Chapter 99

(I love you and now you'll finally see how)

Somehow, I find myself back in the Quinjet. I have no actual recollection as to how any of us managed to return to the plane, but somehow, we have. I feel discombobulated, like my brain has been shut off and my body aimlessly only follows simple, voiceless commands. Sit. Stand. Walk. Stop. Now though, I can't seem to do anything but stare off into the distance, every limb too heavy to lift. My eyes are dry, like sandpaper. I can not seem to organize my thoughts into any semblance of harmony. The cacophony of each thought is deafening and doesn't only threaten to swallow me, but washes over me like a riptide, unstoppable in its ferocity, and I'm drowning. But I don't even care. I let it take me. I have no fight left in me.

I'm slumped over, not even having bothered choosing a seat to sit in, but am half sprawled across the floor. The jet rips across the quiet, unperturbed air, taking me further and further and further still away from her. I'm breathing shallowly, on the brink of breaking down completely, and yet I'm not sure I could cry even if I allowed myself to. It's that weird feeling of a barrier holding your emotions at bay, and that detachment from those feelings which leaves nothing but coldness in its wake. It leaves you doubting if there even is a wave of emotions hiding behind that barrier, or if it's silent. Empty. That option scares me almost more.

The silence around me makes me forget I'm not alone, but am in fact surrounded by people who might understand what I'm going through. Understand my pain. And yet, I know they never could. They didn't go through the same thing as I did, and I didn't go through the same thing as they did. So, I'm alone, the only person who had a chance at understanding me gone.

Vision hasn't said a word, but steadily and silently steers the jet through the budding morning sky. I don't know where to. I don't care. Natasha is still and quiet. I thought she would have moved earth and moon and stars to find her sister. But she's so quiet. Now, she's sitting next to a still unconscious Steve, staring straight ahead, unseeing, trying to hide her pain.

All of us are being ripped apart, slowly but steadily by different forms of pain, not having much more in common between us, than the word to describe what we're feeling. Pain.

And so I lay there, halfway between consciousness and sleep, my eyes wanting nothing more than to close and let me fall into the dark abyss of nothingness, but every time my eyelids droop, all I see is her. Wanda. Sometimes I see her smiling, laughing, her nose crinkled and her shiny green eyes so vivid you could swear you could see every shade of green in them. The next minute I see her as I last saw her. Crumbling beneath the earth.

The mental image of her makes me question every choice I made, wondering which one led to her being buried hundreds of meters below the earth. And that thought in turn makes me think of how much she tried to prove to the world, but mostly herself that she wasn't the monster Hydra tried to make her out to be. How she struggled with the perception people had of her because they couldn't understand her, and how she in turn struggled with herself, trying to always do the right thing in a world where there is no one right thing. And now she's buried with all of her monsters which she could never really escape.

I try to push my thoughts into another direction - any other direction but hers, but I can't. It's like I don't know how to function if she's not near. Even when she hated me, I could deal with the pain, because I still had my promise to fulfill. I still had to make it right for her. I failed, and I failed her. If I hadn't blacked out, if I hadn't let go of my powers, she could have made it out. But I was too weak, and I let the wolves get to her.

I muffle a sob with my hand, not wanting to cry in front of anyone else. Tears stain my vision, but I can tell no one pays me any attention anyway. They're too caught up in their own grief. And so I bring my knees to my chest, curling up against my legs, and let my head rest on my knees, letting the tears fall as they wish. It hurts too much and I feel too damaged to pretend to keep it together. There's no one to keep it together for.

A hand on my shoulder rouses me from a draining slumber. I lift my pounding head, my eyes feeling sensitive and rough from the crying. I squint in the artificial light of the jet, trying to make out the silhouette in front of me. After a few seconds, my eyes adjust and I'm met with the concerned face of Vision.

"We're here. Natasha and Steve are inside already." He notifies me with a soothing voice, his British accent calming as he points towards the exit of the plane.

As I look to the exit, the outline of Wanda's cabin meets my eyes and it makes another wave of sadness crash over me and suddenly I can't see or breathe. I gasp for air quietly, shaking my head vigorously, tears spilling from my eyes again. I can't do it. I can't go in there. Why would he bring me back here? I let out a sob and bury my face in my arms, wishing for him to leave me alone so I could just hurt alone like I always do.

