



## Chapter Twenty-Eight

### Hours After The Hydra Incident

Y/N had felt like she had been falling for a lifetime, though at times it felt like she was being pulled sideways before then falling down further and further. She didn't know what she had expected when she had leapt from the walkway with the device, being alive though, that wasn't what Y/N had thought would be a possibility.

Suddenly as if whatever she was travelling through realised she was there, and no longer wanted her falling, Y/N found herself slamming into solid ground. With a groan of pain, Y/N rolled onto her side, her eyes struggling to adjust to the sudden bright sunlight. Staying here wherever here was, was probably a bad idea and Y/N knew she needed to get up and start moving but her body was struggling to catch up with what it had been through.

The sound of voices and approaching footsteps had Y/N forcing herself onto her knees, she reached to her left thigh, that was where her FBI issue firearm should have been but of course it was no longer there. It had been taken from her by Hydra when they had captured her. Y/N did notice though that her cellphone was still in the front pocket of her jeans.

Her eyes had adjusted enough that Y/N was able to take in her surroundings, she could have sworn she was on central park, but as familiar as it was it also felt different. The voices and footsteps were closer now and Y/N barely made it to her feet before a group broke through the line of trees on her left.

Y/N's jaw dropped a little in surprise when she saw who was standing there.

"Sharon?" Y/N said looking at the blonde woman opposite her and then at Steve Rogers and Maria Hill who stood either side of Sharon.

"How is this possible?" Maria asked Steve a frown on her face, "Do you think she's a Skrull, pretending to be Y/N?"

"I'm not an alien" Y/N snapped defensively, confused as to why Maria would even suggest that, they had known one another years ago.

"Kind of sounds like something a Skrull would say" Steve replied as he studied Y/N, "You're right though this can't be possible."

"Is this some sort of joke? Because after everything with Hydra and my brother I'm really not in the mood for this" Y/N said her patience starting to wear thin, "I'm Y/N Monroe, why do you keep saying it's not possible for me to be me?"

There was silence for a moment as the three of them exchanged glances.

"Because Y/N Monroe died five years ago, fighting Thanos. That's why it's not possible" Sharon answered finally.

Y/N felt like she had taken a blow to the stomach as she struggled to process what Sharon had said to her. It wasn't right, none of this was right. Her heart started to race and her hands trembled, sweat glistened across her brow and she struggled to steady her breathing. It had been a long time since Y/N had suffered from a panic attack, but now it was impossible to avoid.

The last thing Y/N saw before she passed out was Sharon reaching out to grab her as she fell toward the ground.

..

### Three Months Later

Walking through Stark Tower, Y/N politely smiled at the people she passed whose names escaped her but she was sure most of them were Shield agents or members of Tony's science team that had an entire three floors of the tower to themselves.

Y/N had the layout of the Tower committed to memory, since it had been the only place she had been allowed for the last three months. It had taken a week from her arrival for them to believe she was who she said she was and to understand the explanation of how she had ended up here.

Thankfully the Tony and Bruce had been researching multiverse travel, along with this universe's Dr Strange who Y/N had been informed was currently on Earth but as soon as he returned he would likely come straight to the tower to meet her. So they had been able to accept that what Y/N had explained was actually possible.

The only issue was that whilst they were versed in the theory of multiversal travel, they had yet to physically figure it out. So when Y/N had asked them to send her back, they hadn't been able to do that much to her disappointment. Her sole hope rested on this universe's Dr Strange possibly having some answers.

Y/N took an elevator up to the penthouse floor, a residential area that Tony had given to her as temporary accommodation. Stepping into the open plan area that contained a lounge, kitchen and bar, Y/N looked out at the view of the New York skyline that filled the floor to ceiling windows. Seeing it was a constant reminder that whilst this place looked like her home, it wasn't really.

Taking a seat on one of the large leather couches, Y/N pulled out her cellphone. It was the only thing she had with her, from her own universe. Clearly Hydra hadn't deemed it a threat and had left it on her but taken her gun and other weapons when they'd taken her hostage.

Unlocking the screen, Y/N pressed phonebook icon and scrolled down until her thumb hovered over the name she had called every day since being here.

Wanda Maximoff.

Hitting the call button, Y/N lifted it to her ear. She had no idea why she kept doing this, it was the same every time. Somehow it connected but then would cut and go to voicemail.

"Hey... It's me again..." Y/N started talking after it beeped, "There's probably no way these messages are actually reaching you, but I don't know what else to do. I'm stuck Wanda and I don't know how to find my way back to you. I'm not sure if there is even a way for me to come back to you. I don't even know if you're okay..."

Y/N tried to hold back her tears, but the thought haunted her that she really didn't know if Wanda and the others had made it out of that building after she had jumped in.

"If by some miracle you do get this message, I love you Wanda and I am going to keep hoping that one day I'll be able to say it to you in person and not on some sad answer phone message."

Before Y/N could say anything else the phone beeped twice and then the connection dropped and ended the call. Sighing, Y/N tossed the phone onto the couch. She wiped the tears from her face before getting up and going over to the bar. She poured herself a glass of whiskey.

"Want to pour me one too?" A female voice said from the other side of the room.

Y/N turned her head and felt her heart stop. She had the same reaction every time she saw or heard the red-headed woman. Wanda, but not her Wanda she had to remind herself each time it happened. This however was the first time that Wanda had actually spoken directly to her, Wanda would often disappear when Y/N was around.

"Sorry, I know it's not easy" Wanda said gently, "I'm still trying to get used to seeing you walking around here as well. It would seem avoiding you though isn't going to be possible forever, so I wanted to come and talk to you, to tell you our story, well this universe's story of us"

Y/N had been given a very brief explanation of what had happened to this universe's version of herself, by Maria Hill. Apparently the Y/N of this universe hadn't shielded away her powers and had actually trained been this universe's sorcerer supreme, a title that was now held by Wong after her death. A death that had come because the Y/N of this universe had been the one to wield the Infinity stones to kill Thanos and reverse what he had done.

No more details had been given and Maira had refused when Y/N had pushed for her to explain the relationships that this universe's Y/N had had with people. Maria had said that was their stories to share with her if they wanted to. Y/N had figured that she must have been close to most of them though, since all of them looked at her with a sadness in their eyes, like they were looking at a ghost of someone they'd cared about.

"Um yeah sure, of course" Y/N nodded, finally remembering how to talk. She picked up a second glass and poured some whiskey into it.

Y/N wasn't sure how ready she was to have this conversation, but she sensed that this universe's Wanda was trying to help and she couldn't exactly turn away that help right now. She took the two glasses of whiskey and went back over to the couch she had been sitting on, Wanda had taken a seat in an armchair across from her.

Placing the glass of whiskey on the glass table between them, Y/N sat back down, holding her own glass in her hand. Wanda started talking and Y/N soon realised that she really hadn't been prepared at all to hear her story.

Y/N hadn't thought her heart could break anymore, but it did as Wanda told her about the life this universe's version of herself had had with the other woman. They had been married and lived a really happy life together until Thanos had come and war had broken out here. Wanda had fallen into a spiral of destructive grief following that war against Thanos and the death of her Y/N. Who Wanda described as having been the one true love of her life.

"I'm so sorry..." Y/N said as she looked at Wanda, it was no surprise why she had been avoiding Y/N these past few months, it must have been torture seeing her.

"You have nothing to be sorry for, Y/N" Wanda replied after a moment, "I will do everything I can to help you Y/N, so that the Wanda you care for doesn't have to suffer the way I did."

"Thank you" Y/N nodded slightly with a small smile as she looked across at Wanda.

Continue reading next part [↗](#)