in front of my face, pulling a displeased face at seeing how the restraints dug into my skin, rendering my wrists red and sore. It burns, but at least now I can feel my fingers again. Wanda reaches out hesitantly, wrapping her hands around my sore wrists. I breathe out, looking into her eyes. Her round eyes inspect my wrists, me wincing slightly as she traces her thumb across them. The sound makes her eyes snap up at mine. Then, she does something I wouldn't have expected in a million years. She brings one of my wrists to her lips, and kisses it ever so gently, keeping her gaze so ly on mine as the green of her eyes calmly flickers. Then, she brings the other wrist to her lips, grazing them gently over my wound. a Needless to say, I have lost the ability to do anything but stare at her, my heart glowing brightly. "Better?" She whispers, her croaky voice low and deep and I can merely nod, making her smirk as she drops my wrists. đ I watch her stand up, extending a hand toward me. I take it, still completely flabbergasted by her. She knows exactly what she is doing. And right now, I have no issues with that whatsoever. I let her pull me up, steadying me as I stumble over my feet slightly. She places an arm around my waist as we wait for my queasiness to pass, but her arm around me, unfortunately, has the opposite of a steadying e ect upon my body. a "Are you okay?" She looks at me with such intensity I think I might burst into flame. "Y-yeah." I shudder and her eyebrows pull down slightly as she examines my face. "Did they hurt you?" "No, I'm okay." "Good. I was-" She pauses, seemingly surprising herself by almost admitting something to me. "I was worried about you. You three." "Natasha's lost a lot of blood." I note, looking over at where the three others are tending to Natasha, who is groaning so ly now, coming to. "I don't know where they took Steve, I'm so sorry, I-I shouldn't have come, I couldn't-" "It's okay, love, calm down." Wanda pulls me in slightly closer by my waist as I ramble. a Her hand around my waist strokes my side soothingly as she seems to think, her eyes on the group as I watch her side profile. Then, she looks at me, making sure I'm okay. Seemingly deciding I can be le, she drops her arm which I instantly miss as she goes to kneel by Natasha. "Hey, Tasha." Wanda carefully greets her friend. "Wanda?" Natasha sounds so confused as she opens her eyes, squinting. "What are you- why are you here?" "I'm here too, by the way." Yelena mutters, and I can hear the care in her voice. a "Lena?" Natasha tries to sit up while the whole group tries to urge her to stay down. "Tasha, you're going to have to stay still for a moment for me, okay?" Wanda speaks up again, placing her hand on her friend's forehead, above the still open gash. "Whatareyou? No, you know I don't like-" "Too bad, shut up and let Witchy do her thing." Yelena stops Natasha's whining with a stern voice and I frown at the new development of Yelena actually taking Wanda's side. I catch Wanda giving Yelena a small, appreciative smile. Vision seems to be certain that the situation is under control, as he motions for Darcy to stand up with him. They approach me silently as Natasha mumbles incoherently behind them. "Olivia, what computer was Natasha working on?" Vision asks me, looking down at me rather sternly, but his voice is so . "Here." I grumble, willing my sti legs to move and I walk them back to the computer Natasha was furiously trying to extract Wanda's file from before we got ambushed. "Darcy, you think you can get started on it again?" Vision looks down at the brunette, who nods determinedly. "How did... how did you guys make it in here?" I ask Vision while Darcy wakes the computer up. "Wanda." He replies as though it is the most natural answer ever. When he sees that his answer has not planted me, he elaborates, "She saw you were in trouble, and she just felt her way to you." "And they didn't stop you?" I scowl, unconvinced. "No. Nothing." Vision looks at me with narrowed eyes. "I believe you e thinking something, but not sharing it with me "Strucker set this whole thing up to get Wanda to come here. Why hasn't she done anything? Is she just going to let us take Wanda's file, just like this?" "I doubt the answer will be one we will enjoy." Vision correctly points out and I hu in agreement. "Okay guys, I'm in. I've just gotta find the file..." Darcy mutters as she works away. Vision and I watch her for a moment, both of us deep in thought about the mysterious lack of Hydra intervention. The fact that this has been so relatively easy so far makes me very uncomfortable. Strucker let Natasha and I get all the way to here before she intervened and made sure the rest of the team joined us. I bite the inside of my cheek, wondering what she's gunning for. I know she has probably had enough time to study Wanda's file by now, but has she had time to create whatever weapon that is able to remove Wanda's powers yet is the real question. I only know that I want to get everyone, and especially Wanda away from here as soon as possible. I turn around to the other three just in time to see Yelena and Wanda carefully help Natasha up to sit. Natasha's wound is gone. All that is le is some tried blood on her face and in her hair. She looks happily grumpy again, not enjoying the doting care of her sister and Wanda. "You look great." I grin at Natasha and the three of them look up at me. "Shut the fuck up." Natasha sighs, slapping away Wanda's hand. "Fair point." I chuckle and Wanda smiles up at me sweetly, making my chest flutter, but her smile drops quickly. Her expression switches to one of fear. "What?" I ask her but she just shakes her head, making Yelena and Natasha look over at her with similarly furrowed eyebrows.

