Endgame Missing Scenes
by kamala_khan_for_president

Summary

Scenes during/after Avengers: Endgame that I felt were missing
Peter was slumped against Rhodey, the man the only thing keeping him from collapsing to the ground. In front of them, Pepper was hunched over on the ground, sobbing in front of Tony. Tony was… well, Peter didn’t want to think about that. Not about the way the man was sat motionless. Not about the way his eyes were still open, but completely unseeing. Not about the way his chest no longer moved with each breath.

“Miss Potts,” Peter called out, before remembering all the times she’d told him not to call her that. “Err, Pepper.” He took a step towards her and knelt on the ground next to her. He gently reached out and placed a hand on her arm. “Are you alright? Wait, sorry. That was a stupid question”

Pepper reached round to place her hand over his. “No, I get what you meant.” She turned to face him and weakly smiled at him. “I just… I need to go home”

“I’ll call Happy,” Rhodey offered. “It won’t take him long to get here.” He offered a hand to help her stand up. “Meet him at the gates. We’ll take care of him,” he promised.

Pepper nodded and began to slowly walk away. Nebula walked over to the other woman and walked alongside her as they left the battlefield. Peter watched as they left, slightly confused; it was unlike Pepper to leave Tony behind.

“Go with them,” Rhodey ordered. Peter nodded and dashed after them.

“Miss Potts, I’m coming!” he called. “I mean, Pepper, sorry”

“It’s okay,” Pepper replied as the boy caught up with them. “And, it’s Mrs Stark anyway”

Peter felt his heart sink in his chest. He sat down on the remains of a wall. Pepper sat next to him.

“I’m glad you were there,” Pepper said. “He missed you, a lot, these last five years, we both did. Knowing that he got to see you again, it makes this a little bit easier”

Peter nodded slightly. He leant over and slumped against Pepper’s side, the woman wrapping her arm around him and holding them close as they waited. It felt weird for Pepper, to sit there with Peter without him talking a mile a minute or joking with Tony.

After a few minutes, a car pulled up in front of the two. Happy threw the driver’s door open and rushed out towards them. “What happened?” he asked. “I saw the place get blown up on the news and then Rhodey called.” He looked at the pair as if having just noticed who was there. “Good to see you back kid, where’s the boss?”

Pepper’s breath hitched and her eyes began to fill with tears. “He… he, erm… he didn’t make it”

Happy stood in stunned silence for a few seconds before walking towards Pepper and wrapping his arms around her in a tight hug. Pepper was quick to return the hug, crying softly into Happy’s shoulder. They pulled apart after a moment and Happy opened the car door before turning to face Peter. “May was visiting when Pepper was called to the fight”

He didn’t have to say anything else; Peter was in the car beside Pepper in an instant. Pepper laughed lightly at the boy’s enthusiasm. The group remained in silence as they drove back to Tony and Pepper’s home. Peter didn’t recognise the route they were taking, so he presumed that the couple had moved at some point in the last five years. After twenty minutes, they pulled up outside a house
overlooking a lake. Peter was the first out of the car. As he started towards the door, it was thrown open and May rushed outside and threw herself at him. Her arms wrapped tightly around him as she held her nephew tightly to her as if he might disappear again.

“Hey, Aunt May,” he said as he hugged her back.

Pepper was next out the car, disengaging the Rescue suit as she went. “Morgan,” she called into the house. “Morgan, sweetie, can you come here?”

A little girl came running out of the house and threw herself at Pepper, who knelt down to the ground to hug the little girl tightly. “Why did you leave?” the little girl asked. She looked around and into the car. “Where’s Daddy?”

Pepper sucked in a breath and tucked a lock of the small girl’s hair behind her head. “Morgan, sweetie, Daddy isn’t coming back home”

The little girl, Morgan, looked confused. “Why not?” she asked. “Daddy always comes home”

“I know sweetie, I know,” Pepper replied as she cupped her the side of her daughter’s face with one hand. “Why don’t we go inside?”

Morgan nodded and allowed Pepper to pick her up and carry her inside the house, Happy following the pair. May started to follow but stopped when she realised Peter wasn’t coming as well.

“Is something wrong?” she asked.

