

Chapter 19: Grounded

Steve was arrested. Just like that. The man who had protected this country and this world for his entire life. It rattled me how easily they did it. Was it because they wanted to? Or because they saw him as a threat to this world? This makes me wonder whether they might come for me. All my past mistakes maybe finally coming to light, the government finally realising how much of a threat I am.

This thoughts swallow my brain for a minute echoing so loudly I'm surprised Wanda doesn't hear them. Wanda. Do I really deserve her love? Even a er everything I've done? Do I deserve any love? If they can put Captain America away for protecting his friend what might they do to me for my crimes?

The tv blares as it lets me know Sam had followed suit. His face plasters over the tv screen just as Steve's had been seconds before. My hum attracts my girlfriends attention from the other side of the room. "What is it?" Her already creased forehead gains more wrinkles as I gesture to the tv addressing the Prince of Wakanda in handcu s wearing what looks like a cat suit.

Bucky shows up next, my posture straightening at the man who stares blankly into the camera. Wanda's figure doesn't hesitate to move to my side, gently gripping my hand in hers. No words were spoken as we watch the news in silence, both silently praying for Cap not to fight containment.

Finally Wanda breaks the silence switching the tv o with a flick of her wrist. "You know I love you right?" She whispers taking my face in her hands. The sentence earns a frown to fall over my face concerned about where this conversation may lead. I hum my agreement. "I can feel your thoughts my love. I know you don't understand why I love you. But I do. I love you. I love you so so so much. I never ever want you to doubt that. I will never stop loving you. Your past is behind us alright? We have all done things to be ashamed about and an amazingly brilliant person told me once that it wasn't my fault. Maybe you should try listening to them."

Her words make me crack a smile breaking my frown. Gazing into her eyes, her perfectly green eyes my worries fade. Her words etching themselves into my soul. I was loved and for the first time I believed it. I truly was loved.

Crashing my lips onto hers I ignore the so tears dripping down my face instead lacing my hands into Wanda so brown locks pulling her face closer to mine.

Begrudgingly I pull away panting, resting my forehead against hers. I didn't think I could fall in love with anyone yet I found myself falling harder and harder for this woman everyday.

"And you Wanda. You are my rock. My everything ok. I love you so much it physically pains me to be apart from you. Although I can't read your mind I know your hurting whether you want to admit it or not. Just because I may not be mentally stable at times doesn't mean you have to pretend to be my love. I will be here for you in any state. You come first." Cheesy. Yes but I don't care. The way her eyes glisten at my words is all the encouragement I need. It wasn't o en I spoke from the heart.

The cold metal of her rings abandon my cheeks instead moving down to trace my jawline. Humming in thought her eyes dri to her own fingers watching them draw imaginary shapes over my jaw.

"I guess we are both broken in some way or another." Her voice is so, if there was any other noise in this room I wouldn't be able to hear it. "Your right Skye. I'm not ok all the time. People are scared of me, of my powers. I-I don't know how to handle it. I used to think of myself one way. But, a er this..." Her fingers leave my jaw swirling red energy back and forth between them. "I am something else. I'm still me, I think, but... that's not what everyone else sees." Her smile fades quickly, her once lively energy diminishing into nothing.

"You don't have to be ok all the time. I'm here for you, to take care of you. People aren't scared of you my love, they are scared of what they can't control which at the moment happens to be you. But it will change. We will show them baby." Peppering kisses onto her knuckles I end my speech earning a small smile, enough to make my heart pound.

"Your very cringy, you know that?" Her comment makes me chuckle. "I may be cringy but it made you smile did it not?" I smirk. Wanda's eyes roll before coming to rest on my face once again.

"Let's go out. A restaurant, a cafe. I want to take you somewhere we can relax, ignore the worries of this... this situation." I gush.

Wanda's nods come back enthusiastically her laughs bringing a level of happiness I didn't know I could achieve. Her hands slither around my bicep, her head resting on my shoulder as we walk towards the doors.

"Where are you going?"

Suppressing a groan I turn towards the voice no doubt belonging to Vision. "Out for food." Wanda replies with a sweet smile that if aimed at me would melt my heart. Visions figure is quick to block our path debating his next course of action.

