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Scottie looked across the airfield to where she could see Tony cradling Rhodey. She felt the bile rise in her throat as the adrenaline wore off and she realised that he was most likely dead. No-one could survive a fall, and Tony's suit only just raised the chance of survival minimally. Ignoring the looks that she was receiving from those whose signatures did not rest in the pages of the government documents, she began to move towards where Peter was laying on the ground.

Grabbing his hand, the girl hauled the younger boy to his feet as he tried to regain his stamina from the throwing he had taken from the other side. Patting his shoulder as he made sure his mask was fixed over his face, Scottie and the boy both spun around as loud sirens and helicopter noises began to surround them at the airport. She could see a separate helicopter landing in the distance near Tony and Rhodey, knowing that the man would be getting whatever treatment that would keep him alive - if he still was.

"Casey!" A voice barked from behind her, causing the girl to turn around as her blonde hair blew in the wind that was being created by the helicopter blades. She noticed many police officers and international police run past her as they went to apprehend the Avengers that hadn't chose to sign the agreement - something that she knew had really meant the end of all of this.

Walking towards her was Everett Ross, an armed guard at his side as he stepped down from the helicopter. The man looked remarkably stressed but she didn't blame him; it had been a long day for everyone. She was barely managing to keep all of the thoughts from entering her head as she began to realise that she had lost a lot more than maybe Rhodey - she had lost her family on the grounds of the airport that day.

"Ross," she greeted, not particularly having many feelings towards the man. His father? Well, she had plenty of strong feelings towards that man - especially after everything he had done to Bruce in the past.

The man nodded in response, coming to stand beside her as they watched the rest of the Avengers be detained. Happy exited one of the vehicles, sending her a smile as he tried to wrangle Peter back into the back of the car. This was no place for a teenager from Queens, and everyone knew that he still didn't understand the full extent of what he had witnessed that day.

"That's a nasty cut there, ma'am," the armed guard told her, interrupting her gaze as she cast him a glance. Noticing that he was pointing to the deep gash on her arm that she had received from the Winter Soldier. She hadn't really looked at it much, too caught up on all of the current events to pay attention to a wound that wasn't fatal.

"I can give you an antiseptic injection to help keep it from more inflammation until we can get you to a proper doctor if you would like?" He asked, his hand already reaching into one of the compartments on his bulletproof jacket as she nodded.

Ignoring the needle as she felt it puncture the skin just above her elbow, she turned out the guard and Ross as she turned her attention back to her friends (if she could even call them that now) across the concrete ground.

Clint was the first one she noticed. The man's bow and quiver had been ripped from him, simply passed off to someone else as he was pushed to the ground and restrained with thick metal cuffs. Her chest clenched at the sight of the man that had taken her in for so long on the ground in front of her but there was nothing she could do. As much as it broke her heart, they knew that there was only two ways this would have ended: death or this.

The man who had made himself change sizes had been a lot easier for them to detain. He was passed out from whatever he had done earlier when he had grown in size so he was simply slipped into cuffs and shoved into the back of the van along with Clint. The former caught her eye just before they shut the door on his current cage - and in that moment Scottie knew that they would most likely never be able to go back to how they were before all of this. He was angry, he was furious, he was heartbroken. Maybe at her, maybe at the accords - she wasn't sure. There was so much she wanted to say to the man in that moment. But there was nothing that left her mouth.

Sam and Wanda were the only two left to be put away. Sam had long accepted their defeat, believing that his sacrifice of his freedom was going to make things okay in the end. They'd prove Bucky was innocent and everything would be back to normal: a naive concept. He shot her nothing but a look of disgust, his eyes narrowed as he watched where she stood beside the man who had worked so hard to make this all happen. The man's wings had been confiscated and passed off just like Clint's bow had been. His goggles had also been ripped from him, despite the fact that they were useless without the rest of his suit.

She didn't want to look at Wanda. Her heart had already broken so many times in the past few days, and she knew that this was most likely the final blow. They had gone through so much just for it all to have ended like this.

And she was right. The second their eyes connected it was like having her insides cut up. A fire formed in her chest, her breath catching in her throat as she saw the sheer hurt and betrayal in her lovers eyes from where they were separated. Rubbing at her throat slightly, Scottie felt her temperature rise as she found it harder to let a breath leave her body. The red collar that had been clamped around Wanda's neck seemed to pulsate as she stared at it, almost as if it was moving.

Noticing that she had a bead of water rolling down her cheek, Scottie lifted a hand to wipe away at the tear as she watched Wanda not look away from her for a second.

"Are you alright?" Ross' voice barely echoed in her ears but there was something about the sudden concern in his voice that broke through to her. She hadn't even realised she had been crying until she had felt that bead roll down her face. The man was holding out a hand towards her slightly as he had his eyebrows furrowed in confusion as he looked at her. "You've broken into a crazy sweat."

Something stirred in her stomach there. A sudden panic began to flood her systems as she felt the clogs in her head begin to move. She hadn't noticed she was crying - because she wasn't crying. She was sweating. Her breath wasn't catching in her throat because she saw Wanda - it was catching because she literally was finding it harder to breathe. Her heart wasn't burning from Wanda's look - it was literally burning.

Wanda seemed to notice the change in atmosphere from across the ground. While she was overwhelmed with betrayal from her girlfriend, she would always love her and this was no different. Tugging against the officers that were in charge of her and Sam, she tried to break past them.