Peter was stood silently, a shocked look on his face. “Tony had a kid,” he muttered. “He had a kid, a little daughter, and he sacrificed himself to save everyone. He must’ve known that he wasn’t going to see her again, but he did it anyway. And now, she’s not going to get to see him again. She doesn’t deserve that”

“I know,” May replied. “She’s going to miss her Dad. And so are you. You both are. Do you want to come in now, or do you need a couple more minutes?”

“I’m coming,” he said and the two walked in.

Pepper was sat on the sofa, Morgan curled up against her side. She was running her hands through her daughter’s hair, neither of them talking. Morgan looked up as they walked in.

“Who are you?” she asked.

“I’m Peter, Peter Parker,” he answered. Morgan stared at the suit and raised one eyebrow in a way that was so Tony Stark it made Peter’s heart ache. “I’m Spider-Man”

Morgan looked up at her mom. “I’m going to my room,” she announced, before standing up and leaving the room. Pepper watched as her daughter left, before collapsing further down in her seat, the tears starting up again.

“Hey, Peter, second door on the left upstairs, there should be some clothes in there that fit you,” May suggested. “I’m sure Harley won’t mind”

Peter nodded and went up the stairs. As he left, he could see his aunt going and sitting, attempting to comfort her friend. He walked into the room and changed into some clothes he found in the wardrobe. He was leaving the room and about to head back downstairs when he heard the sound of another door opening. He looked over to see Morgan peering out from behind her door.
“You knew my Daddy,” she said.

“Yeah, I did,” Peter replied.

“He said you were dead,” Morgan added. “But you’re here. How?”

“I came back,” Peter answered. “I was lucky. Your Daddy and his friends helped bring me and a lot of other people back”

“Mommy said that Daddy’s dead and that he isn’t coming back. But you came back, so why isn’t Daddy coming back?”

Peter sighed and sat down on the floor. He patted the floor next to him, and Morgan sat down.

“People don’t normally come back from the dead, what happened with me and everyone else was a weird, one-off thing. I want him back as well, but we can’t have him back”

Morgan leant against Peter’s side. He looked down at the girl for a moment before tentatively wrapping an arm around her, hugging her close to him.

“I miss him,” the little girl said quietly.

“I do to”

Morgan turned and looked up at him. “He told me about you. He’d tell me some of the adventures you’d been on together. Iron Man and Spider-Man, it sounded cool.” She was playing with the hem of her top. “He said you were kinda like my big brother”

Peter stiffened. “What do you mean?”

“Mommy said that he was like your Dad when he trained you and made you your suit. She called him Iron Dad,” Morgan explained. “It made him laugh and then he told me that if you were still here that you would be like a big brother. Are you?”

Peter smiled at the small girl. He’d known about her for less than an hour and had had only one conversation with her, but already knew that he’d die before he let anything happen to his new little sister. “If that’s what you want, then, of course, I am Mo”

“Mo?”

“What? I thought that I’d need a nickname for my little sister. Do you like it?”

Morgan nodded and curled up closer to Peter. He smiled at the girl slightly and hugged her tightly. He missed Tony, missed him so much it hurt. But he knew from personal experience how much harder it was going to be for Morgan, losing a parent at such a young age and it would be a cold day in hell before he let her go through that alone.
Natasha’s last words echoed in the back of Clint’s mind as he flew the quinjet over the Iowa fields back to his home. His phone had been destroyed when the Compound had been blown up, his call with Laura left unfinished. He’d commandeered a quinjet as soon as possible and set a course for his home. Once the jet was set to autopilot, he quickly cleaned up and changed, before going back to hovering nervously. He bounced his leg impatiently as the quinjet got closer and closer to the farmhouse. He couldn’t think straight, his mind a chaotic mix of grief for Tony and Natasha and excitement and joy at the thought of seeing his family again. As the quinjet descended over the farm, he could see the door open and his kids come rushing outside.

He was out the quinjet’s door before it fully opened, rushing towards his family. Lila reached him first, throwing her arms around him, Cooper close behind. Laura approached slower than the kids, giving them a chance to greet their Dad first. Clint pulled back from his kids slightly and smiled softly at his wife. She took a few steps towards him, her hands reaching out to cup his face, her thumbs running along his chin. He gripped tightly onto her shoulders tightly, as if she might vanish again if he didn’t hold on, before cupping her face and leaning down to kiss her softly.