"Alternatively, you could order pizza?"

His voice comes out unsure as if doubting himself.

"Vision, are you not letting us leave?" I ask slowly, my eyes narrowing at the life form in front of me. His eyes flicker from my face to Wanda's, my mind putting the pieces together instantly.

"It is a question to safety." Vision sighs glancing at the floor unable to look us in the eye.

Wanda sco s. "We can protect ourself." She pulls me towards the door only to be stopped by Visions arm gripping her shoulder. My eyes narrow at the contact but I know theres nothing I could do to stop it.

"Not yours... Mr Stark would like to avoid the possibility of another public incident. Until the Accords are on a more secure foundation." Vision explains as if this would magically make us comply.

"Your putting us on lockdown?" I see the ripping Visions hand o Wanda's arm.

"I'm sorry. But I have been given orders for you both to stay inside the compound. Please don't fight this."

Wandas hands slip from my arm, her figure slowly leaving both myself and Vision alone in the room. The temptation to follow her is overpowering but Visions subtle cough for my attention stops me mid stride. "Stark has also requested for you to stay away from the weaponry Miss Romano."

Eyes blazing I turn to him. "Why? So I don't go on a HYDRA murder rampage or, or kill everyone in their sleep huh or worse... damage his reputation?" I sneer condescendingly. Visions face falls unable to give me an answer knowing nothing he could say would achieve peace between us.

"Typical." I sco before turning on my heel and following in the footsteps of my girlfriend.

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"Hey baby." I whisper leaning against the doorframe. The dimly lit candle was the only light in the room not giving me a clear view of Wanda's face as she sits on our bed, her knees curled up to her chest. The shadows bounce o her features as she turns to face me. Tear stains trail down her cheeks leading to her chin, the sight causing a pain more agonising than any type of torture.

Gradually I stride towards her catching her in my arms. Consoling the witch was hard as she sobs into my chest in desperate need of comfort. Her fingers pull on the sleeves of her jacket forcing them further down her wrists, a habit I had noticed multiple times before. The nail polish meant to coat her nails was chipped letting me know she had been picking at them once again.

Her hair tickles my cheek as I rest my head against hers holding her that much tighter. Her whimpers cease at my touch allowing me to release the breath I didn't know I was holding. "Even Stark knows I'm a monster." Her words claw at my heart breaking it into pieces. "Stark doesn't know anything. He's obsessed with the thought of control, his illusions haunting us all now. Your not a monster nor will you ever be one. I wish you could see yourself the way I do гетка."

"I wish I did as well." She mutters her breathing shallow. My shirt is wet from her tears but I have no care in the world, instead I attempt to manoeuvre myself and Wanda backwards hitting the pillows with a sigh.

Laying flat on my back, my head resting against the pillows I pull Wanda on top of me allowing her head to fall into the crook of my neck. My hands lay gently against the small of her back. The light of the moon bounces o the windows causing the shadows to grow from their original state swaying gently against the aircon breeze. My eyes flutter close, exhaustion taking over. "Goodnight my принцесса."

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An explosion causes my eyes to snap open, glancing outside the window red and orange clouds cover the empty plains. Wanda's eyes were open as well before she stands up gesturing me to follow for a better view.

The two of us run down the halls worriedly before coming to a stop before the windows of the living room. Vision phases through the floor stopping beside the two of us, his face conflicted. "What is it?" Wanda asks her accent slipping back into her words as worry clouds her thoughts. My hand is quick to pick up hers rubbing my thumb over her knuckles comfortingly.

"Stay here please." Was all Vision replies with before phasing through the wall moving quickly towards the centre of the explosion. As he leaves the hairs on the back of my neck stand. Knowing this feeling all too well I spin with a scowl crouching in my fighting stance annoyed I was not able to carry any weapons that could be of service. Wanda's reflex's are just as quick, the red swirls of energy li ing a knife from the kitchen and swi ly levitating it towards the intruder.

