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"When I came out of the ice, I thought everyone I had known was gone. Then I found out that she was alive. I was just lucky to have her," Steve told Natasha as he stood in his black suit in the aisle of the church.

The worst message he thought he would ever receive had arrived. Peggy Carter, the woman he had loved - who he would ALWAYS love - was gone. She had passed peacefully in her sleep of old age and she was gone forever.

"She had you back, too," Natasha told the man, standing ever so slightly behind him as she placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. She knew what it was like to lose someone, and she knew he was in deep pain.

"Who else signed?" Steve asked, turning to face Natasha as he realised that she had signed the Accords. His heart ached at the fact that he might turn against his friends, but there was just something about the accords that made him remarkably uncomfortable.

"Tony, Rhodey, Vision," Natasha said, Steve sighed as he heard his friends names.

"Clint?"

"Says he's retired," Natasha said, a small smile on her face as she thought about her best friend retiring into family life at the farm. She knew he would somehow find his way back into this mess, but she really hoped that for once she was going to be wrong.

"Scottie? Wanda?"

Natasha sighed, knowing that that question had a lot of complications behind it. Wanda and Scottie were most likely going to suffer no matter what way either of them signed and they all just prayed that the fallout wasn't bad.

"TBD. I'm off to Vienna for the signing of the Accords. There's plenty of room on the jet," she ordered, already knowing what his answer was going to be. Steve sighed, bowing his head as he didn't answer her. "Just because it's the path of least resistance doesn't mean it's the wrong path. Staying together is more important than how we stay together."

Steve shook his head sadly, not sure where they would go from all of this.

"What are we giving up to do it?" Natasha sighed before he continued. "I'm sorry, Nat. I can't sign it."

The woman nodded a sad smile on her face as she looked at him.

"I know."

"Then what are you doing here?" Steve furrowed his eyebrows slightly, confused on why she had turned up to Peggy's funeral.

"I didn't want you to be alone," she said, shrugging slightly as his eyes softened at her words. Steve allowed her to pull him in for a hug, the two of them sharing a friendly embrace for what they didn't realise might have been the last time.

"The rest are flying out to Vienna as we speak," Scottie murmured, her legs tangled with Wanda's as they lay under the covers in Wanda's room. Her words were so soft, but the instantly ruined the relaxed mood from their previous actions. "I think we need to talk."

Wanda sighed as she sat up, removing her arms from where they had been wrapped around Scottie's bare waist. She reached over, tugging on Scottie's discarded hoodie on from where they had thrown it only an hour prior, before turning back around to look at the girl. Sighing as she thought about the conversation that they were about to have, Wanda hopped out of the bed with the hoodie covering to her mid thigh as she threw the rest of Scottie's clothes back to her.

"We should at least get dressed first," the Sokovian muttered, knowing that this conversation was going to go one of two ways. She was pretty sure that Scottie had already decided what she was doing the second the accords had been placed on to the table and the only thing holding her back was Wanda.

Once they had both thrown clothes back on, Wanda still wearing Scottie's hoodie, they sat across from each other in the kitchen in silence. It was eerily quiet, mainly since the rest of the team were on their way to Vienna and Vision was elsewhere for the time being.

They both knew how the rest of the team was voting. Tony, Natasha, Rhodey and Vision had already signed the accords while Clint had opted to retire. Sam and Steve both were refusing to sign but everyone doubted that they were going to retire, with consequences that they all were yet to discover.

"Wanda..." Scottie began, not sure how to word what she was about to say. Wanda shook her head, a sad smile on her lips as she stopped the girl from speaking.

"I know what you're doing Scottie," she mused quietly, a sad twinkle in her eyes that was the first sign that Scottie picked up on. "You're going to sign. You've been ready to sign that document ever since General Ross made it an option, I know you better than to think you wouldn't."

There was a resounding silence that made up the answer Wanda was waiting for. Scottie was going to sign the accords, no hesitation needed.

"When you've done the things I've done Wanda, killed the innocents I have, there's no way to get that blood out of your ledger," Scottie tried to argue back, wanting the girl in front of her to understand that this had nothing to do with Wanda. "If I had just had some restriction, some form of control over me, then maybe all those deaths wouldn't have happened."

Wanda furrowed her eyes, not agreeing with that statement at all.

"So what? You'd have saved a handful of people yes, but what about when the Government decides to send you into a war zone? Somewhere like Sokovia, where civil unrest is at bay and they tell you to murder innocents? How would that solve anything?" Wanda asked, her voice cracking as she tried to get her own point of view across to Scottie.

The blonde recoiled slightly, not realising that Wanda had felt so strongly about the accords until now. She had been so caught up in her own opinions that she hadn't really considered that Wanda would see it the opposite of her.

"Wanda, you don't know that," Scottie spoke, her voice a little harsher than previously.

