

Chapter 17: Sign or Dont Sign

Conflicted.

Sign or don't sign.

Signing meant being able to continue Avenging, the one thing I enjoyed more than anything else, but it also meant being under another organisations control which I had sworn never to do again, not a er HYDRA.

But not signing le me with one choice. Resignation. I wouldn't be aloud to set foot on the battle field again, not legally anyway. What would I do without fighting? There hasn't been a day in my life were fighting wasn't an everyday requirement and now I was meant to live without it forever??

[]

Visions speech has Steve pissed, the super soldier finally glancing up from his concentrated state to glare at the robot in question.

"Are you saying it's our fault?"

Steve's muscles rippled through his clothes menacingly, eyeing the robot as if daring him to confirm his suspicions.

"I'm saying there may be a causality. Our very strength invites challenge. Challenge incites conflict. And conflict... breeds catastrophe. Oversight. Oversight is not an idea that can be dismissed out of hand." Vision advises, his final gaze resting upon Rhodey who smirks leaving Sam clenching his jaw, infuriated.

"Boom."

This tension between the eight of us scared me. The people I had grown to call family were fighting over some stupid piece of paper that held the power to break us. It didn't sit right.

"Tony."

Natasha finally speaks from her place on my other side glancing at the billionaire who slouches unprofessionally on the couch, not uttering a word which was uncharacteristic for a man such as himself.

"Your being uncharacteristically non-hyper verbal." I frown wishing I had the power to gaze into his mind to find out what thoughts lay beyond that ginormous brain of his.

Stark mouth forms an 'o' ready to speak but he was too slow.

"That's because he's already made up his mind." Steve sighs not making eye contact with the billionaire.

"Boy, you know me so well." Tony replies sarcastically.

Holding his head gingerly the man gets to his feet strutting towards the empty kitchen.

"Actually I'm nursing an electromagnetic headache. That's what's going on Cap. It's just pain." His voice gradually growing louder until he was shouting.

His rant continues but I ignore his complaints focusing back on Wanda who still sat in silence muttering to herself while gazing over her hands.

"Hey. You ok?" I whisper gaining the attention of the brunette, my heartstrings tugging as finally her eyes lock in with mine. The familiar tingling sensation in my stomach causes a light blush to form on my cheeks.

"I don't know."

At those words my face falls hating seeing the woman I love in pain whether it be mental or physical.

"Your going to be ok. I'll make sure of it." I reply placing a lingering kiss on her temple moving impossibly close to the witch who's halted breath sends flushes of anguish through my system.

Tony's largely exaggerated sigh draws my attention. A holographic picture of a young boy not much older than myself, smiling at whoever stood behind the camera enlarges at Tony's fingertips.

"Oh that's Charles Spencer by the way. He's a great kid. Computer engineering degree, 3.6 GPA, had a floor level gig at Intel planned for the fall. But first he wanted to put a few miles on his soul before he parked it behind a desk. See the world. Maybe be of service. Charlie didn't want to go to Vegas or Fort Lauderdale, which is what I would do. He didn't go to Paris or Amsterdam which sounds fun. He decided to spend his summer building sustainable housing for the poor. Guess where. Sokovia."

Tony spat out his story as if trying to cause guilt to fall into the darkest places of our minds, his plan succeeding greatly.

My heart dropped. And I'm guessing mine wasn't the only one as faces fell all around me instantly guessing what had happened to the poor boy.

Wanda breath hitches in the back of her throat at the last word. Her head falls on my shoulder attempting to contain her sobs of guilt that sent tremors through her body. My hands stroke her arms slowly still reeled in by Tony's story, but my subconscious still only has eyes for Wanda.

"He wanted to make a difference, I suppose. I mean we won't know because we dropped a building on him while we were kicking ass." Tony snaps, his fingers massaging his forehead as if trying to prevent a headache.

His anger wasn't directed at us though, I knew that. He was feeling the guilt stored up inside him, the anguish at all the hurt we had caused others while doing our best to stop the world from being hurt in the progress. We all were.

Gulping down his coffee the billionaire starts again his tone still one of rage.

"There's no decision making process here. We need to be put in check! Whatever form that takes I'm game. If we can't accept limitations, if we're boundary-less we're no better than the bad guys." He seethes begging us to see it from his point of view.

I shake my head slowly. I wasn't signing those papers. I couldn't. I'm not willing to put myself through the pain of being controlled once again. My only damper on this thought was the witch resting on my shoulder. If she were to sign what would I do?

"Tony, someone dies on your watch you don't give up." Steve insists attempting to twist the billionaires beliefs into his own.

"Who said we're giving up?" Tony retorts.

"We are if we're not taking responsibility for our actions. This document just shifts the blame." Steve explains.

"I'm sorry Steve. That... that is dangerously arrogant. This is the United Nations we're taking about. It's not the World Security Council, it's not SHIELD it's not HYDRA." Rhodey chimes in, his hands gesturing wildly around the place hoping to bring some kind of 'sense' or so he would call it to the super soldier.

"It's not HYDRA." Those words almost made me chuckle. They truly believed it wasn't. Yet it was. Both wanted control of a powerful group of people to do their bidding. Both willing to allow innocent people to die if it wasn't on their priority list. Taking credit for stunts we would pull. The team just didn't see that yet but I did.

"No but it's run with people with agendas and agendas change." Steve inputs, his fury directed at Rhodey now.

Tony's footsteps earn Steve's patronising glare, the brunette moving towards the couch the super soldier sat, his demeanour gradually getting more irritated with every second that goes by.

"That's good. That's why I'm here. When I realised what my weapons were capable of in the wrong hands, I shut it down and stopped manufacturing." Tony hisses looking down at the super soldier before him.

