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Scottie stood at the side of the stage, her arm wrapped tightly in bandages as she watched Tony walk across the platform. His smile had dropped from his face but she knew his excitement about his latest invention was still resting in his chest.

"That's how I wished it happened. Binarly Augmented Retro-Framing, or BARF. God, I gotta work on that acronym. An extremely costly method of hijacking the hippocampus to... clear traumatic memories," he explained, blowing on a fake candle as the environment around him dissolved to reveal the basic base of the environment he had created to display the device.

Scottie sniggered slightly at the name, ignoring the looks and stares she was receiving from faculty members who had also crowded into the wings of the stage to catch a glimpse at the famous Iron Man. They all knew exactly who she was too, especially after the Queens incident months prior. It was taking her time to get used to life in the public eye but now that everyone knew there was a deep father/daughter relationship with Tony she knew it was a constant that she was going to have to get used to.

"It doesn't change the fact that they never made it to the airport... or all the things I did to avoid processing my grief, but..." Tony paused as he removed the glasses that rested over his eyes. He shot a small glance to Scottie before he continued talking. "Plus, 611 million dollars for my little therapeutic experiment? No one in the right mind would've ever funded it. Help me out, what's the MIT mission statement?"

Scottie smiled back as everyone in the crowd began to speak the words along with Tony, reminding her that this was the life she never get to experience. College had once been her biggest goal, and now it was something that she would never need to think about.

"To generate, disseminate... and preserve knowledge. And work with others... to bring it to bear on the world's great challenges."

"Well, you are the others. And, quiet as it's kept... the challenges facing you are the greatest mankind's ever known. Plus, most of you are broke," Tony added, a smile gracing his lips as he remembered the struggles his fellow classmates had when they had attended MIT together many years before. He was lucky to never have faced the struggle, but he had been made very aware over the years that he was simply that: lucky. "Oh, I'm sorry. Rather, you were. As of this moment... every student has been made an equal recipient of the Inaugural September Foundation Grant. As in... all of your projects have just been approved and funded!"

Scottie cheered along with the rest of the crowd, proud that he was using his money for much better things than he used to. Gone were the days of bomb making and weapon selling, and good riddance to that.

As she watched him wrap up his speech, a small lump in her throat formed as she noted that the teleprompter had read for him to introduce Pepper to the crowd. Tony had reassured her that it wasn't her fault that the couple were on a break but she knew the stress of almost losing Scottie had been one of the many things that had led to their arguments.

Tony walked straight on the stage once he was done, ignoring one of the faculty members that was muttering on about some self-heating hot dog as he headed straight towards Scottie. Patting her on the back ever so slightly, he turned to look at one of the MIT teachers as Scottie noticed that he was needing some air.

"Restroom's this way, yeah?"

"Yeah. Embedded in the meat shaft."

Scottie nodded, falling into stride beside him as the two Avengers continued to head down the corridor towards where the toilets were.

She needed space from everyone crowding them - so she wasn't surprised he was beginning to lose his cool too.

"Mr. Stark, I am so sorry about the teleprompter. I didn't know Miss Potts had cancelled. They didn't have time to fix it," one of Tony's assistants told the man, clearly worried that they were going to lose their job. Tony barely paid any attention, simply informing them that he and Scottie would be back in a moment.

The two sighed with relief as they exited the busy area, finding themselves in a quiet corridor next to the men's toilet. One glance between the two was all it took for them to both silently agree that it was time for them to leave. Scottie moved towards the elevator first, Tony on her heels, and sent a so smile to the woman who was seemingly waiting on the elevator to arrive.

"That was nice, what you did for those young people," the woman told Tony, not sparing Scottie a second glance. She was staring intently at him and something in Scottie's gut began to move anxiously. Rubbing her arm, she was glad that the incident in Nigeria had made her reconsider wearing her training bands again as she knew without them her skin would have already begun to heat up.

"Ah, they deserve it. Plus, it helps ease my conscience."

"They say there's a correlation between generosity and guilt. But if you've got the money... break as many eggs as you like. Right Casey?" She said, turning to send a fake smile towards Scottie. The girl met eyes with Tony quickly as he caught on to the blonde's concern about their safety. The man simply half smiled, before turning and realising the elevator button hadn't been pressed.

"Are you going up?" He asked, his throat tightening slightly as he caught on to what Scottie's unease was about.

"I'm right where I want to be."

Reaching into her bag, both Scottie and Tony jumped into action as she began to fumble for something. Scottie knew that many members of the public carried guns around with them, and her mind instantly jumped to the worst. Tony grabbed on to the woman's wrist as she reached into her bag, before seemingly realising that she wasn't about to pull out a gun on them.

"Sorry, it's an occupational hazard."

The woman sent a glare to both of the Avengers as she took a piece of paper from her bag.

