Chapter 73

"Well, well, look at you two," I jeeng. It. ing my head so quickly I swear I have a muscle in my neck. 0

I was so in my own world, I did not even register the door to the cell opening, and until I would have, because staring into the cold eyes of Strucker without any mental preparation is not my idea of fun.

I swear it glares at Wanda, who is sitting on my lap in such a straight back on my lip. The distance between us sends my heart flutter down on its journey to have to my body. Wanda turns her head slightly and meets my eyes with a blank face. I know she knows I've been staring, but she makes zero indication of giving a damn. Wanda she looks back at Strucker. I do the same, feeling my heart sink.

I notice Strucker's eyes are fastened to Wanda with the support of any of her guards. She's standing there, all alone, her fitted black suit knows curves are usual. She's wearing a pleased grin on her face and I could so easily just... and yet I know that if she is standing there by herself, I have no chance.

"Who are you?" Wanda's low voice breaks the silence, her accent making her tongue roll slightly longer over her r.

"Hmm. Looks like our scientists have done a marvelous job with her, wouldn't you agree, Victor?" Strucker turns to a man in a lab coat in charge and looks from Wanda to me, and I know that if I ever get the chance, I want to know about falling for him.

"She isn't remember." I coldly challenge her, feeling a little bit like a stubborn toddler, which only earns a mirthless chuckle from the woman.

"She might. But we'll have used her by then." Strucker sighs deeply, her fire, pacified gets left ashamed.

"I don't appreciate being talked about like I am not here." Wanda speaks again, looking at Strucker with what I notice is a tint of disgust.

"Yes, of course, you don't." Strucker's smile broadens and she walks towards us, looking at Wanda like she is forbidding her favorite animal at the zoo. Her back stiffs halfway as she approaches Wanda's side. 0

"No, of course, you don't." Strucker's smile broadens and she walks towards us, looking at Wanda like she is forbidding her favorite animal at the zoo. Her back stiffs halfway as she approaches Wanda's side. 0

Wanda's eyes flicker to Strucker's outstretched hand, but she stands up nonetheless, silently ignoring Strucker's ire. She's not exactly a tall as Strucker, standing face to face to her, but she's standing with her back straight trying to appear taller than she is. I want to lie down on my side, ignoring how I'm losing her with every passing second.

"Fabulous, Wanda. Excellent." Strucker beams and I feel nauseous.

I barely watch as Strucker clickand clackand to the door, turning around to make sure Wanda follows suit. Wanda hesitates slightly, and I know this is her one chance to run, having the ability to do so. I know she wouldn't, I know she wouldn't, but I know she's waiting. I wonder if I'd have anything to do if I did.

Wanda stays in the doorway, turning to look at me. I hug my knees slightly tighter.

"And her?" Wanda asks, no trace of any a risky in her tone, looking at me and then out at Strucker. It's just a question. There's nothing else in it. She's just wondering. It's just a question.

"She can wait." Strucker's voice is my bel already, and I hear her continue to walk down the hallway.

Wanda frowns and looks back at me. I need her eyes, for a second mistaking seeing my Wanda standing there waiting for me.

"Please don't go." I whisper pathetically, feeling like an immense pressure is sitting down on me.

I almost believe she might listen to me. That she might rush back to me, telling me she really does remember me, that she remembers it all and that she's going to save us, showering me in kisses. It's not. I wish I feel her so-called. I almost believe.

She turns around without another word and the door shuts shut behind her.

And I am lost again and it gets colder and colder.

I lie down on my side, curled up in a ball, and as I thought earlier, I have no want to ic ry. Has on earth did I end up in the basement of a terrorist group, watching a woman I won't only fully, truly, barely in myself walk away from me as though I am nothing more than a passerby pass on the street. As much as I've longed to be a Wanda, I can't lie. Such a prospect is terrifying. I really accept the truth when I say I don't want to be a Wanda. I don't want to be a Wanda. I'm a dreamer and a lazy romantic in a non-moment for me to think of her and bet in my body and know it in my mind. From the moment I met her I was doomed to have her for a long time.

