

Chapter 20: Family vs Family

Hand in hand Wanda and I run towards the van Clint had parked out front. "Ladies first." Clint winks assisting myself and Wanda into the back glancing over his shoulder at the compound doors silently praying Visions figure doesn't appear from behind them. My neck still aches where Vision choked me and my nerves were fluttering but I place a smile on my face at Clint's words accepting his offer and gripping his hand while hoisting myself into the van. "We got one more stop." Clint yells from the drivers seat earning a nod.

Resting my head on Wanda's chest, her arms wrap around my shoulders pulling me even closer into her body. "You alright?" She whispers tucking a strand of hair behind my ear, concern lacing her tone. "I'll be ok baby." My voice barely rises past a whisper not in the mood for Clint to eavesdrop and tease me for my use of pet names. Nodding Wanda places a few kisses along the side of my head before resting her head on top of mine as the van comes to a stop.

[]

Now cramped in the front seat beside Clint, a man named Scott Lang sleeping in the back, supposedly our new recruit for the mission to stop the Super Soldiers.

"So just because he's new he gets all the back space." I see the gripping Wanda's thighs tighter as she sits on my lap blocking my view of the front window. Clint shrugs avoiding my deadly gaze and instead focusing on coming to a stop in the airport parking garage.

"Skye. Grow up." He monotones narrowly dodging the punch I throw at him. "Skye baby we are here now stop being a sook." Wanda chuckles gently removing herself from my lap earning a whimper to fall from my mouth. Immediate regret. "Aw does babywant her girlfriend back." Clint mocks pouting his lips to exaggerate the joke. "I swear Barton one day. One day I will kill you." I growl gripping the hilt of my throwing knife a little harder earning a well deserved flinch from the archer.

Before the fight could escalate any further a rather small black car pulls up beside us. My attention diverts to the three men stepping out of it. Steve followed by Sam followed by Bucky. Seeing the last man I take a step backwards into Wanda who laces her arms around my waist, the feeling of comfort overwhelming the fear.

Bucky's eyes flicker over me for a second longer than everyone else's before moving back to his surroundings purposely avoiding me now.

"Cap." Clint grins shaking Steve's hand. "You know I wouldn't have called if I had any other choice." Steve apologises. "Hey man you're doing me a favour." Those words kept Steve's morale high his face turning towards Wanda and myself.

"Thanks for having my back, both of you. Especially seeing your sisters on the other side. It means a lot." Steve nods. My heart drops at his words but my composure stays intact hoping Wanda couldn't feel my heart speed up. I didn't want to fight my sister but I didn't exactly have a choice in the matter here. "It was time to get on my ass." Wanda replies for the both of us sending a thankful glance towards Clint.

"How about our other recruit?" Steve asks gesturing towards the van door no doubt hearing Scott's snores through the metal. Staying inside the comfort of Wanda's arms I turn my head enough to watch as Clint rips open the sliding door loud enough to jolt the sleeping man awake. "What time zone is this?" Scott murmurs clumsily making his way out the van and onto the floor.

His eyes magnify at the sight of the Avengers standing before him. Stuttering on his words he bases his view on Steve. "Captain America!" Shaking Steve's hand rather aggressively, the smile on Scott's face matching the one a child would wear after receiving a lollipop. "Mr Lang." Steve replies glancing down at the awkwardly long hand shake with a raised eyebrow. "It's an honour." Scott continues not yet noticing the awkwardness of the situation.

A few more seconds pass before Scott purses his lips in thought. "I'm shaking your hand too long." Although Scott's optimism doesn't die as he still continues fangirling. "Wow! This is awesome. Captain America." Jabbing a thumb at the super soldier he turns to face Wanda and I. "I know you guys, too. Your great."

Amused I watch as the man turns back to Steve. His words play in my head on repeat warming my heart. Maybe not everyone in the world thought I was a monster. "I like him." Wanda whispers in my ear. His words affected her as well. Chuckling I nod in agreement nuzzling into her hair as she leans down. "Yeah me too."

