

Chapter 24: Its the only way

"Hey, hey careful, careful." Wanda murmurs gently lowering my aching body into a chair with the help of Natasha who chuckles warmly at Wanda's state of protectiveness over me.

"Still managing to be the only one to get injured I see." Nat winks pulling me close once I settle into the seat, her hand holding my head to her shoulder sighing in relief at the feeling of my skin one again. "Mm you could say that." I retort wrapping my arms around Nat's stomach holding as tight as I can as if she would melt away from my grip.

Gently pulling away her smile falls, her forehead creasing into a frown. Raising her right hand she connects with my face... hard. Holding my already reddening face I gasp at the unexpected slap.

"ношел на хуй Nat. What was that?" I sco glaring at the older woman. The blonde merely shrugs. "I thought we had a deal. Stay close. Check in. Don't take any chances." She begins, moving towards the first aid kit.

Dropping my gaze to my feet, my lips purse as the guilt begins trickling in. Two years without contact must have hurt her. I know it hurt me.

"I'm sorry. We just wanted to be together. Peacefully, without having to worry about missions or whether or not the other was dead or alive." I whisper glancing fondly at Wanda who nods in agreement.

Nat hums in reply stalking back to me, standing over me with a scowl.

"So you don't even contact your own sister?" She snaps crouching so she could attend to my wounds.

"I-I, Nat..." I stammer unable to think straight as Nat grips my upper arm disinfecting it with no care if it hurt. Which it did... immensely.

"Nat, she didn't mean to. She was thinking of you a lot, we were just so afraid of being caught again and... ending up in a cell or worse."

Wanda inputs resting her hand on my thigh giving it the occasional squeeze.

Nat sco s ignoring Wanda's pleas only focusing on my bleeding bicep. "That's another scar right there." I murmur with a groan flinching as Nat sticks the needle directly into my skin with the intent to stitch my arm up.

"Seriously?" I hiss gripping Wanda's hand with so much force my knuckles pulse white. "Shut up and stay still." Nat snaps in reply ignoring my grunts of pain. Sighing I comply to her order praying she forgives me sooner rather than later.

[]

The familiar sight of lush, green trees and a scarily clear blue lake inform me our journey was almost over, we were almost home.

Arriving at the compound, the compound I hadn't seen in over two years, sends a wave of sadness through me causing my eyes to tear up. Taking in a shaky breath I gently wipe the pooling tears in hopes they wouldn't return.

Wanda is quick to stand by my side as the jet gently glides to the floor, her hand snaking under my waist in an attempt to hoist me o my seat.

Wrapping my uninjured arm around her shoulders I lean my body against hers walking ever so carefully down the ramp and into the compound doors.

Following Steve's authoritative figure, the two of us so ly hobble through the hallways, Wanda's fingers digging into my hips ever so slightly.

Purposeful footsteps attain my attention, glancing over my shoulder I smile weakly at my sister who ignores my a ection instead strutting towards Steve.

"Natty..." I call out desperately reaching for her arm as she comes up behind Wanda and I. Her face furrows into one of annoyance as she pulls from my reach instead strutting furiously through the halls.

Sighing I retract my outstretched hand watching my sister strut business like towards the o ice area. "She hates me." I groan turning to glance up at Wanda, barely holding back my tears.

Wanda's free hand manoeuvres to stroke my cheek. Her light smile causing my guilt to momentarily cease. "She doesn't hate you, she's upset. She loves you and she's hurt. She'll forgive you eventually baby." Wanda states as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

My lip catches between my teeth as I glance back at my sister who continues to strut as if there was no tomorrow. "Let's hope so."

[]

Situated behind Steve and Nat, my breath hitches in my throat at Secretary Ross's holographic figure staring daggers our way.

Rhodey's not so holographic figure stands opposite Ross, the former crossing his arms in annoyance at Ross's words.

"Mr Secretary." Steve acknowledges the man who simply scowls at the presence of five of the worlds most wanted "criminals".

"You got some nerve. I'll give you that." Ross sneers approaching Nat almost tauntingly. However Nat remains unbothered, an eyebrow raise the only sign she had heard his pathetic threat.

"You use some of that right now." She retorts.

Ross merely brushes o her comment instead laying eyes on the super soldier beside her. "The worlds on fire. And you think all is forgiven?"

Steve slowly allows his gaze to wonder to the small man. "I'm not looking for forgiveness. And I'm way past asking permission. Earth just lost her best defender. So we're here to fight." Stepping intimidatingly towards the hologram Steve continues eyeing Ross up daring him to argue back. "And if you wanna stand in our way...we'll fight you too."

Ross turns to Rhodey who watches the scene unfold with a smirk. "Arrest them." Ross orders with a snarl. Rhodey nods. "All over it." He complies before ending the hologram with a wave of his hand.

Unknowingly I let out a sharp breathe I didn't realise I was holding at the sight of Ross's disappearance. Wanda's eyes meet the side of my head, her lips coming to meet my cheek in a small act of a ection. One that brings me comfort nothing else in the world can.

But nothing lasts forever...

Gripping Wanda's arm to steady myself I look up at her worried face as my own turns pale. "I-I think I'm gonna pass out." I whisper holding my stomach with my free hand in an attempt to contain the pain. Wanda's frantic reply remains unheard, my ears filled with the sounds of my heart pounding against my chest. Small gasps are all I manage to release almost as if a weight was pressing against my chest preventing my lungs from being used.

Finally my eyes roll back into the back of my head, my legs failing me sending my body collapsing to the ground. Wanda's cry for help ringing over and over in my mind.

[]

Waking up, the strong smell of medicine haunts my nostrils. Grunting I slowly sit up in the bed I was confined to glancing around the oh so familiar med bay.

