Whiplash (Pietro/Reader)

by ZvezdaMoya

Summary

What's it like being the Avengers sniper? It's usually fun, until she has to save the world from a gigantic, misanthrope of a robot. And to make it worse, she has now teamed up with the enemy, who's cocky, annoying, fast, and actually quite attractive. Will she fall in love with the speedster or will she 'accidently' misfire her rifle first?

Look at me, still sucking at summaries. No but for real, how do people do this?
Chapter Summary

Stuff happens...yayyy!

Chapter Notes

If you read my last story you know how bad my chapter titles are so look forward to that! Any comments/suggestions would be great! Also I'm bored so each chapter I'm going to give you guys little facts about Quicksilver!

Quicksilver's total screen time for AOU was only 26 minutes (but it only took 1 to make me love him)

love you fam

-Z

"Yo Guys, your butts look great through my scope" She gave a small giggle as she eyed Captain Fine Ass from her position on top of a Hydra tower in Sokovia. The Avengers were trying to get into Hydras base which currently had a barrier on it.

"You know, (y/n), I'm starting to question what you actually do for this team" She heard his snicker through her earpiece, unaware that a Hydra agent had run up behind him taking aim. She quickly adjusted her rifle and fired a single shot. Barton heard a loud thump and he quickly flung around with bow and arrow in hand. He lowered his weapon as he saw the agent on the ground with a single hole in his hand and his gun beside him.

"I bring you guys coffee in the morning, Oh and I save your sweet little asses from getting killed." She took aim at a couple agents that had cornered Romanov. Nat looked up to where (y/n) was and gave a small nod.

"(l/n), do you see any more reinforcements coming?" Rogers was looking at a singular dirt path. She looked down the road and was greeted by vehicle upon vehicle of agents making their way up to the fight.

"I hope you boys aren't tired yet, because they have a small army-" Just as she had ended her last sentence a big green boulder had run in and demolished most of the vehicles along with the men inside "...Scratch that, they HAD a small army, now it's kinda like a football team."

"What are we scratching?" Thor had obviously not caught onto Earth sayings yet.

"Guys, barriers down, I'm in" Tony ignored the conversation as he sent in his "mini me's" to clear the city.

"Good, we'll hold fort here, get the staff and get out, Stark." Rogers and Thor were too busy with
agents to notice a quick blue stream pass by them, but (y/n) wasn't. She watched it run past each
avenger, not once helping them out.

"Uhh, is any one else seeing this?" She focus on the streak, it was way to fast to hit and it didn't
seem to be slowing down so she could get a good look at it.

"Seeing what?" Romanov was looking all around her until she saw it run right past her. "What the
hell was that?"

"Don't know, but I'm thinking it ain't on our side so keep your distance. If you can." She added as
she saw it speed through the forest. She watched as it made its way for Barton and before she could
say anything he was thrown to the ground. She got a better look as it-he circled her friend. It was a
man with silver hair and a stubble beard. He was wearing a jacket with white arrows and he looked
young, but cocky. She saw his mouth move as he said something to Barton. She raised her rifle and
pulled the trigger. It went right into a tree that he was standing in front of before hand. Damn he
really was fast, she had no idea where he went, but she noticed Romanov run over to Clint, who
was still laying in the snow.

"Barton's hit, get the medic over here" (y/n) grabbed her rifle and all her supplies and made her
way down the tower.

"Stark, did you get the scepter?" She pulled out a hand gun and took out a couple of agents that
were taking refuge behind the tower.

"What-oh-yeah I did, heading back now." She made her way to Barton so Natasha could calm
down Banner. She noticed how dark his voice had seem as she applied pressure to Clint's wound.

"You ok Tony?" Apparently the Captain had also noticed.

"Yep, just dandy" They all looked up to see Stark heading back to the Quinjet with the scepter in
hand.

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"Wait, so they have super powers? Like from a comic book? Actual super powers? That is so
cool!" She was spinning around in a chair waiting for Barton to regrow his skin as Cap retold what
Hill had briefed him on earlier.

"Yeah, Pietro and Wanda Maximoff, he's fast and she can do...stuff" He furrowed his brow trying
to remember what Maria had said, but he gave up after a minute and looked around at his
teammates.

