

Chapter 12: The a ermath

"OW. Bloody hell Nat watch it." I snarl smacking Nat's lingering fingers away from my injured hip. Natasha doesn't reply but I could feel her eyes rolling like they were my own.

A beep caused both Nat and I to flinch. Clint was impatiently drumming his fingers against a car horn waiting for Nat and I to get our asses in the car or so he said. Gingerly I climb in the backseat brushing o the dust and rubble littered on the chair before collapsing with a sigh, my hand tightly holding my hip as to stop any more blood loss.

"I know what I need to do." Clint nods talking to Nat while driving mildly carefully towards the lifeboats. "The dining room. If I knock out that east wall, it'd make a nice workspace for Laura, huh? Put up some ba ling. She can't hear the kids running around. What do you think?" Clint explains acting as if we weren't currently driving on a floating rock bound to explode.

Nat's lips turn into a light smile nodding thoughtfully. "You guys always eat in the kitchen anyway." She shrugs playing along with his fantasies. "No one eats in a dining room." Clint sco s before braking a little too hard in front of the lifeboats. I jolt forward a little and stifle a cry holding my hip attempting to stop the agonising pounding.

Hundreds of people sat on the boats waiting patiently for any orders or information. Nurses and doctors tended to peoples injuries while soldiers stand, armed with guns ready for any surprise attacks.

Hulks roars bounce o the buildings obviously still trampling around somewhere in the city. Clints gaze flickers from Nat to me before opening his door swi ly.

"We don't have a lot of time." He frowns to Nat who kicks open her door her eyes locked on the archer. "So get your ass on a boat. And take this one with you." She grins jabbing a thumb at me earning a sarcastic smile from yours truly.

Clint sighs nodding, his eyes trailing her while she runs o towards Hulk or wherever she assumed he was. "So you gonna help me or what?" I shrug breaking Clint from his trance. "Shut up... Laura's gonna kill you by the way." He grins smugly tucking his arm under mine slowly dragging me towards the life boat.

"Yeah I know." I groan dreading seeing the woman who scared me more than any robot could. The man chuckles walking me towards a chair. Collapsing with a sigh I shake my head at the nurse who attempts to bandage my wound sending her o to others in need.

Clints hand rests on my shoulder giving it an a ectionate squeeze while his gaze lingers on the pile of rubble that used to be a city. His touch abandons my shoulder, confusion written on my face before my eyes widen in realisation.

A small boy was trapped by the markets, Clint being the hero he is, ran at the boy his determination shielding him from any sort of fear. I couldn't rip my eyes away from the archer who pulls the child from his prison gently hugging him to his chest.

Gunshots attract my attention causing immediate fear to course through my veins.

"CLINT." I scream standing up ignoring the pain flushing through my hip. My eyes flicker from Clint to the danger up head. Ultron had taken over the quinjet. It's guns firing, heading straight towards the archer and the boy.

There was no way they would make it out of there in time, the jet only getting closer by the second. Shaking my head furiously not willing to accept the fact there was nothing I could do. Tears creep into my eyes, I was useless, unable to save Clint or the boy.

Clint spied the jet, a look of clarity falling over his face before he turned his back to the oncoming bullets, holding the boy tightly to his chest, shielding him from the fire.

The bullets bring up smoke clouding my view of both the archer and the boy. A sob leaves my body at the mere thought of Clints corpse laying in the dirt. But it wasn't him I had to worry about.

The smoke ceased but immediately I wish it hadn't, the sight before me something I would rather never have to witness.

Pietro. The kid had used his speed to rescue Clint and the boy, pushing a car in front of the two deflecting the fire. But his speed wasn't enough to save himself, the boy barely keeping himself upright. Bullet holes dotted through his body, the blue uniform turning red, his blood seeping through. He had been shot. Multiple times. There was nothing Clint or myself could do as his figure wavered one last time before collapsing with a thud onto the ground below.

He had sacrificed himself to save Clint. To save the boy. He had barely known them yet gave his life for theirs.

My eyes water at the sight of his corpse, dull and lifeless before a thought runs through my head.

Wanda.

Her twin. Her best friend. Her brother. He was gone. My heart twinged at the feeling, imaging how I would feel if I lost Nat. I wouldn't be able to cope. I had to be there for her, help her through this.

Tears fall down my face but I have no energy to wipe them away allowing them to drop onto the concrete floor below. The smiles I had shared with Clint less than five minutes ago were long gone replaced by a firm line.

Pietro's body gently lays at my feet curtesy to Steve while Clint reunites the child with his mother. Ambling over to my side Clint grunts lying beside me exhaustion overpowering the archer. His eyes were foggy and dull as they closed while his hands lay by his side red and stained.

Slowly but surely the last passengers boarded the life boat ushered to their seats by agents. Steve remained in the city his eyes scanning the remains of the city observing for any stragglers.

