Chapter 55

The witch's mouth opens in a silent gasp as she's realizing what is going on as she's slipping further away from Ideal's grasp. The mere disgust of only blood smoke trickles down her throat, leaving behind a bitter taste that makes her tongue feel numb and her throat tight. Ideal's hands squeeze harder as she breathes shallowly against the stone shack, her body has gone completely still, like an antelope that has heard a twig snap but isn't sure if it should flee for its life. Not that she could flee. She's hooked up to her 8-pack and the heart monitor if my calculations are right, and I'm sure her doctor wasn't enough. I just wanted to let her live longer.

Naomi's 5-years are wide, no trace of drowsiness present although she was sleeping recently just a mere blink of an eye ago. She slowly states eye contact with me, and I feelsee just the slightest arch in eyes meet hers. I expect to be met with virtue of fear, but there's no fear to be found. Why is there no fear? She should be terrified for her life, instead, they're calm, and most confusingly, accepting. Accepting of what, exactly, I wonder. Of her fate? Surely not. Of my actions? Again, doubtful.

She doesn't make any indication of moving despite my just having told her so. Little the inside of my cheek in an anxious tick. I need to let her move, and quick, before the alarm is raised and they find the gone, or before her doctor or anyone comes to check on her.

"Don't worry. It's just you, and me." She whispers with a hushed voice, emphasizing the words 'you' and 'me'.

That's exactly what, graphical exists, I retort, beginning to feel more and more useless with the blade against her throat which she clearly doesn't mind very much.

"I'm not worried, I know you." Her cracked lips raise in a very small smile.

I'm slightly taken aback by her statement which she said so confidently as if she is willing her confidence upon me as well. It doesn't work, as I just feel confused.

Clear your head.

"Shut up." I try to push the tiredness out of my voice and instill it with confidence instead. A slow blink is yanking ourselves in a mess. I can instantly read on her face that my charade doesn't quite work and she's aware of the confusion and hesitancy around it too, whether she needs to see her powers on me or not to tell I don't know.

"Hang, you just hurted me." She pouts at me. I stand up in a jerk and my hand which is holding the knife against her throat and her thumb brushes against my skin lightly. She doesn't mind my hand in my hand away. She just holds it there.

"Look at where I put you." I tell her as if she wasn't aware of lying in a hospital bed.

I try to ignore the slightly uncomfortable feeling at the intimate gesture of her thumb brushing against my hand and the feel of her pulse against my skin. Her pulse is fast, I can feel it, and I can see electricity where her skin meets mine. I just want to pull it in hard away, but I can't. My hand feels overworked of the blood, and those familiar feelings it instilled in me are bubbling up slowly inside of me, clamping up my throat, ready to spill.

"That wasn't you." Mariine tries to convince me, her voice calm and intimate.

How she can be so scared of knowing who I am I don't know, when not even I know who I am. Not really. I know I am a mess, I know I'm not pounding as though I am back on the chair. I'm not. I'm cool still expect the control of shrinking electricity to raise through me at any second. I don't notice the way my hand has begun to shake slightly under Mariine's and the way my breathing has become shallower.

"Your name is Elina. The first time you saw me you shot me." Mariine tells me as my both that my voice empties in the face again as she reminisces about something I don't recognize, which makes me feel even more on the precipice of an anxiety attack.

"You were badly hurt too. But you still took care of me before yourself although you had no reason to." Mariine continues. "You saw and got me out of the whole you, again, had no reason to, and you put yourself in danger for me. When I pushed you away and that you found me and saved me again. Don't you see? No matter how much we pushed and fought against the urge to keep coming back together."

"I don't know what you're talking about." I merely say, surprised at leaving how my voice comes out trembling instead of stoic as I intended.

"Yes, you do." She insists, her voice annoyingly enough sounding as certain as I wish I were.

I look at her, trying to see if she's lying, trying to whose me to be just the upper hand, I don't find any deceit though, she just watches me, her lips slightly open and her eyes almost sparkling with pain.

"I don't remember any of it." I whisper, my voice catching. Mariine's eyes now well up for certain, her tragic pretty feel like they're about to suck me into them and leave me falling forever.

"I do." She squeezes my hand, grounding me. "I and that me."

She reds encouragingly at my searching eyes. I try to feel ownership of anything she's just recounted, but I can't. There's nothing connected to anything she's just said. There's just darkness before the pain and distorted images of the chair. My thoughts fall back to the pain, the pain I felt when I was in the chair, the pain I felt when I sat with the one in front of my own two eyes. I'm taking it. I only taking which is which, which is real and which is the chair. Ideally to wash in the chair gets its way, just like it always does. Fear and anger well up inside of me anew and likewise, drops her hand from mine as if I stung her, her expression hurt.

"They said you would be. I... that you would try to. Its manipulative me, I'll let my voice again and she shakes her head slightly.

"No, I'm not, is kind, please?" She begins but I cut her off with a hollow laugh and a readjustment of the scalpel against her throat.