"Is no one else going to saying anything about how happy (y/n) sounds that there are two Enhanced
running around?" Barton laid there with a machine whirling over him. Nat gave a laugh and looked
at (y/n), she was just spinning in her chair lost in thought.

"Barton, you're just angry because a kid Kicked. Your. Ass." (y/n) gave a smirk until Steve opened
his mouth

"Actually (y/n) they are about 2 years older than you, so that means you're still the baby of the
group" He threw his arm around her and gave her a little squeeze. She was now standing looking at
a tablet. She rolled her eyes at Steve and looked back at Clint.

"What did he say to you anyway?"
"'You didn't see that coming?' " He faked a European accent "Punk." They all chuckled and Cho, who was looking at the monitor, finally spoke.

"Alright Mr. Barton, looks like you are all healed. You shouldn't be able to tell the difference. " She gave a big smile as he stood up and stretched his back.

"Helen are you joining us at the party tonight?" Nat was smiling, she loved her little group of idiots she called friends.

"Oh I don't know..I'm quite busy" She brushed some of her hair behind her ear and started typing on the computer. (y/n) gave a sly smile and wiggled her way out of Steve's arm and over to the doctor.

"You know Cho...Thor's going." Boom, got her attention. "And he's really interested in science and what not, maybe you could teach him some things, I know he would appreciate it" She smiled as Helen thought it over

"I guess it couldn't hurt" (y/n) smiled and patted her shoulder.

"Good, see you there!" She walked out of the room as Nat followed her

"That was cruel, Thor's got Jane"

"My dear Natasha, I'm afraid I have no idea what you are talking about" She gave a sly smile. No wonder when Loki tried to take over New York they 'surprisingly' got along.

"(y/n)" Her tone was stern, like a mother that had to deal with this everyday, well in a way Nat did.

"Look, it would be more fun if Cho went, plus I think Sam would be a better fit for her. A giant Oaf and a brilliant doctor just don't go together. " She rounded the corner, Nat at her heels.

"Jane's a brilliant doctor" She knew (y/n) wasn't too fond of her

"No she's a scientist, and I wouldn't say 'brilliant'"

"I wouldn't let the God of Thunder hear you say that"

"Whatever"

"One of these days someone is going to come along and teach you a lesson (y/n)" Her tone was serious but the laugh she was biting back countered it.

"I have actually already received all my years of schooling, thank you. Do you want to see my diploma?" She laughed with the red head as they climbed the stairs to their rooms.

(y/n) sat on one of the steps admiring the party. Steve and Sam were talking about something in the corner, Nat and Bruce were flirting at the bar, and Thor and Tony were arguing about something. She remembered when she was first in this tower. She wasn't here as an avenger, she was here to kill one. She played with her necklace, the only thing that saved both Stark and her that day. The group she had originally worked for had assigned her the task of killing Anthony Edward Stark, they were threatened by his Ironman suit and she seemed like the only one who could get the job done. Because of the height of his tower and the fact that his suite was on the top floor made it impossible for her to snipe him so she would have to do it up close. She remembered how she felt
that day, she wasn't sad, she wasn't happy. It kind of felt like nothing. Like she was numb. They had made her into a cold killer. She remembered walking into the suite, it was quiet and he was at the computer. She raised her gun, but he noticed her reflection in his computer screen. He quickly moved out of the way and her bullet hit his screen. There was nowhere he could go now, she slowly raised the gun. A hand on her back made her jump and brought her back to her senses.

"Tony..."

"Hey kid," he sat next to her, he noticed she was looking at her necklace "you seem like you're in another world, you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm fine" There was a long silence before she spoke "Do you remember my parents?" She looked at him, her (e/c) eyes searching for answers.

