

Fury sighed, reaching over the table and sliding a plain Manila folder towards her. Scottie continued to glare at the man, but extended an arm to reach out and allow herself to examine the folder in front of her.

"What's this?" She asked, holding up the first sheet of paper. Her eyes were furrowed as she looked at the paper that seemed to be more redacted black lines than actual information.

"That's your file; well, the one that everyone's read," he mused, a hand resting under his chin as he watched her look at it in confusion. Nodding to the second sheet of paper in the file, Fury knew the girl was going to need a while to process this. "And that one, that's the unredacted edition."

Scottie didn't answer as she tried to let her mind process all of the new information. She was overwhelmed with the names of people she had never heard of, with the names of drugs that she had been subjected to that she had never heard of and with previous events regarding her that she also had no knowledge over.

But there, on the bottom of the paper, was the one thing that she couldn't take her eyes o . Fury watched carefully, knowing that the girl was going to take this the hardest.

"Natasha and Clint were sent to kill me?" She asked in disbelief, not knowing that the two agents had never really told her the true extent of everything. They had always told her she was their mission, but they had never told her they were going to kill her.

"There's more," Fury said, motioning to the rest of the redacted information that he was now making available to her. Scottie scowled as she read the paper, notching one name that stood out to her almost as if it was in bold.

"Carol Danvers," she muttered, causing Fury's eyebrows to raise slightly as the girl took an interest in the name. "That's what the HYDRA agent said before she tried to kill me. She said you were prepping me to be like her."

There was a moment of silence before Scottie felt herself begin to really get angry. She had only been partially angry before, but suddenly it was beginning to feel like her bones were on fire and that her whole life was based on a lie.

"So, you're telling me that not only were the two people who basically taught me everything I know actually meant to be my killers but that my parents were HYDRA agents who only wanted me cured because they thought I could somehow absorb energy like this woman did?" Scottie breathed, rubbing her hands together slightly to try and calm her breathing down. She knew the bands around her wrists weren't going to stop her from an outbreak.

"Scottie, I'm not really sure that you were ever sick before."

"Sorry?"

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Scottie slinked into the kitchen, ignoring Steve and Natasha as they playfully bickered over whose peanut butter and Jelly sandwich was nicer. Sure Natasha had precision on her side, but Steve certainly had a lot more time under his belt.

Smiling so ly at them as she moved by them and towards the fridge, both of the Avengers instantly felt the mood shi slightly. They knew she had been attending a meeting with Fury about some questions the girl had for the man, but by the look on her face she certainly hadn't been expecting the answers to her questions.

"You okay?" Natasha asked, trying to keep her voice light and not sound like she was digging too much into Scottie. The red-head knew that the girl hated people trying to figure her out before she was finished processing information, but she knew that the girl staying silent could potentially end up disastrous.

"Well, you haven't killed me and finished your mission yet, so you tell me," Scottie snarked back, causing Steve's head to shoot to Natasha's in confusion. Natasha allowed a brief moment of shock to fleet across her face as she met eyes with Steve. She had almost forgotten her original mission of Scottie, and never did she realise that the girl was going to be told about it.

"Scottie," Natasha muttered, but the girl didn't give her a chance to explain as she spun around from where she was getting water from the fridge. The slight golden glint was present in her eyes once more - something that Steve and Natasha were beginning to notice had started occurring when she was using her powers. They weren't sure if Scottie herself was aware it was happening, but now certainly wasn't the time to talk about it.

"So you training me was, what?, part of your and Clint's plan to kill me easier?" Scottie questioned, a snarl on her lips as her grip on the bottle in her hand got slightly tighter. Steve noticed this, his le foot moving forward slightly to allow him a better chance at protecting himself if this was about to get violent.

"Scottie, it wasn't personal," Natasha started, the girl going to interrupt again. The assassin continued speaking, forcing Scottie to listen to what she was trying to say. "Yes, Clint and I were sent to terminate you, but when we saw you and saw that you weren't some mass murderer that SHIELD had made out that you were, we made a di erent call. Just like how Clint made a di erent call when he was supposed to kill me."

