Chapter 60

For some reason, I wake up when it's still dark outside. I can tell it's still early in the morning by the fact that no light is escaping through the heavy curtains in front of the big windows. I lie in a state of halfconsciousness for a little while, wondering what woke me up. I wasn't dreaming. I notice that I'm lying on my side, my le arm being trapped uncomfortably under me. Maybe it was that. I shu le slightly, pulling my arm out from under me. It tingles happily, the blood flow returning to it. a

I then fall deadly still. A so noise behind me on the other side of the bed reaches me and I even stop breathing for a second, trying to decipher the sound.

There it is again! My initial excitement at hearing the sound again shatters quickly as I realize what the sound is, and most importantly, who it is coming from. It's Wanda, and it sounds as though she is crying silently. I can tell she's trying not to wake me by the sound of her crying being slightly mu led like she's crying into her pillow.

I instantly wonder why I am not reaching out to console her. Then I start to realize, the heaviness of our conversation last night crashing down on me. And it is then that I recognize she hasn't turned to me in her sadness either. She has retreated to herself, just like she always does.

My heart sinks and I wish I would have just slept through it, innocently unaware of her pain. But the barely perceptible sounds of her trying to keep her breathing even as to not alert me makes me feel selfish for even having a thought like that.

I lie silently for a little while, trying to understand where this would be coming from. I try to push it away, because it cannot surely be... but no, I keep going back to our conversation yesterday. Is she regretting what she said? Should I regret what I said? It just... slipped out. So easily. I do think I meant it, and I did feel like she did too. But I've never said that to anyone, so how do I know if I really love her? It could be the fact that we've gone through so much together, making us co-dependant... I search my feelings as I think of her and come up with... It's a feeling so peculiar. I can't put a finger on it, I can't use any words to describe it. I decide to accept whatever it is that I feel every time I think of her as love, as it is the closest to it I think I've ever felt. Isn't love just wanting to be around someone all the time? Wanting to hold them and make them never have to feel any pain, to feel all of their pain for them and wish them to smile and laugh and be the one that makes them smile and laugh?

But what does she feel for me? When she said those three words to me I felt that it was real enough, I felt like I could float and I felt right. But there's a small part of me that wants to drag me down, make me catch my breath. And I can't be sure. It's a feeling too peculiar.

I love him but I love you. He is gone and you are here and I love you.

Those were her words. But I love you Should I love you be preceded with a 'but'? Should I love you come a er he is gone and you are here I feel my heart ache in canon with her so cries. The more she says the less I know and I don't know why everything has to be so complicated for us. She once said that everything keeps pulling us apart and I can't help but agree. Would there ever have been an 'us' if she hadn't lost everything? Is her having nothing the reason I am everything?

I turn slowly onto my back, lying still looking up at the ceiling. She keeps her next sni le in, probably afraid that she's disturbed my sleep. Or afraid I know. For a little while, I wonder if I should just pretend I never woke up, that I never knew she was crying alone in the darkness with me right there next to her. And that she chose to not take comfort in me. That she once again chose to su er alone.

"Is all I am to you something you cling to in order to stay afloat?" I whisper out into the darkness.

