

"Come on Scottie, you can do better than that," Steve pushed her on, edging her to stand back up and try once more. The blonde simply grunted in response, clenching her teeth as she pushed herself up from the floor with the bones in her body aching.

Clenching her fists slightly as she raised them in front of her, she eyed the man as he lightly jumped from the balls of his feet side to side as he waited for her to signal that she was ready to continue their sparring. It didn't help her pride to know that on what was one of her worst training sessions ever that all of the SHIELD recruits were watching from the viewing gallery at the side of the large open plan gym. Maria had asked for permission from herself and Steve, saying that it would give them more motivation if they had the chance to watch two of the original seven Avengers train and therefore because Natasha was never one for public displays, Tony and Clint were enjoying their 'retirement' time and Thor and Bruce were still absent, it fell on her and Steve to carry the mantle.

The girl nodded slightly, allowing the man to continue to fall back into their training drill. This was a strictly no powers training session, hence why the recruits were allowed to witness them fight as it was what they would be getting trained up to do soon enough. Ducking under a swing that was aimed at the side of her head, Scottie mimicked a move that Natasha had shown her the night before, dropping to her knees and swiping Steve's legs out from underneath him.

Smirking as the man fell on to his back, Scottie let out a victorious smile as she stopped focusing on the exercise at hand to cast a cocky smile at the super solider who had propped himself up on his elbows to look at her. Just before she could allow a bragging comment to fall from her lips, she felt her body go flying through the small area and hit one of the walls.

Groaning as her mind swam slightly from the ringing in her ears, she clutched her stomach with her hand as she tried to push herself up. Her eyesight was blurred and she could faintly make out a curse falling from someone's lips in the background of the loud ringing.

"Shit, Scottie, I didn't mean to hit you that hard!" Sam yelled out, having jogged over to her instantly as he had flew into the training room without paying attention to the girl and man sparring on the mats. He had challenged Vision to a speed match, not realising that the room was being used for an extra training session until he had flew in at 60mph and smacked her on her feet with his leg.

Steve had jumped to his feet as he moved towards where Sam was advancing to the girl that was still lying on the ground groaning. Just as he went to jog over too, he noticed the slight rise in temperature that his advanced senses could pick up. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up as his eyes travelled down to the girl's arm to notice the bright orange glow that was forming quickly on her palm that was resting against the floor.

It happened too quickly, just as he lunged to pull his friend away from the enhanced girl on the ground Sam had reached out and placed a hand on her back. The man didn't know the girl well enough to have second thought the action - but he certainly would in the future if he ever accidentally almost knocked her out.

The second his palm came into contact with her, Scottie's fight or flight instinct kicked in. Her red-hot palm sprung from the floor, grabbing on to the man's wrist tightly. Watching with little emotion as he screamed out in agony and fell to his knees at the deep burn that had sprouted on his wrist from her iron-like grip, Scottie didn't even notice what she was doing until she felt two arms wrap around her and pull her on to the man.

It seemed like there was no noise as Scottie began to regain her control and realise what was going on. She could feel Wanda's hands on her face as she was pushed back into the wall, the Sokovian girl trying to force her to snap out of it and look her in the eyes as she held her back from the man who was on the ground and screaming in pain at the third degree burn that had formed on his arm.

The girl was saying something to her but she didn't hear it. She could only hear Sam's screams, she could only see the way that Steve was calling out for medics, she could only see the faces on the recruits faces as they all looked at her in horror. Maria Hill stood beside them, surprise written across her face as she realised that the team hadn't been lying to her when they said that something had drastically changed in Scottie since she had fled after the creation of Ultron. And then all Scottie could see and hear was one of the memories that she had always tried to forget.

"You killed them, your parents," the god had breathed into her ear as she stared coldly back at him, her body being held still as he circled the girl. "Oh my, you're just like me."

Scottie watched as Coulson continued to heave in the corner, the blood seeping from his body as Thor yelled and banged on the thick glass wall of the cell that the man dressed in black and green in front of her should have been. She made eye contact with her mentor, her hands beginning to burn orange as she watched him try to not lose consciousness.