"Your tricks don't work on me, witch. Now are two." I'm not kicking you! I am telling you the truth!" She whimpers, a low sob raising for a frustration, trailing down her cheek past a couple of her tresses.

"And what truth is that? You seems to happily weave your own truth, lying to fits well."

"I don't lie." She spoken, her round eyes finally flashing some of that fear I have been looking for.

"You think what, hmm?" I push her, excited to finally seem to be getting the reaction she's supposed to show when a knife is on her throat.

Her eyelashes pull together on her forehead, it's annoying and I have an unexplained urge to push down is between them with my thumb and smooth it out. Instead, I let my free hand slide down her straight right hand to rest on another my scalpel down. Advancing her weight made by the first one. Her lower lip quivers as she inhales, accidentally sending against the scalpel and the whimpers so lly in pain.

"You what?" I ask again and her eyes fill up to very small, as the gasps in them seemingly swelling with emotions. I just need to push a little more.

"Oh fuck!" She exclaims, squeezing her eyes shut, forcing more tears to roll down her cheeks. The heart monitor keeps furiously ones in the background. She lets out a louder sob, still not opening her eyes.

"Her lies finally catching up with you, witch? I mock her, pleased to see she's finally understanding what Alpha has been fight about all along.

"No, stupid, not lies!" She opens her eyes and looks at me almost angrily.

"Then what?"

"The truth!" She says with abandon, now looking at me with a new emotion I'm struggling to place, but which seems almost familiar to me, like I've seen her wear it before.

"Just what's that?" I double-dody, wondering what people way she's going to twist the truth to fit her view of what it should be.

"That I'm

"You. Handle stop pointing sharp things at. Hahahhh!" Someone shouts, drawing out the end syllable in laughs, and I turn, still accidentally drawing more blood from Mariine.

My head whips around, straining my neck. Stark's standing in the doorway, looking furious, a pail in his hands.

"Stark! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!" I'm not bloody jacking. Put that down."

"Pet?" Jax finally, drawing back so that I'm standing by Mariine's head, keeping the scalpel against her throat whilst being able to face Stark better. I feel the heat move as she swallows.

"How did you even get out?" And get, Swift?" Stark wonders loudly, a question I feel to answer, but which someone else apparently has the answer to.

"I helped her." Mariine says quietly next to me and both Stark and I look down at her surprised.

"What?" We ask in unison and she looks uncomfortable, the blood still slowly trickling down her throat, staining it red.

"I wanted to speak with Lizzy." She begins and I ignore the way she pitiyes me her, and more importantly, I ignore the slight tug feel deep inside every time hadja turn. Shahaha.

"Not anything to speakeh her!" Stark repeats incredibly, looking up at me with a grimace. "Mariine, I don't want to be the one to tell you this, but you might need therapy."

"Ha ha, very funny." Mariine says dryly.

"Alright, enough with the kids. Lizzy."

A scarlet tentcill suddenly wraps itself around the scalpel and yanks it away from me easily, letting it fall down by Stark's feet which he promptly picks up. I jump back, looking at my hand which feels like it's just been stung by something hot and painful.

"You could have done that all along?" I ask her and she looks at me with a little smirk.

"Mariine." Stark gets our attention again. "Your magic didn't stop you from kicking a knife into you just yesterday, or did you let him do that too?"

"No, I didn't." Mariine rants.

"Why can't I remember this?" I ask them, feeling like the memory should go to the ground.

Mariine. Mouse me a look for some reason.

"Because I cracked you in the head and I'm about to do it again! You are intentionally getting on my nerves!" Stark's eyes move lightness as he looks at me.

"Without your silly little rod I shall you could do much damage." I snear and he goes red in the face, ironically enough kind of resembling the color of his hair.

"Oh, I mean to you." He begins.

"Can you think stop shouting? Mariine." Audry orders and the room goes silent. "Stark, I want Lizzy back in our room."

"I. Yeahhhh?"

"Dumnnn!!"

Stark kicks back at her with wide eyes. She just his them, completely calm. My eyes flicker down to her throat which still gleams angrily red but isn't bleeding anymore.

"Yes." She tells her eyes as if we are being unusually slow to understand.

"But, Mariele, she's." Stark begins, looking up at me.

"Don't nothing. You'll get rid of anything she can hurt herself with." Audry cuts him off, and I feel a little bit the lady gaze I couldn't help but smirk at when Mariine's gaze made her throat shiver.

"You know you're still a guest and ?"

"And you're so kind to let me stay. How do you expect me to get away?" Mariine gesures at me and Stark does a long, exhaustion sigh.

"Alright. But I am telling Natasha of this!" He warns Mariine who has a, then clutches her stomach with a pained expression as the blood seems to have strained her wound.

"And you!" Stark points at me with the scalpel. "I'm watching you."

