Chapter 89

Wanda drags Natasha and me onto the porch of the cabin without saying so much as another syllable. She pushes Natasha in front of her, me being dragged behind. My bare feet ache and complain against the cold, hard ground, and my skin feels icy against Wanda's warm touch. I try wrangling my wrist out of her iron grip, but her fingers dig into my skin stronger, surprising me in their strength after I was so certain she must be feeling so frail. There's nothing frail about her now, though. Natasha curses loudly, looking at Wanda with furrowed eyebrows in anger, but something about Wanda makes her not argue. She gives me a look and I shrug, shaking my head with wide eyes. But neither of us can really do much. And so we're hurdled like cattle forward.

Wanda's hair seems to glisten slightly redder under the overcast sky. As we walk up the stairs onto the porch, Natasha is pushed in front of Wanda (not without a curse first) and I'm dragged behind (also not without a select few curses uttered). Wanda's torso twists slightly as she tries to pull me up the stairs.

Somehow, she wrangles Natasha successfully into the cabin. Natasha turns around in the doorway, opening her mouth. Without Wanda as much as touching the door, it slams shut in Natasha's face.

I'm about to open my mouth to argue again, taken completely aback by this sudden burst of authoritarianism on Wanda's behalf. My wrist certain to bruise in a few hours, and Wanda turns around on her heels, her cardigan flying about like a sort of domestic version of a cape.

"What-" I begin, but Wanda's eyes flash red.

"I don't think-" I start again, finally yanking hard enough for Wanda's fingers to loosen their grip of me. "You have any-"
"Shut the fuck up." Wanda harshly commands, the syllables sounding curt in her mouth and her eyes retain a slight flicker of red within them, something I'm not certain she's even aware of.

"Excuse me?" I gasp, blood rushing to my cheeks as I hold my wrist to my chest, shivering slightly in the cold.

"Shut. Up." Wanda steps forward, eyes flashing and I raise my chin defiantly, not understanding her treatment of me, yet again. She'll go from ignoring me to hating me, to kissing me, to hating me, and to ignoring me again quicker than I can keep up with.

"You can't tell-"
"*You* can't come here and lie." Wanda says through gritted teeth, cutting me off with a voice that is shaking slightly as she tries to stay quiet enough so the confused guests on the other side of the shut door wouldn't overhear.

"Lie?" I repeat incredulously with a dry laugh, disbelieving my ears, almost forgetting the cold.

Wanda tilts her head, pursing her lips at me. I raise my eyebrows, waiting for her to elaborate. She doesn't, instead just stands there with her arms crossed over her chest, cheeks flushed and green eyes flashing daggers. She's as unpredictable as the ocean. Unfortunately for me, I'm not a great swimmer, and faced with her riptides I'm useless and can but splash around, hoping to not drown.

"Wanda, what the fuck are you on about!?" I take a step towards her, my brows furrowed in confusion.

It's her turn to let out a mirthless little laugh, but my approach forces her to look away from me, at least, and I exhale shakily in the respite from her burn. The respite doesn't last long, though, because it's as though she knows her effect on me, and knows exactly how to use it to her advantage. She turns her eyes to me again, and my breath leaves me again. *Damn her.* She sports a small smile on her rosy lips and I falter. *Predictable, Olivia.*

Wanda lets out an annoyed groan. "I don't know what you want from me, Olivia!"

Her apparent attempt at sounding angry comes off as mostly scared to me. She blinks quickly, wetting her lips, quickly restoring those walls around her before I fully scale them.

"I'm not - I'm happy." She says, trying to convince me as much as I can tell she's trying to mean those words.

"You're - what? You're *happy*?" I repeat incredulously, laughing straight into her face which turns dark, her pupils large and black.

"Oh, well, in that case. I'm happy *for you*, Wanda. As long as you're *happy*."

"Fuck you." She whispers and I chuckle.

"Yeah, you wish."

"No! You can't do that!" She rumbles breathlessly and I can't help the sarcastic smile that wants to spread across my face as I gain ground, knowing exactly how to annoy her, which buttons to press.

"Do what, Wanda? What am I doing *now* that doesn't please *you*?" I cock my head, looking at her with slight joy at seeing how vexed she is.

She opens her mouth to argue back, but the door suddenly opens behind her and she turns around on her heels as though she's performing ballet in Moscow.

"Wanda? Are you alright?" Vision sticks his blonde hair out, locking his blue eyes with Wanda, and then he looks at me. I give him a sickly sweet smile to which he frowns slightly, looking back at Wanda.