"Wanda, it's not worth it," Clint sighed in defeat from the van, not realising what she had. She could feel the sudden flare of pain from Scottie - a sign of their connection.

"It's not this," she motioned to the chains on her hand and collar on neck, "it's Scottie. Somethings very wrong."

Sam and Clint followed her gaze, noticing the sudden look of horror that was mirrored from Ross' face on to Scottie's own. Scottie turned to look at the armed guard who she had barely been paying attention to. He had dropped the gun at his feet and she could see that he was clutching something in his hands. He bore a sick smile, one that she was sure she would remember for the rest of her life.

He looked between Scottie and Ross, reaching down and ripping off the bottom of his sleeve to show them the deep brand that had been burned into the skin on his wrist. Ross' hand instantly pulled his gun out from the holder and held it towards the man as he laughed loudly - something that was heard across the battlefield.

Even Natasha who had been standing at the edge with Vision turned at the noise, a sudden awareness that something wasn't right entering her body. Noticing that Everett Ross was holding a gun towards someone standing directly beside Scottie instantly spiked her anxious senses as she began to advance across the field.

"I wouldn't do that if I was you," the armed guard chuckled at the man, his fake American accent having slipped to reveal a thick German one underneath. "She's going to die, I'd recommend putting your efforts into saving her instead."

Scottie began to cough slightly, not loud enough for Ross to realise that when she moved her hand from her mouth that thick black blood coated her palm.

"Hail Hydra!" The man yelled as he raised his clenched fist to his mouth, ramming a purple pill into his mouth. Before anyone could do anything he was dead, foaming at the mouth at Scottie's feet.

There was a moment of silence across the field. The agents that were resorting the others into the vans had paused at the sight too, confused on what had just happened.

Just as Everett went to say something, Scottie realised this was maybe it. Gasping loud enough for the intelligence officer to turn back around to look at her, the man was able to catch her just in time before she smacked the concrete. Scottie's eyesight was blurring, a burning pain spreading throughout her body as whatever he had injected into her began to react with her cells.

She couldn't hear the words that were falling from Ross' lips as his face hovered above her own.

She couldn't hear Natasha's yells as the red head ran across the battlefield towards the fallen girl.

She couldn't hear the sudden landing of Tony who had flown straight off the helicopter that Rhodey was on the second the Hydra agent being on the field had been radioed in. She couldn't hear Clint thrashing to get to her from where he was chained up.

All she could hear was her.

Wanda's yells of her name. Turning her head from where it was rested against the concrete ground she watched as Wanda was wrestled into the back of the van, the girl screaming out for her until a needle was plunged into her neck and the doors of the van shut.

Scottie watched as her friends and family were driven away - forever.

Tuning back into what was going on around her, she found her eyesight blurring in and out of focus as her body was lifted on to a stretcher that someone had brought over. It all came and went in flashes, one second she was on the ground, the next she was in the back of a helicopter with Natasha and Tony holding on to her for dear life as she tried to keep her eyes open.

Turning her head to look at the two that sat next to her, there were only five words on her tongue as she began to droop.

"Please, don't let me go."

"She's asking for you," the nurse told Tony as he paced outside of the room. Just as the man went to argue past her and into the room, she held out her arm to stop him. "It's not looking good."

Ignoring her realism, Tony entered the room to see a sickly grey looking Scottie barely breathing on the medical bed. She couldn't even form a smile as he entered, a small twitch of her lips proving that she was glad to see him. His arm was in a sling but that didn't matter to him when she was so close to death.

"The doctors, ehm," he started, trying to keep himself from breaking down in tears as he spoke to her. "They said it's poison. This antidote - the only thing we could find on it was a name. Zemo. Turns out he did frame Barnes, and he's got the only thing that will save you."

"I never said it enough."

"What?" Tony asked, confused as to what she was talking about when he had just told her that she could be saved.

"That I loved you, Dad," she said, the word falling from her lips as she smiled weakly at him. A single tear fell from her eye as she watched his while demeanour change as he realised what she was doing.

"No, you do NOT get to say goodbye to me! You hear me?" He said, his hand as he realised that her eyes were glazing slightly.

"When you see her... tell her... that I... that I wish it could have been different..." she drawled, her eyes beginning to droop as Tony slammed the emergency call button to call the doctors. "Promise me, that you'll move on, that you'll stop this war - please don't let the team break."

Tony shook his head, tears flowing as he looked at HIS DAUGHTER on the bed. "The doctors are gonna be here any second-".

"It's okay," she brushed, her eyes glossy as she sent him a sad smile. Her hand raised up, brushing against his cheek as he clutched on to it. "I'm with you. Please Tony, tell her I loved her."

He nodded, knowing that there was nothing more he could do.

"Go Dad, I love you."

Her eyes drifted up slightly, the lids dropping slightly as nurses and doctors began to rush around her to keep her breathing. A pair of warm arms wrapped around Tony as he screamed her name in agony, Natasha pulling him out of the room as he frantically yelled her name to wake up.

The doctors quickly pushed the duo back out of the room, shutting the curtains as they tried to bring Scottie's heart back to speed. Tony moved to the railing at the side of the area, clutching it tightly between his hands as he tried to keep himself together.

"We've managed to put her in an induced coma but I don't know how long she has left. Without the antidote-"

Tony cut off the doctor that had entered the hallway. The man turned around angrily, a new determination sparked within him as he passed the room where his daughter lay near death.

"I'll get that antidote."