Chapter 22: Hell Hole

You would think pain immobilises you right ? Shuts down your system. Sends you crashing. Unable to speak, move or even breathe. But it didn't.

Not at first anyway...

I had never run harder than I did in this moment. I want to get to her. I needto get to her. Hold her. Tell her it's ok. We are ok. But when do my plans ever work out the way I want them to?

A small smile manages to find its way to my lips, twisting them upwards as I near closer to Wanda. Her face full of surprise... and horror. A cry falls from her lips, her restraints being tested to the limit as she tugs against them with all her might desperate to be free.

Confusion clouds my face at her sudden scream but it's quickly contorted into one of terror as a sound I know all too well echoes through the air.

A sharp gasp falls from my mouth as a bullet punches through my stomach, the force of the impact throwing me forwards on my knees less than a metre away from Wanda. My hands gingerly grasp my torso, pawing at the gaping hole in which blood leaked out coating my hands a deep red.

I had been shot.

A single wheeze le my throat, my lungs working overtime trying and failing to allow my breathing to pace itself. My eyes fall to my wound, fear coursing through my veins at the sight. Wanda's cry earns my attention, her head shaking back and forth as if denying the scene before her. "Help her, someone do something." She screams glaring at the surrounding soldiers who stand at a still merely watching me su er.

Blood stains the concrete surrounding me, pools laying by my feet. Breathing was hard. Short and sharp wheezes leave my mouth. A single tear trickles down my face leaving a small trail in its wake.

"I don't wanna die."

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Wanda's own breathe hitches in her throat at the sound of mywhispers. Glancing up at her with glossy eyes I give her a small smile."I love you." I mouth before a coughing fit forces me to double over.My mouth fills with blood as I cough, the droplets leaking down mychin.

Wanda's tears fall onto the floor beside me, watching helplessly as I choke on my own blood. Her jaw quivers while her hands pull against the restraints. "Please don't die on me. Please."

"I'll try." I chuckle. But it didn't last long. My eyes slowly roll backwards into my head while my body collapses to the side as I fall into a sleep I wasn't sure I would awaken from.

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Groggy. I couldn't think of a better word to describe the way I am feeling in this very moment. Strapped to a hospital bed as doctors attempt to stitch up my wound. Anaesthetic was barely administered yet my eyes felt as if they were being pulled down forcibly. "Where's Wanda?" I manage to groan, my wrists tugging against the cu s keeping me attached to the bed.

No reply.

Craning my neck I glance downwards at the doctors who rush around the bed chatting amongst one another. "Where am I?" I ask confused as to what was happening. The last memory I had was Wanda being taken from my arms.

"Your on the Ra ."

Twisting my neck I clench my jaw spotting Secretary Ross standing against the door frame watching the procedure. The exhaustion I had felt previously disappears as his presence brings a dangerous tension with him. "You should've been here many years ago Romano, along with your sister. We have yet to find her. But we will." He chuckles almost enjoying the look of fury I was sending his way.

"Almost done sir, just need to dress the wound and then you can have her." The doctor closest to my head informs Ross who nods in response. "What have you done to Wanda?" I seethe praying she wasn't hurting. Ross merely chuckles ignoring the question.

Tensing my shoulders I arch my back letting out an ear piercing scream as the doctor probes my bullet wound. "MOTHERFUCKER." I groan still tensed up wishing the cu s didn't hold me back. "All finished." The doctor nods snapping the hem of his gloves with a smile. Ross merely ushers the doctors out leaving.

"Restrain her, we are taking her to her cell." Ross orders to which his soldiers instantly obey, taking my hands out of the cu s on the bed only to be replaced with more cu s this time behind my back.

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A er being stripped and forced into a blue jumpsuit Ross's soldiers drag my barely able body through the halls towards a large door. My feet stumble against the concrete ground. "Hurry up." The soldier orders gripping my arm tighter as he pushes me forwards. "Yeah well you try walking with a bloody gunshot wound dam." I retort resulting to humor to hide my fear.

The door slides open and a gasp leaves me mouth at the revelation. Five cells line the outsides of the room barely large enough to lay in let alone live in for who knows how long. Clint takes up the first cell with Scott beside him. Sams figure slouches on the third cells bed while Wanda isn't in view.