Laura smiled at him as she pulled back. “What happened to your hair?”

Clint laughed lightly. “What can I say, you are one hundred per cent of my impulse control”

“I’m surprised that this was all you did,” Laura teased.

“You should see the tattoo,” Clint replied.

Laura raised one eyebrow at her husband as the group began to walk back inside, Clint keeping one arm wrapped around Laura as they went. “Is what they’re saying on the news true? That everyone was gone for five years?” Clint nodded. “I don’t even remember it happening. One second everything was normal, the next, Lila’s yelling that you’re gone, and the house seems abandoned. We turned on the news and they’re talking about half the planet coming back from the dead after five years, it was a bit much. How’s everyone else?”

Clint tensed slightly, his grip on Laura’s side tightening. He stopped in his tracks.

“Mom, is something wrong?” Lila asked.

“Go inside, we’ll catch up in a minute,” Laura instructed. Lila looked like she wanted to argue but allowed Cooper to lead her and Nate in the house regardless. Laura guided Clint to a small bench on the porch and sat down. “What happened?”

“There was a fight, big one, at the Compound, just after we brought everyone back,” Clint started to explain. “We won, but Tony died in the process”

Laura rubbed his arm reassuringly. “There’s more, isn’t there?”

Clint sighed, blinking back a few stray tears. “Natasha… Nat… she didn’t make it”

Laura gasped in shock. “What happened?”

“We were sent to retrieve the Soul Stone, but it needed a sacrifice. She sacrificed herself, threw
herself off a cliff. I tried to stop her, tried to sacrifice myself instead, but couldn’t stop her. And feel like shit for hating myself over this. I have my family back, and I am happy, so, so happy, to have you back again, but I just hate myself for not being able to save Natasha. It should’ve been me, Laura, not her. She spent the last five years running the Avengers, actually helping people and I was just going around killing people who I thought didn’t deserve to have survived”

Laura pulled her husband close against her side and pressed a kiss to the top of her head. “I can’t even begin to imagine what the last five years have been like for you, and if I’m being honest, I don’t want to try. But I do know that Natasha wouldn’t want you to blame yourself for her actions. She’d want you, and me and the kids, to be happy and move on. And no, that doesn’t mean immediately, grieving is normal, but she wouldn’t want you to beat yourself up over her decisions for the rest of your life”

Clint nodded and leaned back, sighing deeply. “We’ve got to tell the kids”

“I’m worried about how Lila’s going to take it,” Laura added. “She and Nat were always so close; this is going to be really hard for her”

Clint and Laura stood up and walked back inside. Once he was in the house, Clint could see how obvious it was that the house had stood empty and disused for the last five years, although Laura and the kids had already started to clean up. Nate was sat on the floor, clearing up some of the toys that he’d been playing with five years before. Lila was dusting off the shelves and Cooper was clearing food from the fridge that had gone off.

“Nate, sweetie, can you take those upstairs?” Laura asked. “And make sure you put them away properly”

Nate nodded and grabbed the small box of toys, charging up the stairs. Laura walked over to the sofas and beckoned for the others to follow her. Laura and Clint sat on one sofa, with Lila and Cooper sat opposite.

“Mom, what’s wrong?” Lila asked. “And don’t try and convince us that everything’s fine, you wouldn’t have sent Nate away otherwise”

“We’re not gonna try that,” Laura promised. “We’re not going to lie to you, you deserve to know the truth”

Cooper looked between his parents. “What happened?”

“You know the fight we saw on the TV, the one at the Compound?” Laura said.

“Yeah, the place had been destroyed,” Cooper replied. “What does that have to do with anything?”

“Tony was badly injured in the fight, and he didn’t make it,” Clint explained.

Lila stared down her Dad. “Something else happened, didn’t it?”

“We lost someone else before we even got to that fight,” Clint continued. He went to continue but found he couldn’t continue speaking. Laura rubbed his arm.

“Dad, who died?” Cooper asked.

