Chapter 91

Oh, fuck.

"Do I mind? I - no, I guess I don't-" Wanda stutters next to me, her movements stilled as she looks at Vision. "I mean, why would I - unless, Olivia, do you mind?"

Yes, I fucking do mind talking to your not-dead-ex! I want to scream at her, but I keep my cool, shaking my head nonchalantly. Wanda's green eyes sparkle nervously and she wets her lips with her tongue, offering Vision a slight half-smile. I have a feeling Wanda too wants nothing less than for Vision to talk to me.

"Alright, that's good then. Olivia, do you mind?" Vision motions towards Wanda's bedroom and I let out a dry laugh.

"Do you mind if we don't do it there?" I drawl, pretending to be totally cool, but if there's one place I'm not having this discussion, it's in Wanda's bedroom.

"Oh, I just assumed - there's no other private space here, except for the bathroom." Vision explains sincerely, looking slightly confounded. "Darcy might come back from your jet at any moment and the other-"

"Why don't I go in there, and you stay here?" Wanda offers, her face pale, making the slight blush on her cheeks all the starker in contrast.

"Are you sure, darling?" Vision asks her, concern in his voice and I resist the never-ending urge to roll my eyes at him. Yuck.

"Well, you want privacy, don't you?" Wanda retorts, and I recognize a curtness to her tone which I've not heard her use with Vision ever. "Privacy from me."

"Just for a moment, darling-" Vision calmly replies, but Wanda huffs loudly.

"Fine. You know, I could just listen to your thoughts." She snakily makes us aware as she walks past me, her jaw stubbornly held high. I know she is trying to look annoyed, but she just kind of looks hot. Sue me, I think, looking at her walking away. Jealousy suits her.

Shut up. I hear Wanda's annoyed voice echo in my head, my body instantly flushing, forgetting the chill I can't shake.

I try not to smile as she slams her bedroom door shut behind herself, leaving me alone with Vision for the first time. Vision stares at the shut bedroom door for a moment, before he turns back towards me, a contemplative look on his face. I shift slightly on the balls of my feet, feeling uncomfortable under his icy blue stare. He smiles awkwardly at me, looking as though the muscles in his face are struggling to remember what smiling entails.

"So-" He starts off uncertainly, crossing his arms across his chest as he looks down at me.

"So." I repeat, my voice sounding cold although I didn't mean for it to. This is just too fucking weird.

"Wanda told me." Vision tries again and I swallow nervously, waiting for him to continue. "I'm supposed to be dead, apparently."

"Oh, yeah right." I sound relieved, to which he frowns. "Sorry, I just- never mind. Yes. You are. Well, were."

"And I hear it's you I have to thank for this." He looks at me with an inquisitive expression and I shrug. "Wanda seems to care for you a lot."

"Oh, well, we've been through a lot." I dismiss him, but I have a feeling he knows exactly what I'm doing. "Well, doesn't matter, she doesn't recollect any of it."

"I think it does matter. To her, at least." Vision sighs. "She's hurting. I don't know what is harming her, she won't let me know, but I can still read her."

I abstain from telling him it's rather evident Wanda's hurting, but I don't. The earnestness in his voice makes me bite my tongue. As much as I want to detest the man in front of me for what he symbolizes to me - I can't. He's not done anything wrong. All he's done is love Wanda. It's more than one could say about me. If the tables were turned, he would have every reason to hate me. He knows Wanda's hurting, but he doesn't know it is because of me. So I stay silent.

"I wanted to talk to you because... because she won't tell me."

"Tell you what?" I shake my head, not understanding.

"Tell me what happened. Why was I dead? Why am I not, now?" Vision looks at me with an expression that holds so much innocent bewilderment I feel even guiltier than I did before. What the fuck did I get myself into?

"I - er- you-" I stammer, wondering what the hell I am meant to do. Vision seems to be aware of my inner conflict, as he gives me an annoyingly sympathetic smile and I decide that I can't truly mess things up much more than I already have. I think...