"You don't know that they wouldn't," Wanda countered, her voice's tone matching that of Scottie's. Both girls could feel their hearts breaking at what was happening, but there was so much still left unsaid between them.

Just before Scottie could go to answer back, Vision suddenly floated into the room carrying a pot of liquid. The two girls paused their argument before Wanda recognised the smell coming from the pot he was carrying. Furrowing her eyebrows, the girl walked over to where the android had placed the pot on the hob in the kitchen.

"Is that paprikash?" She asked, the argument at the back of her mind for the time being. Scottie moved over too, confused about what the android was playing at.

"I thought it might... like your spirits."

"Spirits lifted," Wanda laughed lightly as she tasted a bit of the paprikash. She hummed in agreement, passing the spoon to Scottie without so much as casting the girl a second look. The blonde took a sip, agreeing with Wanda before passing Vision the spoon back.

"No one dislikes you, Wanda," Vision suddenly noted, completely out of the blue and causing Scottie to tilt her head, slightly annoyed that he had offended Wanda slightly.

"Thanks?" Wanda asked, sending Scottie a confused look. Scottie settled slightly that their argument had been put behind them, even if it was just for a second before Vision continued on his speech.

"Oh, you're welcome. No, it's a... involuntary response in their amygdala. They can't help but be afraid of you," Vision told her, trying to make Wanda feel better about potentially signing the accords. Scottie sighed as she listened to the android literally confirm exactly what Wanda was afraid of.

"Are you?" She asked the android, not looking at Scottie out of fear of discovering that the other girl was maybe afraid of her. Wanda would never scare Scottie, but she didn't know that.

"My amygdala is synthetic, so..." Wanda and Scottie both laughed slightly as the android trailed off towards the end.

Wanda went silent for a second before she moved away ever so slightly from the two. She held her hand up slightly, holding it where they could both see it.

"I used to think of myself one way. But a er this..." she began, letting the red energy pass through her fingers and around them. "I am something else. I'm still me, I think, but... that's not what everyone else sees."

Vision looked at Scottie for help, but found that the girl was lost for words.

"Do you know, I don't know what this is?" He said as he touched the mind stone in his forehead. "Not really. I know it's not of this world, that it powered Loki's staff, gave you your abilities, but... its true nature is a mystery. And yet, it is part of me, of us," he continued, motioning to Scottie.

They had never really figured out the true connection between Scottie and the mind stone, other than the fact she had been exposed to it as a baby during her birth and again when undercover HYDRA agents had worked at SHIELD to try and turn her into something she wasn't. All they had ever really figured out was that the stone was the basis of how Scottie was alive.

"Are you afraid of it?" She asked Vision, her eyes flickering to Scottie ever so slightly. She knew Scottie was afraid of it - Scottie always had been. She was afraid of the powers it had given her, of the ability it had given Vision. Scottie wasn't afraid of Wanda, no, but she was certainly afraid of herself.

"I wish to understand it. The more I do, the less it controls me. One day... who knows? I may even control it," Vision explained, thinking he was helping in convincing Wanda to sign the papers.

Scottie saw right through it.

"I don't know what's in this but it is not paprika. I'm gonna go to the store. I'll be back in 20 minutes," Wanda told them, grabbing her jacket from the counter as she tried to turn on her heel.

"Alternatively, we could order a pizza?" Vision suggested, moving in front of Wanda.

"Vision, are you not letting me leave?" Wanda noticed, her eyes narrowing as she caught on to what the android was trying to do. Scottie fidgeted ever so slightly, unaware that this plan had been put into place but understanding why.

"It is a question of safety."

"I can protect myself," Wanda growled, trying to move around Vision.

"Not yours, Mr. Stark would like to avoid the possibility of another public incident," Vision spoke, the words coming like a brutal slap across the face to her. "Until the Accords are on a... more secured foundation."

He reached out and grabbed on to her arm, jolting Scottie into movement. The girl's red hot hand landed on the android's wrist, her eyes glinting faintly gold under the light as she looked at the man.

"Don't you dare touch her," Scottie snarled, the heat from her hand causing Vision to jump away from Wanda in surprise. The second Wanda seemed to look at Scottie with almost a slight fear in her eyes from the change in her eye colour, Scottie seemed to jump back to normal.

The blonde took a couple of steps back as she realised what she had done. It was eerily similar to the time when she had burned Sam, and Wanda felt her eyes subconsciously drift to where the metal repressors usually were on Scottie's wrists.

The absence of them made her realise exactly why Scottie had become so intent on signing the accords. Scottie's power wasn't like Wanda's in the way they thought it was. Wanda knew what she was capable of, she knew how to work her power.

Scottie's seemed to just be constantly expanding, rather controlling her than her controlling it. Each time Scottie seemingly lost control, it wasn't because she was doing something and lost focus, no, it was her own powers just taking over.

Wanda paused before turning back to look at Scottie. "And what do you want?"

"I just want you safe."