Lila’s eyes widened as she realised what had happened. “Auntie Nat,” she whispered. She looked up at her Dad. “Auntie Nat’s dead, isn’t she?” Clint nodded, still unable to talk. “I’m going to my room.” She stood and walked from the room and up the stairs.
Cooper looked over at his parents. “What happened?”

Laura started to explain what Clint had already told her. Clint was watching where Lila had left. He stood up suddenly. “I’m going to talk to her.” Laura nodded and continued to talk to Cooper.

Clint walked up the stairs and knocked lightly on Lila’s bedroom door. He could hear the sounds of his daughter crying softly into her pillow. “Lila, sweetie, can I come in?”

The bed creaked; footsteps sounded across the room before the door creaked open. Lila was stood behind the door, her eyes red with tear tracks staining her cheeks. Clint reached forward and wrapped his arms around her, holding her close to him as she cried. After a few moments, Clint pulled back slightly and led her back into her room. He sat her down on her bed and hugged her close to his side.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t save her,” Clint said.

Lila shook her head. “It wasn’t your fault”

“You don’t even know what happened”

“I don’t need to know,” Lila replied. “You wouldn’t let anything happen to her. I’m guessing she was trying to stop you from doing something stupid, you’re both too stubborn to let anything happen to the other”

“You know us so well,” Clint joked. “She sacrificed herself to bring help bring everyone back. I tried to stop her, I really did, but I couldn’t”

“She wouldn’t want you to be upset that you couldn’t stop her,” Lila said.

“That is exactly what your Mom said,” Clint teased. “You are sounding more and more like her every day”

Lila snuggled up closer to his side. “I’m gonna miss her”

“Me too”
Iron Kids

Peter was sat at the coffee table with Morgan, colouring in a book of superheroes. Morgan had already proudly presented with a picture she’d coloured in of Spider-Man and was going through her colouring book finding any picture of him she could. Peter, on the other hand, had been given a few pictures of Thor, Hulk and Falcon to chose from. May was in the kitchen with Pepper and Rhodey, making sure they were ready for when everyone else arrived.

Peter couldn’t bring himself to say why everyone was coming, couldn’t say the word “funeral”. Having the funeral felt so final, forcing him to accept that Tony wasn’t coming back.

The sound of a car pulling up came from outside. A few moments later, Happy opened the door, a boy a few years older than Peter walking in behind him. He was tall and wearing a suit, with a backpack thrown over one shoulder. Morgan looked up when she heard the pair enter and quickly abandoned Peter and their colouring in, instead throwing herself at the new boy.

“Hey, Morg,” he greeted softly. He bent down to pick her up and balance her on his hip, bringing up his free hand to boop her nose, getting a small giggle from the girl. “Ya missed me?”

“Of course she did, Harley,” Pepper said as she made her way over to the boy, smoothing down the skirt of black dress as she went. She hugged the boy as best she could while he was still holding Morgan. “It’s good to see you, I’m glad you came”

“Of course I came,” Harley replied. He lowered Morgan back to the ground but allowed the girl to keep a hold of his hand.

“We were colouring before you got here, do you want to see?” Morgan asked. Harley nodded and allowed the girl to lead him over to where Peter was still sat.

Harley sat down on the floor and accepted the Captain America colouring sheet from Morgan. He looked over at Peter as he picked up a crayon. “Hi, I’m Harley Keener”

“I’m Peter, Peter Parker,” Peter replied, holding his hand out.

Harley smiled lightly at Peter as he accepted the handshake. “It’s great to meet you. Tony told me about you, a lot, especially over the five years. Always wanted to meet you, but not like this”

“He told me about you as well,” Peter said. “Kept talking about getting you to visit New York. And then he’d say it would be a terrible idea, that we’d gang up on him. Which is true, we would’ve”

“Hey, can you guys clean this up, everyone else will be here in a couple of minutes,” Pepper said as she came over to the kids.

“Do you want some help taking these upstairs, Mo?” Peter asked as he gathered up the colouring in supplies. Morgan nodded and ran off up the stairs with the sheets she’d already started on. Harley and Peter followed, Harley carrying the crayons and Peter carrying the rest of the colouring sheets. The group neatly packed the colouring supplies before heading back downstairs. The rest of the Avengers, the Guardians as well as a few others had gathered in the front room, leaving space for Morgan next to Pepper and space for Peter next to May.