"They tell you what we're up against?" Steve asks attracting Scott's attention from Sam. Scott shrugs a little. "Something about some physco-assassins." Steve nods, still remaining serious and composed amidst Scott's jokes.

"We're outside the law on this one. So if you come with us your a wanted man." His words send memories of my days on the run, narrowly avoiding death to slip back into my mind only to be kicked out by Wanda's slight touch just above my temple. "Don't let them in." She whispers planting a kiss on my cheek allowing the wisps of red to fade away. "I'm trying." I reply with a frown. Her grip around my waist tightens as her attention returns to Steve.

"We should get moving." Bucky calls from his place behind their old man car. "We got a chopper lined up." Clint informs before being interrupted by a screech of the speakers and a man speaking German.

"They're evacuating the airport." I sigh knowing exactly who was behind this.

"Stark." Sam beats me to it a sigh falling from my own mouth. "Stark?" Scott frowns unsure of the situation unfolding before him.

"Suit up."

[]

Our plan was simple. Find the Quin Jet. Take the Quin Jet preferably without fighting our friends and kill the super soldiers. Easy right? WRONG.

Clint, Wanda and I crouch along the parking deck watching intently as Steve attempts to run towards a helicopter only to be blocked off by Tony and Rhodey, both wearing their suits and electrifying the helicopter in question rendering it useless.

Scott Lang also known as Ant man, which at first was kind of weird but seeing his skill it made sense, the man being able to shrink to the size of an ant. Scott was currently hidden on Steve's shield waiting for a signal while Bucky and Sam hunt for the Quin Jet using Sams plane buddy.

Steve's persistence was to be admired but it barely held against Tony's stubbornness, the latter becoming more and more angered by Steve's resistance. "The kings here. Shit." I sigh noticing the Black Panther stalking in front of Steve who nods politely at the man behind the mask.

"Yeah and Nat." Clint groans spotting the red head sneak up behind Steve attempting to convince him to stop resisting. "Steve you know what's about to happen. Do you really want to punch your way out of this one?" Her voice is weirdly calm given the situation but it didn't surprise me, my sister was a woman of many talents.

Steve ignores Natasha turning back to a pissed Tony. Tony utters a sigh before shouting to no where in particular, an obvious signal to someone or something. Snapping my head to the side I manage to spot a flash of red flipping over Steve's head, a sort of fluid leaving the thing and ripping Steve's shield from his hands as well as sticking his hands together before landing heroically on top of a van.

Red, navy and black. The new guy was dressed as a spider, the fluids released from him being webs. "We already have two spiders man. Black Widow 1 and Black Widow 2." Clint groans jabbing a finger at me and my sister talking as if the new guy could hear him. Wanda chuckles at his joke, my eyebrow quirked at the brunette.

"Nice job kid." Tony congratulates as the guy stands up with a chuckle.

"Thanks. I could've stuck the landing a little better, it's just... new suit."

The kid was nervous. And young. Even younger than me.

"Cap. Captain. Big fan. I'm spider man."

"Spider man. Seriously?" Clint grunts rolling his eyes. "Shut up." I scowl hitting the archer on the shoulder. "Shut up." Clint mocks stumbling forwards as my hands shove him in the back. "Skye." Wanda warns not willing to test whether or not I would go any further.

Diverting my attention back to the ground I ignore Wanda's watchful eye focusing instead on the newcomers. "You've been busy." Steve chuckles turning back to Stark, finding the kid humorous. "And you've been an idiot." Stark retorts staring daggers at the super soldier. "Dragging in Clint, forcing Skye to be against her sister. Rescuing Wanda from a place she doesn't even wanna leave, a safe place." Tony's rage echos through the comms, his words hurting me more than I anticipated.

Sneaking a glance towards Wanda my lip immediately falls between my teeth at her pursed lips, Tony's words getting to her as well.

Subtly I step towards her brushing my hand against her own letting her know I was here. I was always going to be here.