Holding myself like I'm cuddling my knees I rock back and forth. I don't want to know if I'm still crazy for Wanda or whether she comes back. I almost think that last sentence with to rayhat that's not a terrifying thought. I'm not ready to accept it. It was a dream, much less bright and new than the one which I've been living in under Wanda's gaze. I walk down corridors and blessing lights, not knowing what I am looking for or who I am looking for, my heart hammering in my chest as I am running away from something or toward something.

"Get up." A harsh voice wakes me and I open my tired eyes, squinting in the harsh light.

"Not. jeeing! The same voice speaks and I feel a hard boot crash into my back.

I keep the jeeg in me, not allowing any weakness to crack through although all I feel I am with is weakness. With shaking arms I push myself to sit, my eyes landing on the boots that have created a possibly very lovely bruise on my body.

"Halfway there." The voice belonging to the boots says and a big hand a reaches the top of my head fingers closing into a fist, which contains my hair, I am made aware of as the hand uncomfortably yanks upward and I follow, not being able to resist the pain.

"Good girl." A gruff guard smiles a pin that exposes his yellow teeth.

"Let - me go." I gasp in pain and he does, but not before giving my hair another yank.

"Come." He orders, turning around and walking sweatingly out of the cell.

I stay rooted on the spot, not being able to leave. What if Wanda comes back, and I'm not here?

"Now!" The guard roars, sticking his head back in through the doorway.

"No." I shakily say.

"I don't care." The guard yells back, stomping back inside and I flinch as he flings his hand forwards, once more grabbing not by my hair.

He silently pulls me on I feel and turns to Wanda but his falling, stumbling, eyes watering is pain. We exit the cell and I am back in the grey hallway, free of the cell but never too free.

The guard pulls me along in a silent struggle. We pass other people but no one seeks to help me as I stumble and fall and the wave mind is helping hand. A a few minutes of struggling, I give up and let myself be led in that humiliating manner, deciding nothing really matters anyway.

The guard leads me to a nondescript door which he kicks open and tosses me inside. I stumble and bump against a shelf, the hard corner digging into my the painfully. But again, what does it matter? I realize I am in some sort of medium-sized, . changing room? There are shelves with stacks. Asked clothes labeled in nice, another corner of the room filled with black contact lenses.

"Dress." The guard yeses at me and crosses his arms over his chest, apparently having no intention of even turning around to give me my privacy.

I raise an eyebrow at him, but he doesn't move a muscle. His little jeeg eyes are fixed on me. Involuntarily I shiver, turning around to find clothes in my size from the shelves. Once I've gathered the clothing I turn and look at the guard again. He's still staring at me.

"Do you mind?" I ask him and he smiles in return.

"Great." I sigh. "I'm not dancing for you, though."

"No." I shakily say.

"I don't care." The guard yells back, stomping back inside and I flinch as he flings his hand forwards, once more grabbing not by my hair.

He silently pulls me on I feel and turns to Wanda but his falling, stumbling, eyes watering is pain. We exit the cell and I am back in the grey hallway, free of the cell but never too free.

The guard pulls me along in a silent struggle. We pass other people but no one seeks to help me as I stumble and fall and the wave mind is helping hand. A a few minutes of struggling, I give up and let myself be led in that humiliating manner, deciding nothing really matters anyway.

The guard leads me to a nondescript door which he kicks open and tosses me inside. I stumble and bump against a shelf, the hard corner digging into my the painfully. But again, what does it matter? I realize I am in some sort of medium-sized, . changing room? There are shelves with stacks. Asked clothes labeled in nice, another corner of the room filled with black contact lenses.

"Dress." The guard yeses at me and crosses his arms over his chest, apparently having no intention of even turning around to give me my privacy.

I raise an eyebrow at him, but he doesn't move a muscle. His little jeeg eyes are fixed on me. Involuntarily I shiver, turning around to find clothes in my size from the shelves. Once I've gathered the clothing I turn and look at the guard again. He's still staring at me.

