

Chapter 86

The hours that so slowly follow might count as some of the worst hours of my life. And there are quite a few of those. These ones, though, are painful only because of how long I am forced to lie there, on the formerly unassumingly mediocre couch, trying to push away the lingering feeling of nausea at the back of my throat. No matter how I turn or lie, my tired eyes just do not seem to be able to stop gravitating towards that solid oak door. The birthplace of my uneasiness. I'm on one side of the solid door, and they're on the other.

There are no sounds heard from anywhere except for my occasional shifting on the couch. My ears are perked but the place I can't decide whether or not I want to hear sounds from stays ominously silent. I don't know if I expected them to argue loudly, or what. Naturally, it seems as though they're asleep, as anyone should be at this time of the early morning. I'm still slightly unsure of whether he can sleep, or even needs to sleep. I know she does, but so rarely could. Once she needed me to lie next to her to be able to drift peacefully away. It seems as though those times are over.

Uselessly I lie. My eyes scan the room over and over although I already have committed every corner of this room to memory. I curl and uncurl my toes, unhelpfully being made to remember the way Wanda would lie where my feet are, her so hair tousled up against the pillows as her cheeks would be so ly flushed with color. She'd fix me with sleep-filled eyes, her irises so large it would almost look like her entire eyes were green. Now there are only two slightly worse o for wear-looking socks meeting my eyes. I shift for the hundredth time.

The shadows move and slowly make their inevitable journey across the room. I'm so tired but my mind doesn't want to let me escape. And so I am forced to lie there, pretending this is not the weirdest fucking situation ever. My body is in a state of juxtaposition between two very strong pulls; that of fight, of bouncing o the couch and barging into her room and then... doing something, anything. And the other other pull named flight. Easy, safe. Ignore. Escape. Flight.

The longer I lie and try to pretend I am comfortable and getting some sort of rest, the worse I feel. Although I must be resting my body somehow, it feels as though I am in actuality draining it of energy, oddly enough. The hours tick by and I don't give in to either pull. My hand is loosely wrapped around the ceramic mug that has now grown cool, the liquid inside it old. But I can't let go of the fact that she made it for me. Although I pushed her away, she still made me tea. A small, little gesture, but a gesture nonetheless. I shouldn't read into it, but it's all I want to do. Overanalysing has always been my forte. I turn to my back, sighing.

Her other gesture is the one I can't literally wrap my fingers around. Why would she have kissed me? Absentmindedly I let my fingers brush against my cracked lips, remembering the way her kiss felt. If I close my eyes, I feel her again. Hesitant, scared, determined, desperate. Needing. For a moment, thinking it was me she was in need of. I don't need to ask myself why she did it. In my heart, I know the why. I just wished she knew the why. I thought she would have remembered. Her hands grasp at the base of my neck. The moment only exists in my head, but it doesn't stop it from being so vivid I can easily convince myself she's here now.

All the while, I realise I had been hanging onto the small glimmer of hope that eventually, I would have been brave enough to kiss her and that she would somehow let her wall crumble, letting her memories freely flood through the cracks invading the parts of her free of me. And then I would have her again. Now I got my kiss, but I didn't get my Wanda. He did. I'm lying on this stupid couch like the world's biggest fucking simp and he's lying in there with her.

I hu loudly and swing my legs over the couch, sitting up. Enough. One of the pulls finally overcomes my inability to act. My head spins from low blood pressure and I make a half-hearted note of eating something soon. Ish. Used to the feeling of my vision darkening around the corners of my eyes, I let it settle for a moment. The blackness eventually retreats until I feel safe enough to risk standing up. Slipping my feet into my old boots, I quickly tie my laces and then I slip through the slightly loud front door, out into the night. Flight.

There's always one thing I can count on when I can't count on anything. That's my body. If I can make my body work, move and sweat, I can convince myself that I have moved forward, through my issues. I don't think I'm running away so much as running through. I can't lie there on that couch any longer. I need to run through my issues. And so that's what I do. For nearly two hours, I just let my feet guide me anywhere they please. It's dark outside, but my eyes adjust. That's all I ever do. Adjust. Adjust to the world around me. Adjust to the people around me. When I run, though, I have no need to adjust. It's just my brain and my body and that's all I need to push through.

My lungs burn from the cold air but at least my brain doesn't hurt. And before I know it, I've made it back to the cabin. Instantly, I begin to feel those negative feelings begin to seep through my newly cleansed body, but unless I want to run for another two hours while I wait for everyone to wake up, I have just got to get on with it. I quietly enter the cabin. The air inside is so stale, compared to the air outside. For a small, tiny, fraction of a second, I almost let myself hope that Wanda's somehow noticed my being gone and is waiting for me, but just as soon as that wish enters my mind I evict it. Her door is still shut.

I kick o my muddy boots and with my guard up, I quietly make my way to the small bathroom. I shut the door with a mu led click, locking it behind me. I begin by taking o my sweaty, cold clothes, leaving my naked in the nippy air surrounded by questionable looking bathroom tiles. I step into the old bathtub, the material underneath the soles of my feet cold, instantly icing through my legs and into the rest of my body. I turn on the water, watching the miserable little joke of a stream as I wait for the warm water. It always takes a couple of minutes. I hug myself, trying to stay warm. My eyes travel over the open drawers, seeing some of Wanda's things inside. I reach out and shut the drawer.

