

Chapter 25: day before death

"You want me to take a shot... At 7:30 in the morning?" My voice monotone as I raise a confused eyebrow at Stark who stands before with his arms crossed.

"Not one Romano , 3. You lost the bet. Nat didn't severely injure Sam... she merely broke his wrist." Tony shrugs placing a shot glass before me.

"Stark yours will be next if you get my sister drunk, just cause she turns 18 in a week doesn't mean I want her drunk at 7:30 in the morning." Nat frowns not at all happy with the bet I had made with the billionaire.

"Oh chill out Natty." I retort laughing at the wrinkles on her forehead worsening at the nickname.

Rolling her eyes the redhead moves away from the chaos commencing.

Picking up the first shot I sni the alcohol identifying it as vodka before shrugging and tipping it back as if it were water.

Tony's jaw drops at the ease I swallowed the liquor in. Giving him a blank stare I shrug.

"I'm Russian."

His lips quickly form an 'o' before a voice attracts my attention.

"Skye? It's literally 7:30"

Wanda crosses her arms glaring at me as I hold a full shot glass in my hand. My eyes widen knowing I was in trouble, my sister may scare me but Wanda... Wanda was a whole other story.

"I'm out." Tony whispers retreating and leaving me alone with the witch who rubs her eyes tiredly whilst walking to my side.

"You gonna finish them?" She asks resting her head on my chest. A sigh of relief leaves my lips realising she wasn't going to murder me.

Nodding slowly I tip the second one down my throat enjoying the burn.

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Standing in the kitchen I once used to live in, the memories of this compound play over and over in my head, the once playful aura gone leaving misery and despair in its wake.

A tiny smirk itches at my lips as I continue to replay the happy moments I took for granted, moments that probably never occur again.

"One life shouldn't stand in the way of thousands." Vision argues towards the group who all remain silent despite Visions pleads.

His words play on repeat in my head snapping me out of my reminiscing. He was so willing to sacrifice himself for us, for the world.

Faint streams of light flash across the faces of those standing around the room. Each person solemn and quiet as they process Visions request.

Biting my lip I nod my head slowly stepping forwards to voice my opinions.

"I agree." I pause watching as all eyes turn to me. "We need to destroy the stone, preferably without destroying Vision himself."

"Skye. There is no other way. We must do this. Please don't make this any more difficult than it has to be." Vision sighs allowing himself to be the centre of the room.

Bruce clicks his tongue against the roof of his mouth, his hands throwing incoherent gestures around the room. He was pensive for a moment before his eyes reach my own, excitement shimmering in the deep brown.

"Hang on you might have a choice. Your mind is made up of a complex construct of overlays. Jarvis, Ultron, Tony, me, the stone. All of them mixed together, all of them learning from one another."

"Your saying Vision isn't just the stone?" Wanda pipes in from her place in the kitchen. My eyes drift to her face pitying her role in this dilemma. It wasn't fair she ended up with these powers. And it definitely wasn't fair she was being asked to use them to destroy someone she loves.

"I'm saying that if we take out the stone there's still a whole lot of Vision left. Perhaps the best parts." Bruce explains eagerly, his knowledge providing him with the confidence to back himself up over and over.

"Can we do that?" Nat asks a little unsure of the idea at hand.

Bruce's demeanour falls a little at the question. Shaking his head he answers. "Not me not here."

Rhodey sighs placing a palm against his forehead in irritation. "Well you better find someone and somewhere fast. Ross isn't just gonna let you guys have your old rooms back."

"Steve what's on your mind?" Nat pushes watching the super soldier frown in deep thought before glancing around the room in triumph.

"I know somewhere."

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Laying in the darkness of my old room felt strange. Two years ago I would be laying with Wanda oblivious to the horrors of the world yet now all I could think about was the what ifs. What if Thanos completed his gauntlet. What if half the world dies.

"Skye baby. Don't think like that." Wanda's voice blocks my thoughts, her hand coming up to lay on my stomach as my own hands wrap around her waist pulling her closer into my chest.

"I'm trying Wanda I'm trying."

Steve had given us his orders. Rest, we would need it for the journey tomorrow to Wakanda. Steve has hopes that T'challa will know how to help.

I squeeze my eyes closed in an attempt to block out the tears. I don't even know why I'm crying. Fear I think. Fear something would happen to one of the people I love most. Fear we may not win this battle.

"What's hurting you baby?" Wanda whispers propping herself up onto her elbows to brush the lingering tears off my face.

Although the room is pitch black, yes pitch black. Two years of being with Wanda had helped me overcome my stupid fear, although being in the dark alone was another story. Wanda's aura resonates around her, almost allowing her to glow in a way only I could see.

Placing my hands on her cheeks I bring her lips to mine in a salty yet sweet kiss. "I can't lose you. Promise me you won't leave me." I whisper begging for her comfort in the form of reassurance.

"Anything for you принцесса." She replies planting a kiss on my nose. "I promise you I won't leave."