"A little. They didn't talk to me much, in fact they didn't really talk to anyone but my father. But I mean it had been more than 5 years since they had lost you" He noticed her grip tighten

"You mean when they let me go" She said through gritted teeth

"Kid, you need to forgive them." He nudged her a little so she would look at him

"Sure, the day you forgive your dad, I'll forgive my parents" She gave a tiny laugh. He knew she hated talking about her past, hell so did he. He sat there with her until most of the guest had left. They made their way to their friends. Tony sat next to Thor and (y/n) slid down next to Nat on the floor. They chatted about the Maximoff's and everything that had happened in Sokovia. It wasn't until Tony got up with as much presence as a theatre kid did they turn their attention to the men. Tony strutted over to Mjolnir and confidently grabbed the handle. He pulled with all his might, but it didn't budge. He ran and got his glove but to no avail. Even Rhodey tried to help him. Next Clint, then Bruce. Neither of them could even make it wiggle. Steve was next, she watched as he grabbed the handle with both hands and put one of his feet on the table for leverage. She saw it. It wasn't even a centimeter, but she saw it. Looks like Captain can rule 1/12000 of Asgard. Thor must have noticed too because his eyes widened, but quickly relaxed when he saw that it would no longer move.

"Lady (l/n), I would like to see you try!" He gave her a big smile as she stood up

"I would be really worried about Asgard's morals if I can lift this thing" She gave a small chuckle and put her hands on it. There was no way, she gave a pull and it stayed stuck on the table. She pulled a little harder and received a laugh from Thor.

"Please, do not hurt your self Lady (L/n)" She gave out a huff as he stepped behind her and lifted it up.

"Ok so what's the trick?" Clint was eyeing the hammer

"It is quite simple, you all are not worthy." He smiled and looked at each of them

"Or maybe it's just because we have more brains than brawn" (y/n) Stood next to Steve as he let out a little laugh

"The little lady's got a point" They snickered and Thor gave them both a look. The whole team erupted in laughter until Steve looked at the hall with confusion and even stood in front of (y/n) as if to protect her.

"Yo Cap what's-"She stopped. What the hell was that thing? The room went quiet and the only
thing that could be heard was the echo of a haunted kids song.

"I've got no strings to hold me dowwwwn-..."
The A Team (but without the drugs)

Chapter Summary

(I meant like the song by Ed Sheeran, get it A team, Avengers team?...no?..that's ok)

Ultron's creepy af
Steve and Tony will never get along
Pietro saves the readers life (I know! what?!) 

Chapter Notes

Yall are amazing! I can't even believe how popular this already is! Any comments/suggestions are always appreciated! Todays fun fact is as follows!:

Pietro and Wanda were in a post-credit scene in Captain America: The Winter Soldier. Aaron and Elizabeth both went uncredited for their parts.

Love you fam!

-Z

"Nat, throw me a gun!" (y/n) was hiding behind a table she had flipped while Romanov and Banner hid behind the bar. She watched as Nat reached under the counter and threw her a hand gun that was kept for emergencies. Flying robots that were trying to kill everyone seemed like an emergency to her. It had all happened quite quickly after a dripping, corroded Stark suit made it's way out to the living room. He didn't talk like an AI, it seemed to (y/n) like he had a conscious. He said he had killed 'the other guy' which she suspected to be JARVIS because no matter how many times Tony asked for a reboot nothing answered. She popped her head over the table and fired at an incoming suit. They had all seemed to turn on them as if being controlled by the humanoid AI. Bullets only slowed it down, but it still charged at her.

"Shit" She quickly looked at Nat, who was in as much trouble as she was. Suddenly a shield came and sliced three of the robots in half and got stuck in the wall. Steve hopped over the table.

"I don't think a pretty lady like yourself should be using such foul language" He somehow had a smile on his face.

"ah, bite me" She smiled back and looked over the table. There weren't much left but the one whom had walked out was still standing there. He seemed to be talking to himself. She glanced back at Rogers who had also noticed and gave her a quick nod. He stealthily received his shield and made his way over to the discarded robot. (y/n), Natasha and Bruce slowly stood up, the two women still had their guns raised. Steve threw his shield and as it made contact with the robots broken body (y/n) saw the red lights of its eyes flicker out. Its body crumbled to the ground and a large gash was left in the wall where the shield had made contact.
"This isn't over, is it?" Clint was out of breath

"God I hope so, I hated Pinocchio when I was growing up" (y/n) gave a small smile but it didn't help lighten the mood

"Now is no time for jokes. Stark, what the hell was that thing" Rogers was eyeing the smaller man who was playing on his phone. His fingers moved a mile a minute and it looked like he was trying not to freak out. (y/n) wasn't sure if he hadn't heard Steve or he was too scared to answer, but Bruce spoke up in place of his friend.

