

Chapter 16: The Accords

"I love you."

As the words are uttered my heart explodes not believing what I was hearing.

"I love you too." I reply still in awe, drawing Wanda closer to me planting a passionate kiss on her lips.

Her hands gently move from my waist to my hair entangling themselves in the short black locks on my head as our innocent kiss becomes something more.

A gentle moan slips out her mouth as my tongue clashing with hers. Rubbing my hand up and down her back bunches her shirt allowing my fingers to run under her shirt tracing her bra strap.

"Am I interrupting something?"

Begrudgingly I pull back from my comfortable embrace to glare at the intruder who was none other than Vision who had phased through the wall staring with a light frown at the pair of us.

"Yes yes you are." I frown comically.

A light slap to my shoulder from Wanda tells me she didn't approve of my words towards the lifeform.

"No your not Vis what's up?" She asks with a smile meant for him only.

"Mr Stark has arrived and is requesting your presence."

At the robots words Wanda's muscles tense, my hands gently running over her almost shaky hands trying to console the nerves.

"We will be right down." I reply a little rudely sending Vision away with a wave.

The robots figure turns to use the door this time thanks to Wanda's complaints about privacy and phasing and whatnot before turning back to the two of us.

"And apparently he's bought a guest."

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"Mm come on."

My attempts to pull my girlfriend to her feet backfired miserably. Her figure staying planted on the bed too nervous to leave her room due to the fact Secretary Ross was currently standing in our living room awaiting our presence.

Sighing I crouch down to meet Wanda's gaze gently pressing a kiss to her forehead earning a smile the witch desperately tried to hide.

"Your so a ectionate today especially in public my love." Wanda praises.

"Well your upset and your my girl. I'm going to do everything in my power to make you not upset. And to be honest... PDA isn't that bad." I chuckle.

"Really?" Wanda enthuses her pupils dilating in excitement.

My shoulders roll with the weight of a small laugh before, nodding at the witch.

"Ross and Stark are waiting for us. Come on." I urge lacing my fingers in between her own.

Her fingers li to her mouth nibbling at the black polish coating her nails but I intervene, gently gripping her other hand with mine ignoring the slight pain in my palm.

Wanda's face fell instantly at the sight of the team sat around the table generally used for team meetings, their faces grim, the opposite to their usual cheeriness.

"Wanda, Skye glad you could finally allow us to bask in your presence." Ross frowns gesturing to the two empty seats beside each other amongst the table of hero's.

Secretary Ross. The name made me sick. If you could think of the worst person to ever exist and multiply your hatred for them by 10000 that would maybe amount to the anger so felt for this man. Not only did he bore us with stories, he thought the world would be better without the help of hero's. But what world would there be if we weren't here to save the day...

His shrewd eyes glares holes into Wanda's innocent face attempting to ignore my intimidating death stare but failing drawing his eyes away from my girlfriend with a slight gulp.

A short sigh releases itself from its prison in my lungs only to be met with Wanda's fingers lacing themselves once again in mine to which I didn't argue. Astonished stares fell our way at the interaction, the team not generally used to seeing us so touchy especially in front of them.

"Five years ago I had a heart attack and dropped right in the middle of my backswing." Ross begins with a light chuckle mimicking a golf club in his hand attempting to entice everyone with a story to which no one had an inch of care.

"Turned out it was the best round of my life because a er 13 hours of surgery and a triple bypass, I found something 40 years in the Army never taught me. Perspective."

Barely focusing on the secretary's speech I glance towards the back of the room meeting Tony's eye. He was the only one not sat at the table instead sat a little behind the crowded desk resting on his knees. His face everything but his usual cheeky smirk, instead a shallow frown sat there paying strong attention to the man before us.

Nat sat opposite me listening in carefully though I doubt she cared for a word of it so far.

The rest of the team looked troubled, my girlfriend included, fear grazing her eyes silently begging for Ross not to bring up the incident before hand.

Attempting to comfort the girl I gently place sweet kisses on her knuckles before placing her hand back in my lap rubbing my thumb in circles over the back of her hand.

"The world owes the Avengers an unplayable debt. You have fought for us, protected us, risked your lives. But while a great many see you as hero's, there are some... who prefer the word 'vigilantes'." Ross implies.

Clenching my jaw and closing my eyes I take a deep breath not willing to cause a scene right now.

"What word would you use, Mr Secretary?" My sister asks condescendingly although the tone was hidden only picked up by me.

"How about dangerous?" Ross replies almost rudely, his neck stretched outwards facing the red head.

"What would you call a group of US based, enhanced individuals who routinely ignore sovereign borders and inflict their will wherever they choose and who, frankly seem unconcerned about what they leave behind." Ross finishes glaring at all of us with no care about the feelings he had just triggered.

Wanda's hand tightens around my own. My eyes flicker to her face which was serenely calm but her eyes told me otherwise as Ross turned on the hologram tv before the table.

"New York." He sighs playing a video of the Chitari attacking the city while we merely defended our home. How does that make us the bad guys?

Hulks roars attracts the cameras attention before darkness falls upon the lens as Hulk sends rubble tumbling down on the streets below leaping from building to building not looking back at the mess he le behind.

My teeth dig into my lower lip trying to fight the urge to walk out the room. What was Ross trying to prove? Did he not think we had enough guilt stored up already? Was he trying to see when one of us would break? Demonstrate his power?

"Washington DC." Ross sighs once again playing a second video once again releasing the pent up guilt stored in my body.