Of course, him being who he is, he can't do that. Instead, I feel his arms wrap around my shaking body, bringing me gently up to standing. And he just holds me. I don't know how long for. But Vision just lets me cry. It doesn't seem like I can ever stop. I think he might realize that too, as he begins to attempt to slowly move us towards the exit of the jet. I stiffen, feeling my heart pound weakly in my throat, his hands reminding me of her hands and-

"I can't- let me go, please-" I sob the pain from my chest radiating into every fiber of my being and it hurts and nothing can make it right.

"You need to come inside with me, Olivia. Please." His voice pleads in my ear and he sounds so understanding it makes it even worse.

I can't answer him, but instead, I let myself cry into his chest as his arms wrap around me, holding onto me tightly. I swear I can almost feel the warmth seep through his shirt. I try to push away the thought of Wanda probably having been in this exact position before, crying into his chest. But now she has taken his place, and he's here, with me, taken her place, and she's gone.

Somehow, Vision gets me into the cabin. Again, it's like I move without registering anything, and I don't know how I've suddenly ended up on the couch where I got to know her. I don't think I can ever leave the couch ever again. The blanket on the couch faintly smells of her, but I might be imagining that. I doubt I could smell anything through my stuffy nose. I bring the old blanket up to my face, trying to find some sense of comfort in it, but it does nothing to help me. In the end, that's all it is. An old blanket.

Movement to my left brings my attention away from the blanket and the memories associated with the couch. I watch Natasha sigh heavily as she quietly closes the bedroom door behind her. She is sporting big bags under her eyes as she notices me looking. She does nothing to pretend, instead just joins me on the couch with her solemn, tired expression. I have no will in me to try to make conversation, although I wish she knew I care. She just lost her sister. But I can't console her. I have no words of solace to give her when I have nothing left within me.

So we just sit quietly, basking in each other's pain, sinking deeper together.

A while later Vision joins us. He sits down on the rickety coffee table in front of the couch, looking just as tired as I feel. He offers us a small smile that goes unreciprocated. He rests his elbows on his thighs, clasping his hands together. I watch him, feeling nothing. He seems to be feeling something, though. He clears his throat.

"So, er, now that... that is done..." He begins with and my mouth actually hangs open in bafflement.

"What?" I finally use my voice again, which comes out hoarse and croaky.

Vision looks up at me, and frowns, shaking his head.

"Sorry, that came out wrong. I do not know the best way to go about this."

"Vision, just tell her." I turn to look at Natasha, who doesn't seem to be perturbed by Vision's words at all, no, she just looks so tired.

"What?" I repeat the one word my brain seems to be able to regurgitate like a parrot.

"This was the way we had to do this." Vision looks at me, his words not making any sense and I don't know if it's me being not right or him.

"What?" I once again say, my head pounding and I just want to be left alone to cry.

"Wanda and I met with Doctor Stephen Strange." I try to ignore the way her name makes my entire chest constrict as I digest this information.

"I- what?" I resort to again, frowning, her name echoing silently in my heart.

"Doctor Stephen-"
"I know who the hand guy is!" I interrupt Vision rather rudely, but I don't honestly care at all.

"Yes, of course." Vision nods, understanding. "Well, he came to see Wanda and me- well, not physically"
"Vision, please." Natasha sighs, trying to keep Vision on track.

"Right, yes, anyway, he came while you were in New York, and he told us- this is abbreviated, grossly, by the way, that whatever you guys did when you went back in time has to be corrected."

"Okay..." I sigh, running my hands across my face tiredly. "That was slightly too abbreviated."

"What he is trying to say is that you need to go back in time one more time." Natasha speaks up again and I look from her to Vision and back again.

"What? Why are you both so calm? I don't give a fuck what that stupid goateed weirdo wantsme to do! They-" A lump forms in my throat as my emotions build up. "They're all gone.Why- did you - you knew about Strange?" I look at Natasha with an accusing expression, my confusion mixed with my sadness slowly turning to melting anger.