"Do you mind?" I ask him and he smiles in return.

"Great." I sigh. "I'm not dancing for you, though."

That scares a lot. Tears form. I turn around, trying to keep at least some dignity. I slowly kick it my worn black trainers and my coat to the grey socks. Right, no can so delaying the hub.a.bloom my black pants, squeezing my eyes shut and pulling them down to my ankles, trying to pretend I am alone. Kick the pans away and quickly step into pair of black jeeg pants I've picked out for myself. The pants are obviously made for a man's body, so they sit a little loosely on my hips. Not at least they're comfortable. Much more so than the jeeg I wore.

Next, I prepare my black long sleeve, trying to, again, make my moment of vulnerability as short-lived as possible. I quickly yank a my old shirt, bending over to grab the new one.

"Turn." The guy voice speaks and I freeze, shirt in hand.

"I don't turn." The guard speaks again, and I can but hear the enjoyment drip o his tongue.

I grimace. As if I couldn't rank any lower. I try to cover myself with the shirt, holding it over my bare torso, feeling embarrassed over the stupid sob a for I'm wearing. He one I pocked out a eyes ugly with the thought that Stark's pretty might and m... a much more fun way than it did.

"Go on." The guard grumbles and I quickly struggle to clumsily clothe myself, my skin prickling.

Despite now wearing clean clothes I feel so much dirtier than before. The guard leads me up and down a hall to a room with a few metal bunds, but I feel about made to his cyber. Finally, I pull on the black Basic and the rude, amused.

"Come." He says and this time I move before he has the time to not go.

We turn a couple of corners and arrive at an arrows, where I am, to my surprise, given a few knives and a couple of hand guns. The guard there even makes a point of clearly showing me they ammo he provides me with. I walk out of there with a little bit more spring in my step, the way a girl could give me.

"Where are we going?" I ask the grubby guard as he leads me down Kaiser, never ending hallways now teeming with people and offshoots and others in suits.

"You'll see." He answers me and I briefly wonder whether he is capable of uttering sentences with more than two words.

We walk for a couple more minutes, my sense of direction utterly lost in the maze of the Underworld. The guard finally leads me to a fancy-looking door. Ok, but I don't think the words lurking out of a war like scenarios. I'm a little bit nervous and I am not starting to feel a little sour about how he I'm being forced to wait when all I want to do is lay ooooolsie and mallow in self pity, my arrive at yet another bloody door.

The guard doesn't waste his time with one. It swings open as if the magic as we go in front of it. The guard steps aside to let me in. I stand there a dirty look as I pass. I enter a large room with a huge cab table in its midst. The table is surrounded by men in suits the a square of pigeon flocking a piece of bread. The men all stand when I enter each other, not even realizing I've entered. Only one person in the whole room is watching me like they were expecting me.

Our eyes instantly meet, sending shivers like cold water down my spine. She doesn't have to say anything for I know that I'm in for a long ride with Strucker's gaze. I'm gonna lose you for a long time.

She blinks rapidly a couple of times and swallows before she looks down at her hands. I wonder if she feared me. I don't know how strong the cyber she's still being forced to wear is. Can she read minds with it or, as I am she only access what little scatter she is kindly demonstrated on me earlier?

"Ah, Vernal, welcome." Strucker's voice pierces through the squabbling men like a blade and the room goes silent. My stomach drops at that stupid name.

I slowly turn my gaze away from Wanda, finding the only other woman in the room. She is sitting a few seats away from Wanda, looking pleased. Her eyes scan me and she nods as if she's just solved a particularly ill. Jodi riddle. I wonder if I could ask her a riddle that ends with me skipping free.

"You've claimed as mine. Now I am, Wanda." Strucker asks, turning to Wanda with a wide smile.

Wanda's eyes flicker to Strucker and then back to me, staying ds impassive as ever. I will giving any other indication of having registered Strucker's question. I notice Wanda's also been given a fresh set of clothes, identical to mine. I'm glad she hasn't been forced to adversary our hairs friendly.