"You, er... There was this purple dude -Thanos, he um, he wanted these things called infinity stones-" I begin hesitantly, Vision watching me intently, listening to my every word with a polite expression on his face, and I can for a moment understand why Wanda would find solace in him.

"That thing-" I point to his forehead where the yellow stone sits, glistening jovially. "He wanted that. And, so, Wanda -"

I pause, looking to the closed door to her bedroom. A sting of guilt, or remorse, or something akin to those feelings as I think of Wanda in there materializes within me. I only have the task of retelling a story I've read in newspapers and case files, while she has the task of reliving it.

"She had to destroy it." I finish solemnly, glancing back at Vision, whose light eyebrows are pulled down into a contemplative frown.

"I see." He slowly nods, his eyes glossed over as he ponders. "And after Wanda had to... had to... had to destroy the stone?"

"She -well, Thanos won, and half of the universe got killed. For five years. Um, the Avengers sorted it all, and everyone came back, though." I grossly condense what feels like the worst five years of everyone's lives into one simple sentence. "When they came back... well, it was like no time passed for them. So Wanda, she's-"

"She's struggling." Vision finishes for me with a deep sigh, looking towards the closed door, too.

"It's not been easy for anyone, no." I agree.

"But you-you're helping." He looks back at me again with those piercing eyes of his and I feel like he's looking through all of my duplicity.

"I don't know that I am, really." I give a small shrug and a smile, looking down at his feet, not being able to take the direct eye contact anymore.

"But you took her back in time." Vision phrases his question as a statement.

"I did."

"How?"

"I don't know -this, er, Hydra mist." I explain badly based on Vision's reaction.

"Hydra?"

"Yes, we, they're plotting something that has to do with Wanda, and I well, anyway, we went back, and now shit's messed up." I awkwardly sum up what feels like the most peculiar last few months.

"Shit's messed up?" Vision repeats, looking slightly amused.

"I mean -yeah." I inelegantly gesture toward him.

"Right..." Vision slowly speaks, looking at me as though I've just posed him an intriguing question. I try to not stare at him too much, comparing us silently with one another.

"Is that what you wanted to talk to me about, then?" I purse my lips, trying to conclude this less than fun conversation.

"No." Vision answers and I deflate slightly. Of course not.

"Go ahead, I don't think Wanda's going to stay in there forever." I urge him on, glancing at the still closed door shielding Wanda from us.

"Well, I -" Vision pauses, taking a couple of steps towards me contemplatively. I scowl at this, but I don't back down as he calmly closes the space between us.

"I feel like Wanda's.... different." He elaborates, now standing a mere arm's length away from me.

"Well, she would be, wouldn't she?" I say, thinking of everything she's gone through separate from him.

"She would..." Vision agrees, his voice is so as he looks down on me. I try to not let our height difference irritate me too much. "But she's also different because of something else."

"Oh?" I raise my eyebrows in question, genuinely intrigued as to where he's going with this.

"She seems... distant, somehow." Vision tells me, looking deeply into my eyes, and I feel remorseful, for some reason. "I think... I think Natasha is correct, when she wants us to rectify the mistakes you made in the past. It isn't wise to tamper with what has been set in stone, should one not wish for the entire mountain to crumble."

"I -er, okay." Is all I can muster myself to reply to that. Vision gives me a half-smile.

"It's okay to not understand. You're young, still. Both of you."

"Aren't you like, three?"

"The information I have here isn't." Vision's smile grows slightly as he taps on the side of his skull softly with a knuckle.

"Well, I don't know if this is new information to you or not, but Wanda isn't likely to be all that keen to, er, sorry, kill you again." I sourly say and Vision sighs heavily.

"No, she won't be. But Wanda has yet to learn that the past is just in her head, the future in her hands."

"Live, laugh, love." I mutter and he shakes his head, frowning politely.

"Sorry, I am not quite following?"

"Nothing. Uh, just... you and Natasha want to die again. Why?" I ask him, feeling genuinely a little disturbed at their processing of the events.

"Olivia, it's hard to explain-" Vision starts patronizingly.

"Well, you could try." I mutter quietly.

