

Tony watched from the viewing balcony of the newly purpose-built training room as Scottie carefully unwrapped her hands below. The corner of his mouth twitched slightly as he listened to her peaceful hums of some song that she had been playing on repeat in her room for the past few days. He was glad that she was settling in easily, and her progress in the limited training sessions that she had been a part of so far was also making him more comfortable at the idea that she'll start to be sent out on missions soon.

He felt the presence of Natasha and Steve next to him before he actually saw them come into the edges of his vision. No words needed to be spoken; he knew what the silent question hanging over their slips was. They wanted, no, they NEEDED his permission before they even started considering to properly train her as part of the Avengers. Everyone knew that it was a lot more fragile with Scottie than the others. She had fled once before and no-one wanted to push her before she was ready.

"Just bring her home," Tony gruffly spoke, knowing that nothing else needed to be said between the trio. They all had a more protective side when it came to the younger girl and while everyone was certain she could probably wipe the floor with them all, Scottie was still just learning how to manage her powers while balancing her progression into an adult. "I don't think I could handle losing her again."

There was no hesitation when Natasha spoke, a hard determination in her eyes as she watched Scottie joke around with Sam as they finished unwrapping their hands from the boxing they had just completed. The man had easily fallen into Scottie's life as the uncle she had never had and Steve was pleased that they were getting along so easily.

"We won't lose her. Not again."

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Scottie waved slightly to Vision as she moved into her room, dumping her gym bag at the entrance and making sure that the door clicked firmly into place behind her. Moving cautiously, Scottie headed straight for the ensuite bathroom that she shared with only herself. She knew that something was happening to her, but she couldn't bring herself to share it with the rest of the team.

Tugging her shoes off her feet, she sighed in relief as she dropped them on the floor. Her bare toes sunk into the softness of the new carpet and she already was beginning to feel a little ease flood into her bones at the familiar comfort.

Entering the colder room, the blonde immediately ran the water to cold, slamming the plug into the sinkhole and allowing the white basin to fill to the brim with freezing cold water. Not even bothering to roll up the sleeves on her jacket, Scottie slammed her hands into the coldness, feeling the relief instantly spreading through her palms and up her arms.

She hadn't told the team that she had long finished learning about her powers. No, she had easily gained control over them a long time ago. She just didn't know how to tell the team that she was losing that control with every minute of every day of every week. Each thought of the sunlight that seemed to burst from the skin in her palms would send her into a downward spiral of regrets and worries. Each activation of her powers left her hands scarred until her skin re-knotted itself overnight to leave nothing but the smooth and flawless new layer. Each beam seemed to burn her hands to a red raw, the only form of relief being instant coldness.

Each time she thought it was getting better, it just seemed to be getting worse.

Sitting on the edge of the bath as she watched her skin begin to re-knit itself together five minutes later, she wondered on how long she could possibly keep this a secret. She knew that hiding it from Sam, Rhodey and Vision would be easy - the three of them never had an reason to be looking at her for long enough to notice how her breath would disappear for a second after exerting herself or how she would tuck her hands into her pockets as soon as she could afterwards.

Scottie knew that hiding it from Wanda would be harder. The girl knew that there wasn't something right with Scottie but as long as she didn't get the chance to look in her head or concentrate on the girl for too long she figured that keeping the secret would be manageable. Not easy, but doable. With the more time she was beginning to spend with the redhead, the harder Scottie was finding it to make excuses for why she needed to constantly dash around using her powers.

Steve and Natasha would be the hardest to fool. While Natasha had the perfect eye - nothing got past her - Steve had the empathy. The two of them combined and the fact that they had been put under heavy instruction by Tony to keep a close eye on her meant that her secret was probably not going to stay that for long.

She knew it would be easy for her to run again. Take everything she owned and leave while they all slept. She could be gone in a few hours. But she had promised herself that her past of running was not going to be her future. There was still so much for her to learn about herself, and that stupid yellow stone that may or may not be the only reason she was still alive. She had so much for her here and that was only making things even harder for the girl.

Moving from the edge of the bath, Scottie thought that she had gotten through the pain when a sudden splitting pain erupted in her forehead. Groaning as her vision seemed to blur slightly the girl stumbled as her knees hit the solid tiled floor beneath her, her hands grabbing on to the sides of her head as she let out a yell in pain.

Scottie barely registered that the glass she had been clutching in her hand had smashed against the tile in synchronisation with her knees, the sharp edges gleaming in the white light as they littered themselves across the floor. They shined gently, joining the reflection of the tears that pooled around her eyes.