Upon my entrance Clint stands holding the bars with a sigh of relief. "Oh thank fuck. Your not dead." He grins earning a smack on the bars from the solider behind me. "God, calm your tits." I sco glaring at the soldier who in turn shoves me forwards into my own cell before slamming the door closed and abruptly turning back the way we came.

As he leaves I let out a groan of pain falling onto the thin mattress they call a bed. "I'm glad your ok." Clint begins still standing at the front of his cell which was opposite mine giving me a good view of him.

"Thanks. But where's Wanda? I need to see her." I cut him o praying he knows of her location. Clint's eyes dri to the cell beside my own, just my luck it was the only cell I couldn't see all that well. "She's had the worst of it. They have her wearing an inhibitor collar and a jumpsuit compressing her arms against her chest at all times. She hasn't said a word since we got bought in." Clint sighs glancing at what I'm assuming is Wanda.

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Hearing this hurts me more than the bullet wound ever could. Hobbling over to the wall connecting my cell with Wanda's I place my hand on the cold metal begging Wanda to hear me. "Hey baby. I'm alive. God I'm going to kill Ross for what he's doing to you my love and I promise when we get out of here we are gonna far away, far away and live a normal life together ok. I'm so sorry Wands. I'm so sorry. I love you."

Sighing I grit my teeth as I slide down the wall pulling my knees to my chest praying Wanda heard me.

"I love you too."

The words were barely audible but I heard them. Wanda's voice was croaky and fragile breaking my heart that much more. Closing my eyes in relief I lean my head back against the wall knowing Wanda was doing the same.

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It had been a week. Maybe. I had no prospect of time in this hell hole. Meals were served at random times to confuse our brains and no one told us anything.

We were criminals now.

My wound had been treated regularly but it wasn't healed or even close to. Especially seeing I wasn't allowed any pain medication leaving me in an agonising amount of pain on the daily.

Wanda still remained silent. It took all my e ort not to knock out the guard that came in for meal times just for the sake of them hurting her. But I managed to control myself limiting my actions to mere glares and middle fingers.

"Food." The guard growls chucking a tray of a disgusting brown mush and a single apple into my cell. "Wow thanks this looks really appetising. Oh and I even have a dead fly as a treat. I really appreciate it." I grin sarcastically. The guard raps on my bars as a warning before continuing around the room.

"Wanda baby. Please eat something. Do you want my apple? I'll ask the guard to bring it to you." I beg talking to the metal wall that separated me from the brunette. "I'm eating." Was her reply which was enough to make me sigh with relief. The thought of her starving

making my stomach churn.

Her jumpsuit restricted her hands but the guards took o the restrictions for ten minutes every meal time allowing her to eat the food herself.

The brown sludge was inedible leaving me with the apple. I always managed to get the worst food, the le over sludge from the day before. Probably due to my smart remarks and attitude but it didn't bother me. I had survived on less.

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Resting my head against the metal wall I momentarily close my eyes. Sleeping was something I had avoided doing while here, the thought of what could happen while I was unconscious overpowering the exhaustion for the time being.

Although I didn't have a mirror in my cell I knew I looked like trash. Showers were a luxury we didn't get here meaning I stunk like shit as well as looked like it. Dried blood stuck to the jumpsuit while my hair rests in a messy plait I didn't have the energy to redo. My eyes had large black bags underneath them due to my lack of sleep. My body had lost weight, my cheekbones protruding out my face. I hated to see the state Wanda was in.

The sound of Clint clapping bought me back to reality. Grasping the sides of the door I stand sco ing as none other than Tony Stark walks into the room.

"The Futurist, gentlemen! The Futurist is here!

He sees all! He knows what's best for you, whether you like it or not." Clint spits condescendingly. Tony drops his head before turning to Clint's cell.

My eyes follow him with hatred. He was the reason we were in here. The reason I couldn't hold Wanda. Or see my sister. The reason I was injured. It was all his fault.

"Gimme a break Barton." Tony sighs. "I had no idea they'd put you here. Come on."

