Chapter 90

"Umm... Hello?"

"What?" Wanda snaps as she walks through the cramped space of the dark cabin, ignoring everyone inside, but apparently, Yelena cannot be ignored.

"I don't care if you starve; I'm still hungry." Yelena glares expectantly, hopping off the couch and walking up to the kitchen, passing Wanda on her path. Once Yelena gets to the kitchen she looks around, her eyebrows raised. I'm trying to suppress my amused smile as I stand in the corner, still shivering from the outside air which has seemed to creep into my veins.

"Sounds like your problem." Wanda snaps and continues walking, head held high.

"It's about to become your problem." Yelena shoots, leaning back against the counter, her arms crossed, looking absolutely fabulously unbothered by the fact that she's pissing off someone who could snap her neck by a twirl of her pinkie.

Wanda freezes in the middle of the room, on her way to her bedroom. She stiffly turns her head to see Yelena confidently stare her down. Yelena smiles a smile I can tell Wanda knows is very fake. I don't know why they don't like each other this much, but it's kind of entertaining.

"Excuse me?" Wanda turns to fully face Yelena.

"What? I'm just hungry. I don't know, maybe witches don't need to eat or something but I do and I'm NOT having another one of Natasha's dry crackers. So, witchy, food, thank you." Yelena stares at Wanda with a wide smile.

I can't help but notice Wanda's shoulders tense, her hands clasped together in front of her as she does when she's feeling uncomfortable. A small part of me wants to just watch whatever is about to unfold, but there's also an annoying part of me that feels... well, empathizes with Wanda, and I can feel gnawing anxiety at the bottom of my stomach, one I'm sure she's feeling. I partly suspect the feeling actually completely belongs to her. I can't help but take pity on her. Equally, I'm not in the mood to witness Yelena fly across the room aided by Wanda's scarlet.

"I'm sure there's something in here, somewhere, right? You must've been eating something while I've been gone." I break the pressing silence, calmly walking past Wanda towards Yelena, who quirks an eyebrow at me. I shoot her a look that I hope tells her to stop pressing Wanda's buttons.

"Wanda?" I look up at her when I receive no response.

"Hmm?" She blinks, looking like she's miles away and I frown, concerned, at this reaction.

"Any food?" I raise my eyebrows in question, already knowing that there isn't any. I store away my concern for Wanda once again, filing it in the back of my head where it barely seems to fit amongst all the other feelings towards Wanda I keep locked away.

"Er, I'm not sure." Wanda admits, her voice is slightly hollow as her eyes move from me to Yelena again, her expression one of displeasure.

"Well, can you, I don't know? Make food?" Yelena asks. "You're a witch."
"Yes, I am." Wanda forces a smile and I swear I see a glimmer of red flash in her eyes.

"Er, Wanda." I quickly speak up, intentionally placing myself between Yelena and Wanda.

Wanda blinks and the red is gone from her eyes as she looks at me with a blank expression.

"Remember when..." I begin, pausing as I realize she doesn't. Wanda's eyebrows pull down slightly, and I almost swear she looks apologetic.
"Eh, when, um, when I-"
I stop stuttering as I see Wanda's lips move, but I can't make out what she's whispered. She seems like she's far away again, her eyebrows pulled into a frown as she stares straight through me.

"Sorry?" I prompt her, curious as to what she's thinking of.

Her focus is back on me and she has an expression on her face that I cannot quite decipher.

"Nothing. Um. I'll make breakfast." She deflects, walking past me, not meeting my eyes.

I turn around to make sure she doesn't accidentally stab Yelena or something, but Wanda's busy rummaging through her pots and pans to spare Yelena any of her precious attention. I watch her for a moment, my concern for her growing as I notice her hands tremble ever so slightly.

Yelena's watching Wanda with a suspicious expression, before she lights up, realizing something apparently amazing.

"Wait! Can you make food appear? Oh wow, you totally can. Can I have Mac and cheese?" Yelena rambles on and I giggle at her enthusiasm. Wanda turns and narrows her eyes at me, but I ignore her.

"No." Wanda says, dropping the pot in her hands on the counter and beginning to walk towards her bedroom, completely giving up on the food again.

"Come on, Wanda." I quickly leave Yelena's side, jogging up to Wanda, grabbing her arm to stop her.

"What?" She looks at me, annoyed, and I almost let go of her, but don't.

"Please?" I maintain eye contact with her. She exhales through her nose, looking away from me stubbornly, but I can tell I've already won.