"I did." Natasha nods, looking slightly defeated, her usually sparkling eyes dull.

"You... knew." I try to organize my thoughts and emotions, but I can't quite seem to gain the upper hand and my emotions start spilling over.

"I'm sorry, maybe I'm being an idiot, but doesn't it seem kind of fucked up that you chose to let Darcy, Yelena, and Wanda diebefore you chose to share this with the group?" I let out a hollow laugh, looking from one to the other. "We could've-"

"No. You told us yourself you weren't able to use your magic. We had to take you to Hydra." Vision says, his tone drastically more even than mine.

"Oh, right, of course, you had to do that." I laugh bitterly, feeling betrayed by people I thought I could depend upon. "I thought we went to Hydra to help Wanda? Or was that all a lie?"

"No, we needed to wipe their data on her from their-"

"So what the fuck are you talking about then!?" I rudely interrupt Vision, really not caring about manners right now. Both Vision's and Natasha's behavior is pissing me right off.

"Strange said we needed to never let you and Wanda go back in time." Natasha calmly explains, looking me dead in the eyes. "Remember I told you Steve and I had done research on Hydra? We learned more than just their plans with Wanda and her magic. They have big plans for you, too. We figured out that your magic would only work in connection to their version of you, Vernut."

I stare at Natasha, dumbstruck. "Didn't think I needed to know anyof that, did you? Did Wanda know?"

"Yes." Vision calmly states, his blue eyes sparkling sadly and I go quiet for a moment, his answer taking me by surprise.

"What?" I resort to falling back to using my new favorite word.

"Wanda knew, Liv." Natasha shifts slightly, casting a look over to the closed bedroom door.

"Wh- why didn't you tell me?" I ask quietly my real question going unvoiced. Why didn't shetell me?

"You wouldn't have let us all take you there. It had to only be about Wanda's file for you." Natasha narrows her eyes at me slightly in contemplation.

"I would have-" I begin to argue, knowing full well that had I known this prior to everything, I would have had a very difficult time accepting that anyone else had to come with me. I close my mouth, frowning. How did they know all of this, and how did they keep me so oblivious?

"Did everyone know?" I ask, my gaze down on my lap, afraid of the answer.

"Yes." Natasha confirms and I feel a lump form in my throat.

Everyone knew, and no one told me. Everyone knew, and they were fine with it. No one questioned the plan, no one thought it might be ridiculous. With each passing inhale and exhale, I begin to feel angrier.

"What if it still doesn't work? What then?" I ask, raising my voice. "Ever think of that!? What if they all died for nothing? What if your stupid, ridiculous, idiotic plan doesn't work!? What if I can't do it and they- they stay gone?"

My voice breaks at the end of my sentence as my eyes well up again, my emotions catching up to me at the thought of never hearing Darcy's laugh, never rolling my eyes at Yelena again, and never - no, I can't even go there.

"Liv, you can. We knew Hydra had installed a failsafe. We knew they had to be the ones to control your magic once they realized you had it. They activated their failsafe when you were there. Wanda knew they would. We all -they all knew our priority was to get your magic to work, and get you out. You can do it. You have to do it." Natasha scoots closer to me, her bright green eyes reminding me so much of another redhead's. Natasha's eyes are glossy and I realize she's close to tears.

"If I go back... and that makes things go back to normal... that means that... that you won't, uhm-" I struggle with my words, my voice thick with emotion.

"Yelena... she should be here, not me." Natasha's lips twist upwards in an awful attempt at a smile. "Me and Steve... we got a chance we were never meant to have. We are all fine with this."

"I'm so sorry, I couldn't... I couldn't stop them from..." I fight to get the words out, my lower lip trembling as I think of Steve in the chair. "I couldn't-"

"It's okay, Liv. He knew what he was getting into. We all knew. We got Wanda's file away from Hydra. We got you there. You can do it, Liv." Natasha smiles a so, sad smile, taking a shaky breath. "Steve's not really... he's not reallyhappy. There's always been something... off. Ever since you and Wanda disappeared. We've all felt it. I was... I've accepted my fate. I don't know how it happened, but... but I have a feeling it was for something bigger than me."