Clint spits onto the floor before glaring up at Tony. "Yeah well you knew they'd put us somewhere, Tony."

"Yeah, but not some super-max floating ocean pokey. This place is for maniacs. This place is for..." He trails o with another sigh.

"Criminals?" I input, Tony now turning to glance at me. "Criminals, Tony." I chuckle gesturing to myself. "Think that's the word your looking for... Right?"

Tony takes a deep breath his eyes briefly flickering to the large blood stain on my stomach. "That didn't used to mean me. Or Clint, or Sam or my Wanda. But here we are." I seethe clenching my jaw at the anger building inside me.

Tony doesn't break his gaze on me. "Because you broke the law." He replies. I sco, annoyed at the ego he still managed to have. "I didn't make you." He continues with a slight frown. "You read it, you broke it."

"La la la la la." Clint sings blocking out Tony's rant to which I chuckle at his antics. Tony sighs giving up with us and moving towards Sam's cell.

"You better watch your back with this guy...There's a chance he's gonna break it." Clint yells slamming his hands against the door as Tony walks away.

Sinking back onto the floor I stifle a groan as I manoeuvre myself towards the metal wall taking comfort in the fact Wanda was just on the other side.

Tony's mu led voice seeps through the cell glass as he talks to Sam about who knows what.

Then his footsteps come my way.

"What do you want Stark?" I sigh the name feeling like poison on my tongue.

"Your sisters on the run." He begins glancing down at his shoes. My jaw clenches at the information but I knew she would be safe. She had to be. "Mm good for her. Better there than here. Especially seeing they have the tendency to shoot people around here." I sco gesturing to my stomach.

Tony's eyes widen a little before his fingers rub the bridge of his nose in annoyance. "Are they giving you proper treatment in here? I can speak to someone about that you know?" He frowns. "Mm that would the least you could do." I snarl barely making eye contact with the man.

Footsteps alert me he had le allowing me to finally let out a whimper of pain. "Don't die." Wanda's voice whispers through the metal. I smile a little at her voice. "Anything for you принцесса." I reply remembering the phrase from a conversation we had a few weeks ago.

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Days flew by faster than ever. Tony's visit a distant memory now. But he had stuck to his word. The doctors coming in even more regularly with better medication and equipment to help stabilise my wound.

"Watch it." I seethe smacking the doctors hands as he reaches back down to inspect my bullet hole. My jumpsuit lay o my shoulders leaving my top half in a bra while the doctor worked.

Slowly but surely the doctor finishes his work leaving with less than a nod. Groaning slightly I pull my jumpsuit back over my shoulders and stand up with a sigh.

Then Sam says something. Something that sparks the little hope le inside me.

"Steve?"

I let out a laugh as none other than Captain America stands in the middle of the room. "Hey guys. I'm are going to get you out of here." Steve chuckles moving over to Clint's door. With a grunt he pulls the door open allowing Clint to be free.

Clint cheers rather loudly sending a wink my way.

Steve then moves to Scott's cell repeating his action with Scott's door and Sams.

Slowly he moves to my door opening it with a hu . Instantly I push past everyone to run to Wanda's door pressing against it with a slight whimper at seeing Wanda so broken.

"Stevie hurry up."

Steve nods opening the door allowing me to finally touch Wanda a er weeks of no contact. "Wanda..." I almost sob hobbling over to her side. Collapsing beside her it takes all of my control not to burst into tears at the sight of her. Gently I begin removing the restraints keeping her arms in place and tossing them to the side.

Steve slowly walks in behind me and helps li Wanda o the ground. His hands grip the collar around her neck before gently breaking it o. "Wanda." I sob wrapping my arms around her waist and pulling her close. Her own arms wrap around my neck holding me tightly as if I was going to melt away.

"I love you so much." She whispers burying her face into my neck. Her words almost extract a tear from my eye but I hold it in desperate to leave this hell hole and be with Wanda alone.

Soon everything would be fine. Everything would be amazing.	a
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what's up guys	
uhhh comment on this chapter pleaseeee i love hearing your thoughts and shiiiii	đ
i missed u guys ;)	

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