

Chapter 28

"Wait! Don't!" She yells at me as I propel myself into the air, and without having to think, I know to block her magic speeding towards me with an almost lazy swivel of my hand.

My chest is tightening with every second that passes, and I feel like I'm going to faint. All I know is I need to feel the cold air on my skin, and if I stay for one second longer confined within walls, well, I don't know what'll happen. I just need to get away.

The air rushes against me as I fly away, away, away. It cools down my skin which feels like it is about to burn up. The force of the air makes my eyes water and my vision go blurry, but it doesn't hinder me. I don't need to see. The burning inside my chest takes care of everything, I just need to let it.

I often would envy Pietro, with his speed. My natural reaction to most things is to run away, whereas his would be to take it on, head-on, with no hesitation. And yet, he gets to run, and I have to feel, and hear, and constantly feel overwhelmed. With an angry grunt, I let out more force and feel myself accelerating ever faster. Jokes on the universe - I can now fly away from my issues faster than I could ever have run.

I feel my chest loosening up slightly, allowing me to breathe slightly deeper. It feels like months, years, since I last took in a deep breath of air without feeling that looming shadow of panic over me. The easiest way to cope is to just allow it to overtake me, but I know I can't let myself do that anymore. Everyone who would have been there to hold my hand is gone. My mother used to hold me in her arms so tightly I forgot the pressure around my chest, Pietro would force me to move, do anything until I was gulping for air and had to breathe (or pass out, which I would often do). And then Vision. My Vision, who would hold me and talk to me and make me understand. Even Natasha, once, would be a rock I could cling onto when I thought I would be washed away. My thoughts briefly touch upon the one person who has felt like security lately, but I force them away when I remember what she thought of me.

I slip out of my haze as I feel myself so lightly touching the ground. My legs feel like jelly, and I feel unsteady as I take in my surroundings. Why I am here again, I don't know. I look around the quiet, familiar town and feel my chest and stomach tighten up again. I try blinking away what I now know are tears not caused by any gust of wind. It's dark, and yet I know exactly where I am. I allow a warm feeling to spread over me as I feel the shroud of clothes over me. I look down and am now wearing a pair of loose jeans and a dark hoodie. Perfectly blending in again. I pull the hood over my red, tangled hair and coax my feet to move.

They take me to the familiar house on the familiar street. I refuse to look at the space next to the house, not trusting myself enough. I keep my eyes set on the suburban house in front of me as I walk up the path to the door. My hand automatically knocks on the door and I stand back, waiting. I hear hurried footsteps on the other side of the door, a slight shuffle, and then the door opens up and a warm light falls over me.

"W-Wanda?" Agatha stutters, taken aback. The dark-haired woman stands in the doorway for a minute, not knowing what to do, until my magic must push her into action again, for she laughs loudly, shaking her head.

"Where are my manners! Please, come on in! You look dreadfully cold, standing there in the dark!" She hops aside, letting me step into the hall.

The house looks neat at first glance, but I can instantly see the layer of dust that has settled, it looks like Agatha hasn't bothered cleaning up more than what meets the eye.

"Please, come in, come in!" Agatha's bright voice shoos me further into her house and I enter further into her house. It's quite dark inside, barely any lights are on as if Agatha has just been sitting there in the dark. Nothing looks out of place, and that is precisely the problem. Nothing has been touched. The house has barely any signs of anyone actually living there. Agatha makes no sign of anything being out of the ordinary, looking like she was expecting me, the person she should want to kill, to stand on her porch, wanting to come in for some tea. I feel a prickle at the base of my neck, but ignore it. Agatha leads me into her living room, in which I haven't been since-

"Can I get you anything to drink, honey?" Agatha asks me and I turn around to look at her again.

She gives me a wide smile, waiting for my reply. I notice her eyes do not sparkle, betraying her smile, which is working so hard to convince me. Otherwise, she looks exactly the same as she did before I left.

"Are you thirsty, honey?" Agatha asks again, as if I didn't hear her the first time, her smile still plastered painfully across her face.

I feel trapped again, and unconsciously touch my wrists, as if to tell myself that those shackles aren't on me anymore.

"Are you alright? Do you want to sit down? It's so lovely to see you again, Wanda darling!" Agatha says loudly.

I sigh uncertainty evident, but I know I'm here for a reason. The weight of my loneliness bears heavily on my shoulders as I raise my arm towards Agatha, who looks confused. I wave my hand in a smooth pattern that somehow comes to me without me having to think. I feel a soft tingle as the red swirls of magic escape me and float toward Agatha. Her brown eyes light up red for a second, and once the shine has faded, a completely different person stands in front of me, although she looks exactly as she did a second ago.

"Wanda." She breathes out again, seeing me for the first time.

"Agatha." I answer, my voice barely louder than a low hum, as I tense up, ready for any sudden movement.

A/N: A shorter one, but none the less a chapter, and from Miss Wanda's perspective! Wow, switching it up... Hope you've liked how this story has turned out so far, I certainly had no clue where we were going (are going...)! :)

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