Peter felt his heart drop when he saw the Iron Man helmet placed on the coffee table. Once everyone had gathered around, Rhodey pressed a button on the helmet before stepping back. A light projected from the mask, a hologram of Tony forming opposite. Peter found himself unable to watch the
hologram, instead watching Morgan. The girl was curling closer and closer to Pepper the longer the hologram played.

“I love you 3000,” the Tony hologram said, looking straight at Morgan.

As Peter watched the small girl, he couldn’t help but notice Harley watching her as well. As soon as the message finished playing, the group went outside to send the bouquet and arc reactor across the lake. He and May ended up stood a couple of feet behind Morgan and Pepper, the woman crouched down to her daughter’s height.

A few minutes later, as everyone began to walk back inside, Peter saw Harley slipping to a room at the back of the house. “Hey, May, I’ll be back in a bit, I’m just going to talk to Harley,” he said before hurrying after the other boy. Peter caught up with Harley as he was about to go through a sealed door.

“Hey, is something wrong?” Harley asked.

“I just wanted to talk,” Peter replied. “We all miss him, but it just seemed like you’d be the only other person who gets what it’s like for me. Like, we both had similar relationships with him. Where are you going?”

Harley grinned at him. He opened the door and led him into a lab at the back of the house. “I came to check on the bots.” He walked over to DUM-E and U and smiled as the bots whirred to life at the sound of people entering the room. “I thought they might be getting lonely without Tony checking on them”

Peter couldn’t help the smile when he saw the bots. “Oh thank god, they’re both okay.” Harley gave Peter a confused look. “Last time I saw them, they were still at the Compound. I thought they were destroyed when the place blew up. Makes sense he took them to his new home, though”

“I thought I saw you guys come in here,” Pepper said as she walked through the door to the lab. She looked over at Harley. “Have you showed him the suit?”

Harley smirked. “Not yet.” He walked over to one of the frosted glass panels on the one of the walls and pressed a small button in the bottom left corner. The glass cleared, revealing a new Spider-Man suit.

“He started making it before everyone vanished,” Pepper explained. “He was finally able to finish a couple of years ago”

Peter was wide-eyed as he stared at the suit. It was the same shade of red as his other suit, but with black panelling on the arms, legs and sides. “Wow, that’s awesome. I’m sure Spider-Man will love it”

“I bet you do,” Harley teased.

Peter looked startled and looked at Pepper for help.

“He figured it out years ago,” she explained. “You two have fun, don’t break anything.” She left the room, leaving Harley and Peter alone.

“The suit is really cool,” Harley said again.

“Thanks,” Peter replied. “Mr Stark made my first proper suit, the one before that was kinda a glorified set of pyjamas”
“Did he really start mentoring you after he recruited to physically fight his co-workers?” Harley asked.

Peter laughed lightly. “He told you about that? That was a weird few days. I stole Captain America’s shield”

“For real? That must’ve been cool,” Harley said.

“It was,” Peter replied. “It was really surreal as well, y’know? I was a nobody, just some kid from Queens in a homemade suit that was bitten by a radioactive spider”

“He didn’t think you were a nobody,” Harley reassured. “And did you just say that you were bitten by a radioactive spider?” Peter laughed and nodded. “What the shit, that’s the coolest origin story ever!”

Peter ended up explaining the full bitten-by-a-radioactive-spider story to Harley. as well as some of the features to him, the conversation quickly just turning into the two of them exchanging stories about Tony.

After about twenty minutes, the door opened again and a small figure walked into the room, large plastic carrier bag in hand. Morgan walked up to the boys and hauled herself onto one of the high stools at the worktable using a small set of steps built into the side, something that was Tony’s doing Peter figured.

“I told Uncle Happy I wanted a cheeseburger and he got me a whole bagful,” Morgan explained. “Do you guys want some? We can eat in here, Dad never minded before”

Harley raised one eyebrow at her and took the bag from the young girl. “Morg, you and I both know that isn’t true. Food isn’t allowed in here, never has been, never will be. But do you know where we can eat?” Morgan shook her head. “Your room”

Peter smiled at the small girl as he stood. “Want a lift?”