Wanda stares out, seemingly at nothing, her lips slightly parted and her chest rapidly rising and falling. My chest instantly constricts in fear and I rush closer, kneeling down so my face is level with hers. She doesn't recognize my presence at all as I try to make eye contact with her glossy green eyes which only reflect myself back at me. "Wanda, what's wrong?" I whisper to her, my voice shaking slightly. Her round eyes slowly move to meet mine as they become more and

more mirror-like as they fill with tears. I try to not let her sadness wash over me as she looks like a little puppy, staring at me with her eyes like that. I have to remain calm for her. I go to speak her name again, but she interrupts me before I can even utter a sound, her voice small and fragile.

"What 'bout Steve?" Natasha is quick to ask, her voice sounding loud as opposed to Wanda's. I glance at Natasha, who is staring at Wanda next to her intently, as Wanda blinks a couple of times, gathering herself.

"S-Steve." She stutters, lower lip trembling slightly.

"He - he-" Wanda still seems to be miles away, so I shyly take one of her slack hands in mine, soothingly stroking my thumb back and forth across her skin in an attempt to ground her in the present. It

seems to help somewhat as Wanda's eyes flash at mine and then she goes to speak again.

"We need to find him. Now." She warns with some urgency to her voice.

I don't need her to tell me twice, I quickly stand up, pulling her with me. She shoots me a little smile that doesn't quite reach her eyes, but I know what she's trying to show me. I squeeze her hand before letting it go, turning on my heels to trot over to the place I was forced to drop my gun. As I pick it up, I hear Natasha begin to argue.

"No, I - I am going. You can't - can't stop me." She tries, her tongue sounding as though it's slow to obey her commands.

"No, Nat. You are in no condition." Yelena counters. I grab my gun, making sure it's safe before I pop it into the holster and turn around just in time to watch Yelena hold Natasha down on the ground. Natasha looks just as annoyed as I would expect her to,

but she also looks slightly sickly. "Nat, you're no good." I flatly tell the redhead who sends me a

seething look.

"I could kick your ass any time." She warns me through gritted teeth. "I don't doubt that." I shrug. "But we need to go now, and you need to chill for a bit."

I look around, seeing Vision watching us while Darcy's still hard at work trying to pry the file from the computer.

"You stay here with them-" I nod at the two, turning to Natasha. "Make sure they get the file safely. Then you make it up safely to the

jet. I assume you flew closer?" Vision nods in the a irmative and I nod back.

