"See you downstairs in a minute?" Tony asked Scottie, noticing that the girl was standing at the door to Morgan's room with a familiar plush clutched in her hands. The once Avenger was smiling at her father as he put her sister to bed and she knew right there that as much as she hated Tony for not doing everything in his power to bring Wanda back, she would never want to risk Morgan.

Scottie nodded, allowing Tony to rest a comforting hand on her shoulder for a second before moving out of the room to allow Scottie to say goodnight to Morgan. Her younger sister grinned widely at her with tired eyes, a toothless smile across her small face as her older sister gently sat on the edge of her bed. Scottie was extra careful to make sure she didn't untuck the sheets from where Tony had just wrapped the girl up in.

"Hi otter," Morgan chirped, waiting for her bedtime story that the girl told every time she stayed the night. Scottie always read from her favourite book: whether it be about mystical creatures or strong princesses and their princes, Morgan was always hooked on every word that the girl said to her. a

"Hi Morgs, what story shall we read tonight?" Scottie asked as she reached across the bed to get the familiar brown book that they would always pick a story from. Just as her hand went to latch around the book, Morgan's so and small hand hooked on to her wrist as she stopped her sister from opening the story time book.

"Who is Wander?"

Scottie froze as she turned to look at Morgan in surprise. It wasn't something that she had ever talked to the young Stark about, and it wasn't something she was planning on talking to her about until she was a lot older. Morgan didn't need to be burdened with the hardships that they had all gone through before she was born.

"Morgan, who told you about Wanda?"

"No-one. I just heard you and daddy say their name a lot and again with your friends today," Morgan mused, pouting as she tried to convince Scottie to tell her the truth about this mysterious person. a

Scottie sighed, rubbing her forehead before looking down at the puppy dog eyes that the girl was giving her. She stopped for a moment, her heart breaking as she thought about how she had been put in the position of picking between Wanda and Morgan something she never expected to be this hard. Before Morgan was born Scottie would have given up anything to bring Wanda back, but the second that she held the newborn baby in her arms she knew that she would never be able to go back to a life without Morgan.

"You know how mommy and daddy are in love?" Morgan nodded frantically as she clutched on to her bedsheet in excitement for getting to hear about the name she only ever had heard in whispers. "I'm in love with someone too."

"Who? Can I meet them? Is it Wanda?"

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Scottie swallowed a lump in her throat, her eyes watering slightly as she looked back at her younger sister who was so free and full of life. She knew this was a conversation that she would have to have with the girl one day but today wasn't the day she had been expecting it.

"Yeah, it is Wanda. Or was Wanda. You can't meet her Morgan. There was an accident, and I made some mistakes before you were born and... and... look, Wanda... she isn't coming back."

Morgan pouted and crossed her arms, obviously not liking this part of her story. She was waiting for Scottie to tell her about the rainbows and sunshine that her father had always told her about his love for her mother. She was waiting for the fun stories, the laughs, the joys that came from her parents love. She was waiting for something Scottie couldn't give her.

"Daddy can bring her back, I heard your friend say that," Morgan said, causing Scottie's chest to tighten as she realised that her younger sister had heard much more of their conversation that morning than she had let on. Scottie wasn't sure what was hurting more: her sister's optimism that the dead would come back, or the fact she knew her dad could bring her back but it would risk Morgan.

"If I bring her back, I might need to say goodbye to you. And that's something I'll never do, Morgs." Scottie wiped a tear from her eye as she looked at the girl who was slowly closing her eyes, too tired to hear more of the story. "I'll always love her, but I love you too."

"I figured it out, by the way."

Pepper slowly lowered her composting book as Tony interrupted her explaining what she was reading. Her eyes widened slightly as he kicked at an imaginary spot on the ground, being able to tell that there was thousands of thoughts running through his mind as he tried to process what he had done.

"You know, just so we're talking about the same thing -"

"Time travel," Tony confirmed, his eyes not quite meeting hers yet as he felt the stress rise in his chest. It had been a di erent story when he had told the others that he wouldn't help them with their plan, having thought that it was never obtainable. But now that he was aware that he literally could do what they had suggested to bring everyone back? How much was he willing to risk for others?

"What? Wow... That's amazing, and... terrifying," Pepper breathed out, instantly knowing that there was a lot weighing on what he did next for a lot of people. Tony nodded in agreement, a small headache resting on his forehead as he tried to process his emotions.

Moving slowly, he slumped down on to the couch beside Pepper in a heavy silence. The woman's eyes subconsciously dri ed to the stairs where she knew Scottie was sitting with Morgan in the room at the top. They had lost so much, but Scottie had lost something Pepper couldn't imagine.

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"Yeah, I know."

"We got really lucky."

There was a pause before Pepper spoke again, the words falling o her lips already in Tony's head before she said them.