That's when the city dropped. It was fast and caused my heart to skip a beat praying Steve wouldn't fall with it. The super soldiers eyes widened turning to the lifeboat and lunging at the ramp landing with a thud on the metal floors watching the city fall towards the earth.

Nat. Wanda. My jaw begins to tremble at the thought of them still being in the city. Praying silently for their safety my feet stumble towards the railing leaning over and squinting at the gradually shrinking city.

The same city that bursts into fragments soon a er. The explosion breaking the giant rock into multiple giant rocks plummeting into the earth below.

Tony and Thor were both down there, I knew that for a fact but they would be ok a er all Tony had his suit and Thor well he's a god. But Wanda and Nat... they wouldn't survive that fall.

[]

Landing at the compound was a relief, like I could finally allow myself to feel safe again even if it was only for the time being.

But worry still clouded my thoughts having not seen neither Nat nor Wanda throughout my time on the lifeboats.

Nurses ushered me towards the hospital wing despite my protests, their stubbornness overpowering mine.

Exhaustion swept over my body at the sight of the bed even the crappy hospital ones which I will be getting Tony to replace. Gingerly I remove my suit wincing as the fabric grazes my hip before laying in the bed.

Closing my eyes was not my decision, the power of exhaustion too much for my weakened state. Sleep came quickly allowing the nurses to work without my constant interruptions.

[]

Waking up I was met with a familiar lock of red hair pacing at the end of my bed. Relief causes me to let out a choked sob attracting the red heads attention.

"Your alive." I cry allowing my sister to hug me melting into her touch. Her sobs were silent but I could feel the wetness of her tears on my skin.

"Yeah and I thought you were dead." She replies into my hair. "No I'm invincible." I chuckle pulling away from the spy.

"Is Wanda ok?" I question almost too afraid to hear the answer.

"She grieving but she's alive." Nat nods raising an eyebrow at my sigh of relief.

"You seem to fancy the witch hmm." She hums wiping the stray tear from her eye. I hide my face with my pillow which gives Nat all the answers she needs.

"Mm that's what I thought." She chuckles removing the pillow from my face.

"Shut up. She's hot I can't lie." I shrug moving over allowing Nat room on the bed.

"Mm alright you got me there." Nat chuckles.

I hum in response moving my head to her shoulder and closing my eyes once again. And once again sleep came within seconds.

[]

"Go see her. She's rejected everyone else's help. Please she hadn't eaten in days." Nat pleads worry written on her face. Her hands grip my back pushing me towards the witches door against my protests.

It had been a week since Ultron. Nurses had allowed me to leave the hospital wing with promises I wouldn't do any hardcore training or go on any missions for at least two months to which I begrudgingly agreed.

Wanda hadn't le her room all week, barely eating the food Steve and I le at her door. Steve had a big heart, his attempts to comfort the girl not being missed by the rest of the team. Or what was le of us.

Clint had gone home sending us all love from his family, well not all his family. Laura had sent messages upon messages grounding me severely and threatening to revoke all my mission privileges which I had no doubt she would do a er she found out about my injuries.

She even went as far to threaten to lock me in her garage. I love her.

The hulk was gone. He had hijacked the already stolen jet from Ultron and had taken o , undetected by every radar for miles.

Thor had returned to Asgard insisting he would be back at some point which I doubted.

So we needed a new team which was another reason I was being SHOVEDat the witches door in hopes to convince her to join the avengers for good.

"Wanda?" I whisper knocking on her bedroom door.

The only sound heard was the click of the door telling me she had unlocked it allowing me to enter.

This was already a good start, the witch had been denying everyone else access to her since last week.

Slowly I open it gasping at the sight of the brunette curled up on her bed. Her eyes were pu y and red, giant bags laid under them blacker than Maria's hair, she wore the same clothes she had on a week ago during the battle, dirty and destroyed.

Her room was a tip, empty plates and glasses littered everywhere. Clothes thrown around the room while rubbish sat on her bed and floor.

"Hey." I whisper closing the door with a slight thud making the witch jump. "Your alright." I reassure her making my way towards the bed.

Her lip quivers but she doesn't speak only watching while I climb onto the bed crawling towards the witch.

My nose scrunches at the smell of blood and dirt lingering on Wanda's clothes as I sit beside her. "I'm gonna run you a bath ok?" I state with a small smile to which Wanda only nods slightly.

Water fills the bath rather slowly allowing me time to gently drag Wanda to the bathroom.

"Can I take o your jacket?" I ask tentatively holding her sleeves.

"Yes." She replies coming to a still while I slip o the jacket leaving her in her shirt and skirt.

"I'll leave while you get undressed ok and I'll wait for you in your bedroom. Relax alright and wash yourself then come out and I will take care of your wounds." I whisper with a smile.

Wanda only nods beginning to slip o her shirt which was my sign to leave.

Removing myself from the bathroom I busy myself with tidying her room. Collecting glasses and empty plates while picking up rubbish and folding clothes.

Satisfied with my work I smile gently sitting on her bed waiting for the witch to finish relaxing.