The shower finally begins to steam, so I step in. The water here is either antarctic or hot as though it is fresh out of hell. I prefer hell out of the two options. The water scalds my skin which turns red and tender under the heat, but my brain tells me I'm burning o all my anxieties, that the pain is in fact good pain. Healthy pain. It's almost unbearable, but I don't step out from under the stream.

What are you doing?
I'm filled with a warmth that spreads from inside of me, not matching the outside in intensity and I gasp slightly at hearing her concerned voice in my head, my heart skipping up speed again. Wanda.
I didn't mean to wake you.
You didn't? She replies, even her thoughts have that so lull of an accent behind them. She sounds tired.
Was I too loud? I formulate the words in my head, trying to shut down the fountain of confusing feelings within me so she won't sense them. I doubt she needs more confusion in her life right now.
Loud? You? Never? Wanda's slight amusement trickles through me and I grin sheepishly at the wall in front of me.
Sorry.
Don't apologize? Wanda's concern seeps through me again and I almost believe she remembers she used to tell me that. 'Not to me' are the words she would follow with. But of course, she doesn't. So I stay silent.
Why are you in pain? Wanda's words reverberate in my skull, her thoughts warm and so and so inviting.
Shower? I let my thoughts out to her and I feel her in my skin, feeling the sensation of the scalding water.
Wait.

She goes quiet and I stay there, under the water, holding my breath, staring at the o-white tiles, waiting for her to find my thoughts again. I suddenly feel so alone in my body.
A small knock is heard through the door. My head turns towards the door, a pit of something resembling either excitement or dread in my stomach. I can't quite discern which emotion I feel.
Olivia? Wanda's small voice breaks through my jumbled thoughts.
Can- can I come in?
She sounds as uncertain as I feel. I look around, desperately trying to find something to cover up with. Wanda must have heard, or felt my thoughts because she quickly breaks through my thoughts again.
It's fine. I'll keep my eyes closed. Or I'll turn around. Whatever you want.

What I feel is her, but I shut down that feeling instantly. I feel doubtful at her proposition, and I know she feels that feeling in turn. I know she's beginning to second-guess her oer and I am selfish enough to want her near me whatever the circumstances, so I try extend my feelings to her, letting her feel it's okay. Although, I'm not sure it is. But I'm backed in a corner. Figuratively. Or, literally a burning hot corner. I turn around so that my back is towards the door, my arms going around my chest, hugging myself although she wouldn't be able to see my front anyway. I quietly thank my lucky stars I didn't bother turning on the light in the bathroom, relying instead on the pale light from the dusty little window.

I hear the lock of the door unlock and a slight breeze hits me as the door opens. In an instant my body recognizes her presence, almost as burning as the water on my skin. I feel stupidly nervous when I hear the door click shut again. I can't breathe all of a sudden. Every inhale feels forced and so loud. Wanda doesn't make a sound. I don't turn around to make sure she isn't looking.
I'm not! I hear her in my head, feeling her nervous amusement.
How chivalrous of you.

Don't be funny. You're in the losing position, here. Clothes. No clothes? Wanda snakily comments and I pull a face, utterly confused as to whether she is flirting or just being Wanda.
Why are you in here? I can shower on my own.
I know you can. But I can help.
I can reach everywhere, but thank you very much. Maybe you should go back tchim before he wakes up! I think, not concealing my annoyance.
Don't tell me what to do! Wanda shoots back at me and I feel my own annoyance mix with her, making me, surprise - all the more annoyed.
Then stop doing the same! hu, in my anger turning slightly to peer at her over my shoulder and catch her eyes in the mirror.

She instantly goes the color of my skin under the boiling water as the blood rushes to her cheeks. Her green eyes suddenly find something on the opposite wall intensely fascinating. Through my annoyance, I feel at a small seedling of something akin to triumph at finding her looking at me. Who won now, miss Maximo? Captain America's ass indeed.
Reset. Please? Wanda's totally calm and collected voice sounds in my head, and I feel her sincerity.
Fine I relent, turning my back towards her again, leaving her unsusperised again. What can I help you with or did you just want to have me boil to death?

No, that's why I'm here! Wanda answers, not rising to my bate. Hold on.
I stare at a particularly yellowy tile as I wait for something to happen. Nothing does, until suddenly I realize I'm not in partial physical pain any longer. Surprised, I look up at the showerhead, which is now encased by Wanda's scarlet. The water that subsequently falls through is the perfect temperature. I can't help but turn around to gape at her. She sits on the corner of the bath, head kindly turned away from me as I stare at her slightly tousled hair. Her le hand is raised to shoulder height, her fingers slowly twitching in thin air as a calm scarlet mist laps around her fingers.

I'm so grateful I could kiss her. I hope she didn't hear that but suspect differently as her shoulders shake slightly as if she is suppressing a chuckle.
"Happy?" She whispers in a raspy voice and turns her head just so I can see a little of her profile. She's smiling.

Despite everything, I can't help my own smile and I turn back around and close my eyes under the so water.
A/N: Hi angels!
I know this is short, but I hope you liked it nonetheless! I hope it doesn't read too slow... Sometimes, as they say, less is more though, right? And with Wanda and Liv this is certainly the case, don't you think?
Again I just wanted to let you know how much I appreciate every single one of you, posting this story has become one of my favourite things in life recently because I am always so excited to read your comments, you never dissappoint, you legends, you.
Hope you have a great weekend my darlings and I will see you in a couple days!
All my love xx

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