

## The last chapter

Wanda's pov

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I wake up to the feeling of the duvet being yanked away from my body. "Stop it" i groan, gripping into the sheets natasha is pulling away. "No, you have to get out of bed. Its y/ns funeral today. You have to get your ass out of bed and stop feeling sorry for yourself. This is y/ns day. You will show up for her." She demands.

I sigh, yet another lot of tears falling from my eyes. "I just... I just want to stop crying. I just want the pain to stop natasha. I hate that i have to wake up everymorning without her. It doesnt get better, when will it get better?" I cry. She hugs me tightly "im so sorry wanda, i wish i could take your pain away. I know we havent always seen eye to eye but im here for you wanda. You havent eaten in days. She cups my face, wiping my tears away "Dont push me away wanda, let me help you"

I nod, letting my head rest on her chest "i just need to get today over with" i sob, gripping onto her shirt.

She places a kiss on my forehead, pulling me "Come on, you need to get dressed and something to eat"

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I shower, put my hair into a low bun and put on a black pair of trousers, with a matching top. It was y/ns top. It still smells like her.

Natasha hands me a cardigan. "Come on." She says, wrapping her arm around my shoulder. She leads me to the others who are all dressed nice and smart. We all get into different cars and go to the church. Me, natasha, tony and pepper are in one car and the others are all in different cars. I cant remember who was with who, it was all a blur.

Once we are inside I see y/ns casket. Covered in the most beautiful flowers. I promised myself i wouldnt cry, but im already starting to. I sni back my tears as i sit down.

Each person takes it in turns to say a few words. Tony broke his heart as he spoke. He spoke of the regret he felt. He really cared about her.

I was last to speak. I fight back my tears and stand up. I take a shaky breath before beginning. "Y/n was the love of my life. We hated eachother at first, but she showed me to never judge a book by its covers. She saved us. She saved everybody in this room and we should all honour her sacrifice for as long as we live" i state, the tears i had held back were suddenly pouring out.

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After the funeral is over everybody leaves apart from me. I stay seated, not wanting to say goodbye. Not yet.

I hear a set of footsteps walking towards me. I look back to find the person that matches the footsteps.

Are my eyes deceiving me. It cant be "Peitro?"

"You didnt see this coming" he teases, rushing to hug me. I grip the back of his blazer "is it really you?" I question, my brain still doubting my eyes.

"Im here little sister, I saw y/n." He states, I pull back furrowing my brows "what?" I question, my mind racing. This is all to much. "She told me to look after you. When i came back to life i crossed paths with her as she entered the after life. She told me to tell you to read a letter if you havent. And she told me to tell you that she wants you to move on and be happy and that she loves you"

"I read it, i read the letter. I cant believe you saw her"

He chuckles, placing a kiss on my forehead "she carried my body to the jet before didnt she"

I nod, a memory i had never forgotten. "Yes, she did"

"Come on little sister, i think its time you say goodbye. Im here, well do it together"

I nod, saying my final goodbye to y/n. Which was the hardest thing i had ever done.

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Time skip

Its been 2 years since y/s death, its been a hard, almost impossible to move on but i have. Me and natasha have been together for about 3 months now. She has been amazing and so caring. She has bonded with pietro which took a little time because hes over protective. But im finally happy again.

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"Are you ready to go?" Natasha asks, holding out her hand for me to take. I stand up from y/ns grave, putting away my journal and taking her hand. "Yeah, lets go" she places a kiss on my cheek, my stomach fluttering at the gesture. "How about some ice cream?" She asks. I smile, with an enthusiastic nod "yes please"

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I have learnt that grief is just love. It's all the love you want to give but cannot. All of that unspent love gathers up in the corners of your eyes, the lump in your throat, and in that hollow part of your chest. Grief is just love with no place to go. The risk of love is loss, and the price of loss is grief, but the pain of grief is only a shadow when compared with the pain of never risking love.

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We should not be afraid of love, we should embrace it. For love makes the world go round.

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Hey all, this was a tough one to write. Very close to the heart. I hope you all enjoyed this story and I love you all. Remeber to tell your loved ones that you love them!

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Also drink water and get a good nights rest! You all matter!

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Continue reading next part