

Chapter 2: Wanda

"Clints hit pretty bad guys we're gonna need evac." Natasha frowns her eyes not leaving her friends side as she crouches amidst the snow gently cleaning his wound.

Standing beside the two my own frown takes over my face as I glance through the trees my eyes falling on the large building in which Tony was currently searching for the scepter rather wishing I was in there with him.

"Skye I can hear your thoughts from here, we will be fine, Thor's coming. Now go." She demands her eyes flickering to me observing as I unconsciously spin my knife in the palm of my hand.

Nat knows me too well, she can read me like a book, knowing my emotions and tells better than even I do. And once again she was right, I want to fight I want to get the scepter and destroy another one of HYDRAS bases, revenge for the thing they turned me into.

A small smile breaks my serious composure, grateful for my sister. Sending her one last glance I turn heading towards Steve knowing he would lead me to the building haunting my nightmares.

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No conversation was needed as Steve and I climb the stairs towards the entry of the building on our search for Strucker.

"We're locked down out here." Nat informs through the comms once again interrupting my thoughts, which probably wasn't a bad thing.

Steve pauses beside me causing me to remain still as well. "Then get to Banner, time for a lullaby."

A frown flickers across my face, my sister and the big green beast had something, something weird and gross but it was something. Only she was able to calm him enough for Banner to return but I didn't like it knowing how easily he could snap her if she made the wrong move.

"Be careful." I demand knowing full well she heard me but whether she listened or not was a different story.

Entering my old home, if that's what you could call it, was more triggering that I had hoped. Opening the large wooden doors into the stairway was enough to cause me to freeze for a split second which didn't go unnoticed by Steve who's eyes I could feel in the back of my head waiting for any sign I wasn't ok.

Running a hand through my raven black hair, I take a shaky breath slowly making my way to the stairs only to be met with a soldier holding a rifle.

Taking him down with ease I continue forward, Steve on my tail.

"Hold on." He frowns reaching to grab my arm.

Dodging his attempt to touch me I pause his super hearing coming in very handy at times like these.

"Strucker is here."

The name brought memories crashing like waves through my head but I ignore them hoping they wouldn't distract me from the mission.

Straining my ears footsteps could be heard making their way towards us.

Steve steps forward into view, Strucker freezing knowing very well he wasn't going to be able to get away this time.

Creeping forwards I stop just behind Steve holding my throwing knife to my side knowing Strucker had the habit to run.

Upon seeing me enter the room Struckers face lights up with a rather evil smirk.

"Skye hello dear, I was wondering when you were going to pop in. HYDRA misses you very much. You were such a good little agent, so graceful, so quick, so so blood thirsty. Ah come back to us Agent 776." Strucker exclaims holding his hands out towards me as if hoping I would walk into them.

"Enough." Steve growls, pity once again flooding his face as he glances at me to see a scowl covering my features.

"Where's Loki's scepter?" Steve demands.

Strucker grins once more shrugging a little at the question.

"Don't worry I know when I'm beat."

The men continue arguing as the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. Keeping my posture straight I grip the hilt of my knife tighter as light footsteps gradually get closer from behind my figure.

Straining my ears I listen to the footsteps before snapping my neck to the side. My icy blue eyes meet a pair of red eyes belonging to a young girl around my age.

My first instinct is to attack her, eyes narrowing immediately as my grip on my knife tightens.

Her deep red eyes fade into a gentle forest green as she watches me cautiously, so ly placing one foot after another, gradually getting closer to me.

My knuckles flash white as my grip tightens unsure of how to go about fighting this woman. So I remain still waiting for her to make the first move.

As she gets closer my eyes fall to her face taking in her features whether I mean to or not. Her chocolate brown hair wavy but not curly sitting just past her shoulder blades, her scarlet lips set into a firm line as she observes me wearily, her eyes green and full of fear though she did a good job of keeping it hidden, it would go unnoticed by anybody else, but I wasn't just anybody.

Although it was what I didn't see that hurt me. Red wisps of energy dancing at her fingertips, her fingers gently moving with the energy like the seaweed moves with the tide.

My grip on my knife had loosened whilst I had admired her face. Dumb mistake, as the girl gracefully lifts her hand, fingers moving ever so slowly, her eyes once again fading into a deep red as she attacks me throwing bright red streams of energy my way.

