epilouge

"Morgan keeps asking if Scottie will be there too," Happy spoke down the phone, keeping his eyes on the young girl as she played with the stuffed otter toy in the back of his car. He was aware they hadn't told her the severity of the situation yet, and he didn't want to have to be the one who broke the news to her. "Pepper, what do you want me to say? I can't keep lying to her."

He heard the woman sigh down the phone and his heart broke once more. Pepper was going through the unimaginable right now, with what had happened to Scottie and Tony ripping the family she had built for herself in half.

"Happy, I'll tell her but not until you guys get here. She deserves to know, but I want her to keep that childhood innocence for one last hour."

When Happy returned to the car, the young girl grinned as he climbed back into the driver seat. He hung a fake smile on his face as he smiled softly back at her, his eyes softening before he started the engine.

"This is otter's favourite song," Morgan told him as she recognised the song that played, before she went back to pretending to talk to the stuffed otter.

Happy turned it up.

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"Tony had said to us all that you said there was only one outcome that we would win," Natasha spoke, her and Stephen Strange sitting in silence in the empty room. "Was that true?"

She almost thought he was ignoring her when he didn't reply. The dimness of the room made it hard for her to even tell if the man was awake, or if he was simply trying to figure out what to say to the woman.

When he finally did reply, she found herself slightly more confused than she had expected to be.

"The truth is subjective, Miss Romanoff. What one person deems as a win, another might not."

She furrowed her eyebrows, looking at where the fireplace caused the furrow his in own eyebrows to show up. She clutched the mug of hot chocolate with oat milk (Scottie's favourite) in her hand a little tighter as her mind tried to wrap her head around what he was saying.

"Well, do YOU think we won?" She asked, starting to have the sudden fear that the man was about to tell her this wasn't the original way he had seen that they would win the fight against Thanos.

Doctor Strange turned to look at her, a whimsical look on his face as he rose to his feet and went to leave the lounge. The moonlight streaked in through the window and cast a glow on his face as he turned back to answer her question before he headed up to the room he was borrowing.

"The war isn't over yet, Miss Romanoff."

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Steve didn't like seeing Scottie looking so... cold. Every time he had seen the girl she had always had a sort of warmth radiating from her - even without her powers. But now she was just lifeless.

"Whatever it takes," he murmured under his breath, the slogan having been uttered by the girl the last time had spoke to her on the battlefield. He knew it would come back to bite him, but he hadn't thought she would once again sacrifice herself to try and save a member of the team.

It shouldn't have surprised him; at this point it had become a habit. She always had put her friends lives before her own, and now she paid the price. She had saved him from Rumlow's suicide bomber attempt, she had saved Nat from remaining dead and now she had once again risked it all to save Tony.

He turned his head as the door clicked softly behind him, not needing to look to have known it was Bruce returning.

"Any changes?"

"Nothing. Her heart beat is still stable, but she hasn't shown any signs of waking up yet. Tony?"

Bruce shrugged slightly, moving down to check on Scottie's vitals on the screen next to Steve that was displaying her heart rate. He looked back to Steve with a slight eye roll before looking back down to the charts in his hand.

"Back to being his sarcastic self," he mused, causing a relived grin to spread across Steve's face. The last update had been that Tony was now talking, but he had been worried that the man wouldn't be the same.

"She's always saving our lives," Steve joked, rubbing her hand with his own. He'd grown to view the girl as his little sister - especially when they'd spent five years of their lives trying to recover from the same trauma.

"Now we just have to save hers," Bruce told Steve, clapping the man on the shoulder before motioning for them both to go check on Tony again.

Bruce cast a quick look at the thermostat on the wall before leaving, noting down the temperature before stepping out and allowing the med-bay door to seal behind him.

If he had waited a second, he would have seen the thermostat increase.

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"Just because you're in a hospital bed doesn't mean you can cheat!"

Everyone erupted into laughter as Clint scowled at Tony, slamming the Monopoly money down on the table as Pepper graciously took it, a grin on her face as Tony smugly smiled back at the archer.

"It's not cheating, it's called being smart, Barton," Clint scowled further as Tony continued, "you should try it sometime."

Steve chuckled along with the rest of the team, sending a small wink towards Wanda who smiled gently back at the man. Her eyes glimmered red for a split second before she rolled the dice for her and Steve's turn, coincidentally managing to avoid landing on the hotels that Natasha and Clint had built on Mayfair.

"Okay and you don't get a pass because Scottie's in one either," Clint added, causing everyone else to chuckle as a Wanda rolled her eyes. He looked up to gauge her reaction, regret clouding his face as they all noticed she had suddenly turned her head away from them and was looking at the door with a slightly hurt expression on her face.