The little girl smiled at Peter and allowed the boy to lift her from the stool and carry her out of the room balanced on his hip. He placed her back to the floor as he and Harley reached her room and allowed the girl to open the door. She sat on a small beanbag in the corner of the room and the boys sat down on either side. Harley began to pass cheeseburgers from the bag to the others.

“Happy got us fries as well,” Harley said as he passed out the packets. “Lots of them”

“What were you guys talking about?” Morgan asked. The boys shot each other a look over her head.

“We were talking about your Dad, some of the stories we had about him,” Peter explained. “It was nice just to talk to someone who’d had a similar relationship with him, talk about what he was like”

“Can you tell me some of your stories?” Morgan asked.

“Of course we can, Morg,” Harley replied.

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“Hey, Morgan, it’s nearly time for bed,” Pepper said softly as she walked through the door.

“Already done,” Harley replied. “She’s only just fallen asleep; we were just about to leave”

Pepper looked over and saw that Morgan was already asleep in her bed, albeit still wearing her dress
from the funeral. “Thanks for doing that. You didn’t have to do that”

“You know we’re always happy to help with Morgan,” Peter added.

“This has been a hard time for all of us, to say the least. But having you both here has made things easier for Morgan and I can never thank you enough for that,” Pepper said. She paused for a moment, blinking back a few tears, before continuing. “May’s looking for you, by the way, Peter”

Peter rushed out of the room to find his Aunt, only just realising how long it had been since he’d seen his aunt, the longest since he’d come back. Harley snickered slightly at the other boy’s reaction.

“Nice to see the two of you getting along so well, Tony would’ve been happy,” Pepper commented. “And especially with Morgan. She’s lucky to have the two of you looking out for her”

“Anytime,” Harley replied as he and Pepper left Morgan’s room. “Gotta look out for our little sister”
The Soul Realm

Chapter Notes

This is super short, but I saw the thing about Katherine Langford’s deleted scene from Endgame and just had to write it

I am Iron Man

“Hello”

Tony groaned in pain and forced himself to sit up and face the voice. It was a teenage girl sat opposite him, her legs crossed as she sat in the shallow pool of water surrounding them for as far as he could see, a soft orange glow in the background shining through her hair.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“It’s good to see you,” the girl said. “I’ve missed you”

“Again, who the hell are you?” Tony asked for a second time, beginning to get annoyed. “And where am I? I was at the Compound, well, what was left of the Compound. I need to get back”

“You’re still there the girl,” replied the girl. “Physically at least. But your soul is here”

Tony looked around at the orange glow filling the environment. “Like, in the Soul Stone?” The girl nodded. “Great. You said you know me, how?”

“You don’t recognise me?” she asked, looking hurt. “That’s fair actually, last time you saw me I was four. You never got to see me like this”

The realisation of who the girl was hit Tony like a tonne of bricks. “Morgan?”

“Hey Daddy,” Morgan replied, a small smile appearing on her face. Tony struggled to stand before rushing over to wrap his daughter up in a tight hug. “I’m so sorry I left you. This is never what I wanted, for you to grow up without me, I just wanted you to be safe”

“It’s okay,” Morgan reassured. She pulled back from Tony slightly, tears running down her cheeks. “We’re both okay. Me and Mom have got this. You don’t have to worry about us Dad, we’re going to be okay. I love you three thousand”

Tony laughed lightly and pressed a kiss to the side of Morgan’s face. “I love you three thousand”

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We’re going to be okay, you can rest now

Tony knew she was right, he’d seen Morgan. And she was going to be okay.

Pepper was right. She was always right.
He could rest now.
“You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to,” Clint reminded.