"We've been busy discussing you." Strucker addresses me and I snort.

"Only good things, I hope." I sarcastically grin and don't miss the way Strucker's eyes flash dangerously, yet her smile never falters. Wanda on the other hand bits her head slightly, staring at me.

"Of course. I don't want you to think we've forgotten all about you. You are the reason our star jeeg is here." Strucker explains, nodding at Wanda. I don't miss her hidden reminder of how Wanda's predicament is entirely my fault. I bite back a less child-friendly reply, knocking a wide selection of Vernal's favorite curse words.

"Please, take a seat."

"I'm good here, thank you." I smile sweetly, aware of the room's eyes. Strucker's smile drops and she walks towards me, which is looking at me with a mask smile.

Wanda's eyes flicker to Strucker and then back to me, staying ds impassive as ever. I will giving any other indication of having registered Strucker's question. I notice Wanda's also been given a fresh set of clothes, identical to mine. I'm glad she hasn't been forced to adversary our hairs friendly.

"We've been busy discussing you." Strucker addresses me and I snort.

"Only good things, I hope." I sarcastically grin and don't miss the way Strucker's eyes flash dangerously, yet her smile never falters. Wanda on the other hand bits her head slightly, staring at me.

"Of course. I don't want you to think we've forgotten all about you. You are the reason our star jeeg is here." Strucker explains, nodding at Wanda. I don't miss her hidden reminder of how Wanda's predicament is entirely my fault. I bite back a less child-friendly reply, knocking a wide selection of Vernal's favorite curse words.

"Please, take a seat."

"I'm good here, thank you." I smile sweetly, aware of the room's eyes. Strucker's smile drops and she walks towards me, which is looking at me with a mask smile.

"No I was about to say." Strucker readjusts herself a her chair, the tension around the table rippling slightly. "We've not forgotten about you, Vernal."

I am so tired. I was getting worried. Much there is my cell. I I swore, her smooth voice and Strucker's smile finally falters.

Wanda turns her head from Strucker to me, her little frown still there. A twist instant warm has to pass my thumb right there in the middle of her eyebrows to stop her from scowling. I pretend I'm still bracing on Strucker and only Strucker, which I know hasn't missed my glance.

"I apologize for making you wait. I just wanted to thoroughly Vernal! Ms. Martinez here, to make sure she is fully... up to date." 0

My jaw tenses involuntarily and my fingers itch closer to the knife. I plaster on a smile and nod.

"I am certain she appreciates your truthfulness!

"I know she does." Strucker strikes back, not one to miss a beat. I hope Wanda hasn't missed it either.

"Anyhow, as you can see we are in the presence of some esteemed guests, who all wanted to be here and witness our great triumph, and the start of a new era here at Kaiser."

"Hail Hydra!" The men loudly echo, making Wanda slightly jump in surprise a her seat.

"You've trained them well." I cower and the man shout Strucker unappreciative looks.

"Now, now, we might have to make another trip to our cornelian Hydra. Which, the result of our success you are responsible for." Strucker silently says, and yet she does manage to send a cold shiver through me with the mere suggestion of having to be anywhere in that chair's vicinity.

"Better." Strucker breathes in as I stay silent. "Now, we thought it might be fun to rhythm a reward weapons working in the field, together! What do you say?"

My eyes widen slightly and I don't bite my glance at Wanda. No, she can't let me be gone as she allowed not on the field! Wanda stares back at me, blank as ever.

Wanda? Wanda, please say you're there.

I'm not with cold silence, my silent cry for help going completely unanswered.

A/N: Happy weekend! 0

I know how much we all love Strucker, so have some more of her. 0

It's about, I am trying to do my writing, I'd like to say I actually thought long and hard about it. . . the actual size of the new people joining is not weighing in their comments on the earlier chapters, ah sweet, innocent little readers. Bite do they know... 0

Continue reading next part ⟶