"Ultron" He saw the looks he was being given. He explained what him and Tony had been doing before the party and what they had hoped to achieve with the scepter. Steve looked furious and none of the others had smiles on their faces.

"Look, it wasn't suppose to work, each test we did failed." Tony was pacing around the room

"Well it obviously did, so what are you going to do about?" Cap was giving an icy glare to Tony who turned to him and returned it

"I have no idea" Rogers responded by walking up to Stark and gripping him by his collar.

"This is your mistake, you better as hell figure out a way to fix it." (y/n), with her fists clenched, had had about enough of this and intervened. She pushed Steve off of Tony and stood in between them.

"This is not just any one persons fault. This is on all of us. We are a team." She looked to her right at Steve and their eyes met. He noticed she was beyond annoyed with them and he sunk back a bit. "Teams have to stick together, that means what one of us did, we all did. That also means that we ALL have to fix this and I swear to God if I have to hear you two bickering the entire time one of you will have a bullet between their eyes. Do I make myself clear?" She stood as tall as she could and looked around the room. Everyone gave small nods and she earned a 'Yes, Sir' from Rogers.

"For a little mortal she is quite frightening." Thor whispered to Banner who was standing beside him.

"You should see her when it's 2 in the morning and she has a mission to go on" He replied. He gave a little shiver as he remembered the first time he had met her before one of her missions. He may have implied that she looked less than beautiful and she might want to sleep on the way there. He couldn't use his lab for 2 weeks because she had spilled coffee on all of his equipment and hacked into JARVIS so he couldn't even get in to clean it up.

"Do you two want to be added to my hit list?" Her sharp voice brought them back and they just stared at her. "They took the scepter, we need to figure out where they went and why they wanted it."

"That may be hard. He's in our files, he's in the bank records, he's everywhere (y/n)" Tony was looking at one of the computers.

"So he knows more about us then we know about each other" Nat placed herself on the counter

"He knows more about us than we know about ourselves" Bruce placed his hand on his chin, he looked like he was thinking about something.

"Do we have any leads?" Clint had been quiet, but spoke up. His mind on Strucker. "What about the creep in Sokovia?" Strucker? He had to have some idea of what he scepter was able to create"
"Well, he created the twins, not a gigantic robot that knows everything. He's like a moving, talking Google." (y/n) gave a deep sigh and looked at the ceiling "Clint come with me" He followed her out of the tossed about room and into the archives. They began pulling out files from years ago. The other avengers soon came in and helped.

"There has got to be something in here" Bruce had gone through two boxes and was already huffing out of boredom. He began looking at a certain folder Thor had tossed aside. He rushed to the computer and started pulling up files.

"Bruce, what's wrong?" Nat looked up from her box and noticed him feverishly looking something up

"Wakanda"

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(y/n) was position in one of the high corners of the building that held the Vibranium. She looked through her scope and saw Pietro and Wanda talking to Ulysses Klaue. It actually looked more like threatening but they didn't seem to good at it. She watched as Pietro had gotten a piece of candy from a bowl in less than 3 seconds.

"Sweet tooth? Isn't that cute." Her tone oozed sarcasm as she talked more to herself than her friends in the earpiece. There were about 5 dead workers behind her and she had closed off the door. She looked through her scope as Klaue was pushed though a window by Ultron who had gotten bigger and less decrepit. They talked for about 10 minutes before she could see a fake lift bring down the Vibranium. After a couple of minutes of what just seemed like chit chat Ultron grabbed Klaue and within seconds his forearm and hand were no longer a part of his body as he tumbled down the steps where Ultron had kicked him. She stood wide eyed in shock. Mental note, don't piss him off. She watched as Ultron said something aloud although to no one in particular. She then heard Tony's voice and saw Thor and Captain behind him.

"Awe Jr. Your breaking your old mans heart." Great Tony, make him mad, that will end well. Her grip on her rifle tightened when she saw the young Sokovian boy step forward. Her orders were to watch them and take out any of Klaue's henchmen, but not the twins themselves. I seemed to her it would just be easier to shoot them down than have to deal with them later. Tony had gotten close enough at this point that she could hear what Ultron was saying.