"Guess I should've knocked." Clint chuckles removing the knife aimed at his forehead allowing it fall to the floor with a clatter. A sigh of relief leaves my body at the sight of him standing there. "Geez you almost got yourself killed." I scold moving towards the man who I could call my brother. "Oh my god. What are you doing here?" Wanda in a hug I pull back, the question Wanda had asked circling my mind as well.

"Disappointing my kids." Clint replies letting me go to shoot two arrows into either sides of the wall where Wanda and I were just standing. "We were supposed to go water skiing." Grabbing my hand tightly he begins to pull myself and Wanda towards the door. "Cap needs our help come on."

"Clint." Vision had replied his voice stern yet calm. Turning to face the life form I bite my lip waiting for him to make a move. Visions figure slowly walks forwards towards the three of us. "You should not be here." "Really?" Clint remarks sarcastically. "I retire for what little five minutes and it all goes to shit." He continues glaring at Vision ahead. I keep my mouth shut knowing if I open it we couldn't be getting out of here without a fight and for once a fight is the last thing I want.

"Please consider the consequences of your actions." Vision cautions continuing to gradually come towards us. Clint's eyes flicker to his arrows shot seconds earlier. "Okay, they're considered." At his words the arrows crackle as Vision steps into their line of sight. Electricity spits from them immobilising the life form for the time being. "Ok we gotta go." Clint whispers once again taking o at a run for the door with me following close behind.

I pause with a frown glancing at the empty space where Wanda should be. Turning back to her I gesture her to follow. "It's this way." Avoiding my gaze she pulls on her jacket sleeves once again. "I've caused enough problems." She states earning a sigh from myself and Clint. Watching Vision out of the corner of my eye I make my way back to my girlfriend surprisingly followed by Clint.

"You gotta help me Wanda. Look you wanna mope you can go to high school, you wanna make amends you get o your ass." He whispers, his words slightly harsh but they were words she needed to hear. "Shit." I groan as our procrastinating gave Vision the time he needs to free himself from the electrical cage he was put in. Using the gem on his head he blasts the arrows rendering them useless before lunging at me knowing I was both of their weakness.

Clint's arrows fly towards him but Visions phases them through his body throwing the man backwards with ease. "I knew I should've stretched." Clint grunts removing a sta from his belt. Lunging at Vision once again proves to be useless as Vision is more powerful than the archer. Vision merely blocks Clint's blows barely moving as Clint throws punch a er punch at the life forms head. The sta was broken quickly as Clint whips it across Visions chest, the look on his face would make me laugh in any other situation.

Throwing Clint out of the way once again he reaches for my hand only to be met with my fist in his face. Throwing punches was useless as he wraps his arm around my neck placing me in a chokehold. My skills were useless against him and the fact I had no weapons only made the situation worse.

"Don't make me do this." Vision demands holding the top of my head tightly making towards Wanda. My breathing comes out a little bit quicker knowing in one movement he could break me. "Let her go." Wanda orders moving towards Vision menacingly. "She's all I have. If you hurt her I will not hesitate to kill you." Wanda whispers red lacing the tips of her fingers. "I can't let you leave." Vision replies gripping my head tighter earning a light grunt of discomfort from me. Wanda's eyes glow red at the noise leaving my mouth. Her hands continue to create the red energy, a ball of her creation centred in her palm. The ball grows as Visions gem glows a deep red instead of a yellow. His body becomes transparent allowing me to drop to my knees out of his grasp. My breath returns in short gasps as I clutch my neck attempting to regain the lost air.

Clint pulls me towards him allowing me to the floor. "In awe as Wanda has Vision in a hold lowering him into the floor. "If you do this they will never stop being afraid of you." Vision gasps desperate to stop her. "I can't control their fear, only my own." Wanda replies with confidence I hadn't seen for days.

Visions figure crashes through multiple levels before coming to a stop, unconscious. Wanda releases her grasp over him before running to my side. "Are you ok?" She asks holding my face gently scanning my body for injuries. Nodding I pull her in a hug just happy to be in her presence. "Let's go." Clint interrupts not willing to wait around any longer in fear that Vision may awaken once again.

And with those words we le . Leaving any chance of redemption at the door knowing full well a er this we wouldn't be hero's anymore. No. We would be the villains.