"A lot of people didn't."

"No, I can't help everybody," Tony replied, his voice distant as he thought about what they would be risking if he did this.

"It sort a seems like you can," Pepper told him, a so smile on her face as she subtly tried to show him that it was okay to want to do something for the greater good. She had no intention of losing Morgan either, but she knew that if Tony wanted to do this - to change the event that haunted him every day - then she would never hold a grudge against him for that.

"Not if I stop. I can put a pin in it right now, and stop."

"Tony," Pepper mused, a so chuckle falling from her lips as she stared into the eyes of the man she loved. "Trying to get you to stop has been one of the few failures of my life."

They both laughed lightly at that, knowing that she was completely right. Even a er Thanos was killed and there was nothing they could do he hadn't fully been able to stop. He'd spent five years making a log cabin with his bare hands, making a new suit for Pepper incase god forbid they ever needed it, making constant improvements to Scottie's hearing implants until they were virtually almost invisible. He had never stopped his entire life.

"I sometimes feel I should put it in a locked box and drop it at the	
bottom of a lake go to bed."	a
"But would you be able to rest?"	ส์

They stared at each other, a silence hanging in the air at the truth behind Pepper's question. They both knew that he was never going to be able to be at peace with himself if he didn't do this. There was so much that this world had lost and Tony had the smallest chance that he could bring it back - but it was still a chance.

Thuds from the staircase cause the couple to look over as Scottie came down from saying goodnight to Morgan, wiping at her eyes quickly to try and hide the fact that she had been crying. She didn't want them to ask about it, and she wasn't really sure she could handle talking about Wanda twice in one night especially with everything that had happened today.

Pausing on the last step, Scottie noticed that her adoptive parents had the same expressions on their face that she had on hers. All three seemed to freeze in that moment, with Scottie slowly moving closer to them and perching on the side of the empty armchair as she crossed her arms and waited for them to say whatever they wanted to tell her.

"Scottie, hunny, I think it's best you take a seat," Tony mumbled, Pepper placing a gentle hand on his arm in support for whatever he was about to say to her. The strawberry blonde was very aware that seeing Scottie obviously upset was about to make or break Tony's final decision and she needed him to know that she would support it no matter what.

Scottie nodded, keeping her mouth shut for once as she did what he asked her to. Once she was finally sitting down, she noticed the cup of co ee on the table that had gone cold. The last time she had been in this situation was when Tony had sat her down to tell her that Clint's family had been taken in the snap and the man had disappeared o the face of the earth. She felt a pit of dread fill her stomach as she looked back up to the couple who looked at her with unreadable expressions.

"Scottie, I figured it out."

Unlike Pepper, Scottie didn't need to check what he had figured out. It had been on her mind ever since Scott Lang had appeared at the compound that morning, and she was sure it would have been on her mind for the rest of her life.

"I won't lose Morgan," Scottie began, but Tony soothed her as he held up his hands to get her to be quiet as he continued with his train of thought.

"You won't need to. I don't think anyway, I think I've found a way to keep everything we have now, and bring them back; Peter, Strange, Wilson, the lot - to bring herback," Tony informed her instantly, looking to his le to see Pepper nodding in pride at his decision to bring them all back. "I just need you to say it, Scottie. Say it and we'll do this - together." a

There was no hesitation from the blonde sitting in front of him as she looked up with tears pouring from her eyes. She wasn't going to lose Morgan but if Tony said he could bring Wanda and everyone else back without changing anything she believed him. She would believe him until the world ended and further.

"Together."

Scottie held on to the small leather band in her hands as they turned into the entrance of the Avengers Compound. It was the last thing that she had le that really connected her to Wanda, minus the think hooded sweatshirt she was wearing that had once belonged to the red haired girl.

Their drive had been silent. Tony had been running through all of the logistics of his plan in his head while Scottie had been lost in her thoughts about seeing her again. She didn't know what to do with herself now that the small bit of hope inside her had been ignited into an inferno. If she hadn't known that her powers were long gone, she would have almost mistaken the nerves that were making her stomach do flips for the energy she once had all the time.

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As they began to slow, Scottie looked past Tony to see Steve was standing in shock at the entrance of the compound as the duo pulled up. It had been a long time since Tony had been to the old HQ. A very long time.

'Why the long face? Let me guess: He turned into a baby?'Tony asked Steve, having briefly explained to Scottie in as little scientific talk as possible that while he loved Bruce, the man wouldn't have been able to stop the e ects of quantum travel without Tony's help.

"Among other things, yeah. What are you doing here?" Steve asked, trying to conceal the faint sense of hope that he had in his voice from seeing Scottie and Tony arriving together at the compound for once.

They both got out of the car, Scottie quickly giving Steve a hug before following her dad round to the back of the car. Steve's eyes followed them both wearily, unsure why they had arrived without calling in advance like Pepper and Scottie usually did when they came back from the cabin.