"Kid," Steve started, reaching out to place a hand on her shoulder but before he was able to make any contact, she had already launched herself to her feet and was moving towards the door.

Wanda turned around as she got to the door, tears pouring down her face but now with a small smile resting on her lips.

"She's awake."

As the rest of the team rushed to their feet, Natasha turned to look at where Stephen Strange had been sitting with Bruce Banner in the corner of the room. The man smiled gently back at her as he remained seated, nodding as if to answer the question on her lips.

"We won."

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"So, how did you save us?"

Scottie looked around the room as she smiled at the team, her eyes wide as she tried to understand exactly what had happened only days prior.

"Technically, you saved us," Tony told her as he nodded at her from across the room. Morgan was bouncing on his knee, her hands touching over his face as he tried to keep her entertained. "You taking some of the stone's force meant that we had just enough energy left for these guys to get us to Helen Cho since we had undone the snap."

Wanda smiled warmly at Scottie, her arms wrapped around the woman as they both looked around the room that was filled with their friends and family. Scottie scrunched her nose slightly before looking at Stephen Strange who she had only really heard about, other than their one meeting in Central Park all those years ago.

"So was this, the one scenario we defeat Thanos?"

The man looked at her for a moment, the intensity of his gaze almost challenging her to look away, as if she didn't want to know what he was going to tell her. But Scottie didn't take her eyes away - nothing could scare her anymore.

"No, there were plenty of situations that Thanos was defeated," he mused, everyone looking confused before he looked to Natasha slightly.

The red head had been sharing one of the dining chairs with Clint, both of them just glad that they weren't going to be faced with losing their platonic soulmate anytime soon thanks to Scottie's stupid but heroic decision days prior. She looked up as the rest of the room followed Strange's eye line to her.

"It wasn't a win unless we saved everyone," Natasha told them all, her eyes catching on to Scottie's with a small wink before she went back to picking at the PB&J sandwich that Scottie had made her minutes before they had all gathered. Many of the heroes that had fought with them on the battlefield had left straight afterwards, not having any reason to wait around or having had more important things they needed to attend to first.

Scottie couldn't blame them - many of them had lost five years without even realising.

Peter Parker was sitting across from her, the only difference on his face from where she had seen him on the concord in Germany being the slight bruising and cuts. He only looked maybe a year or so older than when they had met - not the seven or eight years older that he would have looked had he not been one of those that got "dusted" as Clint had taken to calling it. His eyes were droopy and Scottie couldn't help but wonder if he had even slept since their big battle - but she doubted many of them would have been able to until they had found out if Scottie and Tony had survived.

Sam and Bucky were sitting on either side of Steve, causing a small smile to form on Scottie's lips as she knew the two men had their differences but were brought together by their love for the super soldier that sat in the middle. Sam had been one of the first to wrap her in a tight hug, reminding them all how far they had come since she was just an out of control kid who had burned him. Her and Bucky had never really known each other - but the man still understood everything that she had done for his Steve since the girl had met the man, and he would always be grateful for that.

The core seven of their team - those of them that had fought Loki during their first fight back in 2011 - shared a quick glance as they took in the momentarily silence. Scottie was sure that there was some timeline out there, somewhere, that didn't include herself, Tony or Natasha. A timeline where they defeated Thanos and saved their friends, but lost the three heroes that had been fighting the fight since the start - and Scottie knew that Strange was right when he said that wasn't a win.

"Do you think we did everything right?" Clint eventually asked them all, the seven looking between themselves and the four others in the room that they had brought back.

Scottie wasn't sure who she expected to speak, but it certainly wasn't Thor. Him and Bruce had been ridiculously quiet in the corner of the room, so much so that she had almost forgot they were there.

"We didn't do anything the right way," Thor spoke, sunglasses no longer covering his eyes as he looked around at them all. He'd finally gone for a shower and Scottie couldn't have been more glad about it. "But when have we ever?"

Everyone chuckled at that, knowing he was right. None of their plans had EVER worked out the way they were meant to have - but it just so seemed that they usually worked out for the better.

"So what's next?"

The question hung in the air for them all, even after the team was beginning to all go their separate ways. Tony had been one of the first to leave, insisting that he drive Peter back to Queens himself while Morgan had chanted for the teenager to carry her instead of Tony.

Pretty soon, it had dwindled down to just Steve and Scottie. The man had a lot going through his mind and he needed to find some clarity.

"What's next for you and Wanda? White Pickett fence, dogs, children?" Steve joked, knowing that the idea had seemed so impossible to them both only a week before.

Scottie rolled her eyes before eventually nodding. "Actually, yeah. Maybe not children just yet, but yeah I'm not going to waste time."

"You deserve that," Steve told her sincerely, placing his hand on her shoulder as he looked at the closest he ever had to a little sister. "You both do."