"Yelena, what do you want to do?" I turn to the blonde who's eyeing me carefully. "I want to..." She frowns, turning to her sister. "I stay. You take care of

Wanda, I'll take care of Nat." I smile, understanding her reasoning. I keep forgetting that Natasha's sudden reappearance is not only a ecting me. Yelena just got her sister back. By the looks of it, she's not ready to let her go just so quickly. Natasha however looks annoyed.

"No, you should go with them." "Nat, we'll be fine." I try to placate her. "I won't let anything happen

to either of them." Natasha narrows her eyes at me, but she seems to recognize her own condition, and instead of arguing further, she deflates slightly and I

take that as my cue. "Alright. As soon as we get Steve, we'll go straight to the jet. Wanda,

you remember where it is, right?" Wanda nods in the a irmative, giving me a look I can't quite place.

"Great. alright." I look around the room and feel slightly apprehensive, looking into each and everyone's eyes. "We'll see you soon, right?"

"See you soon." Natasha replies while the other nods. "Wanda?" I turn to the redhead, who is sporting a determined

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expression on her so features. It makes her look kind of fearsome. Also kind of hot, not going to lie. Not the time, Livl chastise myself while Wanda narrows her eyes and tilts her head at me slightly. I look away quickly, not wanting her to hear other less appropriate thoughts.

I take a tentative step towards the door, sensing Wanda following me close behind, so I take a breath and head held up high, I walk straight towards it.

"Wait." Wanda places a hand on my arm, sending shivers through my body.

I turn to look at her, but she closes her eyes, her dark eyelashes resting against her high cheekbones. She is still for a moment, then opens her eyes, her emerald irises swallowed up by her pupils as she looks at me.

"No one out there." She tells me, her voice husky and I nod, looking away and opening the door silently as I feel the air between us grow hot.

I step out into the hallway, and as expected, it's empty. Wanda follows me, closing the door a er us. I take a shaking breath, my hand constantly grazing the handle of the gun by my hip. Wanda

steps up next to me, turning her head le and right, lips parted. "Which wa-" I begin, but I'm cut o by her suddenly turning towards me, her eyes flashing, and then her lips are on mine, taking me by surprise.

I let out a small gasp into her lips, which makes her sneak her hand behind my head, holding me close. My eyes flutter shut as I subconsciously place my hands on her waist, pulling her closer to me, my heart tapping against my chest rapidly. I can't even try to think

about what is happening as all I am able to take in is the so ness of her lips against mine as she kisses me with surprisingly carefulness, her nails digging into the back of my neck as though I might disappear and her front pressing against mine. Just as I run out of oxygen, she leans back slightly, parting our lips. a

She stays like that for a moment, her chest rising and falling, pressing against mine, her breath skimming my face. I open my eyes, but she keeps hers closed. I can't help but so ly smile at the sight of her so close, her every little freckle visible to me, and I get lost in her face, forgetting anything else but memorizing her familiar features.

She opens her eyes, her normally green eyes dark. She watches me for a while, not moving or giving me any hint of what is going on inside her head. Her hand slowly moves from the back of my neck towards my cheek and she rests her hand there, her eyes moving to her thumb as she strokes it across my cheek, tracing an invisible path down to my lips. It moves across my lower lip, her eyes hungrily

following its path and I'm frozen like I'm her prey. Her eyes move up to meet mine again and she smiles sweetly, dropping her hand and I give her waist a squeeze, smirking.

"What was that, Maximo ?" I ask her, my voice coming out breathy, which makes her smile adorably, her eyes pulling me in and it takes a considerable amount of self-control to not let myself pull her in again.

"I just-" She pauses, her voice so so I can barely hear her. "Had to." a My lips pull up into a smile and I lean forward until our foreheads touch. I wrap my arms around her more fully, her waist in my embrace as she leans against me. Our noses bump against each

other's and my heart feels warm. She wraps her arms around the back of my neck. "Don't let it be the last one." I whisper, never wanting to let her go.