Scottie heaved slightly as she tried to calm herself down, realising that she was getting herself worked up over something that had happened a long time ago. Natasha reached out, lightly placing her hand over Scottie's that was clutching on to the water bottle. She almost pulled back at the sheer heat from the girl's hand where her powers were obviously warming themselves up but she held her ground.

"Me and you, we're family Scottie. But I didn't know you back then, and I do now."

Scottie sighed, her head dropping in embarrassment at her completely out of order outburst at the woman. Steve didn't drop his guard, still standing to attention as he tried to pretend to go back to his sandwich. He loved Scottie with all his heart but he would be lying if the girl's temper didn't remind him scarily of Banner's.

"Now, how about you cool it a bit?" Natasha joked as she noticed the girl had begun to relax, removing her hand from Scottie's and bringing to the girl's attention that she had begun to heat up again.

Scottie nodded apologetically, not having even noticed that she was warming the room up. Furrowing her eyebrows slightly, she looked at her hands before looking back to Steve. The man smiled so ly at her as they all moved to sit down on the couches in the room.

"It's quite hot in here, isn't it?" Steve asked as the three all leaned back on the seats they had settled into, not meaning it in a rude way. He was aware that Scottie's abilities had warmed the room but usually the air con would have kicked in by now.

A new voice entered the mix as Wanda walked into the room, dabbing at the sweat around her neck with a towel. She had obviously just finished her weekly sparring session with Vision - the two had formed a tight friendship and everyone was glad to see that Vision had someone to confide in at least.

"It's because Scottie's in here," the Sokovian said without batting an eyelid, moving to the fridge to collect one of the ever stocked water bottles. Natasha held in a bark of laughter as she noticed Scottie's face turn red from blushing and as Steve's jaw dropped at Wanda's comment.

As the girl turned around and noticed the expression on all of their faces, she realised that her comment had been taken the wrong way. Stuttering ever so slightly, the girl tried to rephrase what she meant.

"I mean as in temperature, not looks," Wanda said, before realising that Scottie might also take that the wrong way. "But in looks also, yes, very attractive."

Natasha laughed loudly, finally unable to hold it back as she noticed the three di erent levels of uncomfortableness in the room. Rolling her eyes, Scottie launched a pillow at the woman as she scooted over and made space for Wanda to sit down next to her.

"Ignore them," Scottie muttered, shooting a playful glare at Natasha and Steve before looking back to Wanda. "They're just being annoying."

"In our defence, a er that training room kiss it's fair that I jumped to that conclusion," Natasha admitted, wanting to hear more about the relationship blossoming between the two powered individuals. Scottie and Wanda's jaws both dropped as they forgot that the team would have been able to see them just the night before.

Panicking about what to say back, she thought about the one thing that Natasha and Steve had sworn would never be discussed about again.

"You and Steve kissed before!!"

Steve seemed to sink into his chair with laughter at her pathetic attempt of getting the attention away from the young couple. Natasha simply rolled her eyes and moved on from the conversation altogether. It was obvious she wasn't going to get anything out of the two when they were with each other.

"How did the talk with Fury go?" Wanda asked, causing the room to seem a little tense for a second as the grin was wiped straight o Scottie's face. The blonde girl fidgeted with her fingers for a moment before deciding that she was more than capable and comfortable with telling the three of them in the room.

"Turns out my parents weren't actually my parents," Scottie admitted a er a second pause, knowing that it was best to just get straight to the facts. "They were HYDRA agents with the mission of raising me to be the prime attempt at creating a superhuman weapon. There's no record of where I came from and who my biological family actually are."

"Oh Scottie," Steve sighed, rubbing a hand over his face as Wanda reached over, placing her hands over Scottie's fidgeting hands. Natasha stayed silent and unmoving, trying to watch Scottie carefully to make sure she was okay.