"You deserve that life too, Steve," Scottie told him, not needing Wanda's powers to know the thoughts that had run through Steve's mind the second they had found out that returning the stones to their native point in the timeline would secure this version of events. She would have done the same if Wanda hadn't been brought back.

"I don't know if I should," Steve murmured, able to tell that she knew. They had spent the past five years training and living together and it was no secret that they could read each other like books.

"If anyone in this entire world should Steve, it's you."

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"I'll marry you."

Scottie skidded to a halt, her feet scraping up small twigs and dirt from the forest trail under her shoes as she spun around to look at Wanda in surprise. The woman was standing with a bright smile on her face as she stared back at Scottie, her eyes gleaming with happiness as she stared at the blonde.

"What?" Scottie rasped, her eyebrows furrowed as she walked towards Wanda slowly since she hadn't even gotten around to asking the question yet.

"You keep thinking about asking me, and I know I promised I wouldn't read your thoughts but it's so hard to ignore it when you think so loud" Wanda exclaimed as she looked across the lake, the sun beginning to set over the facility.

Scottie rolled her eyes. "I've been told I'm many thinks but saying even my thoughts are too loud is new."

There was a pause before Scottie realised just what Wanda had said.

"Well, it took you damn long enough," Scottie joked, causing Wanda to roll her eyes before the blonde placed her hands on either side of her head and pulled her in for a kiss. "It's been what, three weeks since I woke up so you must have been hearing it for a while now."

A lot had happened in the three weeks since they had defeated Thanos. Clint had gone back to his farm with his family, and Natasha had taken over as the leader of the newly formed Avengers team - especially since Steve had taken Scottie's advice and hadn't returned back from returning the stones, but rather rocked up as an elderly Steve. The man had lived his life to the fullest with Peggy by his side like everyone knew he always had deserved. Thor had gone with the rest of the Guardians of the Galaxy as they called themselves and was somewhere in space, while Bruce had gone back to working with Helen Cho.

Tony was living his best life in his log cabin, finally retired for the first time in his life. The Iron Man and Rescue suits remained at the Avengers facility as a backup incase anything ever happened - but they all knew he had finally managed to rest at night. Morgan was bound to end up just like her father, so even Tony admitted it was best to keep the suits there for when she eventually wanted to take over the mantle.

Scottie and Wanda had done exactly what they had told the rest they were going to do: get a house, get a dog (they'd actually ended up with two) and have a normal life.

Maybe that normal life did involve working at the Avengers facility but that was normal to them. Scottie had gone back to being Natasha's right hand man, assisting her with training the new recruits while Wanda had been working to help any gifted individuals with their powers that SHIELD came across. No obligation to stay and help the world, just the obligation to use their powers for good.

Scottie smiled as she looked across the lake, knowing this was the spot where they had had their first kiss and she was sure that maybe they'd even end up having their last kiss here.

Their golden Labrador retriever, Lucky, bounded around their legs while Scottie swore she could hear their lurcher, Pietro, barking at something as he whizzed by them. Clint had convinced them to adopt Lucky from his next door neighbours and Wanda had fallen in love with the quick Pietro when they had laid eyes on him.

Wanda and Scottie laughed at the dogs before looking back at each other.

"We really did it, didn't we?"

"We did."

"I love you, Wanda, I always have and I always will."

"I love you too, forever and always."

Scottie would swear for the rest of her life that the sunset they watched that night, when everything in the world had been saved, was the best sunset she had ever seen. But everyone knew that the truth behind her words were all to do with who she watched it with.

Scottie Casey and Wanda Maximoff would live their lives together, just like how they had planned it out all those years ago.

They had millions of more sunsets just like this one to live through. Together.

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AND THE END!

Wow this story has taken so much from me emotionally. I think I knew from day 1 that I had to give Scottie and Wanda their happy ending, especially as all the ridiculous things I put them through.

I usually don't like to change major plot details such as Natasha and Tony's deaths but the beauty of writing fan fiction is that stories can be retold in new manners and I couldn't picture Scottie without thinking about her connections with Natasha and Tony.

Everyone's comments have been truly incredible over the past few years that it's taken me to write this story and I can't even begin to explain how much I've grown over the course of it.

It's always emotional ending a story, especially when one comes to an end so neatly as this one has. As you can tell there won't be any sequel as I feel this one does all of the characters justice and rounds it up nicely.

I did consider writing Scottie into WandaVision but since that entire show is based around the relationship between Wanda and Vision I knew their story wouldn't extend to that in this parallel universe I created.

Again, thank you to everyone who has stayed throughout this story and thank you to anyone who maybe stumbles across this completed work in days, months or years time.

I cannot thank you all enough.

Continue reading next part