

"You okay, kid?" Rhodey asked, his hand lightly clapping on to Scottie's shoulder as they all sat aboard the quinjet. The blonde girl didn't look up from the bracelet on her wrist as she shrugged to the man.

They would be arriving at the German airport soon and Scottie knew this was the definite moment that would mark the end of the Avengers. They all knew that this was going to end in a fight; both sides were too focused on their causes to try and put their differences aside. The rest of them in the quinjet thought they could understand the pain that the girl was going through emotionally but Scottie knew that really only Natasha understood how she was feeling.

Clint had sided with Steve as had Wanda. While Wanda might have been Scottie's romantic soulmate, Clint and Natasha were always going to be platonic soulmates. Natasha had assured the girl that once this was all over - if it didn't escalate how they all knew it would - that Wanda would understand why she couldn't take the same side as her.

Scottie knew this wasn't going to end peacefully.

Looking up at where a young Peter Parker was sitting across from her in his new suit, Scottie felt slightly sick at how he almost seemed excited for what was to come next. Sure, she knew he didn't know the others the way she knew them, but she wasn't entirely sure she agreed with Tony bringing in a teenager who really didn't understand the issues at bay to a battle he had no experience to fight in.

Turning her eyes slightly to the right of the boy caused her to make eye contact with Natasha. The woman was looking directly back at her with sympathy in her eyes as she knew Scottie was at war with herself and not just the rest of their friends.

A warm hand on her forearm caused her head to snap directly back to her left. Tony stood in his suit as he looked at the girl he called a daughter, slight regret and concern written all over his face.

"You don't need to be here," he told the girl, a scowl slightly on his mouth as he knew how this whole situation was breaking her.

"I do," Scottie finally spoke, everyone's heads turning to look at her as she broke her day of silence. "I need to do this for me."

"You're a bit the wrong guy," Steve called out. Eyeing up Tony, Rhodey and T'Challa as they all stood on the Concorde at the airport.

Scottie was walking alongside Natasha, coming to rest just on the left of Steve as they waited for the moment for their entrance. They didn't want to corner the man, but if this turned violent they knew it was going to take more than just one of them to take him down.

"Your judgment is askew. Your old war buddy killed innocent people yesterday!" Tony yelled back, a snarl falling from his mouth as he reminded Steve of the events that had occurred while Scottie and Wanda had shared their final moments together just the night before.

"And there are five more super soldiers just like him. I can't let the doctor find them first, Tony. I can't," Steve tried to bargain with them, his shield tightly grasped in his hand as Scottie found her mind drifting to the fact that only one of Steve's team seemed to be here and that happened to be the man himself.

Natasha stepped slightly in front of Scottie as she allowed her own voice to join into the mix, a tiny hint of desperation as she tried to prevent a fight they all knew was inevitable.

"Steve... you know what's about to happen. Do you really wanna punch your way out of this one?"

Steve looked over at Natasha and Scottie, his eyes softening as he noticed the thick black bags under Scottie's eyes. Clint had told them how she had let the archer and Wanda leave, but he knew she was here to fight for the cause.

"Steve, I don't want to fight you," Scottie told him, her voice firmer than any of them expected judging on her physical appearance.

Taking one look at his daughter, Tony clapped his hands to hurry up the process.

"All right, I've run out of patience. Underoos!"

Everyone watched in anticipation as Peter swung out from the sides, webbing up the shield and hauling it into his own arms. Spider-Man landed on top of a truck beside them, his eyeholes in his suit narrowing slightly as he adjusted himself from his landing.

"I could've stuck the landing a little better. It's just the new suit... Well, it's nothing, Mr. Stark. It's-It's perfect. Thank you," Peter rambled, Scottie noticing how Steve's eyebrows raised at the young voice that sprung out from the suit. He sent a quick glare in Tony's direction at getting another young person involved in their battles.

"Yeah, we don't really need to start a conversation."

"Okay. Cap... Captain. Big fan, I'm Spider-Man."

"Yeah, we'll talk about it later. Just..."

"Hey, everyone."

Steve interrupted the moment between the billionaire and the boy that would become his second child.

"You've been busy."

Tony snapped back to the matter at hand, moving forward aggressively and his tone changing to a lot harder than before. "And you've been a complete idiot. Dragging in Clint. 'Rescuing' Wanda from a place she doesn't even want to leave, a safe place. I'm trying to keep... I'm trying to keep you from tearing the Avengers apart!"

Scottie swallowed the lump in her throat when Tony mentioned Wanda, knowing that the girl did want to leave the place even if it wasn't what the blonde girl wanted for her.

"You did that when you signed."

"Alright, We're done. You're gonna turn Barnes over, you're gonna come with us. NOW! Because it's us! Or a squad of J-SOC guys... with no compunction about being impolite..." Tony started but Steve simply looked to the side, making them all think that he was turning his head from their problems. He raised his arm up slightly, muttering something into his wrist communication device before Peter started speaking up.

"Hey, guys, something..."

Steve lifted his hands in the air, one of Clint's arrows flying from the distance and ripping the webbing apart from his hands. Scottie instantly tensed up, the yellow on her suit lighting up as it absorbed some of the energy that was building in her. Jumping slightly as a man suddenly appeared from where Spider-Man was standing and kicking the boy backwards, Scottie turned to look at the man clad in red returning the shield to Steve.

