Chapter 27: Thanos

Memories really are beautiful if you think about it.

The vision of someone dear to your eyes. Then face lingering in your thoughts. Laughing, crying, smiling. The good and the bad. They always stay with you even when everyone else leaves.

And now I'm leaving. Leaving Wanda with nothing but the memories of our time together.

Inhaling water again and again, the searing pain in my chest slowly begins to fade leaving silence in its the gap.

Shivers travel down my spine leaving goosebumps in their wake.

Death was here.

Or so I thought.

A flash of rainbow light turns the alien facing me down to ash, leaving me in shock for the time being.

Splattering rather chaotically I gasp managing to sit up clutching at my chest. Panting and gasping for air I squint trying to find the source of my freedom.

"No." I coo not believing what I was seeing. Gripping my chest I slowly rise to my feet growing slightly at the claw marks carved into my ribs cage.

These figures stand in the middle of the battle ground, one oh so familiar.

"Thor." I chuckle to myself glancing hardly at the man who glares viciously towards Proxima and Cull. Beside him his sister Gamora rather hurriedly crackness A tree with eyes and a cat with a gun. Wait my bad, a raccoon.

Electricity pulses from their pocket to their plate as Thor catches his gun holding it towards Ivan weapons, a rather large looking one that buzzes with electricity.

"You guys are so screwed now!" Bruce laughs peering towards the man alien army who all seem to have paused in their attempts to slaughter us.

Thors blue glow pulses faster as he reaches towards the leaders of the army. Proxima and Cull.

"Bring me Thanos." He demands moving into a run with the tree and raccoon following close behind.

Taking a deep breath I ease my eyes away from the god of the realization that the alien creepers had begun to attack once again.

"You might need this."

Snapping my head around I ease my eyes in relief to see my sister holding out my sword.

"You look like hell."

Rejecting the sword my eyeness squints my comment although she gesturers towards my figure as if to say look at yourself.

"Thanks." I mumble glancing down to my chest to my claw anytime now I'm going bleeding slightly at the claw marks carved into my ribs cage