Natasha frowns into her lap and my broken heart breaks a little further at her croaky voice. She doesn't know how she died. I never told herI watch the older woman take a deep breath and look up at me again, her warm eyes filled with... what? Calm?

"Liv, I'm sorry we didn't tell you. Wanda thought you would do something stupid if we did. Like go off on your own. And if Hydra got you... they would have your power. When we researched the mist... Hydra don't know how they created it. It was a freak accident. They can't make it again, so if they got you..." Natasha pauses, looking at me intently and I shift slightly, feeling uncomfortable.

"Wanda wanted to be there with you, when it happened. She said she thought she might be able to help you stay afloat, stay in your own mind when they... did whatever they do to you. She said she would make sure you got out. No matter what." Natasha explains softly, placing a delicate but steady hand on my thigh. I swallow, biting the inside of my cheek in an attempt to not cry again. Stupid, stupid, stupid, amazing Wanda. She knew.

"You couldn't have gotten them all out?" My voice trembles as I look to Vision. "You couldn't have gotten her out, too?"
"She told me to save you over her, if I had to. She said she owed it to you." Vision tells me, his voice just as calm as Natasha's, his bright eyes fixing mine in place and I can see how much his choice hurts him, too. "This wasn't about her. She said you always get her back. That you always find her."

I nod, looking down at my fiddling hands in my lap as tears spill over and fall into my lap, tears crystal clear.

"You couldn't have told me this right away?" My voice is thick and I sniffle, earning a soft chuckle from Natasha and Vision.

"We had to get away from there, just in case. We thought it might... it might be easier for you if we came back here." Vision explains and I nod, starting to understand their reasoning. Still, it hurts. So much.

I have to stay silent for a moment, trying to gather myself. One loud thought keeps trying to push its way forward and drown out all of the others. What if I can't do it? What if I can't go back, what if they stay dead?

"So, what do I..." I inhale deeply, trying to push everything aside and appear as calm as the other two. "What do I have to do now?"
"Dr. Strange said he believes you need to go back to before you used the magic the first time." Vision says. "You need to go back and make sure you never find it in the first place. You need to get rid of the mist. He thinks that that should reset everything."

"What? I need to get back onto the Raft?" I frown, the gears turning in my head. "But if I go back... will I remember? What to do? I mean, you two don't remember anything from before, right?"
"No, but that's different. Our past reality never happened to us because you changed it. This has always happened to you. You're just going back and making sure it doesn't happen." Vision says and I feel like I'm way over my head, not understanding anything.

"Well, that's what we think, in any case." Natasha smiles almost playfully at my confused look. "We can always write it down for you on a piece of paper."
Her comment makes the three of us chuckle slightly, alleviating the tension in the air for a moment.

"So, I go back. I make sure I never touch the mist. All of this never happens?" I look at Natasha who nods slightly. "Then... Hydra never loses? Strucker will still be alive? Agatha?"
"That's correct. But hopefully, it'll still give you some time. Hydra became involved because of the mist, right? Without you taking it, they won't care about you." Vision notes.

"Ouch, thanks." I say flatly and he tilts his head, confused. "Alright, say you're right and I go back and it makes everything right again. How the fuck do I get Wanda out of the Raft?"

Vision and Natasha are quiet for a moment, clearly thinking as I look from one to the other with raised eyebrows.

"You'll have to figure that one out yourself, I'm afraid, Olivia." Vision frowns.
"Great, really helpful, dude. How am I even getting rid of that mist thing, then?" I sigh loudly.

"Strange gave us this." Natasha twists to get something out of a pocket on the inside of her leather jacket.

I frown as she hands me something that looks like a small, metallic ball. I twist it in my hands, seeing small runes inscribed on it. I lift it up and look at Natasha questioningly. She shrugs.

"Don't look at me."

"The doctor said that if you get that into contact with the magic, it would neutralize it. I'm fascinated by the science behind it, but I cannot quite figure it out. I haven't had the time. Although, I'm not certain I understand magic to begin with. It was always something elusive to me, something one could study forever." Vision talks in a dreamlike way as he looks at the tiny ball in my hand, his eyes glossed over in thought.