He swirls around dramatically, closing the door a or himself loudly. I look at the door and then back at the Mariine. She's closed her eyes and focused right in beside Audry and rest on through her mouth, her face having lost some of its color.

"Who knew this part hurts more than being stabbed." She informs me through gritted teeth, aware of the staring.

I look around, wondering if I could sneak Mariine out now before Stark gets back whenever. I look back at the sacks, but she doesn't seem too aware of me, her face still scrunched up as she continues to hold her stomach. I look over to the door and turn the knob, and it turns.

"Shit." I murmur. I need to get out of here.

"I'm not telling you jjk." I hear her voice behind me and as I give up and turn back around to face her.

She's watching me through gritted teeth, still clutching her side, presumably where I must have stabbed her. Her eyes follow now and she smiles sourly.

"Are you not having back aches?"

"You haven't hurt me." I say curtly, crossing my arms over my chest petulantly.

"I am." She says cally a or a little pause.

"Then why are you keeping me here? Let me go." I say and scrutinize her face for any sign of the emotion quicker than I can identify it.

"I can't remember anything. I don't know who you are. Just let me go." I try but she shakes her head.

"No."

"I won't stop trying to hurt you, you know that, right? I will get you back to Hydra."

"I'm startled your pain, Lizzy." She says and I groan again at the use of my name. "I'm very hurt by this happened to you. I'm going to make it right."

"Then come with me to Hydra and you'll make it right." I walk forward, almost thinking she'll agree.

"That won't make it right."

"I don't know what to do!" I exclaim, annoyed, running my fingers through my hair in frustration. Mariine watches me silently.

I begin pacing around the room, for a second debating whether or not I could smash the window and somehow escape that way. I quickly let go of that idea through a an peering out of it. The door still wasn't open and I'm sure that I'm going to rank it open for the unsprinkled time it goes and opens towards and towards it backward, my back crashing into Mariine's. I look behind me.

"Fuck!" I hear her exclaim behind me in pain.

"I sure hope not." Romano. Audry unimpressed in the doorway.

"No."

"Yes. Again. Behind a closed door." She looks over my shoulder, shouting Mariine. a look that I don't understand the meaning of.

"You are coming with me." She looks back at me, her expression still thoroughly unimpressed.

"No." I say just to argue.

"Did it sound like a looking question?" She asks me, her voice steady but rising slightly in volume. "Now."

"Fuck, alright, mess, take a deep." I throw my hands up in surrender and walk towards her.

"You look up to me and we're fine." Mariine whispers, lifting my hands in front of me and ties them together using smooth, dark hands a.

I look up at her with one eyebrow raised and she meets my eyes and rolls her eyes rolling my expression.

"Shut up." She pushes me out of the room.

I manage to catch one last glimpse of Mariine. before the door shuts in my face. She is leaning away to one side, holding back tears.

"You're really getting on my last nerve, you know that?" Romano mutters to me while we're standing in an elevator going upwards.

"You're not the first to say that." I tell her and the b.

"Won't be the last, I'm sure."

We stay in silence for a while, but I can feel there's something on the jaw's mind the second you look to one side. I don't get further an opening though but he her struggle all on her own until she figures it out or her curiosity leads her to it.

I watch the levels light up as we pass each one steadily. It makes me slightly uncomfortable getting higher and higher in the air. Not that because I'm scared of heights, but that the higher I go, the further away from my escape down below I am. I hadn't cast a thought to the idea of escape since I left the room, but it's there now, and it's somewhere else. On the tops of the, so I need this more not to what Romano dubbed as. Jaunnnn! What did she expect to find? Stark didn't seem too excited about the prospect. Our room. Maybe that's the name of some cold-guard old Avengers' style bunny.

"What did they do to you?" Oh, I almost forgot about Romano.

I look to my side, seeing him staring my intensely, my eyebrows. Do this is what she was waiting to ask. Probably wanting to steal some of Aysha's methods to herself. Hurtaji? I very much doubt she could be as a active.

"What do you care?" I ask her, shooting her down.

"Did I ringly c-cared?" She shouts right back at me, not backing down. Fair play.

"They shocked me." I simply say, looking straight in front of me.

"That's it?" Comes her reply which makes me look back at her. She's looking at me in disappointment.

"That's it? What do you mean 'that's it'? You try getting shocked!" I've withstood worse." She proudly announces as if it were a competition.

"Do you remember it all?" I ask her calmly.

"Every bit of it." She says, all trace of pride gone from her expression.

"Then you haven't." I tell her flatly, and that shuts her up.

A/N: Hello, it's me again! Struggled writing this one, there are just so many ways Romano and Lizzie's conversation could have gone, but I ended up this and I think it's just right. Let's see if you caught a little detail! I snuck in there.

Sorry for the late update- "forced" my flatmate to watch Martha Marty into heaven, but it was for the cause, so worth it.

Anyway, appreciate you and all your comments, it's so fun to almost feel like I'm reading along with you!

Next update will probably be on Wednesday!

Continue reading next part ⇢