"I work for the State Department. Human Resources. I know it's boring... but it enabled me to raise a son. I'm very proud of what he grew up to be," she told them, and Scottie could hear it in her voice. The grief was already evident and the guilt was almost pooling from Scottie as she began to realise it was their fault she was grieving.

The woman shoved the photo into Tony's chest, keeping her eye contact with Scottie as she made sure that the girl was also paying attention to the photo of the boy - probably around the exact same age as Scottie as he grinned at the camera.

"His name was Charlie Spencer. Your murdered him. In Sokovia. Not that it matters in the least to you. You think you fight for us. You just fight for yourself. Who's going to avenge my son, Stark? He's dead... and I blame you both."

"11 Wakandans were among those killed during a confrontation between the Avengers and a group of mercenaries in Lagos, Nigeria, last month. The traditionally reclusive Wakandans were on an outreach mission in Lagos when the attack occurred."

"Our people's blood is spilled on foreign soil. Not only because of the actions of criminals, but by the indifference of those pledged to stop them. Victory at the expense of the innocent, is no victory at all."

"The Wakanda king went on to..."

"They are operating outside and above the international law. Because that's the reality, if we don't respond to acts like these."

"What legal authority do enhanced individuals like Scottie Casey or Wanda Maximoff have to operate in Nigeria?"

Wanda sat in silence for a moment as Steve turned her TV on. He knew she was blaming herself not just for hurting Scottie's arm, but also for the explosion killing all those people when she was trying to control it.

Scottie had left the compound almost as soon as they had gotten back, telling Wanda that she didn't blame her but that she needed to go speak to Tony. Wanda knew Scottie wasn't blaming her, but it certainly didn't mean she wasn't blaming herself.

"It's my fault," Wanda said, not turning to look at Steve as she sat up with her knees pressed to her chest. The man sighed, moving across the room to where she was sitting in self-pity.

Steve shook his head, knowing that Wanda really had been shaken up from it. It was one of her first missions with the full team - and Scottie not being there certainly wasn't making her feel any better at that point in time.

"That's not true," Steve told her, not happy that she was trying to take all of the blame for the whole thing. He perched on the bed beside her, considering reaching out and placing a hand on her back before deciding it was probably better to not.

Wanda laughed humourlessly, thinking about the screams and that feeling of regret the split second she lost control. "Turn the TV back on. They're being very specific."

Steve shook his head again, a little more forcefully as he tried to regain the control from the girl. He knew that there were mistakes that led up to the explosion of that bomb vest.

"I should've clocked that bomb vest long before you had to deal with it, heck, I should have noticed long before Scottie did." He paused as he thought about the cries that came from the 21 year old when she had pushed him out of the way of the bomb explosion. "Rumlow said 'Bucky' and... all of a sudden I was a 16-year-old kid again, in Brooklyn. And people died. It's on me."

Wanda sighed, shaking her head as the flashes of the events clashed through her eyes again. The smell of burning flesh - from Scottie and from all those who died in the blast.

"It's on both of us," she finally settled with, knowing that everyone was in blame partially. She knew that this event was most likely going to change everything they had all spent so long working towards. She could just feel it in her bones.

"This job...", Steve murmured gently, lightly placing a gentle hand on her shoulder as he tried to find the words to comfort the girl. All of the different good parts of the job came to mind, but he couldn't help but get the bad ones away either. "We try to save as many people as we can. Sometimes that doesn't mean everybody. But if we can't find a way to live with that, next time... maybe nobody gets saved."

Just as Wanda went to reply, Steve and her jumped as Vision suddenly materialised through the wall. They turned to look at him in confusion, Wanda sighing as she turned to look at the droid.

"Vis! We talked about this!" She exclaimed, causing Steve to look in-between the two at the thought of this having been a previous occurrence with the android being. His eyes narrowed slightly before the conversation continued.

"Yes, but the door was open and Scottie isn't here so I assumed that..." he motioned to the door as he trailed off, not picking up on how Wanda blushed slightly at the mention of Scottie the previous time and how Steve's eyebrows rose as he turned to look at Wanda with a slight teasing smile.

"Captain Rogers wished to know when Mr. Stark was arriving," Vision continued, changing the topic back to the reason as to why he had entered the room. Steve nodded, glad to hear that Tony had come back.

"Thank you. We'll be right down."

"I'll... use the door," Vision noted, moving to use the door. Just before he reached the frame, he paused and turned around. "Oh, and apparently, he's brought two guests."

Wanda and Steve both perked up in confusion at this, not having expected Tony to be bringing anyone else with him.

"We know who it is?"

"Scottie is one of them," Vision said, Wanda relaxing for a moment as she realised that Scottie wasn't running away from this. "But also the Secretary of State."