"Hmm. So you're a so ie, dorogoy." She murmurs and I grin. "Only for you." I say, not even bothered by how insanely cheesy I'm suddenly being. Wanda giggles cutely, and pecks my nose as an

answer. "I'll remember that." She whispers.

"We need to go." She tells me, sounding like she doesn't really want to, but it cuts through the air and the moment is over.

She slowly drops her hands from me and I let her take a step back away from me although I want nothing less at this moment. I watch her hesitate for a beat before she reaches out awkwardly takes my hand in hers and gives me a little shy smile, her cheeks going rosy, as if the action of holding my hand is more intimate than what we just did. đ

I don't speak another word and neither does she, it's almost as though we both are trying to hang onto the way the other felt, our bodies pressed against each other, and I feel that now familiar feeling of hope flicker within me again, wondering if she might finally have

come around to actually realize I meant something to her once. We silently stalk back through the corridor, meeting no one on our way back to the elevators. Wanda keeps hold of my hand and I keep my other hand on my gun, ready for the slightest movement ahead. I have a feeling Wanda is mentally scanning our surroundings, as she

seems kind of distant. When we reach the elevators we pause and I look at her. She is staring straight ahead with a slight frown, her nose slightly scrunched. She

looks adorable, and I get an overwhelming urge to just kiss her again. All I do, however, is to merely squeeze her hand tentatively, making her bat her eyelashes and look at me, almost surprised with my presence.

"Can you feel him?" I ask her, keeping my voice slow.

She doesn't answer straight away. She drops her gaze, that same slightly pained expression washing over her beautiful face. I wish I could wipe it away. She purses her lips, then looks back at me. "He's down, below us." She informs me, her voice dragging in the back of her throat. "He..."

I feel my stomach sink at her expression, knowing that whatever she's experiencing is not something I will like. "I feel-" She shudders, closing her eyes. "Ice hot claws inside of my

head." I know exactly what she's talking about, her words perfectly

encapsulating the feeling of the electricity shredding you into pieces you can't identify before it pieces you together into someone else. "We need to hurry, Livvy." She whispers fearfully.

When the elevator doors open, we're once again met with no one. It's starting to freak me out. Something isn't right. Wanda steps out in front of me, her hands raised slightly in front of herself. She turns her head, making sure her surroundings are clear before she steps aside to let me out. It should annoy me that she thinks I can't protect myself, but all it does is just make me slightly sappy. It's fucking cute, really. a "Stop that." Wanda looks at me, her voice serious but a little smirk rests on her so lips. "I'm not doing anything-" I'm cut o by Wanda squeezing her eyes shut in pain, a strained sound escaping her lips. "Wanda!" I quickly grab a hold of her arms, trying to figure out what I can do to ease her pain. "I'm okay." She exhales, opening her eyes which are teary. "We need to get him, Livvy." "Okay, okay. Can you find him?" I ask her, taking a worried step away from her to give her some space. Wanda nods, closing her eyes. I watch her silently for a moment as her eyes move furiously underneath her eyelids. When she opens them, a so red glow is present. Without a word, she steps around me, beginning to march further down the corridor. "Follow me." She says and I quickly trod along. "Stay behind me." "I can-" I begin but she cuts me o. "No. Stay behind me. I can handle this." Her tone is authoritative and if it wasn't in this situation, I would find her rather attractive, but now's not the time. Right? a Wanda stops in front of a door that makes my stomach sink. I know this door. I know it all too well. I'm about to open my mouth but a strained scream reaches us and Wanda doesn't waste a second. She li s her hands, her fingers bent in that telltale sign of her summoning her scarlet. And indeed she does; her magic crackles smoothly to existence, lapping around her hands before it shoots o at the door with explosive strength. The door stands no chance. I feel the power radiate from Wanda as it crashes open, flying o its hinges. a Wanda confidently steps into the room. Her sudden presence makes voices inside sound panicked. She flings her hands to the side, scarlet emanating from her. Thuds are heard and I run in a er her just in time to see three guards fly onto their backs. As soon as I enter the room, I know where we are. The hairs at the back of my neck stand up and I shiver uncomfortably, feeling my hands go cold and clammy. I pull out my gun, feeling my legs go numb. Wanda doesn't seem as a ected as I am by our surroundings. She lets out an angry growl as another massive wave of scarlet ricochets out of her body and a group of people in the middle of the room go flying like leaves in the wind, their bodies hitting the ceiling and the walls with bone-chilling crunching noises. Wanda rushes forwards, and that is when I notice Steve in the middle of the room. He is sitting on that chair, his body slumped against restraints, wires attached to his head and his chest. In his mouth is a black piece of plastic, and I instantly remember the taste of it and how it made me want to gag. He is motionless, his eyes shut. Images of Wanda in that exact same position a er I pressed the button flood my mind and I want to run as far away as possible. But I don't. Instead, I slowly follow Wanda further into the circular room, my gun still held high as I look around me, making sure that no one tries anything. Fortunately for me, or rather them, everyone in the room has encountered Wanda's scarlet, and is lying on the floor, either unconscious or moaning and groaning loudly. I return my gun to the holster. I join Wanda by Steve's side. Wanda has removed the plastic from Steve's mouth and now begins to ever so gently pry o the wires, her actions so drastically di erent in their strength than just seconds ago. Steve opens his clear eyes, which now seem to have problems focusing. The sight of him like this makes my blood run cold. "Steve?" I kneel down in front of him as Wanda continues to free him. My voice sounds so small despite me trying to put on a brave face for him. "Hey, bud, can you hear me?" "O-Oli-" Steve clumsily moves his tongue, looking at me dazed.