"So, I see Thor, Captain America and you, but there are some missing correct? The assassins and the doctor. I figure you've hidden Dr. Banner away, but what about the ex-KGB, the bowman and..Oh yes, the sniper." She saw him start to look around the top of the building. It would not be good to already be made out, they would lose eyesight of the whole ground floor. She readjusted herself so her rifle couldn't give off any glints and put her finger on the trigger. Ultron quickly looked back at Tony to continue their 'civil' conversation, but the boy Maximoff just kept looking around. She watched as he came to her corner and stopped, he gave a smirk and even winked.

"cheeky bastard" She ran a hand through her hair. How the hell did he find her? She heard a sudden racket coming from outside. She left her post and took a look. They suits were lined up waiting to be giving orders. There were so many of them. She stood in awe a moment before reacting. "Boys, looks like we got company. Ultron was ready for us." She returned back to her rifle and saw Captain give her a small nod. It wasn't even 30 seconds later when all hell broke loose. Suits came flying in to carry out the Vibranium with some as protection against the Avengers. She couldn't really do anything for the team except warn them about Wanda, that is until Klaue's men started firing as well. She took care of as many of them as she could, but she no longer had eyes on the girl. She thought she saw her for a moment, but she had to save Clint's ass again.
There was a loud clank which called for her attention behind her. She slowly turned her body around only to be met with a suit that was starring at her. It's blue ‘eyes’ turned red and a voice that sounded too innocent to actually be a monster rang in her ears.

"I found you" The red dissipated and the blue returned. It grabbed her shoulders and hoisted her up against the railing. She turned her head to look down. Yeah that's a 50 foot drop. She grabbed for her gun and fired into its eye. It backed off and let her go. She took the opportunity and grabbed a knife off of a nearby soldier that had fallen at her hand. She stuck it into its neck where she hoped most of the wires were. It fell to the ground and the one eye that still shone bright blue became as black as the other. She huffed proudly only to have another sneak behind her and grab her. It ripped the knife from her hand and flung her over the railing.

He had just punch Captain America in the face and was currently on his way over to Thor. He didn't really want to kill any of them, not even Stark. He just wanted to make him feel the pain he had felt. He wanted Stark to know what it felt like to have your heart ripped out and torn apart only to be glued back together wrong. No, death was too good for him. He needed to be tortured so he never knows what its like to dream again. So he'll only see nightmares. His reality needs to be broken down into nothing more than loneliness. And his friends? Well they just happen to be caught in the cross fire. He had succeeded in bringing Thor to his knees when he looked up. She was falling. He'd never actually seen her, but she must have been the sniper Ultron had mentioned. He couldn't remember her name, something (l/n)? (y/n) (l/n). Yeah that sounded right. She was the one that had almost hit him dead on in the forest back in Sokovia. She was a damn good shot, if he hadn't just started to running, he would have been dead. He watched as her (h/c) hair wafted up as she fell. He thought about how his mom was always against violence, but look at him now. He wasn't about to let her die. He rushed over, dodging bullets, arrows, and metal men along the way. He caught her right as she was about to hit the floor. Her eyes were closed and he could see the look of suspicion on her face. Why wasn't she dead yet? She slowly opened one of her eyes as she felt strong arms around her holding her bridal style. She then opened the other eye and looked up at the man who saved her life. He was stunned. She was absolutely beautiful. Her round, bright (e/c) eyes starred into his deep blue ones. He saw complete confusion engulf her face. She looked like a lost puppy. An adorable lost puppy.

"What's wrong pup? Didn't see that coming?" His accent was thick but every word was clear and precise. He dropped her on the ground and ran off. She gave a little 'oof' when her butt hit the ground.