"That's the EPR Paradox," Tony told Steve, ignoring the man asking why he was there. "Instead of pushing Lang through time, you might've wound up pushing time through Lang. It's tricky. Dangerous. Somebody should've cautioned you against it."

"You did," Steve muttered, almost rolling his eyes at the mans theatrics.

"Oh, did I? Thank God I'm here. Regardless, I fixed it," Tony joked, before turning serious and holding up his hand where he had strapped his newly created device on to it. Scottie held up hers to Steve too, showing that she too was wearing one of the fancy hand straps. 'A fully functioning Time-Space GPS. I just want peace. Turns out, resentment is corrosive, and I hate it."

Steve smiled warmly at the man, having been hoping they would be able to resolve their issues this easily every day for the past five years. He had begun to think that they never would see eye to eye again, even with the help of Scottie and Pepper.

"Me too."

"We got a shot at getting these stones, but I gotta tell you my priorities: Bring back what we lost? I hope, yes. Keep what I got? I have to, at all costs. And... maybe not die trying will be nice."

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"Sounds like a deal."

Scottie watched as the two most important men in her life shook hands, excitement almost flooding through her as the scene finally confirmed to her that this was happening. She was going to get to witness the team getting back together for one last time to save everyone they loved. This was what she had been waiting for.

Tony nodded to Scottie who reached into the trunk and rummaged until she found what Tony had asked her to pack earlier on. Grasping the cold metal, Scottie li ed the familiar red, white and blue shield up and out of the car before passing it to Tony. Her dad thanked her before holding it out to Steve, the scene something that almost brought a tear to the girl's eye.

"Tony..." Steve murmured, hesitating as he looked at the shield being held out towards him.

"Why? He made it for you. Plus, honestly I have to get it out of the garage before Morgan takes it sledding."

"Yeah, too late for that," Scottie muttered, well aware that herself and Morgan had used it for sledding at least four times when they had that incredibly heavy snow in January. Both of the men turned to her with slightly narrowed eyes for a second before Tony motioned to the shield again.

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"Thank you, Tony," Steve wholeheartedly told the man as he slid the shield on to his arm. Scottie knew that this was a moment she would remember the rest of her life - the moment that things started to begin to feel normal again.

"Will you keep that a little quiet? Didn't bring one for the whole team."

"We are getting the whole team, yeah?" Scottie butted in, fully aware that the team wasn't exactly all hanging around waiting for something to happen. Some of them were literally in space.

"We're working on that right now."

"Hey," Natasha said, leaning against the door of Wanda's old room at the compound. It had been more than just five years since it had ever been used by the girl, with the last time she stayed in it the night before Clint rescued her from Vision keeping her hostage during the signing of the Accords. Despite that, it remained untouched minus the occasional time Scottie tried to find something.

It was where Natasha found Scottie a er Steve had explained to everyone that Tony had figured it out. There had been a bit of a reunion for a moment, but it wasn't something Scottie was interested in. She just wanted everything to get started immediately so she could be with Wanda a er all this time.

"Hey Nat," Scottie murmured back, turning from where she had been standing at the window overlooking the water. She had been waiting on the woman to come and find her a er the announcement, and she wasn't disappointed. Natasha always would look out for Scottie before anything else. "What's the outlook?" a

"Banner and Rocket are going to pick up Thor, Carol is unreachable and Rhodey is on his way," she informed the younger girl, smiling at her as Scottie placed the hoodie that she had been wearing on to Wanda's bed. It wasn't the right attire for what she assumed Natasha was going to ask her to help with.

Scottie nodded, following the woman out of the room as they headed down to their changing room. She knew that her tactical gear that matched Natasha's was still going to be hanging up where she had le it almost seven years prior. a

They got changed in silence, neither quite knowing what to expect once they got to their destination. Scottie was aware Natasha didn't originally want her to be there, but she knew that the girl needed something to take her mind o the waiting that she would have had to endure back at the compound.

"Scottie, I need you to remember that me and him, we're trained assassins. We're not just high level SHIELD agents who got picked to be an Avenger, we've both got insane amounts of blood in our ledgers," Natasha stopped the girl as they prepared to board the quinjet, hoping that she wasn't expecting things to go smoothly here.

"Nat, I know. I'd never judge you for that, you know that," Scottie murmured as she closed the ramp to the jet behind them. Natasha walked over to the pilot seat without another word, waiting on Scottie to come and buckle herself in beside her. "I owe this to him, we both do."

"Yeah, I'm just worried he's too far gone."

Scottie looked over at Natasha with a gentle smile as they began the take-o process, knowing that her sister figure was worried about the man she had spent most of her adult life working beside.

"Clint will never abandon us."

Continue reading next part 🗆

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