"Yes, yes!" Wanda almost hysterically says and steps forward, closing the door on him. "Give me a second."

"You know what, I can see why you like him." I decide to annoy Wanda further as the door closes on his stupid face.

I'm fuelled by that annoying pit of ugly jealousy that boils deep within me every time I see him.

Wanda turns back towards me with a grumpy expression, her cheeks burning red, almost matching her long locks. I smile at her, batting my eyes sweetly, thoroughly enjoying this. She might say she cannot remember me, but even she cannot deny the effect I have on her. As long as I can get any sort of reaction from her, I'm fine. When she doesn't care, that's when I've lost. And now, she's staring at me with narrowed eyes, her nostrils flared and chest heaving. Her features suit anger. I'd say she still feels *something*.

"*Please* enlighten me, Olivia. *Why* do I like him? You seem to think you know me *so* well, don't you?" She spits, her voice strained and I grin.

"Seems like you can just order him around. Like a nice, obedient do-" I can never finish my sentence as before I can react, Wanda's eyes flash red. And this time, red for real, not just a shimmer. Suddenly, my back slams against the wall of the cabin, quickly followed by the back of my head, and we've switched positions, with her standing on the porch in front of me with anger practically radiating off her onto me.

"Fuck you!" I grunt as my vision goes slightly blurry from the hit and my back complains against the raspy wood.

"Oh yeah?" Wanda murmurs, stepping closer to me.

I try to wriggle free of her magic which laps at my skin, prickling me in a slightly uncomfortable way. It does seem to warm up my icy skin a little. But as well as I did manage to get free of Wanda's hold, I am absolutely powerless to her scarlet. I'm in an iron grip and all I can do is watch her as she steps way too close.

"What did you say?" She teases, an annoying smirk on her lips and I growl, unable to get free.

"Hmm." She taps my nose, her eyes sparkling way too jovially for my liking. "That's what I thought. You're all talk."

"You're all lies." I shoot back and a tiny flash of surprise crosses her features before she settles with mild intrigue.

"*I'm* all lies?" She watches me struggle underneath her magic with slight boredom. "That's rich, coming from you."

"I'm not the one lying to herself." I dare venture and she flashes another look of anger as she looks deep into my eyes, probably trying to discern what I mean. I'm almost surprised she doesn't look into my thoughts. But as little as I know her, I know her enough to know that's not her.

"Maybe it's worth lying to oneself instead of lying to everyone else." Wanda softly says, leaning in, her breath brushing against my ear, her magic tightening its grip. Goosebumps erupt on my skin.

"I'm - Not - Lying." I gasp, slightly out of breath and I swear her lips curl up slightly in triumph.

"Lying, again." She almost whispers to me and I struggle against her like a mouse between the paws of a cat.

"What do you want, then?" I finally relent, my voice breathy from the pressure on my lungs and Wanda's eyes fix mine, her magic stopping pressing inwards.

"I think I've been pretty clear with what I want." Wanda tilts her head, studying me. "The question is, what do *you* want?"
"What do I want?" I repeat stupidly.

"Yes." She nods, her voice cracking as she drags out the word, her green eyes swirling. "What do you want?"

I hesitate. What do I want? I frown, my eyes not seeing Wanda as I stare into her eyes, suddenly lost in their green and my confusion. I told myself I wanted to set things right for Wanda. I made a mess, and I have to fix it. I told myself I owed her that much. And that is true. I want that. But is it really because I feel bad- because I'm the reason she's forgotten? Because I'm the reason Hydra got to her? Because I'm the reason they have her file, because of me? Because I fucked up in my spell? Because I fucked us up, like I've fucked everything else up in my life so far too?

"All I wanted was to be yours." I whisper, barely noting that the words leave my lips.

Wanda frowns, her head tilting further as she watches me.

"What?" She says flatly, clearly not certain she heard correctly.

I shake my head, trying to clear it as Wanda's scarlet makes it hard to breathe correctly, and the lack of oxygen is getting to me. I fix her with my gaze.

"You heard me."
"I-" She stutters, her cheeks blushing.

"I'm so tired, Wanda." I admit and her eyebrows knit together. "From the start. I -"
"Stop." She shakes her head, closing her eyes.

"Stop telling me what to do!" I blurt out angrily. "You can't just- ugh! You're so-"
"What?" She opens her eyes expectantly, a warning flashing across them.

"You're so fucking annoying!"
"Excuse me?" She looks at me, surprised.