"Okay, fantastic. Trust strange Strange that this little ping pong ball will fix everything. What happens when the mist dies?"

"That is an interesting question. This has never been done before, at least to my knowledge." Vision declares as he looks up at me. "I would believe you would seace to exist, and return in time to when you were before the mist. How exactly this will happen, I-"

"You don't know." I finish for him, rolling my eyes slightly. "Guys, loving your plan here. Lots of I don't knows."

What a fantastic plan they've concocted. It's like they haven't even thought of what happens after I go back; as long as they get me to go back who cares, they're dead, right?

"Olivia, please." Vision's tone of voice makes me look him in the eyes. He looks... oddly human. "Promise me you'll try your best? Please try and... and... look after her, will you? I don't know what happens once you're back but I can tell she's... she's changed since I saw her last."
I bite down a retort of of course she's changed since you last saw her, are you counting that as when she blew a hole in your head or when she watched Thanos cave your head in?Instead of all of that, I just nod. I don't need to verbalize it. He knows I will. I know I will. For her.

"Okay, great." Natasha says, her voice back to her usual almost snarky tone.

"What? Now?" I turn to look at her, surprised and she smiles a toothy grin.

"I'm ready to go back to being dead."
"You're awful."
"Hmm, that's how I want to be remembered." She winks and I chuckle.

"So, er, I just, I just... go?"
"I guess so." She smiles at me and I feel my nerves flare up.

"Okay. Er- can I... can I hug you?" I feel my cheeks burn in embarrassment, but I had to ask.

Natasha looks momentarily surprised. Then, her expression softens into a warm, comforting smile and she nods. I place the little metal ball in the pocket of my pants. We stand up and I wrap my arms around Natasha's waist, pulling her in as she does the same to me and we just stand there in silence, breathing in each other. I bury my face in her hair holding onto her hard. She's real. She's here.

"Okay, kiddo. You trying to kill me by suffocating me?" Natasha chuckles in my ear and I can't help but smile.

"Stop talking about dying."
"It's pretty cool and edgy, admit it." She says and I hear the smile in her voice, and she reminds me of Yelena so much right then.

"No, it's not." I hug her tighter, if possible. She doesn't make a joke out of it, but lets me as she wraps her arms around me tighter in return.

"You're a good one. I know he said it already, but take care of her, will you? We all let her down too many times. Please don't make the same mistake." Natasha whispers, her voice low and I nod into her neck.

"Good. Cause if you do, I will kill you." Her words make me laugh out loud. "You laugh, but... anyway."
She softly pushes me off her and I let my arms fall off her and back to my sides as Natasha places her hands on my cheeks, looking deeply into my eyes. She smiles softly.

"Please can you... try to keep an eye on Lena for me?" She looks slightly guilty at the request.

"Of course I will. You don't even have to ask." I assure her and she relaxes visibly, but the little line of worry between her eyebrows doesn't fade.

She nods silently and finally lets me go. I take a step back, glancing at Vision who's stood up too. He gives me a warm smile and a nod, which I return.

"Okay, I guess it's time, I'll, eh." I awkwardly break the silence and Natasha chuckles.

"Stop drawing it out. We're fine. Go back to her."
"I just... I'll miss you." I look down at my feet.

"Me too. Now fuck off. I don't do sappy."
"Noted." I smile weakly and take a deep breath that doesn't quite seem to fill my lungs up.

"Remember, back to before you touched the mist." Vision reminds me and I nod, trying to steady my nerves.

"Okay." I nod and the room goes silent, the two of them just looking at me expectantly. "I'm sorry, I can't... with you looking at me."

"Oh, right." Vision says and closes his eyes.

"No, stupid, she means we should go. Come on, let's go sit with Steve." Natasha rolls her eyes and motions for Vision to follow her.

"Ah, naturally." Vision opens his eyes and they walk to the bedroom door, Natasha opens it for Vision who walks into the room, but not after giving me an awkward wave.

"Good luck, Liv." Natasha smiles her signature wonky smile at me before she closes the door after them. "It's been a pleasure knowing you."
"You too, Romanoff." I salute her playfully and she chuckles, and then they're hidden from view.