Now she's quiet. There's no pretending I didn't wake up, that I didn't hear her cry. "W-what?" She whispers back, her voice thick from crying. I turn my head towards her. She's lying on her side, facing away from me. I watch her back and her so red hair. Her oversized t-shirt hangs o her small frame, exposing the skin over one of her shoulders. She's completely still except for the small, sudden breaths she has to let in, her body still in a state of grief. All I want to do is hug her, but I can't seem to breach the distance between us. "Do you really love me?" I sigh, hating myself for being the person to say those words, not being able to look at her so I keep looking away from her, back up at the dark ceiling, the darkness safe. I feel the mattress shi as she turns towards me. I can't help but cast her a quick glance. She's on her side, watching me with bloodshot eyes, leaning her head against her hand. My heart aches again to hold her, but I look away. It's the look of guilt marring her face. It's the way her eyes look at me with pity. đ "Why would you ask that?" I notice she doesn't reply to my question, ignoring it by posing a question of her own. "Because I think you're using me as a replacement to the person you actually love." ส์ "No." She lamely whispers and I close my eyes, feeling so stupid for having purposefully ignored all the signs and I am supposed to be trained in human behavior. Wanda suddenly shu les closer to me, placing her head down onto my chest and wrapping her arm around my waist in a one-sided hug. I wish my body would get the memo and not react the way it does each time she touches me, making me feel like I'm free-falling, with no fear of hitting the ground. 'You can't love two people, Wanda." I bite the inside of my cheek, feeling close to crying. a "Why?" She squeezes my waist tighter. "Because it's not fair." "Fair?" She echoes and I wish she would let me go. "If life was fair I-" "You what?" I fill in the silence, knowing exactly what she wishes for, and it doesn't include me. a "Don't think that." She murmurs against my neck and I shiver. "What I feel for you and how you make me feel is not dependent on anything -or anyone else." "But I think you know in your soul you wouldn't hesitate when it comes down to it. You would go." I choke out, not wanting to do this now but pushing her away now might just be easier, pushing her away on my terms-"I would go? Where am I going, Livvy? I'm right here." She kisses my neck to prove to me that she's really here. If only it were that easy. "But you're not, not really." I turn my head away from her and she stops kissing me and I instantly wish she wouldn't. Stop it. "I don't understand." "You're here because I couldn't get you to him" I say the words that have been hurting me and they feel like they rip and tear at the flesh around my heart as they leave me to probably do the same to her. a Wanda is quiet. I know she doesn't know what to say. Takes one to know one. I feel the sea I'm putting between us stir uneasily, waves forming. a I turn my head and I instantly meet her green eyes. They're filled with hurt. I just don't know if it is me or him who is hurting her. I wish I could just tell her what I know she wants to hear, what she needs to hear; it could be love and it could be us until she recognizes what I always knew to be true.

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"No, you couldn't." She whispers.

"I can't do this with you." I say, gesturing from her to me, and her lip quivers.

"What did I do?" She asks, her eyes filling with tears anew and all I want to do is hug her close to me and shield her from the pain I am causing her, but I can't do that to her.

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"You didn't do anything, Wanda." I assure her, wiping a tear away from her face and she recoils slightly.

"Then what, Livvy?" She snaps.

"I can't be the bu er between you and him. I can't. I'm sorry." "Between-" She repeats, her eyes wide. "No, what?" "You love him and I know you think you love me but it's not love, it's-" "Don't you dare tell mewhat myfeelings are!" She interrupts me.

"You tell me then!" My voice shakes timidly.

"I thought I did!" She sni les angrily, a tear falling down her cheek. "Why are you making me choose when there's no choice to make?"

"I'm not makingyou chose, you're the one crying in the dark a er you told me you loved me! You've already chosen!"

"But I don't have a choice, do I, Livvy!?" She's almost shouting now. "I don't get to choose, ever! I don't get to choose. So why are we even talking about this!?"

I can hear by the way her voice quivers slightly that she's starting to feel pushed against a wall, that I am onto something she's also thought of. Sometimes the best thing to do for everyone is to push on. Sometimes that is the brave thing to do.

"Because you're sat here in the dark crying about him, and I am right here, Wanda." My voice catches in my throat. "I'm right here and you still can't choose me."

She lets go of my waist and I feel her grab my face and force me to look at her. I begrudgingly meet her eyes, which are brimming with tears now.

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"Stop it." She whispers. "You can't push me away by making me the villain. I can't make you feel what I feel, but I know that my feelings are true. When I'm with you I feel seen, I feel heard and I don't feel like the monster I am. How o en do you think I get to laugh, to feel happiness? Only when I'm with you! If I could have stopped this from happening I would have! Don't you think I would have?"

She pauses, looking deeply into my eyes and I once again feel like my vision narrows until all I can see is her and she sees all of me and I can't retreat.

"You would be happy, safe, somewhere with someone who's good for you and who deserves you and I would... I would be far away." Her voice catches in her throat and I wish I could tell her how untrue that is, how little I want that.

"But... but if loving me makes you scared, then good, it should! I'm scared! I didn't want this. I didn't want anything a er him.But I don't - get - to - choose!"

She furrows her brows together, biting her lower lip, obviously trying not to break down completely. My chest hurts and for a second I marvel at how I can actually feel the way she's holding my heart in her hands, and if I didn't know better...

I li one hand towards her face and press my thumb down in between her eyebrows, forcing her to relax. She lets out a little laugh which echoes grief.

"I'm sorry." I whisper and she shakes her head.

"I'm sorry. You deserve someone who... isn't broken like me. You deserve someone who can give them all of their heart..." She smiles sadly at me and I feel her fingers tighten around my heart. "If you can accept me for me, then... but if you can't, I won't hold it against you. I understand."

Her lips turn upwards in a sad, accepting half-smile and I can't bear to be the one making her hurt like this. Her last two words echo in my head and I realize she doesn't think she should even get to experience any form of care from anyone and that breaks my resolve.