"You're so annoying I don't know why I stick around!" I growl, anger flaring up at me as I watch her stupid innocent expression. "And yet I do, I stick around although I know I shouldn't."
"No, you shouldn-"
"Shut up!"

"Don't-"
"Let me speak!" I plead, exasperated with her. She purses her lips, clearly just as annoyed with me as I am with her.

"All I wanted was to be around you. Wherever that took me. I was yours. I didn't see it then but... fuck! Fuck it. I don't know why I'm here. I clearly can't be yours, and won't, is that what you wanted to hear? Is that what you want? For me to fuck off? Believe me, I fucking wish I could. I don't want to watch you with him. Do you know how much this fucking tears at me? No, of course, you don't. You have no fucking clue. Let me go."

I coldly demand, and my chest constricts at hearing my own words. Wanda's expression changes, her features relaxing slightly as her eyes go round.

"Let me go." I repeat, the words airy between us and my head spins.
"No."
"Let me go! Fuck! I can't breathe, Wanda!"
"Oh. Sorry."

Her magic instantly retracts, and I feel the prodding tickling dissipate from all around me. The cold instantly returns in full force and I'm reminded of the fact that I'm standing in the cold air with bare feet and wet hair. The scarlet tendrils lapping all around me are moving away in slithering motions, almost as if taunting me. Then, they all softly evaporate in the air and I lean heavily against the wooden wall of the cabin, my legs having gone all weak as my muscles once again are forced to bear the weight of my body. I take in a couple of deep breaths, my lungs burning gratefully. I look up at the dark roof overhead.

"I knew this would be your choice, but I let you convince me otherwise. Remember 'I love him but I love you'? Who precedes I love you with 'but'? Remember saying 'he's gone and you are here and I love you'?" I look down at Wanda, who looks like a doe caught in front of my headlights, her eyes round and dark and looking absolutely lost. My heart clenches at the fact that she probably can't remember that night. I can't forget even though I wish I could. My words mean nothing to her, really.

"That's what you said to convince me. And I let you. I told you you couldn't truly love us both. You said 'I love you, but'. And look at us now. All along I knew, deep down, what I was to you."
"Oliv-"
"No!" I stop her angrily, not wanting to hear anything from her. "I was a replacement. Someone to keep you from being lonely until you got *him* back. Now he's back, you can't fucking remember and I don't stand a fucking chance. So why the fuck am I here, still?"

Wanda seems to stare at me through clouded eyes. Her lips part slightly as she exhales and I feel my head spin in the rush of yelling at her. I wish I could've yelled at her more often. Maybe we wouldn't have ended up here, both of us more broken than before we knew each other. We thought we could heal the other. But there's no healing when it comes to us. There's just hurt and pretending the hurt doesn't hurt. The most we are to each other is a sad bandaid, barely sticking to the skin.

"Why are you here?" Wanda murmurs, her eyes glossy with unshed tears.

"I don't know." I sigh, the overwhelming sense of loneliness creeping in on me and I shudder.

The silence spreads thickly between us. It's like I'm standing on one shore, and her on the other with thousands of gallons of stormy seawater between us. I'm yelling and shouting and she can't hear me.

"Tell me it's love." Wanda suddenly softly pleads, her voice hoarse and small, and I look up at her, shivering and confused, it being my turn now to be certain I've misheard.

She stares at me, mouth slightly open, her brown eyebrows pulled down, casting shadows over her green eyes swimming with emotions only she could name.

"What?" I breathe out, my head spinning and my breath condensation in front of me.

"Tell me it's love."

I bite my lip, trying to discern her intentions. She takes a step forward and hesitantly her fingers push my hair behind my ear. I watch her movements carefully, ready to flinch away as much as I'm ready to lean into her hand. Her eyes seem endlessly large as she watches her hand. Her dark lashes frame her eyes as she focuses on me again, her lower lip slipping in between her teeth anxiously.

"Tell me it's love." She repeats again, her hand staying where it is by my cheek as her thumb softly sweeps across my cheekbone ever so hesitantly, as though it's unsure of what it will meet on its journey across my skin.

"It's love." I hear myself admit and I suddenly feel an overwhelming need to cry, noise rushing past my ears like I'm in the eye of a hurricane, waiting for the winds to sweep me, to kill me.

Wanda's lips quiver as her eyes brim with tears. She frowns, quickly letting go of me as she uses her hand to sweep away the unshed tears. I blink, feeling uncentered without her touch.