I turn away from the door, taking a look around the silent cabin. It's oddly calm and I feel oddly calm. Everywhere I look, I see little traces of Wanda, all of which remind me of how close I might be to seeing her again. I smile softly to myself, taking a steadying breath, and closing my eyes.

I turn my thoughts back to the Raft, trying to recall exactly what happened that day. I remember vividly how angry I felt seeing Wanda in those cuffs, and the straightjacket. How tired she looked. I remember how I broke into her cell. How she shot the guard as he strangled me. How she was so loopy from the medication she was forced to take that I had to pull her behind me in the hallways. How we went down those stairs. How I felt so useless, trying to find a place for us to catch our breaths. Wanda's ashen face. Her surface breathing. The worry in my chest for her. The pain in my broken arm and ribs as I held her up and the darkness of that room when we first found it.

Then I attempt to visualize that room. I remember thinking it looked like a laboratory of some sort, with machines, and tubes littering the room. How the shimmer of the mist caught my eyes. The feeling of the cool glass box it was trapped in. That's where I need to go.

I begin to search for that weird, elusive feeling of the mist slithering beneath the surface of my skin. I slowly begin to tap into the boundless energy of the mist. This time, it doesn't instantly drain me, like before. I concentrate as hard as I can on the room that housed the mist and on the mist itself within me. The mist seems to be answering my call. I feel it throb through my body, which begins to shake with effort, the mist dousing me in electricity, feeling like smooth, cool water within me. I feel a pounding in my head and a buzzing white noise fills my ears, growing stronger and stronger until -

It's gone.

I feel my knees hit the hard ground beneath me and my hands fly out to catch myself. The first thing I notice is the smooth, coolness of the floor instead of the rough wooden planks I was expecting. My head still pounds harshly and painfully, but now a warning siren begins to sound around me. I slowly open my eyes.

I feel like fainting at the sight that meets my tired eyes.

I made it.

It's the lab. it's quiet, except for the alarm. Meaning: I've gotten Wanda out of her cell and they've noticed, but we're not here yet. Or, me and her. Well, past me, I guess. I scramble clumsily up onto my feet, looking around me. It instantly catches my eye. I bring my hand down to the pocket of my pants, my fingers wrapping around the small, silver object.

It sits there, swirling angrily inside of the small class container. The mist smashes against the glass and I hurry over to it, carefully taking the box into my hands. I stare at it for a moment, forgetting myself, just as I did the first time. The neither liquid-nor gas inside swirls rapidly, angrily.

The sound of a door opening almost makes me drop the fucking box again and I feel my heart almost jump out of my chest.

Fuck!

I dash towards where I remember the other door being, silently opening it and slipping through, gently easing it shut, but not quite. I stare through a small opening between the door and the doorframe at no one other than myself and Wanda standing trembling on the other side of the room.

She's alive.

My heart skips a beat, literally, at the sight of her again. I stop breathing and I feel myself being close to tears again. She's aliveShe doesn't look great, but she's alive. In fact, she looks ashen, like she's about to either puke, fall asleep or drop unconscious onto the floor at any moment. But she is aliveI stare at her, conflicting emotions swirling around inside of me as I watch her lean heavily against the door behind her for support, the collar around her neck beeping softly as she looks around the room. He green eyes scan her surroundings, floating past where I'm hiding. I thank my lucky stars she's too loopy to sense me.

She's alive.

Other me, on the other hand, looks like I've seen a ghost, my eyes wide, idiotic FBI suit on and hand still in that annoying sling. I look stupid.

"You okay, Wanda?" I hear myself asking Wanda, looking around the room curiously, all my attention on everything but the one person it should be on.

Wanda's leaning against the wall behind me, her eyes closing. Help her, you idiotI think to myself. Hug her, hold her, kiss her, tell her you love her.

"Mmh hmm." Wanda hums weakly in response and I have to stop myself from running into the room and taking her into my arms myself, she looks so small and vulnerable.

"Maybe there's something in here that would unlock those cuffs of yours." Other me says. "What I wouldn't give to see some of your red wiggly woos right now."