I pull her down towards me gently, our lips meeting in the so est, most tender kiss we've shared thus far. It's like we're afraid of breaking each other. I feel her tears on my face and on my lips and I wish I could just kiss all of her tears away forever.

"I accept you." I whisper against her lips and she smiles against mine. 🤿

She kisses me again, like an artist using all of her best colors, her

brush painting me in delicate yet certain strokes until I become a masterpiece. We both pour in what is le unsaid, probably trying to convince the other of our emotions, willing them to feel all that we are feeling. Her wet lashes tickle my cheeks as she pushes me against the pillow below, one of her thumbs brushing against my jaw and the other brushing the side of my throat, sending shivers through my entire body.

As she deepens the kiss, pressing down on me I should feel claustrophobic, not being able to breathe but there's no need for trivial things like that anymore. I tangle my fingers in her hair, keeping her close to me, afraid that if I let go she would be gone forever. She isn't going anywhere, though. She places so kisses down my neck and I gasp at the sensation, feeling like if she won't be the one to float away I might. I feel her smile against my skin.

I forget myself as she molds me like so clay, forming me into something new, something beautiful, her hands knowing just where to work in order to make the most perfect shapes of me. She kisses me just below my ear and I writhe, unintentionally and she hums, pleased.

"I didn't want to wake you." She whispers, her voice heavy, her breathing quick against my skin, making goosebumps appear.

"I'm awake now." I struggle to get out, opening my eyes, meeting her eyes filled with stars.

"Well, you should try to get some rest." She smiles, brushing some of her hair behind her ear, knowing exactly what she's doing.

"It's okay, I'm up." I smile at her and she shakes her head, tutting.

"That's enough. Tomorrow is a new day." She falls down next to me, making the mattress bounce.

"Tease." I mutter and she laughs, the sound music to my ears. "Me? Never!"

That morning I slowly wake up from a sleep that has felt more like a comatose state than sleep. I keep my eyes shut, wanting to sleep longer, feeling absolutely drained. My limbs feel like lead. I become aware of the warm body next to me and I peel one eye open, and am met with the sight of Wanda, one leg thrown over me, lying on her side, the covers tossed half on and half o her body. Her face is relaxed, still deep in sleep. I can't see any evidence of tears on her face anymore, the night having washed all the pain away.

I place one hand on her naked leg and she frowns slightly as I begin to trail lazy figures across her smooth skin. Feeling like this is the perfect opportunity to get revenge for last night, I try to slither out from under her as quietly as I can, trying my best not to wake her. As I place her leg down and I am free of her, she grunts slightly and turns onto her stomach, but she doesn't wake.

Wanda-1, Livvy-0, but that's about to change.

I crawl up to her so that I am sitting next to her waist and I hike her tshirt up, exposing a pair of questionable black biking shorts she probably got from Natasha. Always fashionable, that one.

I keep pulling the shirt up, carefully, carefully. I send a quick thank you to whoever for getting her to choose to sleep in a shirt which could fit three of her in it. It makes bunching it up at her shoulders a lot easier, and she's none the wiser, sleeping with her entire back exposed. I grin happily. This'll show her.

I lean down, placing a feather-light kiss on the side of her hip. Then another one on the small of her back. She makes a low sound and moves slightly, but she still doesn't wake up. I continue pressing kisses all the way up to her shoulders while I let one hand draw figures on the back of her thigh. When I get to her neck I pull the tshirt down slightly, giving me better access to her neck. I push her thick hair out of the way and lean down to kiss the back of her neck.

"Whaddyadoin?" Wanda slurs, finally starting to wake up.

I giggle mischievously against her neck, making sure to let my index finger on her thigh draw against her skin with slightly more pressure.

"Livvy!" Wanda exclaims as I very lightly bite her neck.

"Stop, oh my god!" She tries to turn around, her legs kicking as she tries to get my hand to stop trailing upwards.

"What?" I ask her innocently, letting her flip to lie on her back.

Her cheeks are flushed and her lips are parted as she breathes heavily, her eyes no longer sleepy at all. I watch her grinning, my hand now resting innocently on the inside of her thigh.

"Lost for words, Maximo ?" I tease her, tapping my finger against her thigh and she pu s, still flustered.

Wanda-1, Livvy-1.

A/N: Kind of cute, kind of sad, best of both worlds eh?? Felt like Wanda should get to explain herself a little about her whole Vision/Livvy conundrum... Hope you liked it xx

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Continue reading next part