"Yeah, that's right, it's Oliva and Wanda, we're gonna get you out of here." I try to smile at him supportively while my cold hands begin to search for the knife by my le calf to cut Steve's restraints. "Bucky?" Steve mumbles, looking around with his brow furrowed, a fine surface of cold sweat on his face.

"Bucky's-" I begin, but falter at the innocent look Steve gives me. "Bucky's not here right now, bud."

"Okay." Steve smiles sadly, his head drooping down. "Can you get all of the wires o, Wands?" I whisper to Wanda, who's been guiet next to me.

"Y-yeah." She stammers, her voice thick and I look up at her, noticing her crying silently.

"Hey," I place a hand on her forearm, pausing her shaking hands for a moment. She looks down at me, her lips trembling, her eyes large pools of green. "It'll be okay."

"Yeah." She smiles and I'm sure she doesn't believe me. I squeeze her arm, then return my attention to Steve, and cutting him loose. I get his legs and then begin to work on freeing his arms. The

leather restraints break rather easily, and then I stand up to unclip the final one around his head. As I do, his body slumps forward onto me, and I drop the knife to catch him. "Hey, Steve, buddy, you alright?" I ask him, pushing him more

upright.

"I don't feel great, Buckster." He mumbles unintelligibly.

"Hey, I'm Liv, remember?" I grunt, trying to get him to stand. "Oh." Is all he says, not making any e ort to help me to get him upright.

"Wanda, I'm not sure I can carry-"

"No need to exert yourself, Olivia, you won't need to carry Rogers anywhere." I freeze, my heart actually feels like it's both stopped beating and started beating faster than any heart, ever. It's her.

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A/N: I'm sorry this took a while to get this up for you, I wrote the LONGEST chapter and thought nope, splitting it in half. Not super proud of the writing here but hopefully the next part will be *chef's	
kiss*	ď
I know you love cli hangers so you're SO welcome.	ď
So, I hope you've enjoyed this, as I'm not going to lie to you, it's not getting much better for Livster and Wandster xxx	
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As always, just want to say once again I love and appreciate you and your comments, hehe (they make my day, ngl).	a
LOVE U - please say it back because you will feel di erently towards me next chapter.	ď

Continue reading next part 🗆