"Pup?" She let a small growl come from her throat. Did he just call her Pup? Did he just save her? Wasn't he suppose to be on the bad guys side? God she was confused. "Damn smartass-with-a-catchphrase." She grumbled to herself as she pulled herself off the ground. She looked up to where all her supplies were. She was a sitting duck. She looked around only to be met with a red wave that emitted into her head. She's forgotten so many things since she had made a home at the tower, all bad things. She never wanted to remember them, the times when she was younger. Yet they all seem to come back. Like a deadly tidal wave each memory hit and drug her farther under the water until she felt like she would drown.
She was walking home from the park with her parents. Their house wasn't too far from it, just a couple of minutes. She was no older than 6 as she hung onto her fathers hand. Her mom was retelling a story from when she was young when a black car pulled up and a couple of strong looking men walked out. They each had on a small pin. To (y/n) it kind of looked like an octopus with a skull.

"Can I help you?" Her father had a stern voice. She remembered being scared, but her father stood tall and unafraid.

"Actually, Mr. (l/n) you can. Give us the blueprints for the arch reactor." He had an accent (y/n) could not place. He was tall, much taller than her father and he had a scar running down his forearm. She saw the few men behind her grab something on their waists and she hid behind her fathers leg and her mother placed a protective hand on her head.

"I'm sorry what did you say? Can you please take the peanut butter out of your mouth you cocky French bastard." That earned a sharp inhale from (y/n)'s mother. She looked terrified, but the scarred man only laughed.

"You know, you Americans are the cocky ones. We gave you the Statue of Liberty and you let her turn green."

"Well that was your fault, maybe you should have used a better material." Her father had a smirk. "but I digress. What makes you think we would give Hydra the blueprints?" The man chuckled and looked at his daughter who was looking with wide eyes at the men before her. It would be the first
time she heard Hydra's name.

"We can be very persuasive." He gave a small nod to his men and they launched forward. Her mother gripped her tight, but the men were much stronger and ripped her from her warm grasp. Her father tried to fight back, but it was useless. The scarred man had her now at gunpoint. She was so confused. What's Hydra? What's an arch reactor? "Well, looks like we have our leverage. We will be expecting a call from either you or Stark in a matter of 8 hours." He gave a dark smile to the couple. (y/n) noticed her mom was crying and her father looked heartbroken. She knew who Stark was, he worked with her father. Her and his son would often play together while their fathers worked. He was older, but he took care of her until her mother showed up. Suddenly the man pushed her into the car ad her memories whirled. She was now tied to a chair while a very pissed off man pacing in front of her.

"It has been 8 hours, no?" He looked to the scarred man who was in the corner. He just nodded and looked at the girl who was silently crying. She wanted to go home, she missed her parents. A young brunette man ran into the room with a worried look on his face. "What is it?"

"A message from Stark and (l/n), Sir" He handed his superior a letter and he took it. The minute he opened it his face went red with rage. The scarred man looked at his boss and dared not to speak.

"They...refuse.." The word seemed like venom to him, like it poisoned his tongue. "They said they will not 'give in' to our terrorist demands. It could cause another war and they refuse to let us start it." He pulled out a gun and shot the messenger.

"What was that for, Sir?" The scarred man stood up straighter and eyed the body on the floor

"I hate receiving bad news." He cracked his neck and stared at the girl tied in front of them. The other man noticed this and spoke up.

"And what with her? Should we just kill her? Send a message to (l/n) that he made the wrong decision?"

"No...They will not give us the blueprints to make a war machine, so we will just have to make our own." He eyed the girl with a smile playing at his lips. He always thought the best assassins were the ones who started young. Her head started to hurt. She could hear someone calling her. Was it Nat? No, too low. Clint? Her mind couldn't focus. She started remembering her training, her punishments, her first kill. It flooded back to her. She felt like a lost child again. She felt the abandonment she had when she was small and realized her parents gave up on her. Those were feelings she could deal with. It meant she was human, but what the Maximoff girl made her feel next was equivalent to letting her fall to her death. Nothing. She was the same girl who had walked in, ready to kill Tony. She no longer felt pain, love, resentment, it was washed away. She lost herself, all her worries, all her dreams, all emotion. She felt two strong hands shaking her shoulders.

"-(l/n)? (y/n)? (Y/N)?" She blinked a couple of times and looked up to see Clint. They were in the Quinjet and a blanket was wrapped around her shoulders. She saw Bruce was rocking on the floor and Natasha looked traumatized. Rogers and Thor were blankly starring at a wall and Tony was flying the jet.