Screams echoed through the speakers caused by the ships Steve, Sam, Nat and I managed to take down a few years back plummeting into water below, the debris sending tsunamis forwards to wash over anyone in the vicinity.

Sam's face dropped to his fidgeting hands at the building we took down collapse once again over screen.

My hand tightens around Wanda's causing the witch to frown slightly, aware of my uncomfortableness. I sigh wishing I had my knife in my hand, the familiar feeling of the blade hitting my empty palm as well as Wanda's hand in my other would be enough to make me comfortable once again.

My view le the screen as well not willing to watch any more of the hurt I had brought upon others. I had never thought about the Avengers this way. Destruction and chaos something I knew only at HYDRA, I didn't think I had bought it with me to the Avengers as well. But I guess I was proved wrong. Maybe I wasn't any better o here than at HYDRA. I was still a monster causing havoc where ever I went.

"Sokovia." Ross whispers replacing the video once again.

The flying city fills the screen followed by tumbling buildings and screaming citizens.

Subconsciously my head turns to face Wanda making sure my girlfriend wasn't too upset at the array of videos being played.

"Lagos."

The incident that happened only hours ago finally played, the smoke wa ing out of windows followed by flames roaring over piles of rubble.

Sirens rung out over speakers as we watched doctors and nurses usher injured people out the building while rolling the dead ones through on a stretcher.

But what came next was enough.

Children. Dead children laid on the screen, ashes clinging to their corpses while their dull lifeless eyes stare into our very souls.

My gaze returns to Wanda who couldn't hold a straight face anymore turning away from the screen before her with a choked sob.

"Ok that's enough." I snap glaring at the man who hurt my girlfriend.

Ross's gaze lingers on me for a moment longer than needed. For a second I almost lunged at him, the image of myself wringing his neck pleasuring me more than it should.

The videos cease but my gaze still upon my girlfriend once again bringing her hands up to my lips peppering kisses to her knuckles ignoring the stares from the team.

"For the past four years you've operated with unlimited power and no supervision. That's an arrangement the governments of the world can no longer tolerate... But I think we have a solution." Ross concludes placing a thick booklet on the desk before us.

Gritting my teeth I tear my eyes away from the shit you call a man to the booklet in front of me.

"The Sokovia accords. Approved by 117 countries it states that the Avengers shall no longer be a private organisation. Instead they'll operate under the supervision of a United Nations panel only when and if that panel deems it necessary." Ross explains circling the table like a predator circles it's prey.

Flicking though the booklet I scowl before sending it o towards Rhodey who nods slowly. The booklet makes it's way around table each member reacting di erently than the last causing me to wonder.

"Where will we go from here?"

"The Avengers were formed to make the world a safer place. I feel we've done that." Steve argues in which I nod in agreement.

"Tell me Captain do you know where Thor and Banner are right now?" Ross asks almost sco ing at the super soldiers words.

Steve looks stumped unable to answer in a way that Ross would approve.

"If I misplaced a couple of 30 megaton nukes you can bet there'd be consequences."

"Compromise. Reassurance. That's how the world works. Believe me this is the middle ground." Ross insists.

Wanda's fingers untangle from my own moving to be tucked under arms as she crosses them over her chest. My eyes flicker to hers frowning at the removal of contact but her eyes don't meet mine.

Guilt ate at her causing my heart to ache over her in such pain and knowing there was nothing I could say or do to ease her of that.

"So there are contingencies." Rhodey asks unsure about the book lying in front of him.

"Three days from now, the UN meets in Vienna to ratify the accords." Ross explains.

"Talk it over."

Ross begins to walk away attempting to leave us to talk about the accords before I stand up addressing the man.

"And if we come to a decision you don't like?" I frown.

The man merely stops moving not even having the decency to turn and face me.

"Then you retire."

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"Secretary Ross has a congressional medal of honour which is one more than you have." Rhodey snaps gesturing incoherently towards Sam.

Ross had long gone leaving the eight of us to talk about the large booklet sat in Steve's hands.

We had all moved onto the couches leaving the cold table and chairs a memory instead being comfortable enough to relax a little more while arguing over the rights and wrongs of the booklet.

Signing the accords didn't sound like the best idea to me but if I had to do it to stay with my team or just Wanda I would in a heartbeat.

Wanda sat by my side not having uttered a word merely listening to the arguments caused by the thick booklet.

"So let's say we agree to this thing. How long is it gone be before the LoJack us like a bunch of common criminals?" Sam replies addressing not only Rhodey but the rest of us now.

"117 countries want to sign this. 117, Sam and you're just like, no that's cool. We got it?" Rhodey sco s mocking the man beside him.

Sam's demeanour falls his usually cocky grin replaced with a frown as he glares at Rhodey.

"How long are you gonna play both sides?"

"I have an equation." Vision interrupts.

A slight groan leaves my mouth at the robots words not wanting to listen to another lecture.

"Oh this will clear it up."

Sams thoughts dripped with sarcasm not having a single care for Visions thoughts.

"In the eight years since Mr. Stark announced himself as Iron man the number of known enhanced persons has grown exponentially. During the same period the number of potentially world ending events has risen at a commensurate rate."

His words whether they were true or not barely reached my ears all my attention on the witch beside me.

I could hear her thoughts eating away at her, her gaze locked on her fingers that mindlessly fidgeted in her lap.

Shu ling over towards her, her breath immediately slows down at my figure gently tracing mindless patterns and shapes on her lower back.

This argument had barely begun yet it was going to be sure about one thing. Wherever Wanda goes I'm following whether she leads me to the end of the world or a tropical island I would be glued to her side till the end. Always.