

## Chapter 14: Courage

Tomorrow came quickly and so did the day after that, and the day after that, and the day after that. Suddenly it was two months since Pietro's death.

Wanda had seemingly fought through her grief, the pain of her brother's death becoming easier to deal with each and every day although it didn't completely die, and I doubt it ever will. But seeing her smile brought a happiness to me I didn't know existed. It was euphoric.

The original team had shrunk leaving spaces for new individuals such as Wanda, Vision, Rhodey and Sam. The Avengers 2.0 as I liked to call them.

Wanda and I had become attached at the hip. Wherever I went the witch followed and vice versa. And it's safe to say my feelings were definitely growing.

Now don't get me wrong, I know I said I was going to ask Wanda out two months ago but I couldn't bring myself to do it. Although I did attempt to...

I don't get nervous, I never had. But that all changed the minute I tried to ask out the witch.

"Wanda?" I whisper knocking on the brunettes door. My hands fiddle with my rings as the door flew open, the brunette embracing me in a tight hug.

"Wanda, I have to ask you something." Her head fell the side, strands of her hair covering her perfectly perfect face.

"What's up?" She asks gently pulling me into the bedroom.

Subconsciously my fingers interlaced with Wanda's before sitting us both on the mattress.

"So I was wondering..."

My voice trails off, the pause causing worry to etch into Wanda's face.

"Hey what's wrong?"

Her grip on my hand tightens giving me a comforting squeeze.

Confidence rising I try again.

"Ok so I was wondering..."

"Mm." She hums curiously.

Sweat began forming on my face, my free hand anxiously scratching my neck as I tried to spit out my question.

"Skye you can ask me anything."

I nod with a smile.

"I know I know."

Jaw clenched and a frown creasing my forehead I try one more time.

"Wanda do you want to... to... to..."

"Go on."

"Wanda do you want to join the avengers."

Internally facepalming I fake a smile at the witches frown.

"That was it?" She asks almost... disappointed.

"Yep that's it." I chuckle regret already bubbling in the pit of my stomach.

"That's it."

That was two months ago and I hadn't tried since, the failure of that simple task embarrassing enough as it is.

Today was different, my body brimming with confidence as I step into the kitchen watching my fellow teammates groan at the early morning wake up.

"Good Morning."

Glares fall on me annoyed at my optimism at 5:30am.

Someone had made pancakes, a pile laying on the bench, saliva pooling in my mouth at the heavenly smell.

"So." I talk between mouthfuls. "Has anyone seen. Wanda."

A shadow of a smile forms on Nats already smug face her finger pointing towards the gym where the witch was no doubt training with Steve.

The super soldier had a soft spot for the girl. A father figure if you will, teaching her and assisting her through her grief not unlike me.

My fingers dance, drumming on my thigh flickering my eyes to the gym door hoping the witch would appear.

But no such luck.

I sway back and forth on the soles of my feet debating my next move before speed walking towards the door. The sooner I get this over with the better.

"Wanda will you go on a date with me... no no too straightforward. Wanda have my children... maybe a little more subtle. Wanda I was wondering if you maybe wanted to go on a date with me? Mm yes I think that's the one." I mutter to myself distracted so much so I didn't notice the brunette walking towards me.

"Morning Skye."

A gasp slips from my mouth at her voice. "Uh morning."

Wanda's embrace leaves me tingling, struggling to find the courage that had run away from my grasp.

"You ok?" She mutters into my shoulder.

"Can I ask you something?" I whisper pulling back from Wanda.

Her nod is genuine, intrigued with what I was going to say. "Ask away."

It was now or never.

"Ok so, Wanda, I was wondering if you wanted to go on a date with me." I splutter looking down at my restless fingers.

No response causes my heart to stop, almost breaking in the tension.

"I've been waiting for you to ask me that for a while now." Wanda blushes a light chuckle causing my head to snap up, her piercing green eyes connecting with my icy blue ones.

I shrug. "I took my time."

My ego rather large now giving me the confidence to lean in to place a quick kiss on the brunettes cheek laughing at the immediate redness flushing through them.

"So is that a yes?" I smirk a little smug.

"Shut up. Yes it is." Wanda chuckles gently hitting my arm.

[6 months later]

"You still look adorable." I chuckle through comms watching my girlfriend... yes girlfriend from my table in the middle of a small cafe.

Six months ago I would've never expected to be calling Wanda Maximo my girlfriend in fact I wouldn't even have believed you if you told me I would be dating her in six months time.

Asking her out was the best decision I had ever made in my life. Our first date, at the beach ending in a romantic kiss and an offer for a second and then a third and then a fourth before she finally asked me to become official. And from then on we had become attached at the hip.

