

Chapter 13: Advice

TW: SELF HARM

I should've been in there with her, I should've tried to help her or assure her she was going to be ok. But no I le the bathroom to sit on her bed. Only when I hear sobs do I even think to stand up heading towards the door.

"Hey Wanda are you ok?" My fist knocks the door gently expecting an answer of 'yes I'm alright' but that was far from the answer I received.

"No... no I'm not."

My lower lip becomes caught between my teeth debating whether to open the door, Wanda's shuddering cry immediately answers that, my hand gripping the handle so tightly my knuckles turn white.

I don't know what would've happened if I hadn't opened that door but the thoughts alone overwhelmed me.

Wanda's figure attracted my eyes although the bath water attracted my attention. It was red, blood red, only getting darker by the second.

A small rather sharp looking blade lay in Wanda's shaking hand, dotted blood dripping down the shaft. I don't think I'd ever run faster then now dropping to my knees beside the bath tub, Wanda's cries shattering my heart. So much pain, so much fear. Gently I bribe the blade from Wanda's clenched hand so ly whispering words of comfort before placing it away from the two of us.

"Alright Wanda can you stand up for me?" The witch nods slowly, her whole body shivering not with cold but with sadness as she grips the bath edges and pulling herself to her feet.

Her bare chest rises and falls in time with her sobs but my eyes fall on her wrists. Large cuts carved into her forearms causing blood to combine with the water below turning it even darker. My eyes so en glancing towards the witch who hangs her head in shame only breaking my heart a little more.

"Give me a second ok I'm just going to get you a towel." I whisper holding the girls hand with my own.

Wanda only had breath for a nod, small whimpers coming leaving the brunettes mouth.

Begrudgingly I turn away from Wanda my feet pattering around the bathroom ripping the towel from its place on the rack and running back to the witch.

"Hey hey come here."

Leaning into my body I wrap the towel around the witch gently rubbing her dry, careful to avoid any wounds and sensitive areas.

"I'm gonna get you dried then I'm gonna fix your wounds then we can have a chat and something to eat alright." I whisper to the witch who's face lays on my shoulder, her breath tickling my neck.

She was upset. So upset it broke me. The witch unable to form proper sentences let alone walk more than three steps independently. She was mourning and it hurt me seeing her this fragile.

The witch whimpers while I tend to her wounds a shaky breath falling from her mouth.

"Your ok Wanda, your alright." I whisper placing rubbing alcohol against the small scratches across the girls legs.

Movement caused my to glance upwards only to be met with a shaking head. "This isn't HYDRA Wanda. I'm not gonna punish your for being upset." I smile but my insides ache at the thought of the trauma the girl had gone through.

Gently moving from her legs having finished tending to her wounds down there, I reach forward my hand coming to a stop just before her cheek. My eyes connect with the witches who barely nods giving me permission to hold her face.

Her cheeks were cold, almost lifeless as I place my hand against them. Her cheekbones hard and visible causing an even deeper frown due to her lack of food. But I ignore it for the time being dedicating my attention to her scrapes on her cheeks and forehead.

"He's gone. Pietro h-his gone."

I move my gaze to hold her own, my hand pausing taking a break from cleansing the cuts on her face.

"I know Wanda, and it's hard, I know it's hard but we can get through this alright, together. Your not alone anymore."

The witch nods briefly but doesn't speak again allowing me to return to her wounds.

Hundred of scratches covered the surface of her body, some barely breaking the skin whereas others went deep leaving me to wonder whether they were caused by robots or herself.

Finally I released the face of the girl gathering the courage to move to her newly found cuts carved into her wrist.

"Can I?"

My gaze flickers from her wrists to her face. A slight nod falls from the witch giving me consent to attend to the wounds.

"Don't- don't tell anyone though please. I'd rather not have everyone knowing." She whispers with a frown.

I nod agreeing to keep her secret while bandaging the cuts with care.

Dried blood litters my hands as I finish fixing up Wanda. Tentatively I stand heading to the bathroom to wash my hands with a small sigh not willing to leave the witch alone.

"Ok Wanda what do you want to eat?" I ask walking back towards her, my hands now dry and clean. Wanda shrugs avoiding my gaze and I sigh not wanting to force anything onto her but I knew she had to eat something.

I climb onto the bed once more crawling towards the witch and sitting on my feet in front of her.

"Wanda you haven't eaten all week. You need food. I'm gonna order some pizza mkay."

Wanda nods with a small sigh pulling her knees to her chest. My heart aches seeing her in such a vulnerable state.

Silence fell over us. It wasn't awkward more peaceful, calm like.

Wanda allows my fingers to trace her hands moving them from their place on her knees to interlocking with mine on the sheets. We stay in this position for a while before I inch closer to her pulling her into my chest.

At my touch the witch sobs a little leaning further into my body comforted by my grasp around her shoulders. Her hands come up around my neck playing with the baby hairs earning goosebumps to rise at her touch. Tears streak my clothes but I don't mind my priority on the witch's comfort.

My jaw clenches as the witches fingers come to a stop on a mark on my neck. My brand. The one burned into my neck all those years ago. A HYDRA mark reminding me time and time again of what I was.

Natasha had tried to get rid of it using all different kinds of creams and makeup but it continued to stay like a reminder on the back of my neck of what I had done. I was used to it by now but it still hurt when people found it.

"You have one as well?" Wanda whispers leaning back to look at me with a shocked expression. I nod with a frown, "as well" I didn't like those words.