"You seem to enjoy each other's company enough, you cook for her." Wanda stubbornly says, her cheeks rosy, in classic Wanda style not being able to admit defeat so easily.

"What?" I blink, surprised, then, I realize why she's acting the way she is.

"Are you- you're not jealous, are you, Maximoff?" I whisper with a grin and she frowns, unamused.

"Of what? Her?" She tilts her head, her green eyes piercing through me.

"Excuse me? Still hungry over here." Yelena's voice interrupts us and Wanda tenses up under my hand, making me grin.

"I think you are." I purr just loud enough for her to hear. I feel a weird sense of accomplishment as I watch the rosy color on her high cheekbones intensify.

"Stop it."
"Prove to me you're not, then." I bite my lower lip, trying not to let my smirk spread across my entire face. Wanda's eyes flash down to my mouth and back up again.

"Fine." She relents, her teeth gritted and I smile at her, letting go of her arm. She rolls her eyes to show her discontent but walks up to Yelena in the kitchen. I watch her ruffled movements with slight delight.

I keep an eye out on the two of them in the kitchen for a moment, on alert in case either of them... well, acts like themself. They don't share another word as Wanda keeps herself busy, refusing to make note of Yelena's presence and Yelena watches Wanda curiously. Deciding they should be safe for the time being, I turn on my heels and walk up to Natasha and Darcy, and Vision who are still congregated around the couch. They're obviously still in the middle of whatever conversation they were having as Wanda and I returned, but when I walk up to them they go quiet. Natasha grins at me as if she's in on some secret, but I have no clue as to what that possibly could be.

"What?" I ask her and she shakes her head, still smiling.

"Nothing. They seem to get along great, don't you think?" She turns to look at the other two in the kitchen, and I frown.

"I wouldn't say so." I watch Natasha turn back to me, still grinning.

"I wonder why."

"I don't know, maybe-"

"Gosh, you're stupid." Natasha laughs.

"Great, thanks." I sigh, crossing my arms across my chest, trying to stay as warm as possible, the chill from outside refusing to leave my limbs.

"So?" Darcy looks at me expectantly. "What happened out there? Wanda doesn't seem too happy. Although... I suppose I have never really seen her crack a joke." She backtracks, looking thoughtful.

"Nothing." I lie, casting a glance at Vision, whose blue eyes are trained on me. I get the uncomfortable feeling that he's analyzing me carefully.

He narrows his eyes slightly, then quickly looks at Natasha, and back at me again. I raise my eyebrows at him, prompting him to say whatever is clearly on his mind.

"Wanda?" He loudly declares, surprising me, looking away from me toward Wanda in the kitchen.

"Yes, Vis?" She effortlessly answers, her voice light and the knot in my stomach tightens, my own jealousy rearing its ugly head.

"Can I talk with you?" Vision's eyes flit to me again and then back to Wanda.

"Now?" Wanda wonders and I turn my head, catching her mid-spell as she makes breakfast appear in front of Yelena who seems completely unaware of the fact that her mouth is wide open.

"Now, please, darling." Vision walks past me, not casting me another glance.

Wanda looks over at Yelena. She seems to decide she's done enough as Yelena grabs a strawberry, holding it in front of her face, her expression completely dumbfounded. Wanda watches her take a bite, her expression unimpressed.

"It's real!" Yelena declares to all of us, looking around the room as if she's just discovered a new element, holding the half-eaten strawberry up high. Her enthusiasm makes me laugh, and I feel Wanda's eyes on me again.

My focus is pulled from Yelena to Wanda who forcefully brushes her hands off on her thighs and walks up to Vision, who places a hand on the small of her back, guiding her towards the bedroom. Wanda's green eyes meet mine momentarily, and then they're gone and the door closes behind them.

"What-" I begin, turning around towards Natasha, who interrupts me.

"I told him."
"You what?"
"I told him, he deserves to know." She calmly watches me, her demeanor completely calm, all traces of the previous uncertainty I was privy to outside gone like it never was there. My heart decides my throat is its new home.

"You told him... what?" I stutter, my mind for a second getting stuck on the fact that she somehow knows Wanda and I kissed. Natasha narrows her eyes at me and I try to appear innocent.

"What you told me, obviously. What should I have been telling him?" She asks, her eyes still trained on me suspiciously.

"What? I don't know. What did I tell you?" I awkwardly stumble over my words, my tongue seemingly forgetting how to enunciate. Smooth, Olivia! I chastise myself. FBI training out the fucking window.