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Wanda had tried very hard since moving into the compound to ignore the pulses of energy that came from all of the inhabitants of the building. It had been a hard task at first, but she had easily developed a comforting hold over her abilities until the point when she was in complete control on her mind powers.

So when an unfamiliar large spike in energy crashed against her head, she knew that something wasn't right. A shattering of glass from the room next to hers instantly alerted her that something really was not right.

Scottie was rarely loud in her room, and it was no doubt to Wanda that the mental energy that she was receiving so raw and so loud was the blonde's head. Moving quickly as she tried to ignore the throbbing headache that she had suddenly developed, Wanda crossed the hall into the blonde's room without waiting for an invitation.

Noticing the shoes sprawled on the floor that lead to the bathroom, Wanda knew that the tiles would have been the reason that the smashing noise appeared as loud as it did. Cautiously moving towards the ensuite, she found herself growing increasingly worried at what she was going to find inside. She barely knew Scottie but there was something that kept drawing her to find out more about the girl, and that seemed to be the exact reason that she found herself pausing in her movements once she opened the door.

Scottie was on the ground, her knees tucked into her chest as she shook with sobs that racked her body. Tears were pouring from her eyes as she kept them clenched shut, almost like she had seen something that she didn't want to. She was whimpering in pain and with both of her hands clutching at her head Wanda was pretty sure that she could tell there was a physical pain coming from the girl's head.

"Scottie?"

Her voice was gentle as it hit the younger girl's ears but it didn't seem to make much difference to her current state. The vicious pounding in her head was only getting worse, and she was beginning to feel the familiar tingle in her arms as her palms began to get a little bit heavier.

Wanda would have been lying if she said she hadn't noticed that the temperature in the previously cold bathroom was beginning to rise. She almost thought it was herself for a moment before she noticed how the hands clutching at either side of Scottie's face began to brighten up - a telltale sign that she was going to release her power.

Panicking, Wanda tried to quickly process her options. She could continue to try and unsuccessfully calm down Scottie but that wasn't going to do anything so she was quick to rule that out. Her next option was to call out and hope that someone heard - but she knew that no one probably could stop this from happening. She had a final option, the only option that she thought would work.

Without much thought, Wanda lifted her hands to Scottie's head. Resting them on her burning hands she flinched slightly but closed her eyes as she took a deep breath. She winced stemmed from her fingers, wrapping themselves around each of Scottie's own and drifting into the girl's head.

Flashes of bright light erupted around Wanda's mind, screams of pain and an intensely feeling of nothing but burning. She could feel her skin excruciatingly hot against her body, her throat feeling dry and scratchy as her eyes rammed shut. A thud in her head took up the rhythm of her frantic heartbeat and with one final scream, Wanda slammed her hands away from Scottie's head and back to her sides.

Falling backwards slightly, Wanda heaved as she watched the blonde with wide and frightened eyes. She had never seen a mind so chaotic and painful like that - not even when Clint had rammed a taser arrow against her forehead.

Scottie was whimpering slightly, also now looking over at Wanda in sheer fear. Her wide eyes reminded Wanda of a deer trapped in headlights and the girl was beginning to look disgusted at herself for making Wanda experience the same pain that she had.

Wanda noticed this immediately, reaching out and taking one of Scottie's hands in her own. Feeling a soft sensation on her palm the girl furrowed her eyebrows as she looked down at their linked hands. Scottie's mouth opened in shock too, both of the girls amazed at what they were witnessing.

Wanda's red energy was intertwining in the air with a yellow wisp, being produced straight from Scottie's palm. They both laughed in amazement, the previously tense mood in the bathroom being replaced with their pure and innocent enjoyment at what they were watching.

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Later on that week, Steve and Natasha both noticed how the girls had suddenly become so much more in sync with their movements during training and in their everyday life. It had become a rare sight to see Scottie without Wanda or vice-versa, the girl's even going as far as eating every meal together.

Rhodey found himself surprised when he walked in on the two dancing around the kitchen, sharing lyrics and testing tastes of the Sokovian dish that Wanda was trying to teach Scottie how to make. It only took him one moment to understand from the look on Scottie's face that she was smitten with the Sokovian. Tony wasn't surprised to hear this.

Vision had been working with them both in private, the three pretending to be in the library 'reading' when in actual fact they were sharing updates on the combining of the red and yellow powers that they inhibited.

Whatever had happened that day in the bathroom was the start of a long path for the two girls - even if they wouldn't know that for a while. They both changed that day.