

## Chapter 30: its not enough

[3 weeks and 4 days a er the snap]

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Darkness encompasses my frail body, the only warmth in the entire room emitting from the blanket laying scrunched up on top of my stomach.

Desolate is the only way to describe my room. The mess littering the floor as well as half the space in my bed. Wanda's clothes lay everywhere in attempt to have her smell for comfort, instead it only brings guilt and a feeling of homesickness.

Natasha had come in earlier to let me know Tony had been saved by some chick named Carol but I had ignored her. I couldn't care less right now. Selfish I know but Wanda is gone, I just want to join her.

Would she be so mad if I broke my promise and met her wherever she is now?

Rolling over, the blandness of the wall stares back at me. Strips of sunlight creating patterns against the faded grey.

The sound of a jet of some sort causes my position to be adjusted, glancing out the almost completely shutter covered window.

Seeing nothing of interest I throw my head back against my pillow inhaling the smell of Wanda's scent before it fades forever.

Numbness spreads across my body like a drug. Sadness seeming to be the only emotion to push through the mental barrier.

Clinging tightly to Wanda's t-shirt I had stolen multiple years back I close my eyes, praying for a nightmare less sleep.

A prayer that wasn't granted.

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"No."

My own voice is croaky, the little communicating I had done over the past three ish weeks finally gaining some sort of consequence although that wasn't what bothered me.

The sheets cling to my sweat ridden legs, my t-shirt wet whilst my forehead drips sweat onto my lap as I abruptly sit up.

Bringing my knees to my chest I clutch at the roots of my hair. Nothing seems to be helping as the memory of Wanda's dusting continues to replay in my head.

"Skye?" My sisters voice is so from behind the door.

"What?" I snap not bothering to look up as the door is hesitantly opened.

"Thanos is dead."

At her words my heart feels as if it stops.

"What do you mean he's dead?" My words are slow almost hopeful.

But the hope dies as Nat shakes her head with a sigh sitting on the edge of my bed.

"Nebula knew where he was so we flew a spaceship up into... well space and found him on this planet."

Forgetting the nightmare from 5 minutes ago I throw the blanket o my body, my legs swinging over the side of the bed as I stare at Nat earnestly.

"And? Where are the stones? Can we get them back?" My last attempt at hope is like a rock being thrown o a cli , hovers in the air before plummeting to the ground.

"They're gone. Both the stones and... everyone else." Her words were merely louder than a whisper yet felt as if they had been screamed in my face.

Tears begin to stream down my cheeks once again, anger bubbling up inside me.

Feeling my face grow red, I plant my feet on the ground muttering incoherently to myself which I know did nothing to ease Natasha's nerves.

"How could you let him destroy them?" I yell, strangled gasps escaping my throat.

"Skye please-"

"This is your fault, your fault. She's gone."

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Nat stands up only to be met with my hands shoving her chest.

"You didn't even take me with you. He took the love of my life and you don't think I want to see him pay? Selfish." I cry shoving her once again.

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Nat makes no move to defend herself, her own eyes welling up with tears, whether from my words or seeing me in such a state I don't know. Nor do I care.

"She would be here right now if you didn't fuck up." I screech stepping away and tugging my hair from its roots.

Pacing back and forth across the room again and again I continue throwing accusations I know aren't even remotely correct at my sister.

The room around my turns to one big blur as non stop tears fall.

"Skye. We are doing everything we can." Nat finally speaks as if she was talking to a baby, which I guess she is.

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"It's not enough." I scream finally quitting my pacing to stalk up to her.

My hands hit her shoulder and chest, trying to relieve myself of the pain by enforcing it onto someone else. Something I know is terribly wrong yet I can't seem to stop.

Gentle hands grip my wrists pausing my abuse for the minute.

"Stop. I know how hard this is for you. We have all lost someone. Fury's gone Skye, the only person I could call a father and Clint's gone rogue, my best friend. I only have you. Please stop. Don't fight me on this. You and I both know it's not anyone in this facility's fault. It's Thanos's."

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Her words cause a second round of tears, this time one's of regret.

"I miss her so much." I sob placing my face in my hands.

My sisters hands hold me close to her chest waiting for the tears to stop flowing.

"I know I know."

Glancing up at my sister my lower lip makes it's way between my teeth.

"I don't know how much longer I can take this pain."

Frowning at the vulnerability in my words I duck my gaze to the floor knowing Nat was unsure of how to comfort me.

"I will be here every step of the way. We have plans in place. It's not over." She whispers placing her chin atop my head with a sigh.

"Just promise me you won't leave me."

Squeezing my eyes closed against her chest I nod so ly finding a smidge of comfort in my sisters arms.

"She made me promise to stay."

**guys i didn't re read this one so i hope it makes sense.**

**how is everyone?**

**please also has anyone read this book called malice? by heather walters. if not it's fuckin amazing best book i've ever read. it's a lesbian book about a cursed princess who is going to die in a year and she seeks help in this witch who is related to the creatures that cursed the princess but then they find out they are falling for one another. omg it's amazing. (sorry i'm not good at explaining)**

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