Tony's lecture continues to which Steve still resists. I don't miss Nat's conflicted gaze, her eyes flickering between Steve's and Tony's faces of pure irritation. Seeing her so confused is something I will never get used to, my sister always being the one to make a quick decision.

"We found it. The quinjets in hangar five north runway." Steve informs us over comms. Steve doesn't reply instead jerking his webbed hands over his head. Before I could take a breath Clint fires an arrow not even giving it a second thought as he begins running towards where we needed to go. The Quinjet.

Turning on my heels I follow suit looking over my shoulder to make sure Wanda was close behind. Sure enough her eyes catch mine flashing me a quick smile.

Missiles fly towards us courtesy of Tony as the three of us make it to the open airport runway. The blasts sending rubble and sparks to shoot up from the ground. Our clear view of the hangar instantly disappears as the smoke rises. My hands grasp Wanda pulling her to my side attempting to protect her from the concrete spilling at us. Her head falls to my chest for a second, her hair tangled in my hands as I hold her close shielding her.

Clint's arm wraps around my own shoulders blocking me from the rubble leaving him vulnerable. "Your sister will kill me if I let you get injured." Clint murmurs engulfing myself and the witch who's still wrapped into my chest into a huddle. "Don't lie Clint. You love me." I reply attempting to lighten the mood amongst the wreckage.

The explosions die down allowing the three of us to separate glaring at the instigator. Tony Stark. "Wanda, I think you hurt Visions feelings." Tony monotones. "You locked me in my room." She replies menacingly although to me it was adorable.

Tony's blaster aims at us threateningly. "Ok first, that's an exaggeration. Second I did it to protect you." He sighs. "Oh and I'm assuming me not having access to weaponry was your way of protecting me too. Well news flash Tony. We don't need your protection." I spit interrupting the billionaire.

"Huh big words coming from a girl who can't sleep in the dark." Tony retorts. That was too far. Wanda's head tilts to the side before I can argue back, the gesture intimidating me enough to step back, but not allowing myself to forget Tony's jeer. Clint's arrows shoot towards Tony who hovers backwards narrowly avoiding the sharp metal.

His figure turns back towards us cockily assuming Clint had missed. But when does Clint ever miss?

Distraction had been Clint's goal which Tony had failed to notice, my girlfriend now hauling cars from the parking area allowing them to plunge onto Tony. Smirking Wanda flicks her wrists sharply dragging more and more cars to fall from their parks, the red spirals clouding the sky. Wisps of red hover over my way forming small hearts before vanishing into thin air. The gesture causing my heart to pound immensely, almost making me weak at my knees. Wanda's love was almost too much for me.

Tony was helpless against the ferocity of Wanda's powers becoming trapped under the chaos of falling cars in a matter of seconds. Using this time the three of us start at a run once again heading towards the hangar.

"There's our ride." Clint pants increasing his speed as the jet comes into view. Sprinting past both Wanda and Clint I narrow my eyes determined to reach the jet. Both Steve and Scott join my side both sprinting just as hard towards the hangar. Bucky and Sam follow suit close on my heels.

Metres away from the hangar sparks fly from the floor in front of us causing us to come to a halt, the result of a laser forming a line separating us and the hangar. Squinting I spot Vision hovering in the sky glaring at our squad, the laser retreating back into the stone engraved in his head.

"Captain Rodgers. I know you believe what your doing is right." Vision ignores not phased by Tony landing beside him along with my sister.

Ignoring the life form I hastily glance at Nat who doesn't look my way instead watching Steve with annoyance.

Rhodey, the king and spider-man all land before us, the six of them forming a line blocking us from the hangar.

It was family against family.

Honestly I wasn't sure who was going to win this one.

HI GUYS. Idk about this chapter. It's currently 2:19 in the morning so I apologise if it's shit lmao.

Anyway... uh do you guys ever feel like really unaccomplished in life? cause I feel so like unaccomplished. I wanna be famous so bad. but like HOW?? I hope I'm not the only one...