Silence fills the room once again as Wanda resumes her position on my chest, one hand tracing patterns on my stomach while the other rests under my waist.

"Wanda." I begin, hesitant to continue.

"Skye." Wanda replies in the same tone.

Gripping her waist a little tighter I take a deep breath.

"Marry me."

These words come out before I had the chance to stop them. The tracing of my stomach pauses for a split second as Wanda processes my request.

"I know it's not romantic or even remotely perfect but I love you, so so so much. I want to spend the rest of my life with you Wanda. Your my everything. My heart, my soul, my mind all belong to you. I have lived long enough to know what we share can never be replicated. Your it for me Wanda." My muscles tense slightly as I finish my small speech praying I didn't scare her away.

Somehow amidst the darkness her lips find mine pulling me in for a passionate kiss. Our lips fit together like a puzzle longing for the taste of each other on our tongues. Finally she pulls back resting her forehead against mine with a smile so wide I could see the happiness radiating off her.

"I'll marry you. I would've said yes whether you asked yesterday or last week or last year. I would marry you anytime." She breathes, cold liquid drops on my chest indicating she was crying.

Pulling the witch into my chest I can't help but smile. Maybe in this world of darkness there was a small hint of light. And that light's name is Wanda.

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"Good morning my beautiful fiancé." Wanda's face welcomes me into the morning, her smile contagious as I instantly feel one pulling the corners of my lips.

"Good morning future wife." I chuckle, the new label all too exciting for me to even believe.

"Steve's expecting us on the jet soon ok? Let's get ready." Wanda is quick to ruin the mood with the inevitable danger looming in the distance.

Gripping the pillow I fold it sideways covering my face as I let out a groan of annoyance. "I just got injured, can we just sit this one out?" I beg pouting at the witch who sits upright beside me.

"I wish we could baby, but this guy... he's bad, he's worse than bad." She sighs gently running her fingers through my raven black hair.

Scrunching my nose I groan once again before gripping Wanda's waist and pulling her over onto my chest before a squeal of surprise.

"Five more minutes." I whisper closing my eyes and enjoying this moment of relaxation... most likely the last for a while.

Five minutes fly by and before I know it Wanda is removing my hands from her waist despite my pleads.

"I love you but get your ass out of bed." She frowns trying her hardest to suppress the grin building up on her lips.

"Oh and also your phones been going a little crazy." The witch gestures to my phone which sure enough is buzzing.

Picking up the mobile I frown at the unknown number calling me. Pressing the green button I hold the phone to my ear.

"SKYE ROMANOFF. IM GOING TO KILL YOU." The voice screams. My eyes widen before tears pool in them at the familiar screech.

"Maria." I whisper into the phone.

"Yes idiot who else would it be. God I missed your voice. You know two years without seeing your best friend hurts. Could've at least sent me a bloody messenger pigeon." Maria scoffs.

"I'm sorry we had to keep it on the down low. Will I see you though today?" I ask hopefully.

"No, I'm sorry. I'm arriving back at the compound just a few hours away. But when you come back I'll be here. Waiting to slap the shit out of you and your girlfriend." Maria chuckles.

"Fiancé." I correct her with a smile.

Maria's scream of delight was enough to make you pull the phone away from your ear. "I'm still going to slap you though." She laughs before ending the call.

Wanda's arms are quick to wrap around my neck from behind. Leaning into her touch I choke on a sob not realising how much I had missed the dark haired agent. "Come on baby. We have to get going." Wanda sighs planting a soft kiss on my neck.

Nodding I wipe away the remaining tears and take a deep breath before moving towards the duvet bags placed ever so carefully by our door no doubt holding our suits.

Unzipping the first bag a familiar sense of belonging surges through me at the sight of my bodysuit. Black with red outlines, Tony had upgraded the suit so the red matches Wanda's tendrils causing a soft smile to spread over my face. He really was the sweetest guy.

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"Wow."

Looking over my shoulder a light blush spreads over my cheeks as Wanda saunters over to my side by the mirror wrapping her arms around my waist and placing her chin on my shoulder.

"It's been a while since I've seen you in this and you look as stunning as ever." She whispers gazing at me through the reflection.

"Mmm." I murmur deep in my own thoughts.

"What if we just leave?" I turn in her grasp to hold her surprised face in my hands gazing into her eyes.

"What if we just ran away from all of this? No more Thanos no more avenging. Just you and me, forever." I whisper.

Noticing the hesitancy in her eyes I drop my head slightly. "We already did that baby. Two years of it. Now we owe them. This is our family. We can't abandon them again." She replies hooking her finger under my chin to tilt my gaze to her once more.

"When did you get so wise?" I chuckle sadly moving to hug her as tightly as humanly possible. Her breathy laugh fills the air lifting all my worries off my chest as if they didn't exist in the first place.

"The day you needed me too be."

ok this is kind of a short one but it's pretty fluffy if I do say so myself.

just giving you some cute moments for no reason at all

also idk if this chapter made sense sooo please please please let me know if it did