"As well?" I question my voice so and quiet barely audible. Wanda bites her nails before turning her back to me raising her shirt up to her neck.

I don't know how I didn't notice it earlier while she bathed or when I cleaned her cuts but just under her shoulder blade sat a blood red logo.

"I'm so sorry." I gasp unconsciously reaching out to touch it, my fingers trailing the patterned skin.

Wanda turns back to me her shirt bunching at her hips as it falls back over her torso. "Your turn." She whispers gently earning a simple nod from me. Turning around I brush my hair over my shoulder and lean forwards the mark on my neck obvious for the witch to see.

Her fingers, like mine trace my skin leaving behind a trail of goosebumps. My mark usually invoked shame upon me. People viewing me as less than them a er seeing it. But for some reason I didn't feel this way as Wanda's fingers danced on my neck.

Her hands warm touch leaves my neck, tingles haunting my skin at her absence.

My hair falls back over my shoulder before I turn back to the witch who sits in awe before me.

"We've both got our past." I whisper using my thumb to wipe a stray tear from the girls eye.

"I'm sorry."

My eyes widen, the witch lunging into my arms hugging me tightly. Her nose tickles the crook of my neck as her face buries itself into deeper into my body.

"You don't deserve this." I whisper running my fingers through the brunettes hair allowing her sobs to fall. "But your not alone anymore. You never gonna be alone again. I'm always going to be with you. Always." I continue relaxing my hand on the back her head to which she nods content in my arms.

Realisation hit me like a truck as Wanda laid in my arms. I was falling in love with her whether I wanted to or not. The witch holding some kind of power over me I couldn't break through. A few days ago I would've denied ever feeling this way but now, with the witch held tightly in my arms I didn't. I embraced the feeling knowing I would do everything in my power to never let her feel this hurt again.

The doorbell snaps us out of our trance my arms falling to my side, Wanda still attached to my torso.

"Wanda the pizza is here." I mutter. The witch shakes her head not letting go of my body.

"I'll be back." I smile gently removing her arms from my neck.

Wanda's eyes glazed over with a frown not believing me. "I'm not gonna leave you." I continue knowing the difficulty Wanda was having to believe my words. Leaving her was torture, the girl having such a tight hold on me, my heart ached not being able to see her face. But I was quick, grabbing the pizza and almost running back to the witches room.

Quietly I open Wanda's door, the witch immediately running into my arms causing me to stumble a little holding onto her waist preventing her from falling.

Together we stumble towards the bed an occasional laugh coming from the witch making my heart flutter before collapsing onto the bed.

Hearing her laugh made me happy. She was momentarily distracted, her brain focusing on me instead of the pain of losing her brother.

"Careful the pizza." I whine gently shoving Wanda away from the box with a smile. Placing the pizza on the middle of the bed I manoeuvre myself so Wanda laid in between my legs, her back pressed against my front.

Reaching forward I grab a slice of pizza moaning at the smell waiving from the box. Gently I wave it in front of the witches face who scrunches her nose and looking away before giving in and ripping the slice out my hand.

Smiling I watch the girl inhale the pizza before moving to grab another and another a er that.

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Day quickly turned to night, the darkness creeping in the windows causing my hairs to stand on end.

Pushing the brunette o me I run to the light switch sighing in relief as the lights turn on with a flash.

"Scared of the dark or something?" Wanda chuckles biting into another slice of pizza eyeing me with curiosity.

"Or something." I reply moving back to my place on the bed.

Wanda didn't question it, though I could tell she was curious. A conversation for a later date. She couldn't handle knowing she was the reason I couldn't be in the darkness not now.

Another few hours passed before I yawned exhaustion seeping through my body.

"I think I had better go." I murmur hugging the witch before standing.

Wanda's face fell her gaze drifting towards the sheets rather than my face.

"Hey I'll be back tomorrow." I smile.

Wanda nods still unsure. "Ok." Was all she says making my eyebrows furrow.

"No not ok. Wanda please trust me, I'm not going to leave you alright. Never in a million years. You mean too much to me." I begin shaking my head and moving back towards her.

A light smile tickles her lips before she nods. "I know. I believe you." She chuckles looking up at my figure from her place on the bed.

"Good. Now get some sleep please, if I see bags on your eyes tomorrow I will not be happy." I tease before walking out the door with a quick wave.

Uh that girl made my heart pound. She was my world whether she knew it or not.

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"Nat?" I whisper walking into my sisters room.

It was late. 12:30pm to be exact. And the red head was not pleased with the interruption.

"Skye actually fuck o." Nat murmurs into her pillow ignoring my figure sinking into the mattress beside her.

"No. Listen I just need to talk to you." I groan making the spy open one of her eyes.

"What?" She growls her one open eye staring daggers into my soul.

"Uh I like her. Ok you got me. I have a fat crush on Wanda. And my heart is breaking seeing her like this. I don't know what to do. I don't think she feels the same." I rant causing my sister to groan.

"Yeah I think we all figured you like her by now. And I also have figured out your BLIND. She kissed your cheek Skye you idiot." Nat groans hitting my side with a pillow.

"Just ask her out already." Was the last words that came from Nat's mouth before she fell back asleep much to my annoyance.

"Just ask her our already." I repeat mimicking Nat's voice standing up and walking out my middle finger aimed at the red head.

Although I mocked her words, they spun in my brain. Maybe I should just do it. And if she says no... well let's not go there right now.

Tomorrow. Tomorrow I was gonna ask her out.