"We are not meant to be here, in this timeline. Who knows what we might change by being here."

"You could apply that logic to the Avengers bringing everyone who died because of Thanos back." I counter and Vision looks at me in fascination as if I've only now mentioned anything remotely interesting to him.

"This is true." Vision says and I open my mouth to tell him how stupid he is being; he's dead and now he's not, and he's here and Wanda loves him. What's wrong with him?

Just as I go to speak, though, the front door opens and I turn my head to look at whoever interrupted us. Darcy is leading very sour-looking Yelena and Natasha, who clearly have had some form of an argument. Their faces are pale but their cheeks are tinted rosy from the fresh air, and Natasha's hair is slightly sweaty from her attempted run.

"Natasha, may I speak with you?" Vision turns away from me entirely to face the redhead.

"Oh, yeah. I guess." Natasha's eyes dart towards Yelena, who trudges into the cabin and lets herself fall down on the couch without so much as a single word to anyone.

"We can go to the jet. I need your help in there, anyway." Natasha offers and Vision nods.

"That sounds good." He starts walking off towards Natasha, but stops midway and turns to look at me. "I don't expect you to understand my reasoning, but I hope you can understand the implications of our situation."

And with that, he leaves with Natasha. I stare after him for a moment, mouth slightly agape. I now realize what he was talking to Wanda about, and concede that the last line was probably one he used on her as well. I feel aggravation boil up within me. Who is he to decide just like that? For god's sake, he's been dead until five minutes ago! The annoying thing is, a small part of me knows he is right. I know I've messed up, and I know the responsibility therefore should lie on me to make it right. I don't know what he expects me to do, though. Get out my Glock and shoot everyone who's suddenly been brought back to life?

I look over to Darcy and Yelena, who are both sitting silently on the couch. They seem just as despondent as I feel. The cabin seems to relish our darkened mood, the corners of the wooden structure seemingly darker than before, and the wind is picking up outside. It must only be around noon, but I feel as though I've been awake for days. I decide the best I can do right now is to just make everyone some tea.

I turn around in the kitchen, going to find Wanda's old kettle. I turn the rattling sink on and water slowly trickles down which I catch in the kettle. Well full, I place it on the stove and use the matches Wanda pretends to need to light the stove. It takes me a couple of tries, but I finally get it to work. While I wait for the water, I grab as many mugs as I can find and the sachets of peppermint tea. I work in silence, and the rest of the cabin is silent with me. It's as though we're all trying to ignore the obvious. Wanda must have sensed Vision's leave, but she's still refusing to come out. I don't blame her, honestly.

Once I've got the teas ready, I bring mugs to Darcy and Yelena. Darcy accepts her with a quiet thank you, and Yelena just grunts. Neither of them seem to be in the mood to discuss anything with me, so I return to the kitchen and grab the last two mugs. I carefully carry them to Wanda's door. I look to Darcy and Yelena. They aren't paying me any attention.

Wanda? I think hesitantly, lacking the ability to knock on her door with my hands carrying the mugs. Wanda?

Stop yelling. I heard you the first time.

Sorry. I think, rolling my eyes at how she manages to sound so vividly irritated even just projecting her thoughts to me.

Are you going to tell me what you wanted, or are you back to screaming my name in your head? Wanda's voice asks me, sounding slightly amused and I'm taken back to the first time I talked to her telepathically, and she made the same joke. We feel like completely different people now.

I'm bringing tea. If you'd -er, want some. I awkwardly sound out in my head, for some reason feeling nervous.

Wanda doesn't reply, but her door swings open. I look up, expecting to see her there, but the threshold is empty and is dark, no Wanda to be seen. I take a step in, looking around. the curtains are drawn. Wanda's lying on her bed, over the covers in a fetal position, her legs tucked up to her chest, her back toward me. When I step closer she lazily lifts a hand, and twirls it in mid-air, creating a wisp of scarlet that laps at her skin, and I hear the door shut behind me with a small gust of wind that caresses my skin.

"Are you okay?" I ask her stupidly, immediately wanting to kick myself.