Lowering my gaze to my bicep I smile at the little amount of pain it inflicted, the gash now bandaged and cleansed even more thoroughly than it had been hours ago.

Bandages cover my torso keeping my ribs in the correct positions whilst my bruised neck is dressed in a slick gel, cooling the bruises and cleansing the tiny wounds.

Silence leaves the room peaceful, something I had learnt not to take for granted over the years. Yet I had to leave sooner or later.

Sighing I wince removing the IV drip inserted into my elbow crease. Running a hand through my hair I take a deep breath before pulling the covers o my body and planting my feet onto the cold tile we called a floor.

Gingerly I continue my mission to find the others, the silence now haunting me, allowing my thoughts to spiral. Resisting the urge to give up I push my way through the kitchen door an immediate change of pace in my strides as I hear the whispers of the people I adore most.

"And they can clearly find us." Wanda's voice sighs. I never knew a voice could bring you comfort but hers managed to destroy all my negativity. The slight accent she had tried so hard to rid herself of, the firmness in her tone. All of it made me love her even harder, if that's even possible.

Slowly I weave myself between the doors coming to a stop just in front of the wooden table. My presence remains unnoticed for a second before Nat's eyes travel to my figure.

Her eyes close briefly as if she was relieved before she avoids my eye instead focusing on Wanda who notices my presence.

"Skye? What are you doing up? Your meant to stay in bed." She fusses speed walking to my side. Her eyes linger up and down my body sussing out where her or not I had any noticeable injuries that hadn't been dealt with.

Ignoring her worries I wrap my arms around her neck earning a wide eyed expression to form on her face. "I missed you detka." I whisper in her ear enjoying the light blush spreading over her cheeks.

Her hands wrap around my waist gently pulling my stomach to hers wary of the injuries I had sustained before her lips press onto mine. [↗](#)

You would think a er being with someone for two years and six months you wouldn't get butterflies anymore. You would be right. I didn't get butterflies.

I got fireworks...

"Just don't die on me." Wanda whispers pulling her mouth away from mine. The explosions in my stomach slowly fade as she releases me from her grip instead turning back towards the rest of the people in the room. The people who all witnessed our display of a ection.

"You ok kid?" Steve asks with a frown. I nod in response which is enough to su ice the super soldier for the time being.

"Hey Skye."

My eyes widen at the voice. Standing in the corner of the room Bruce smiles awkwardly sending a little wave my way. "Brucey." I gasp immediately moving to latch myself onto the man. His breathe hitches in his throat at my unexpected a ection before he wraps his arms around my shoulders. "Missed me huh?" He chuckles his awkward persona still clear as day. I shrug playfully in response.

"Only a little."

Leaving the man's side my eyes trail to Nat wondering what her thoughts were on her ex lover returning a er abandoning her. Those thoughts would have to be known later as her anger for me still burns furiously.

"Miss Romano . I am pleased to see you have not been substantially injured."

Vision places a red hand on my shoulder as he makes his way into the room resting on a wooden chair beside the table.

"Thanks Vis. I'm glad your ok too." I reply moving back to Wanda's side.

"Just so you know, I'm glad your ok as well." Wanda whispers fondly. "I should hope so." I retort playfully earning a smack to the back of my head.

Silence fills the room as the playful aura quickly subdues the severity of the dangers ahead returning.

Bruce's shy demeanour gets replaced for a panicked one as he begins pacing the room.

"We need all hands on deck. Where's Clint?" He begins gesturing around the room in confusion. My eyebrows furrow not unlike Bruce's as I realise Clint's absence.

"A er the whole Accords situation, he and Scott took a deal. It was too tough on their families. They're on house arrest." Nat informs Bruce and unwillingly me.

"Who's Scott?"

"Ant-man." Steve replies to which Bruce raises both eyebrows.

"There's an Ant-man and a Spider-man?" He exclaims running a stressful hand through his hair.

"Ok look. Thanos has the biggest army in the universe and he is not gonna stop until he gets..." Bruce trails o gesturing to Vision's head in which the Mind Stone lives.

"Well then we have to protect it." I frown crossing my arms over my chest. Vision stays silent gazing out the window deep in thought.

"No we have to destroy it." He begins. All eyes fall onto the man as he sighs, momentarily silent.

"I've been giving a good deal of thought to this entity in my head. About its nature. But also it's composition. I think if it were exposed to a su iciently powerful energy source something very similar to its own signature, perhaps... it's molecular integrity could fail." He continues slowly walking towards Wanda who shakes her head in disagreement.

"Yeah and you with it. We aren't having this conversation." Wanda whispers harshly. My hand is quick to intertwine with her own comforting her as Vision attempts to persuade her mind.

"Eliminating the stone is the only way to be certain that Thanos can't get it."

Wanda continues shaking her head fiercely trying desperately to think of another way to save her friend, her brother. "That's too high a price. I'm not losing another brother Vis. I can't." She whispers her eyes glazing over as tears crowd them. [↗](#)

Visions hands hold her head desperately trying to get her to see it from his perspective. "Only you have the power to pay it."

Wanda's jaw trembles as she removes herself from his grip and my own and walks away. My heart yearns to comfort her but for some reason I can't seem to move. Confusion clouds my mind as I debate both sides of this argument before finally coming to a realisation.

Vision was right...

hey guys ahhh. What's up? [↗](#)

i hope u like the new chapter it took me like three days to write ngl. (i get distracted easy) [↗](#)

Anyway I hope ur lives are great and going amazing and also i have a question. [↗](#)

Whose side are you on? [↗](#)

Will Smith or Chris Rock? [↗](#)