At that, I softly let the door close as other me begins inspecting the room. I take a deep breath, bringing the box with the mist and the metal ball next to each other. The mist swirls and swirls, but nothing happens. I place both items down on the floor in front of me and frown. What am I meant to do?Apparently, Strange thinks the ball is supposed to kill the magic, but how? Am I supposed to break the box and hope the ball kills the mist before it can escape?

I hear commotion from the laboratory. Shit.The guards must've found them. Us, I meanI slowly step over the mist and the ball and creak the door open. I'm not wrong. Inside, other me is swearing loudly as she is trying to drag Wanda away from the door, bringing the pair of them closer to my hiding spot by the second. Shit.

I spot myself spotting the door just as the guards bust through the other door on the other side of the room. I know I'm about to be face to face with myself if I don't act now. I panic, wondering if I should just smash the box. But I'm too scared of it escaping, back into me, or worse, someone else. And so, I do the only thing I can think of. I screw my eyes shut, and draw upon my mist again.

It responds quickly, eager to come out and play. it burns hot and cold in my veins as I focus with all my might on the task at hand. There's a feeling of release in my head, like a cool rush of water. As I open my eyes, I see my hands softly burn blue. The room is silent. No movement, no noise, not even an alarm blaring in the distance. I open the door and step into a frozen scene. Except, it's not quite frozen.

Shit.

Wanda slowly turns around to face me. Her face is screwed up in a look of confusion, but she doesn't look scared. As her forest green eyes meet mine, her eyebrows shoot up on her forehead and her lips part, her mouth forming a small 'o'.

I stare at her, unable to move, as though my own magic has worked on myself too. The only thing that moves is my racing heart. I hear it loudly thump in my chest and I bet she must be able to hear it too.

"Ol- Olivia?" Wanda frowns, her voice sounds like heaven as her lips form my name and I almost break down right there.

I can't seem to answer her, so I just stand there as Wanda looks from me to frozen me and back again. I can tell that she's not quite there, her eyes seem slightly too glossy in an unnatural way, and she's swaying slightly where she stands. She looks from other me to me, me, and her eyebrows pull down and she tilts her head at me in question.

"Who are you?" She asks me, her voice dark.

"It's me." I say, not able to say anything else, her emerald gaze more debilitating than any of her powers.

"No, you are standing right next to me." Wanda glances at frozen me before looking at me again. "I ask again, who are you?"

Her voice sends a shiver down my spine as her tongue tiredly forms the words, her accent seeping in, making her words rounder and fuller. I dry swallow, looking like an idiot fish on land.

Get a grip, Olivia.

"What is this magic?" Wanda questions me, saying dangerously and I have to stop myself from rushing to her side. The color is slowly draining from her face, but she looks determined.

"Wanda, I don't have the time to explain-" I begin, as I already am feeling the draining effects of upholding the temporary freeze of events around us. Wanda doesn't seem to care as she tilts her head at me further. Hot. Fuck, Olivia, shut up!

"Wanda, please trust me when I say I'm me. I'm Olivia. I can prove it, just look into my thoughts. It's fine, I give you permission." I quickly say, stumbling over my words as I slowly approach Wanda.

Wanda doesn't seem convinced as she takes a hesitant step backwards, her eyes wide and round, making her remind me of a character from a Tim Burton movie, almost. I stop walking instantly, not wanting to spook her.

"Okay, fine. Okay, I'm me, but I am able to time travel -yes, I just said those words -never thought I would and they sound just as geeky as I thought they would. But I had to come back and fix something. You and I kind of fucked up, in the future, when we went back into the past. And so here I am." I grin sheepishly at the very unimpressed-looking Wanda.

"What?" She says tiredly, blinking a couple of times.

"Yeah, that makes no sense. Er, oh! I've got it! Wait, don't move!" I excitedly say, rushing back into the back room.

I grab the box with the mist and the little metal ball from the floor. When I return, I hold them out in front of me so Wanda can see them. I stop a few meters in front of her, giving her plenty of space. Her eyes bounce from me to the box to me again and to the ball and back. She looks like a question mark personified. That is, until she looks closer at the mist. Then, her expression changes.

"What is that?" She asks me, her voice husky and quiet.