"Yeah." She answers, her voice thick and raspy, immediately betraying her.

I place the two cups down on her nightstand, hesitating slightly. I don't know what I expected to find once I came in here, or what I expected to do. Returning to her room feels... odd. It's like there's a bunch of invisible hands, all clawing at my heart, pulling it in all sorts of different directions, resulting in nothing but a sharp ache in my chest. I shiver slightly, the cold from outside returning and I'm reminded of the fact that I'm still fucking freezing.

Wanda turns her head, her face visible to me, her pale skin almost glowing in the darkness of her room. Her eyes are large and dark. My heart does something unnatural in my chest in response.

"I know I have no right to ask you... but.. can you lie here with me? Just for a little while?" Wanda whispers, her eyes round and watery reflections of the world. "Please?"

I bite the inside of my cheek, instantly knowing I shouldn't. But when have I ever been strong enough to resist her? I nod imperceptibly as I silently climb onto her bed, trying to ignore the thought of who lied here last.

Wanda bites her bottom lip as she watches me. I don't know what to do, so I lay down on the side of the bed on my back, not too close to her, not knowing what she feels comfortable with and not wanting to make her feel weird. Wanda stays silent for a little while, just observing me. I turn my head towards her, meeting her eyes. She gives me a tired half-smile, her cheekbones casting shadows on her face.

"Are you cold?" She whispers, her lips barely moving.

"A little." I admit and she fully turns her body to face me.

"Do you mind if I-" She trails off, watching my face as though she's waiting for me to tell her off.

I don't. I watch her curiously as she meekly shuffles a little closer, stops, looks into my eyes, then shuffles closer again until she's right beside me. Her eyes meet mine again. In the dim light, her eyes are dark and unreadable. She quietly lowers her head onto my shoulder, the weight of it anchoring me down. Her soft hair tickles the side of my face, but I don't dare move, afraid to set her galloping away. Her body relaxes after a few moments, sinking into mine, the warmth from her instantly radiating into me. I pretend we both are unaware of the fact that I could have just used the blanket that lies innocently and untouched at our feet.

"I get him back and he wants to leave." Wanda murmurs so softly I can't quite catch her words.

She burrows into me more, sending shivers through my body and I wrap my arms around her frame, knowing something is going to come between us again, as it always does.

Wanda's head lies right above my heart, and every beat it seems is for her. She carefully tilts her head up to look at me and it breaks my heart I can't just kiss her nose and make her smile her crooked little smile. Her eyes search mine for a moment before she presses her head down on my chest again, nuzzling in closer, one of her legs making its way over mine.

"I feel so calm whenever I'm close to you." Wanda whispers into the silence, warming my heart.

"I feel the same." I tell her, squeezing her slightly.

"My mind too. It's like you drain all of my anxiousness from me." She murmurs into my chest and I can't help the little smile on my face as I hum.

"I haven't- I can't really sleep. But I- I think-" She pauses and I wait slightly anxiously for her to continue, my worry for her resurfacing. But the pause turns out to be for a deep yawn which makes her ribcage expand. "Do you mind if I close my eyes just for a few minutes?"

"Go ahead, love." I quietly whisper to the top of her head and she nods and shifts slightly closer to me, draping her arm carefully over my stomach.

I wait patiently, listening to our breathing patterns mixing and then matching, and then mixing again. Her breathing slowly becomes deeper and more regular, her grip around me softening slightly.

"You're safe." I can't help but whisper to her, knowing she can't hear me, but having to tell her nonetheless, her small frame so - so small.

I lean forward just slightly, letting my lips graze the top of her head in a tender kiss. I turn my eyes up to the dark ceiling, wondering what on earth is going to happen next, and why I can't just let the woman draped around me go.

A/N: Ok look at this virtual actual fluff from me? Looooooooooooool

Everyone's so moody in this fic I'm honestly kinda here for it haha (as if I'm not in charge of this as the author)

also, I've seen MoM twice now. Damn. All I will comment on is the brilliance that is miss Lizzie's acting.

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