"Tony you chose to do that. If we sign this we surrender our right to choose. What if this panel sends us somewhere we don't think we should go? What if there's somewhere we need to go and they don't let us? We may not be perfect but the safest hands are still our own." Steve insists still begging Tony to understand to which the latter merely tsks clenching his jaw almost menacingly.

Watching the two men I could almost call my brothers fight broke me. I knew my side but I was unwilling to hurt the other, the relationship I had with them too deep and meaningful.

Wanda's head still lay on my shoulder, her narrow breaths the only comforting sound I could hear amidst the arguing.

"If we don't do this now, it's gonna be done to us later. That's the fact. That won't be pretty." Tony sighs, a quick glance at my girlfriend giving me all the information I need.

"Your saying they'll come for me." Wanda announces, sitting up from her position on my shoulder.

These words caused realisation to hit me. I loved this girl more than anything. She was my world. Her presence caused happiness I didn't know existed to flow through every crevice of my body. I would die for her. Any place, any time, anywhere I would lay down my life in order for hers to continue. That I was certain of.

My frown deepens and my hand instantly grasping hers.

"I won't let that happen. No matter what. I would protect you." I insist shaking my head furiously at even the mere thought of my Wanda being taken away from me.

Her eyes drift to the side of my head, a crooked smile planted on her lips at my defensive nature. Shu ling she places her head back onto my shoulder tracing patterns along the back of my hand with her delicate fingers.

A startling announcement pulls me from my comfort.

"Maybe Tony's right."

Snapping me head to the side I stare confused at my sister beside me.

She doesn't even acknowledge my gaze, her lower lip stuck between her teeth.

Silence filled the air as all eyes fall on my sister unsure of whether they heard her right.

Never did it run through my mind what I would do if Nat picked the opposite side. While I claimed the others were family, Natasha was. She was my sister. I love her so much. My thoughts been so preoccupied protecting Wanda it never occurred to me Natasha might choose to sign. Surely she wouldn't leave me alone... right?

"If we have one hand on the wheel, we can still steer. If we take it o..." She hesitates not giving even a single glance my way.

"Aren't you the same woman who told the government to kiss her ass a few years ago?" Sam inquires not quite believing to words leaving her mouth.

Nat leans forwards in her seat remaining professional despite the glare I carved into the side of her head.

"I'm just reading the terrain. We have made some very public mistakes. We need to win their trust back."

Tony's snarky comments return once he finally shook the surprise of Natasha's words.

"Focus up. I'm sorry. Did I just mishear you or did you agree with me."

"I want to take it back now." Nat sighs shaking her head lightly, playing along with Starks banter.

"No, no, no you can't retract it. Thank you." Tony tsks wagging his finger teasingly.

"I have to go." Steve voices.

All eyes turn to the super soldier who doesn't say another word. Eyes glued to his phone he marches out the room leaving silence in his wake.

The super soldiers abrupt leave led me to turn back to Nat.

"We need to talk." I state gently untangling my hand from Wanda's. Nat nods, slowly making her way towards the balcony knowing I would follow shortly a er.

Wanda's fingers brush against my cheek gaining my attention with her simple gesture.

"Don't be too hard on her. She means well, I know she does."

Placing a quick kiss on Wanda's cheek rewarding her for her advice, I turn following my sisters footprints.

[]

"Your signing?" I stammer, my breath hitching in the back of my throat.

I wasn't prepared to lose my sister. I never would be, but now... Now was way too early. But if she signed how could she stay? All my life nothing but loss had been granted to me but when Nat saved me I thought that changed. Now she was leaving just like everyone else did. But what did I expect? Everyone leaves eventually. Everyone.

"Yes." Nat replies so ly gazing at the ground between her feet.

Tears begin to pool in my eyes. Holding my head a little higher to stop them from falling, my lower lip meets my teeth.

"I'm not signing Nat... you know I can't."

My voice doesn't get higher than a whisper knowing if it did I wouldn't be able to hold back the tears coating my eyes.

Tension fills the air. Finally her eyes reach mine. To my surprise they too had tears on the brink of falling.

"I have to." She murmurs sending me a crooked smile.

"I know." I hum in defeat. It was my turn to look away not able to bear looking at my sister anymore.

It was going to hurt. Being away from her again. But only this time she was leaving voluntarily.

Her shoes came into my view, her arms wrapping around my shoulders before I even had the chance to look up.

This gesture finally broke me. All the tears I had bottled up were set free. Flowing onto the red heads shoulder I grip her waist even tighter silently begging her to never let go.

"Hey why are you crying?" Nat whispers frowning at the tear stains littering my face.

I shrug gently rubbing my eyes.

"Your leaving me."

Nat's eyes grow wide. Fear encompasses her emotions leaving me confused.

"No no. младшая сестра no. I'm not leaving you, ever. Just because I sign doesn't mean I'm leaving you. Your my sестра. My best friend. I couldn't leave even if I wanted to. Oh why would you ever think that!" Nat reassures, her accent gushing out as she bringing me into her body once again.

Her embrace brings a comfort only family can achieve. While Wanda's embraces made me feel like I was exploding with happiness, butterflies fluttering around my stomach, Nat's embraces le me calm, peaceful, relaxed.

"I don't know I just assumed that signing meant leaving. I-I'm sorry." I gush burying my head into the crook of her neck.

Hearing Nat's response to my worries was like a safety blanket, taking away my fears and replacing them with warmth and comfort. She wasn't going to leave me. She loved me.

"I don't know what I would do without you to drive me up the wall every day." The assassin chuckles into my hair. Though I would usually react to the comment aimed to tease me I ignore it holding Nat tighter, content with the fact she was staying.

She was staying.