

Chapter 1: So long

It had been so long.

So long since the battle in New York, the memories of the Chitauris invasion still haunting my dreams.

So long since my sister, Natasha Romano, the famed Black Widow, rescued me from my captivity in HYDRDA saving me from a life of torture and agonising terror.

So long since I had been forced to kill and maim innocents just so it wasn't my blood shed onto the ground beneath me.

So long since I had been trained to fight, to assassinate, to never give in to pain no matter how tempted.

So long ago yet it all feels like yesterday.

Steve's orders sound distant as the super soldier informs the seven of us of our mission, the jet landing so ly onto the snowy tundra of Sokovia.

"Skye we're here." My sister yells across the jet alerting me back into reality snapping my eyes to her haltering her own gun to her waist and attaching more Widow bites to the weapons on her wrists.

I slowly nod my head in acknowledgement, my mind still cloudy with the thoughts of my past before allowing myself to stand up, gently stretching my sti limbs thanks to the four hour flight from the compound.

Beads of sweat begin forming on the palms of my hands at the thought of the mission ahead. Clenching my hands to ease the shakiness of my fingers I take a deep breath ignoring the worried glances from the rest of the team.

Four months.

That's how long it had been since my last mission, since SHIELD or what was le of it since Nat, Sam, Steve and I had taken down Project Insight, had forced me into having a break in which I unwillingly obliged. A er being forced to relive my years being brutally slashed with knives and electrocuted till I couldn't breathe everyone had decided to allow me relaxation time. Although secretly I enjoyed the break, the relaxation something I desperately needed but I would never admit that to anyone, not that anyone needs to know anyway.

But SHIELD/Avengers had quickly withdrawn my relaxation as Tony had found the location of the scepter HYDRDA had purloined from us. I didn't mind that much accepting the mission to retrieve it alongside the rest of the Avengers.

"You gonna be alright?" Steve asks his pitiful gaze falling upon me, crossing the jet to hand me my swords.

"I'm not going to get triggered and have a panic attack or freeze up or something just because it's HYRDA if that's what your worried about."

I reply with a sco, avoiding his gaze and narrowing my eyes at his question.

I hate pity.

"Good."

He knows, they all do about my past with HYDRA. HYDRA had turned me into what I was today. A monster, a monster with an instinct to kill. I'm just one of HYDRAS toys, their experiments.

The amount of innocent blood I had spilled was unforgivable. Men, woman and even children each had a place under my kill list. But still I attempted to right my wrongs, joining SHIELD giving them all I knew on HYDRA, helping save the world from Lokis invasion, taking down Project Insight. But deep down I know, I know it would never make up for the horrific things I've done, all the blood on my hands, the innocent lives lost, the red on my ledger. All because of me. Its my fault.

Strapping my swords to my back with a nod of thanks to the super soldier and attaching my throwing knives to my hip I make my way towards my sister standing shoulder to shoulder with her as we observe the ramp as it descends to the floor.

Like me her suit is tight and black, only hers has blue stripes patterned down the side gently pulsing in time with the weapons on her wrist, whereas my suit is laced with red, I don't know why, Tony makes them and I don't complain.

Nat's scarlet red hair sits at her shoulders, curled and bouncy. I still don't understand how she manages to fight with her hair out and free, mine is braided into a bun making sure it stays well out of my face.

"You sure your gonna be ok?" She asks so ly using a voice she has only reserved for me, her deep green eyes searching my face for any hints of lies as I reply.

"I'll be fine Natty ok, don't stress."

Natasha only nods taking a deep breath before making her way out the jet into the snow and trees as I follow not so far behind.

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A slight shiver runs down my spine as I take stride a er stride into the coldness of the forest leaving the safety of the Quinjet behind. Taking care in each step I take, I pace myself making sure the snow remains silent under my feet not wanting to alert the soldiers of our arrival.

Sirens begin to echo around the forest, our attempts to remain unseen falling away with each blare of noise that reverberates inside my ears.

"So much for the element of surprise." Nat chuckles slowing her pace to join my side.

Acting on impulse I crouch into my fighting stance holding my pocket knife so ly between my fingertips spinning it again and again taking comfort in the metal brushing against my palm.

"Here we go."

Rows and rows of soldiers all armed come charging towards us guns blazing. The once picturesque atmosphere fades away as the sound of pained screams and bullets landing against wood resonates through the trees.

Holding my knife at my side I plunge it into the first soldier observing the colour draining from his eyes, his lifeless body dropping with a thud onto the floor.

Pulling out my knife I freeze as the blood drops onto the pure white snow painting it red. My composure remains unreadable as I glance down again at the lifeless soldier before turning away, trying not to think to hard about a life I had just ended. A er all they were the bad guys not me.... right?

"WATCH OUT!"

A vehicle roars towards me swerving slightly as it hits soldiers in the process, my thoughts long gone as I dive to the side. Wiping the snow o my suit I glare at the driver who just happens to be my sister.

Smiling apologetically she brakes allowing for me to hoist myself into the passenger seat.