"That I'm supposed to be dead. Apparently." She sits back on the couch, watching me closely.

"I don't- oh." I pause.

"Oh." Natasha smirks slightly. "What did you think I told him?"

"How would I know." I shrug and she smiles broader.

"I wonder if there's anything he should know..."

"No." I quickly stop her and she slyly chuckles.

"I did tell him he's supposed to be dead, too, apparently." Natasha adds as if it's just a side thought, unimportant.

"You what?"

"I told him-"

"He's dead?" I clarify, sounding stupid to my own ears.

"I did."

"You don't -don't you think that should have been Wanda?" I tilt my head slightly, wondering why Natasha would have seen it fit to spring something like that upon someone, even though that someone is someone I like as little as Vision.

"Oh, well, let me ask you, how did your talk with her go? Did she seem ready to confront him? Did she seem completely comfortable with the fact that her boyfriend's up and walking again after her assuming he's been dead for what, how many years?" Natasha correctly shoots back and I sigh, knowing she's right. Wanda does not like to deal with issues head-on, and Vision... there's an issue she would rather pretend to love someone else over instead of facing.

"How did he take it?" I ask to divert, ignoring the bitter feeling in my mouth, and Natasha shrugs.

"He's hard to read. He didn't scream. Or faint."

"So..." I begin, barely noticing I'm now pacing back and forth. "How... what do we do?"

My question hangs in the air for a moment, the silence thick and uncomfortable. I stop pacing, looking around. Yelena has stopped eating in the kitchen, her expression unreadable, just like her sister's. She's wearing a small frown, her entire attention on Natasha. Natasha seems have retreated into her own mind, and Darcy's unusually unopinionated, meeting my eyes with an odd expression on her face.

"We make it right." Natasha finally slowly decides, breaking the thick silence, and I frown, not understanding.

"No." Yelena quickly says, clearly understanding something I'm not. "Natasha. No."

She quickly walks around the couch, crouching down in front of her sister, staring at her with fear, something I've never seen on her face before.

"What do you mean?" I wonder, but I'm ignored.

"Natasha, please." Yelena's voice quivers. "I can't, not again."

My chest tightens uncomfortably. I suddenly realize what Natasha's saying, comprehension striking me like a bolt of lightning, crashing through my entire body. Darcy looks from me to the sisters, clearly not with us yet. My mouth feels dry as I shake my head, my heart pounding in my throat.

"Natasha, that's not -there's..." I stutter, the suggestion of what she's hinting at too horrible for me to even fully comprehend.

"Come on, it's not that bad." Natasha smiles a sad smile, her eyes glossy. "It's not like I haven't before."

"What are you-" Darcy begins, but her question seems to make her understand. "What? Natasha? Absolutely not. Are you an idiot?"
"I'm not discussing this now." Natasha states, standing up, brushing past her sister. "I'm going for a run."
And with that, she silently stomps out of the cabin without another word. I watch her form retreat, before Yelena pushes past me, hurrying after her sister. I stare at the door slamming shut for a moment, my mind reeling. I feel like a thousand thoughts are running through my mind, each clamouring for my attention, and yet my head feels unusually empty. I sit down on the couch where Natasha sat, my head in my hands, rubbing my hands anxiously across my face.

"She can't... surely she doesn't mean..." Darcy's voice trembles and I lean back against the back of the couch, sighing loudly. Wanda's muffled voice reaches my ears, but I can't make out her words.

"You know she does." I look at Darcy, my voice flat.

"But I don't- I mean, nothing bad's happened, right? You've gone back in time and you've come back and things have changed, but-"
"I don't know what else we've changed. What if... I don't know..." I shrug, trying to come up with something. "I guess... I don't fucking know. I never should've gone back. Fuck!"

I get up and start pacing again, feeling horribly anxious, a thousand unanswered questions swirling in my head, creating a cacophony of noise, pressing against my eardrums from the inside, making me feel like I'm standing under a waterfall. I feel myself breathing shallowly, my situation suddenly feeling entirely too overwhelming. Why did I ever agree to go back in time? I knew it. I knew it then, but I didn't trust my instincts. How many fucking movies haven't I seen on time-travel, and when does it ever not result in complications?And still, I let myself be persuaded by Wanda. I should have known the moment I realized I'd fucked up and ended up in my stupid dorm room again.