The man turned back around to face her, his hand resting under her chin as he forced her to look upwards at him. She almost snapped her head away, but she found herself unable to do anything but watch him.

"You're a monster."

The words almost triggered another memory, flashing past her eyes as the faint noises of the present situation barely reached her ears.

The metal pressing down on her neck kept her body against the floor, the yells of a fight going on around her as she grasped at the foot that was crushing her windpipe. Her hands were growing hot but nothing seemed to decrease the pressure from her neck.

"Who are you?" She squeezed out, looking up into the bright luminous red that would haunt her for the rest of her life.

The figure chuckled, a harsh sound that rivalled that of nails scraping down a blackboard. He tilted his head as he almost smirked down at the girl.

"I'm the monster that you created," he teased, finally taking his foot off as he pointed towards where the destruction had been caused all around them. "You're the cause of this, you're just another monster like me."

As the memory faded from her eyes, bringing back the harsh reality of Steve and a medical team surrounding Sam as they tried to apply medication for the burn on his arm. Wanda was still trying to make her focus on the witch, but Scottie looked across the room to see the one person that she didn't want to have to face.

Natasha was looking at her with no expression on her face. There was a gleam in her eyes as she stared long and hard at the girl that Wanda had pushed back against the stone wall of the room - almost a knowing that resided in them. The red head simply held up her hands in surrender as she moved towards the girl, sensing that she wasn't settled yet.

"They were right: Ultron, Loki..." Scottie breathed, everyone's eyes snapping back to her as she pushed Wanda on her and looked at Sam on the ground once more. "I am a monster."

Everyone watched as the girl ran out of the room, not looking back at them once.

"You're not a monster Scottie."

"Wanda you don't need to comfort me," Scottie murmured, not taking her eyes away from the sun that was setting in the distance. She felt more at ease with the last of its rays shining against her skin that had begun to develop a slight tan from the hours that she had been spending in the open now that she wasn't in hiding from the team.

The girl sat down next to her on the wooden bench that rested at the edge of the lake, looking at Scottie and instantly feeling the guilt and regret that was seeping from her from the event that had just happened in the gym only half an hour before.

"I'm not. You need to get this into your head. Ultron? That destruction wasn't your fault. Pietro? His death was not on you," the enhanced individual told her friend as she sat next to her on the bench. The sun was glinting on the water as it began to set, Wanda reaching out and reassuringly holding on to Scottie's clenched hands. "You aren't a bad person Scottie. You're just scared, you're just like me."

The blonde shook her head, angry tears falling from her eyes as she listened to the red haired girl try and convince her that everything that had happened wasn't her fault. She couldn't have known that this would have been an outcome from the choice of her joining the Avengers, but Scottie knew that Wanda's words were not helping her at all.

"I'm not you Wanda. I didn't sign up to help my country, I didn't keep going after watching my brother die, I didn't hold a country up as it crumbled around everyone! I'm a coward."

"Scottie!" the Sokovian interrupted with a small shout, not happy that the girl was thinking so lowly of herself. She went to continue her rebuttal of Scottie's self-image claims but the blonde was on a vicious roll now and nothing would stop her from getting her point across to Wanda.

"No Wanda, I am! It's true, I am a coward and I've always been one! I run from everything Wanda! I started running from the day I killed my parents and I've never stopped running."

"No, Scottie," Wanda pleaded, her voice so soft as she tried to squeeze the blonde's hands that were clasped in her own. "You've never ran from me, from us."

Ripping her hands from Wanda's grasp, the girl stood to her feet and began to angrily walk away from the girl. She could sense that the rest of the team were watching from the large glass building that overlooked the lake she had been watching for the past hour.

Turning back once more to make eye-contact with the girl that was staring longingly after her, Scottie shook her head in anger at her.

"I will ruin you Wanda. Everyone I've ever loved dies. Don't think that me not running is a brave thing, because it's the most selfish thing I could ever do."