With Clint on the back firing arrow a er arrow at soldiers and Nat driving like a maniac mowing down soldiers like it was nothing I decided to join in on the mayhem.

Flipping over the railing, I crouch next to Clint who chuckles as my hand instinctively reaches out to grip the bars lacing the edge of the car as Nat dri s to the le rather recklessly.

Gripping the blood stained knife I gaze across the forest ripping my eyes away from each blood stained patch of snow instead focusing on the dull thud the blade of my knife makes every time it hits my palm.

"Incoming." Clint sighs facing the opposite way to me causing me to turn on my heel. Soldiers in what looks like attempted copies of Tony's suit come flying towards the two of us, blasters aimed and at the ready.

Unsheathing my sword for easier access I slice at the poor attempted versions of Tony's suit watching the blood pool on the ground trying to ignore the growing feeling of hatred in my stomach. Not for the soldiers exactly, but for myself.

With real Tony flying overhead defending the vehicle from threats in the sky, Thor using his hammer to send groups of soldiers flying from the watchtowers and Hulk ripping soldiers in half like they were paper we were getting closer and closer to the HYDRA base were the scepter was located or so we assumed.

Eyes narrowing into slits I reach my hand back before letting go, my knife soaring towards the only fleshy part of the soldier I could see, his neck where his chest plate and helmet didn't meet.

"Shit." Tony seethes over the comms, flying into the barrier surrounding the main building.

"Language." Steve replies, his voice stern but immediately I could tell he regretted his words... well word.

My eyebrows raise at his reply, the tips of my mouth shaping into a quick smile.

"JARVIS what's the view from upstairs?"

The AI replies quickly it's british accent rather soothing in the midst of a fight.

"The central building is protected by some kind of energy shield. Strucker's technology is well beyond any other HYDRA base we have taken."

"Loki's scepter must be here. Strucker couldn't mount his defence without it, at long last." Thor grunts into the comms no doubt swinging his overly large hammer.

Gingerly standing up from my crouched postion, I vault over the railings followed by Clint landing so ly in the snow glancing at my sister as she dives out from the vehicle.

"Graceful." I tease watching Nat roll across the snow with a grunt trying to avoid the patches of spiky bush.

Swinging my swords in a synchronised pattern I cover the red head as she throws a grenade into the midst of the fog hoping to land it inside a vehicle.

Just Natasha's luck as a burst of red and orange blind me through the thickness of the fog, the cries of burning soldiers not sitting right in my stomach.

Coming over a rather small hill I grin as three unsuspecting soldiers stand with their back to me. Placing my swords carefully in their sheaths I flip onto the first soldiers back wrapping my legs around his neck before twisting harshly satisfied when I hear the crack as he drops to the floor.

My eyes glaze over as memories of HYDRA roll through my head, triggered by my fighting manoeuvres. Keeping my gaze on the corpse at my feet I release two knives from my hips closing my eyes in slight relief at hearing the thud of the other soldiers bodies hitting the floor, my knives sticking out their bloodied necks.

Shaking my head I struggle to push my emotions down as Nat's voice speaks through the comms.

"At long last is lasting a little long boys." Nat smirks raising her gun at the soldier in the bunker.

"Wait a sec no one else is gonna deal with the fact that Cap just said language." Tony interrupts, a smirk threatening to spill from my lips.

"I know. Just slipped out." Steve pants.

"You aren't living that one down Stevie." I chuckle darting behind a tree to avoid a shower of bullets.

Unsheathing my sword I lunge at another unsuspecting soldier but before my sword even tips them I get thrown to the side by a flash of blue and silver.

Holding my head where it smacked against a tree I groan slightly before pushing myself to my feet. Gripping the leather of my hilt tightly I frown ready to enact my revenge on the enhanced enemy.

The enemy being a boy around my age with silvery white hair glancing at me with a smirk before running towards Clint.

As I open my mouth to warn the archer a panicked shout interrupts me. Clenching my jaw I sprint towards the noise knowing Clint's been comprised.

"We have an enhanced on the field." Steve reports obviously unaware of the events only moments earlier.

"No shit." I retort over comms coming into the clearing and coming to a stop at Clint's side.

"Clints hit." Nat yells making her way through the sea of soldiers before kneeling at his side beside me.

He was her best friend. She wasn't gonna leave him. Not even in the hands of her sister.

"Somebody wanna deal with that bunker?" The Widow asks tending to Clints body with some sort of antiseptic.

Hulk roars charging at the bunker, the soldiers throwing themselves to the side out of the way as he destroys it just as easily as you could a sandcastle.

"Thanking you." Natasha replies sweetly before turning back to the groaning Clint.

"Drawbridge is down people." Stark announces circling the tower once before diving inside eager to find the scepter.

My mind begins to spin repeating the silver haired boy in my mind. The teams voices sound distant as I frown slightly.

HYDRA was experimenting again, and there was probably more. He needs us. They all do.

Ayyy guys first chapter please please comment how u think i did or smt or if u like it hahshdhhdh, it will definitely take a while before wanda gets involved sorry but yeh. God that was so hard to write tho ahhhh.

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i edited.)

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