"You're not lying?" She asks, almost sounding as though she wishes I were.

I shake my head and she exhales through her mouth, her exhale shaky and weak and her eyes sweep onto a point right next to my right ear as she cannot seem to look at me.

"I just can't say goodbye." I sigh, looking down at our feet.

"I'm an asshole." Wanda mutters and I look up, surprised by this turn.

"Huh?"

"I just-" She sighs, searing for the right words to convey whatever it is she's feeling. "My brain... I know there's this huge, white wall and I know there's something behind it, but it just hurts to dry to break it down. And then- then *he* shows up. After you left. I thought - I don't know. But he's here. And I can hug him. And he's real, Olivia. I know he is. I don't know how he found me, but he did. And I- I was so happy."

I listen to her, sinking slightly further down on the wall. She smiles sadly, and I know she's finally telling me the truth. And it hurts.

"I didn't understand... because I... I knew..." She stammers, her voice small. "I knew he was... but he isn't? He's here? He's here with me?"
I nod, biting the inside of my cheek, my entire body shivering now in the cold, but neither I nor she seems to notice.

"He's here. And I -I feel like me. I feel like the... the ocean in me is calm? But then-" She pulls a pained face, meeting my eyes with her eyes that never lie to me. "Then you came back and... you're the moon."

I frown, failing to follow her train of thought. She sighs heavily, as if explaining herself to me is taking up a great amount of goodwill on her part.

"You keep pulling me and the waves crash and I can't breathe."
"well I-"
"Shut up for once, Olivia." She sighs through a weak smile. "I'm trying to tell you..."
"What?" I push her on and she shrugs, shaking her head, embarrassed.

"I don't know."
"*Now* you can't find the words?" I grin and she smiles a real smile.

"No."
"No?"
"No."

"Are you going to try or what? I can't keep making up excuses, Wanda."
"I *am* trying!" She angrily crosses her arms across her chest.

"Right. All I've heard is you finally feel like yourself with him and I make you drown. That's great."

"That's not what I'm saying! You're so stupid!" She groans, frustrated at my apparent lack of understanding.

"Is this just another way of you saying you love him?" I ask her quietly and her lips part slightly.

"No? Why do you keep pushing me away?"
"Pushing you away? Who kisses me and then runs off to him? That's surely not me." I snap and she looks hurt.

"I told you - I can't... it's you!" She angrily looks at me and I can't help but laugh.
"It's me? It's my fault?"

"Yes." She nods.
"Yes?"
"Yes."

"Good." I roll my eyes at her.
"Good."

"Are you going to stop copying me?" I look at her with a small smile I can't quite suppress.

"Shut up." She now rolls her eyes.

"Great talk." I sarcastically say, tucking my hands into the crook of my armpits, trying to still my shaking.

Wanda notices and a look of concern clouds her features. Then, she looks down at my bare feet, and up at my face again.

"You're cold." She states.

"How well you read me, darling." I sneer sarcastically, my teeth clattering.

"Shut up." She says again, sounding annoyed, but I don't miss the small smile on her lips as she flicks her hand in the air and the door to my left opens on its own accord.

"Oh my god, I am *starving*!" I hear Yelena's blaming voice from inside, which makes me smile widely.

Wanda's eyes are on me, her own smile faltering slightly. I raise my eyebrows at her in question and she nods. I push myself off the wall of the cabin, and she lets me walk into the considerable warmth inside before she follows, closing the door behind her.

I swear I can hear her whisper the word 'asshole' as I pass her.

Everyone's congregated on or around the couch. Natasha seems to have been in the middle of explaining something, as she leans back, looking at us, and I am not able to fail to notice the look of concern on Vision's face as he looks away from her up at us. Yelena's swinging her legs back and forth on the armrest of the couch, looking bored. Darcy's frowning, her usual bubbly self subdued.

"You have *no* food." Yelena tells Wanda.

"I'm sorry." Wanda says, walking past me, indeed not sounding too sorry at all.

A/N: Hello loves, missed you!

Hope you're all well and are enjoying a lovely long sunny (in London at least) weekend! I've sat in the park writing this, but I guess the sun couldn't even get me to write something cheerful?

I'm so grateful I got this story to distract me from my actual uni work cause goddaaaamn hahah!

Anyway, you know I love my classic Wanda/Liv sass, so I hope you enjoyed this chapter! And once again, buckle in, cause we're gearing up for something fun once again starting in 3...2...1...

Until next time angels x

Continue reading next part ☐