PDA wasn't really my strong suit. Physical affection something I hadn't really received as a child, the only touch being the grip of a man's hand on my arm forcing me places or punishing me.

Thankfully Wanda understood, limiting her touches on me while out in public although when we were alone I found myself to be quite clingy barely leaving the witch space to breathe.

This was my first ever relationship meaning learning things about myself I didn't think about before like the fact I was very protective of my girlfriend. Missions had me panicking for her safety always prioritising hers over my own. Rage surged through my body at others giving her the wrong look or threatening her. I knew she could and would protect herself but it didn't stop the feeling bubbling in the pit of my stomach. I was infatuated with the witch.

"Get a room." Nat groans at my words but her smile was inevitable loving seeing me so happy and engrossed with the brunette.

"Guys we are on a mission, just shut up." Steve's voice came through earning a playful roll of my eyes.

"Chill out grandpa." Nat's voice retorted. Holding my coffee cup to my lips to stop my grin at the joke. Grandpa

"Skye I can sense you laughing, quit it. Rumlow could be watching." Was all Steve had to say earning another eye roll from yours truly.

Rumlow. A ex double agent, his loyalty lying with HYDRA while he worked with SHIELD many years ago. Months we had been trying to take him down as he resurfaced after being announced dead causing havoc where ever he went.

Which was why my sister, my girlfriend and I were sitting in a cafe spread out over different tables acting as though it was a normal outing not a highly classified Avengers mission.

Only moments ago Wanda had been complaining about her outfit earning a compliment from me which now I think about it was probably her reason to complain in the first place. Each of us were disguised from head to toe ensuring that Rumlow and his agents didn't spot us.

A black cap shields the brunettes face from view while a green button up coat covers her torso hiding a black tank top underneath. Ripped jeans and black boots cover her lower half but what I loved the most were the rings she wore on her fingers gingerly playing with them while subtly scanning the area around her.

My outfit was plain, consisting of a large black pair of sunglasses almost falling off my nose but managing to hide my face well enough. A long black trench coat strapped around my waist hiding my plain black suit Tony had created for me after my old one was on the brink of deterioration. Jet black knee high boots sat on my feet hiding multiple knives in their interior.

Stirring my coffee my eyes slowly drift to the red head on my left whose outfit was just as ordinary.

"Alright what do you see?" The super soldier asks moving on from the conversation before hand.

Steve watched us like hawks from the apartment building behind us waiting for developments on the things he couldn't spot.

"Standard beat cops. Small station. Quiet street. It's a good target." Wanda replies pretending to sip on her cup of tea covering the movements of her lips.

Her accent had almost entirely disappeared thanks to Natasha who had helped train the younger girl in the ways of a spy. Lesson one being an accent makes you stand out, helps people remember you and being a spy you never want to be remembered. Although when she was angry her accent slips back into her voice.

"There's an ATM on the south corner, which means?" Steve replies earning a slight scow from me a little annoyed he was still testing the witches knowledge on missions seeing she had been on enough to earn even Natasha's trust.

"Cameras."

Wanda's reply was fast her tone condescending at how easy the question was.

"Both cross streets are one-way." The super soldier fires again testing the witches knowledge.

"So, compromised escape routes."

"That's enough Stevie. She's not dumb." I frown placing my hand subtly over my mouth as I talk not wanting any unwelcome attention.

"Means our guy doesn't care about being seen. He isn't afraid to make a mess on the way out."

Ignoring my statement completely the super soldier finishes the sentence with a sigh.

"You see that Range Rover halfway up the block?" Steve questions.

I hum in response turning my neck towards the directed car.

"Yeah the red one, it's cute." Wanda replies with a light shrug.

"It's also bulletproof, which means private security which means more guns than means headaches for somebody. Probably us." I frown slowly turning back to my coffee brining it to my lips.

"You guys know I can move things with my mind right?" Wanda states with a cocky smirk.

"Looking over your shoulder needs to become second nature." Natasha retorts finally joining the conversation.

"Anyone ever tell you your a little paranoid."

To be honest I had forgotten Sam was a part of this mission, not having said a word until now. His footsteps echo through the comms as he walks carelessly over the roof observing the entirety of the city.

"Not to my face. Why? Did you hear something." Natasha replies sarcastically.

"Eyes on target folks. This is the best lead we've had on Rumlow in 6 months. I don't want to lose him."

Trust Steve to bring your focus back to the task at hand removing any aspect of fun from the mission.

"If he sees us coming that won't be a problem. He kinda hates us." Sam scoops scanning the city from his perch.

The beeping of a vehicle and yells of nearby people attract not only my but the whole teams attention.

"Sam, see that garbage truck? Tag it." Steve orders.

I brace myself, the hairs on the back of my neck standing up signalling something was wrong. Something was very wrong.

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