"I believe this is yours, Captain America."

Steve took a deep breath, everyone sighing as they realised the fight was beginning. Tony rattled off plans to everyone, while Natasha took over as Steve. Scottie watched as they all spread across to different places while the man she had never met before turned to look at her. His head was tilted slightly as he stared at the girl.

"Look honey, I really don't want to hurt you," Scott Lang began to tell the girl. The blonde tugged her ponytail a little tighter as he began to head towards her, his fists raised as he went for a swing.

The girl easily ducked under his arm, turning around and allowing a beam of sunlight to smack him directly into the chest. She almost smiled as she heard his high pitched scream as he flew across the area and into the side of a truck. He groaned as he rolled on to his side, a smile on her lips as she stared over at him.

"Oh sweetheart, I wouldn't worry about it."

Scott Lang swore at that moment that he'd never use the word honey again in his life.

Scottie stopped running as she rejoined Natasha's side, the woman quickly grabbing her shoulders and checking her over for any injuries. Scottie nudged Natasha sheepishly, knowing that the woman was just looking out for her but wanting to show that she could take care of herself.

Looking over the red heads shoulders, she noticed Steve and the rest of his team pausing in their steps as Vision shot a stream of energy across the ground in front of them. The man hovered above them, his cape fluttering in the wind behind him as he finally joined the battle.

"Captain Rogers. I know you believe what you're doing is right. But for the collective good you must surrender now."

Scottie looked to her right as the rest of her team arrived, falling into a line formation and mirroring Steve's across from them. Vision seemed to understand that his call for peace had been ignored and fell into line with Tony's team as they slowly began to advance towards each other.

"This is gonna end well," Natasha mumbled, a smile coming from Scottie as she instantly declared it the understatement of the year.

The two teams continued to head towards each other with grim determination etched on their faces.

"They're not stopping!" Peter pointed out, not expecting it to have turned into this head on of a fight.

"Neither are we," Scottie snarled, her eyes glinting with power slightly as she moved forward with a newfound determination.

Everyone on Tony's side shared a surprised look before following in her footsteps and breaking out into a run.

Scottie flung herself at Bucky, despite knowing that she was no match for the Hydra trained assassin. Slamming her fist into his stomach coupled with a dose of sunlight only seemed to set the man back a couple of feet and she was getting closer and closer to being swept off her feet.

Ducking a punch only resulted in Bucky's metal arm smacking her fully across her face and caused her to tumble to the ground. Looking up with a groan, Scottie noticed that Natasha and Clint were wrestling each other beside her on the tarmac.

"We're still friends, right?" Scottie heard Natasha ask him, noticing the matching smiles on their faces as if this was just friendly play.

"Depends on how hard you hit me," Clint joked back, the smile wiped off his face as Natasha slammed him to the floor. Just as she raised her foot to kick his head, red mist suddenly wrapped around it in tendrils and with a jerk sent her flying through the air.

"You were pulling your punches."

Scottie froze at the voice, having somehow managed to avoid seeing Wanda the entire fight. Gulping as she rose to her feet, she shot a beam of energy directly at Clint's hands. The bow in his hands went flying out of them, causing him and Wanda to both turn around and look at the blonde girl.

Scottie's cheek was bruising already from where Bucky had smacked her one, but that didn't seem to stop her as she allowed her hands to glow at her sides.

Wanda tumbled something to Clint before the man jogged over, the red head turning to face her lover with her hands lit up in similar red wisps. They slowly circled each other loosely, both of them with hard expressions as they tried to push their personal feelings aside.

"I can't let you do this, Wanda," Scottie told the girl, her eyes flicking over the girl's figure before refocusing on her face.

The Sokovia laughed sourly, her mind replying the events only a day prior. "What happened to letting me be happy?"

"I owe my country a duty to keep it safe, no matter the cost," Scottie told her, the words painful for both of them but also deeply true in Scottie's opinion.

"I don't want to hurt you," Wanda told her slightly gentler than previously.

"But you will," Scottie finished, having heard the words from Clint previously. "Seems to be a lot of that going around."

As if something snapped between them, the fight started. Scottie's beam of energy connected head on with Wanda's as the two of them engaged in an energy stream tug of war.

All eyes on the battlefield almost seemed drawn to the display of colours coming from the enchanted individuals fight, with everyone feeling slightly bad for them as they had to abandon their relationship for the cause.

A sudden movement on Scottie's right caused the girl to lose her concentration just for a split second. A second too long. Wanda's red energy slammed into the girl with ease, sending her flying across the ground and slamming into Peter who was already crumpled on the ground in pain and tiredness.

The two teens lay on the tarmac next to each other as they tried to regain their breathing. Peter was hurt, but Scottie was more emotionally destroyed than physically. She never believed that her and Wanda would have ever tried to fight each other but this battle had brought out the worst in all of them.

Her and Peter watched the ground as Vision tried to shoot a beam of energy at the quinjet, instead directly slamming it into Rhodey. Scottie held her mouth as a gasp left her lips as she heard Rhodey's call for help through their communication system.

The dirt cloud as he hit the ground was enough for Scottie to know that this battle was going to claim its first fatality.

There was no going back now.

The Avengers were no more.