"This is the magic that allows me to time travel. I came back to make sure I - your me, that me, doesn't get it. If I don't get it, we can't go back in time and mess things up." I try to explain to Wanda, who still looks confused. I don't know if anything is getting through to her in her drugged up state. I make an annoyed sound before I get a new idea.

Wanda?

I wait silently after thinking her name out. Wanda doesn't make any indication whatsoever that she heard me, she just stares at me and then the mist.

Wanda!

Stop shouting! You're too loud. I have a headache!almost laugh out loud in relief as I hear her thoughts in my head. She feels the same. My entire chest warms up and once again I feel like crying. Wanda steadies herself on frozen me as she stumbles slightly.

See? I'm me. Can you feel me?

Wanda narrows her eyes at me, her lips pressing against each other, making her mouth appear as a thin, straight line. Then, her face relaxes and she even smiles slightly.

I can feel youShe thinks softly in my head. But, how? I'm still confused.

Do you trust me?I think, looking straight into her eyes.

I can feel a little bit of hesitation seep through our connection from her end, but then, she nods slightly and I can't help the smile that spreads on my face.

"Okay, then please, let me kill this fucking mist so things can go back to normal." I chuckle and Wanda walks closer to me, her expression soft but slightly worried.

My breath hitches as she sways right up to me, her slender fingers wrapping around my forearm. I watch her watch her hand wrap around me. Her face contorts into a soft frown before she looks up at me with those round eyes of hers. Her greens search my face.

"You're real." She whispers and I nod, and I can't help the tears forming in my eyes.

"So are you." I know she can tell that there's something else behind my words, but she just squeezes my arm tighter, giving me a shy smile.

"This is weird." She offers up and I laugh.

"That is true."

"How are you going to do this?" She asks me, her gaze falling down onto the mist.

I look around the room, the dozen weird machines meaning nothing to me, I try to ignore my frozen past self looking idiotic as I'm mid hauling Wanda, and my gaze grazes the frozen soldiers at the far end of the room. I only have one idea, and it's just as idiotic as past me looks.

I give Wanda a look and she lets go of me, letting me walk back towards the small supply room I hid in. I hear her follow me, her footsteps loud and heavy. I place the mist carefully down on the floor. Then, I place the metal ball on top of the glass box. Wanda waits for me by the doorframe, her attentive eyes following my every move as her drugged brain tries to keep up.

Then, I walk out of the room, past Wanda and up to my frozen self. I grab the gun I'm holding in my hands, forcing it out of my frozen fingers with a little difficulty. Once I've secured the weapon, I point it to the floor as I walk back up to Wanda.

"Watch out, darling." I tell her and she steps back slightly, her face suddenly sporting a little more color than before.

Once I'm certain she's far enough behind me, I unclick the safety, grab the handle of the door, aim...

And I shoot.

The class surrounding the mist shatters and I instantly yank the door shut, slamming it with a loud bang!I turn to Wanda, who's staring at me, confused. I open my mouth to say something to her, but before I can, I begin to feel weird. It's like I'm going numb. The feeling spreads quickly, so quickly I don't have time to get scared.

"Olivia! Olivia! Why happened? Can you hear me? Olivia!"

I open my eyes with a huge gasp, my body shooting forwards. I'm on the floor in some bright room, there's a loud alarm going off and I can't instantly recognize my surroundings. All I see in front of me is her green and I break down in her arms.

A/N: Oh no, I didn't forget about you. I was on holiday and I just could not get this typed out. Then I did, but had to rewrite the latter half of the chapter... But here we are, long story short, I'm such a champion and I truly just would bleed and die for you all, so, here you go. The circle of life. Did you see that coming? Maybe you did, maybe you didn't, but I hope you enjoyed it either way!

Again, I hope everything made sense in this one, gosh darn time travel is tricky and I know you shouldn't play with it and yet... it's so fun.

I love you and now is the time (lol, time...) to truly reap the rewards if you've made it this far. Trust. I'm not joking. Did you REALLY think I could let Wanda bite the dust, so to speak? But will it be a HAPPY ending? That we shall find out.

APPRECIATE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU ANGELS x (and the comments on the previous chapter? Highlight of my LIFE and CAREER)

Continue reading next part