

iv. The Twins

Before the ending of iii. Creepy Parody.....

3°

Wanda and her twin brother, Pietro, made their way through the streets of Sokovia to an old church. They had been asked to meet with someone there. Pietro pulled the gate open and Wanda walked through. Her stomach turned. She had a feeling of anticipation and a dark longing for revenge. Paired with her magic, that made her dangerous and she knew it.

Pietro and Wanda entered the church. Wanda spotted a figure sitting in a chair, in the center, draped in a crimson piece of cloth, like a cowl of sorts. Wanda called to them, "talk, and if you're wasting our time....."

He cut her off, his voice friendly, "did you know this church is in the exact center of the city. It was put there so that everyone would be equal distance from their place of belief. I like that. The geometry of belief. I assume you're wondering why you can't look into my head?"

Wanda had been wondering that, but she wasn't about to admit it, so she just replied, "sometimes it's hard. But sooner or later every man shows himself."

"Oh I'm sure," Ultron stood up, letting the cowl fall away to reveal his new robot form, "but you needed more than a man. That's why you let Stark take the scepter."

"I didn't think...." Wanda trailed off, then started again, "but I saw Stark's fear, I knew it would control him, make him self-destruct."

Wanda and Pietro looked up at the robot, who had been a surprise to them.

"Everyone creates the thing they dread," Ultron agreed, "men of peace create war, invaders create Avengers, people create..... smaller people? Uh, Children! Lost the word there. Children, designed to supplant them. To help them..... end."

"Is that why you've come?" Wanda asked, her voice taking on an almost wonder filled quality, like her fantasies, were finally becoming realities, "to destroy the Avengers?"

Ultron turned to look at her and said, "I've come to save the world. But also..... yeah."

.....

"All of this?" Pietro asked as he and his sister examined Ultron drones being made. Wanda looked around in wonder. This was the kind of forces they needed to destroy Tony Stark. She allowed herself a moment to relish in the thought, before turning back to their robotic teammate.

"Me," Ultron confirmed, "I have what the Avengers never will. Harmony."

Wanda agreed with that. She had seen how disorganized the Avengers could be when she looked into Stark's head. She had shown him his worst fear, but she had read so much more. Memories, emotions, thoughts, none of it could be hidden from her. He was a complicated man and looking at his fear she had to remember that he had brought this upon himself by creating those weapons. It was his own fault. Right?

Wanda was snapped out of her thoughts of the Avengers by her brother saying scornfully, "everyone's plan is not to kill them."

"And make them martyrs," Ultron pointed out, "no. You need to think. You need to see the bigger picture." He nodded to emphasize his point.

Pietro shook his head, "I don't see the big picture, I have a little picture. I take it out and look at it every day."

"You lost your parents in the bombings," Ultron said, his voice as sympathetic as it ever got, "I've seen the records."

"The records are not the picture," Pietro scowled.

"Pietro," Wanda cautioned her brother about continuing. They didn't know Ultron, not really, and they didn't know if they could trust them. This was the day their life crumbled away, the day they lost the first bits of their hearts. It wasn't a story for just anyone.

Ultron, instead of turning back to his drones, looked at Pietro with what seemed to almost be kindness, "no, please, continue."

"We were at our apartment, eating dinner, the four of us. That's when the first shell hits, a floor below us. A hole opens up, our parents fall in. I grab her, and we dive under the bed. Then the second shell hits, but it doesn't go on. It just sits there, in the rubble, three feet from our faces," Pietro told the story, his voice laced with emotion, "and painted on the shell, is one word....."

"Stark," Wanda finished.

The magical woman continued, "every effort to save us, every shift in the bricks, I think, this will set it off. We wait for two days for Tony Stark to kill us!"

Wanda could remember it like it was yesterday. She remembered how she had been quiet that day, filled with a curious dread. She remembered how her stomach felt so queasy she had only picked at her food. She remembered how when her parents went in the hole, she knew she should have warned them, even if she didn't know what was coming. She remembered trying to run to them, to save them, but Pietro had thought better and had kept her from going in too. She remembered how after that initial scream when the blast happened, she stayed so quiet, silent tears rolling down her face and how not even Pietro could comfort her because he was just as scared. The records didn't say any of that. The records never mentioned the trauma those children still had to bear.

Ultron nodded, "I wondered why only you two survived Strucker's experiments. Now I don't." Wanda agreed with that. They had survived because they had the power locked away inside them - that had to explain her odd osmosis like knowledge of things that she had as a child - and the will to use those powers.

"We will make it right," Ultron promised. Wanda's heart raced. This was what she had been hoping for, a chance to avenge her parents. So what if Tony Stark was a complicated man, so what if his Avengers were not completely evil. She and her twin were alone in the world and they didn't have the time nor the compassion to care about people like the Avengers.

Ultron looked at Pietro, "you and I can hurt them." The robot then turned to Wanda, his metal hand almost caressing her cheek, "but you will tear them apart. From the inside."

A/N: I know the book so far has focused primarily on Auralie and her life, but now Wanda is here. So some chapters will focus on Auralie and some will focus on Wanda. And some will focus on both of them. Yay.

Continue reading next part [↗](#)