“I know Dad. But I want to,” Lila replied. She stood and walked to the front of the church, the papers shaking slightly in her hands. She took a deep breath before starting to speak. “After all the S.H.I.E.L.D. files were leaked, people used to tell that I shouldn’t be around Black Widow. They told me that she was dangerous and should be locked away, but I always knew that they were wrong. What they saw is what other people wanted her to be, but she wasn’t like that. She was an amazing person, always there for me and the rest of my family. From the moment I was born, I’ve always been able to count on my Auntie Nat. My first birthday after the Sokovia Accords, I was so sad because I thought that this would be my first birthday without my Auntie Nat, which honestly, just kinda sucked. But she didn’t care about any stupid laws, something which I should’ve realised earlier. Instead, she snuck back onto the farm, dragging as many other fugitive Avengers as she could convince to come with her. She knew it was dangerous, but she didn’t care. She risked her safety because she didn’t want me to be sad. She was a kind and caring person, but above all else, she was a hero. Not just as an Avenger, but my hero”

Lila folded the paper and hurriedly walked back to her parents. She sat between the two and allowed Clint to wrap one arm around her and hold her close against his side. Steve stood next and walked to where Lila had been stood. He cleared his throat before he started talking.

“The first time I met Natasha was the day the Avengers were first brought together. I didn’t really trust any of them at first, but by the end of the day, I knew I had found some of the best friends I’d ever had. Especially Natasha, the woman that thought that being catapulted from a shield onto a flying alien glider. She was always there for me and the rest of the team, especially if it involved doing something ridiculous and often dangerous, she was there. She helped me escape from the airport with Bucky even with no reason to trust me other than me asking nicely, or though I’m not even sure I did that.” The crowd laughed lightly at Steve’s joke. “She looked out for her team, even when they weren’t really her team anymore, always putting them before herself. She often told me she didn’t think she deserved the title ‘hero’, not with her past, but she was wrong, she was one of the most deserving of all of us”

Wanda shifted awkwardly in her seat next to Clint as Steve walked back to his seat.

“You okay?” Clint whispered.

“Just nervous,” she replied.

“You got this,” Clint reassured. “And you don’t have to talk if you don’t want to. She wouldn’t want you to do this if you weren’t comfortable”

“She’d do it for me, it’s the least I can do for her after everything,” Wanda said before she stood and walked to the front of the room. “When I joined the Avengers, two things happened. Number one, I lost a brother, but number two, I gained a sister. From the second I joined the team Natasha Romanoff was always someone that I knew I could rely on above anyone else. She trained me as a fighter, guided me as an Avenger and never cared that the first thing I did on the team was steal her red jacket, a jacket that I still have by the way. I never had anyone like her in my life before, someone I could look up to, learn from and strive to be like and I never will again. She is irreplaceable, not only to me but to everyone else that knew her”

Wanda smiled softly, before ducking her head and hurriedly walking back to the Bartons. She sat
down next to Clint, crinkling the paper her eulogy had been written on in her hands. Clint patted her
leg in a reassuring Dad-like fashion before standing and walking up to the front. He pulled the folded
sheet of paper covered in a roughly scribbled version of his speech. He stared at the paper before
shoving it back in his pocket.

“Natasha Romanoff was a self-sacrificing idiot, right until the end,” he started. He laughed lightly.
“Didn’t exactly have the most normal meeting for two best friends. S.H.I.E.L.D. sent me to kill her,
and instead of turning up with proof that I’d done my job, I returned to the Triskelion with a wanted
Russian assassin in tow. We didn’t exactly get the warmest reception, but none of them saw what I
did, at least not then. They only ever saw what the Red Room made her, but I could see the good
person just waiting to get out and do some good in the world. And she did. She didn’t just do good,
she did amazing. She couldn’t always see it, hardly ever did, but I did. So did everyone else in this
room. She defined her life by those she had killed against those she had saved, always wanting to
balance the red in her ledger. And Nat, wherever you are, I hope you know that did it. You undid all
the red in your ledger, ten times over, easily. You led the Avengers when no one else would, when
everyone else had given up, you kept going. You gave me hope again, hope that I could be reunited
with my family when I had lost it, lost everything. You’ve saved them and you’ve saved me more
times than I could ever count, and for that, I am eternally grateful.” His voice dropped for a moment.
He spoke quietly, no one else in the room able to hear the words that were meant for Natasha and
Natasha alone. “It should’ve been me. You did so much more for the world than I ever did, and you
had so much more to give, it should’ve been me”

Clint looked over to his family. Nate was quiet, still not really understanding what was happening.
Cooper had tried to keep it together but had ended up leaning against his mother’s side, Laura
hugging him close. Wanda had stolen Clint’s seat and was comforting Lila, the younger girl crying
slightly.

“Thank you, Natasha, for everything”

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