Gasping at the force I stumble backwards hitting a wall, clumsily dropping to the floor unable to move in time to help as she attacks Steve who had to been oblivious to our confrontation.

Steve hurtles backwards being hit by the magic of the girl. Grunting the super soldier falls down the stairs out of my view.

The girls eyes return to her foresty green colour as she meets mine again a flicker of guilt flashing across her face or so I thought I observed before she disappears behind two heavy steel doors.

Grunting I manage to return to my feet attempting to go after her, anger fueling my body but a hand grips my arm stopping my attempt in its tracks.

Shaking his head Steve lets me go, quickly sending a warning through the comms about the female.

"Stevie I'm heading back to the jet. Punch the fuckhead for me." I insist hiding the overwhelming thoughts circling my head with a smile.

Steve nods rolling his eyes at my use of his nickname before turning to the HYDRA agent who gulps nervously.

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Loki's scepter had been obtained by none other than Tony who wouldn't let us forget as he sat in the pilots seat flying us home, to the tower.

Clint lays wounded on the table, a drip inserted into his wrist as his injury gets patched up the best it can be until we land.

Upon entering the jet I had collapse into the seat attached to the side of the wall leaning against my knees as they rest against my chest.

Exhausted and aching my eyelids grow heavy as sleep wanders dangerously close. Fighting the urge was a battle, the second one I ended up losing as my blinks become slower, my eyes resting closed as I drift to sleep.

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The gentle thud of the jet landing onto the landing pad jolts me awake. I'm a light sleeper always have been and always will be thanks to HYDRA.

The ramp descends slowly revealing a crowd of people awaiting the seven of us. Agent Hill makes her way up the ramp sending me a flash of a smile before moving towards Tony.

Dr Helen Cho and her assistants hustle towards Clint, talking in Korean to each other as they make their way towards Bruce's lab where Helen had set up her equipment for Clint's procedure.

Nat follows them, her face expressionless but her eyes flickering from Clint to his wound rather anxiously. Glancing over her shoulder she gives me a look meaning catch me up on everything later. Nodding at her, my attention diverts back to Agent Hill.

"Labs all set up boss." She announces strutting towards Tony.

Tony was excited, him and Bruce had been allowed by the God of Thunder to go over the scepter until the party, before it returns to Asgard. Going over meaning play with and experiment on knowing Tony.

Spinning to face the agent the billionaire shakes his head gesturing to Steve.

"Oh actually he's the boss, I just pay for everything and design everything and make everyone look cooler."

His voice drips with sarcasm making Maria, Agent Hill roll her eyes before turning to Steve.

"What's the word on Strucker?" The blond asks wearily probably hoping he hadn't gotten away for real that.

"And the enhanced?" I interrupt still curious about the female.

"NATOS got him." Maria replies answering Steve's question first who nods a sharp breath of relief falling from his mouth.

"Wanda and Pietro Maximo . Twins." The agent starts as I appear at her side glancing at the images of the twins on her tablet.

My eyes continue to drift towards the girl as a video of the two of them begins to play. Wanda. Her and her brother protesting for something, their fury obvious to anyone but their fear hidden deep behind the yelling of their voices and the whites of their eyes.

"Both orphaned at 10 when a shell collapsed their apartment building." Maria continues as we slowly make our way to the elevators.

Sympathy is something I don't have a lot of but for some reason the feeling in my chest was growing for the twins.

"Sokovias had a rough history, it's no where special, but it's on the way to everywhere special."

"Their abilities?" I ask cutting her off causing her to send me a little glare in which I just smile.

Maria is my best friend. There's no arguing about it. The woman had been there since day one, through my hating everyone phase and my isolation phase Maria stood by my side.

"He's got increased metabolism and improved thermal homeostasis. Her thing is neuroelectric interfacing, telekinesis, mental manipulation." She explains speaking all science in which I did not understand at all.

Glancing at my confused face she sighs.

"He's fast and she's weird."

I nod slowly turning back to the screen below me.

"Well they are gonna show up again."

"Agreed."

Part 2 doneeeeee.... please comment what u guys are thinking i genuinely love reading it.