I breathe in harshly, trying to calm myself down, trying to gulp down air that suddenly does not hold any oxygen. Now, I don't only have to deal with Hydra trying to do whatever the fuck they're trying to do, but I've got this to worry about now too. If Wanda and I going back in time has somehow altered the timeline and Natasha, Steve and Vision aren't dead, then who knows what else we've accidentally changed? On top of this, who knows what still might change because of our meddling? I rake my fingers through my hair, my chest prickling uncomfortably. I stare into nothingness, my body feeling limp and I know I'm having some sort of panic attack, but the realization of this just makes me feel all the more anxious, my chest feeling compressed.

"Olivia?" I hear Wanda's voice break through my thoughts, but she sounds muddled and I jolt as I feel pressure on my shoulder. "Hey, you need to take a deep breath."

I shake my head, trying to continue my pacing, but Wanda steps in front of me, her face filling my vision and I'm forced to stop, to stand still, as she keeps her hands on either of my shoulders, the weight of her hands grounding me slightly, but I still feel as though I'm spinning. Fuck.

"I can't-" I struggle, my mouth open but no sound wants to come out.

"Okay, come on, you need to calm down, Olivia." Wanda tries, her hands moving from my shoulders on to my cheeks, forcing me to look into her piercing green eyes, filled with worry. I think I might be drowning.

I close my eyes at the contact of her skin on mine, the feeling doing nothing to calm my mind. I breathe heavily, shaking, wanting to just run like Natasha.

"Hey, come here." Wanda's hand leaves my cheek, and then I feel her intertwine her fingers with mine and I open my eyes wide, meeting her calm ones.

She lifts my hand, placing it in the middle of her chest. I watch my hand sit there over her heart, feeling it softly beat against my palm. I meet her eyes again, and I swallow, feeling uncomfortable with the sudden intimacy.

"You're fine. Just match my breathing." Wanda whispers, inhaling deeply her mouth open. Her chest falls as she exhales. She nods at me encouragingly, and without having to really think about it, my breathing slowly levels out to match hers.

"There you are." Wanda smiles, her eyes sparkling familiarly, and I notice how they're slightly bloodshot, as if she's been crying.

"Thank you." I softly say, dropping my hand from her chest awkwardly. "I, er-"
"It's okay. We won't think of it now." Wanda dismisses, grabbing my hand in hers. "Come on, let's make everyone breakfast."

I let her pull me into the kitchen before she drops my hand. She looks around at the mess Yelena's left, her lips pulling into a taut line, her shoulders hunching slightly. I try to spot traces of tears on her high cheeks, but can't see any. I briefly wonder what happened between her and Vision, who still hasn't come out of the room. Wanda seems... not okay. But then again, she hasn't been okay for a long time. I bump into her with my hip and she looks up, surprised. I raise my eyebrows at her and she lets out a soft laugh, the sound of which makes my stomach flip.

"Stop it, asshole." She giggles, returning her focus to her hands which suddenly are holding plates. "Put these somewhere your girlfriend hasn't messed up."

"You're ridiculous." I mutter, obediently taking the plates from her and finding empty space on the counter.

"What do you want to make?" I turn to face Wanda once I've placed the plates down.

"I was thinking-" She looks down at her hands, twisting and turning anxiously in front of her. I wait, giving her time. "Maybe... do you like pancakes?"
I can't help the smile that spreads on my face as she looks up at me with round green eyes filled with uncertainty. I nod at her and she relaxes, the corners of her lips quirking up slightly.

"Wanda?" I freeze hearing his voice.

"Yes?" Wanda looks away from me, sounding nervous. I keep my gaze down on her twisting hands.

"Do you mind if I talk to Olivia?"

A/N: HELLOHELLOHELLOHELLOHELLO!!!!!!!!! I HAVE MISSED YOU

I am SO sorry I've been MIA :(((I've been finishing up my dissertation so between pulling my teeth out trying to write that awful mess and work, I've had no energy to write although you know I love writing this story! But I'm back and I'll do my best to get you your updates quicker!

Vision and Livvy interraction coming up, that's fun, right? :) Hope y'all liked this chapter, I know I keep saying we're about to have some fun and then I feed you this, so I hope you're not bored and I PROMISE it's all leading up to something... but I HATE rushing as you can tell, 90+ chapters in, lol.

I've actually got a little treat for you guys in the form of... a new little oneshot, if you're keen for something COMPLETELY different??? If yes, keep a look out, I'll post it either today or tomorrow!

(don't yell at me about my Lizzie fic... I want to continue writing it but I somehow CAN'T???)

Love you love you.... (forgive me)

Continue reading next part