"I thought I'd feel more empty knowing it, but I honestly just feel like a burden has been li ed from my shoulders," Scottie admitted, her eyes latching on to Wanda's and pausing there for a moment.

"If you want us to find them, I'm sure we can all help you find out where you came from," Wanda suggested, rubbing the back of Scottie's hand gently as the girl almost looked slightly guilty from Wanda's comment. Natasha realised instantly why the girl suddenly looked her parents guilty about not caring about her parents not really being her parents.

"You don't want to find out," Natasha spoke, shattering the silence that had arrived a er Wanda's o er.

"I don't NEED to find out," Scottie corrected, a so smile on her lips as she looked between the three of them sitting huddled on the two couches. The fireplace was o , but it provided her with the small smell of burning wood and that was just making her feel even more secure. "I have all the real family I need right here."

They all smiled warmly at her, proud of how far they had all come. Steve swore for a minute he had a flashback to a teenage Scottie meeting them before the battle in New York all the way in 2012. She had been so small, so weak and so scared of everything and now she had truly grown into the hero they all knew she would be.

"Damn right, kiddo," Tony's voice broke the silence. The billionaire was standing in the door frame of the room, having listened in to her discovery with a heavy heart. He was afraid she would decide that she wanted to find her biological family and wouldn't look at him the same.

But Scottie would never go looking for another father figure. Not when she had an amazing one standing right here in front of her.

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Scottie leaned slightly closer to the girl, her eyes staring into Wanda's. She was inches away from her face now, and as if the tension had become too much for her to handle, the blonde Avenger moved forward, slamming her lips against Wanda's.

The Sokovian leaned back as Scottie moved herself over so that she was straddling her. Their lips were pressing against each other ferociously, as if the taste of each other was the only oxygen they needed. Wanda placed a hand on Scottie's back as she pulled her as close as she could, the other hand resting on the girl's waist.

Her hands wove their way into Scottie's long hair, before moving across the girl's body. Scottie moaned as Wanda attached her lips on to her neck, nibbling and nipping at the exposed flesh. As Wanda found Scottie's so spot and the girl whimpered, the red head sucked and bit at it, causing the skin to swell slightly. Scottie pushed Wanda's head back to her lips, aware of the mark that would be forming on her skin.

"You're so hot," Scottie rasped in between kisses, both her hands now resting on Wanda's face as she straddled the girl on the bed in her room. She was really hoping that the rest of the team were asleep and hopefully wouldn't be needing either of the girl's any time soon.

"Nothing on you," Wanda snarked back, licking Scottie's lip for entrance. The blonde eagerly granted it, their tongues exploring each other's mouths. She reached down, grabbing at the hem of Wanda's hoodie before harshly tugging it o and throwing it to the side. Just as her hands were grasping for the hem of her shirt, she paused.

"Are you sure this is okay?" Scottie checked, with Wanda simply reaching down and pulling her own shirt o .

"More sure than I've ever been," the Sokovian said, smiling so ly at the girl she was holding against her. Scottie chuckled slightly, tugging her own shirt o as she went back to kissing Wanda.

Just as Scottie reached around to unclasp the back of Wanda's bra, she found herself and Wanda letting out loud yells.

Vision also yelled out in surprise, having just floated through the wall of the bedroom - and seeing something he certainly wasn't expecting to see.

"VIS! GET OUT!" Wanda yelled, tugging her hoodie back on as she tried to cover herself up. The android was still standing at the edge of the room, his hand covering his eyes to avoid looking at the girls.

"I am sorry, I thought I heard a struggle. I now see that I was wrong," the red man said, Scottie groaning as he disappeared back through the wall he had come through, slumping back down on the bed beside Wanda as the mood was gone.

"Please, tell him to never do that again," she begged Wanda. Both girls were silent for a moment before laughter insured, knowing that of course that would have happened to them and not any of the other members of the team.

Wanda moved, leaning on to her side to place a so kiss to Scottie's lips. The blonde smiled at Wanda warmly, surprised that the girl had made a move.

"Now," the sokovian said, a smirk on her face. "Where were we?"