"What--..." She looked around. She started to remember what happened. She fell, but the boy saved her. Then his sister-oh (y/n) was going to kill her. Clint patted her head and walked over to the cockpit. She just looked at her necklace until she felt the thrusters stop and the door opened. She watched as everyone made there way out. She felt like she couldn't move. She still felt empty and numb. Tony was the last to leave as he crouched down by her.
"Hey kid, we are going inside." She gave a small nod and tried to stand up but her legs failed her. Tony caught her and slowly walked her to the farm house near the landing area. "What did she do to you?" Tony saw how she was shaking and her beautiful (e/c) eyes were glazed over, like they had a sheet of glass in front of them.

"Made me relive the past" She spoke quietly and looked at the ground. He slowly helped her climb the stairs and rubbed her back. Once they entered she was greeted with two sets of tiny arms cradled around her stomach

"Aunt (y/n)!" All of the hurt she had felt left the minute she saw how happy they were to see her.

"There are my little birds!" She gave as big of a smile she could muster as she held them. Her voice was still weak but it was making its way back. Clint always thought he was a good liar, but after a couple of weeks of being with him and Nat she could tell he was hiding something. It took no more than 2 days to figure out he had a wife named Laura and a couple of little ones. She insisted on meeting them and instantly became family to them. She stood up while the kids ran off to look at the other Avengers and Laura approached her. She pulled her into a big hug.

"I was worried about you three" She looked back at Clint and Natasha

"Well that's just the mother in you" She gave a laugh and walked with her friend to the center to rejoin the group. They had decided to stay there a couple of days until they could figure out who the ghost was who was keeping Ultron away form them and what he wanted to do with the Vibranium. It was a slow 2 days, (y/n) had no idea how Hawkeye could go from exciting missions to being a farmer. It was so boring. The only thing she got out of it was sitting with Nat and watching Tony and Steve chop wood. They all slowly recovered, well she hoped Thor was recovering, he kind of just left them there. One night while they sat around Clint and Laura's dining room table, joined by a very not dead Nick Fury, they had decided it was time to act. They were talking about the Ghost hacker who kept changing the launch codes when Clint's daughter ran up and gave Nat a butterfly drawing. Clint's son also ran up to (y/n) and gave her a picture of all the avengers together. He may have been 9, but it was actually really good. She studied the picture with a smile on her face when Bruce spoke up.

"What if Ultron is trying to evolve?" He was looking at the butterfly. "What if he is using the Vibranium to make a body?"

"So what, he wants to be a real boy?" (y/n) returned the smirk she was being given by Tony. "OK sooo how does he do that? He's a robot and Vibranium is a metal, there are no components that equal a living, breathing body. You sure he's a brilliant AI?"

"Yes (y/n). If he had a machine that could reconstruct a flesh like substance he could replace that with the Vibranium and-" Bruce's eyes widened as he looked around the room. "Where's Helen Cho?"

Chapter End Notes

I LOVE THE FRENCH I SWEAR! I love anyone from a different country, they are so interesting! Also sorry if your a farmer. :)
She had chosen to drive the car and Steve said he was going to take a more head on approach. Natasha was waiting for the right time and Clint was their eye in the sky.

"Guys, I see the truck. Captain you're right over head, (y/n) take the next left and you should be on the same road, you can't miss it." Clint lowered the Quinjet and watched as Steve jumped on the roof of the semi. It didn't take long for Ultron to realize what was happening and exit the truck to fight Cap on the roof. (y/n) had succeeded on getting her car next to the truck. She left the steering up to the AI and rolled down the passenger window. She fired a couple shots at the robotic driver hoping to shoot it in the eye. When it saw the assassin next to it, it jolted the steering wheel to the left and rammed the side of the semi into her much smaller SUV. She was thrown back onto the drivers seat.

"Motherfu-" She had hit her head on the driver side door when a flying Captain landed on her windshield, cracking it. "Damn it Steve, Tony said these were bullet proof, not Supersoldier proof" He gave her a slight chuckle and looked back up at the robot who stood tall and confident on top of the semi. He had lost his shield and slowly stood up so as not to fall off the car.

"Why am I always picking up after you boys?" Natasha had dropped down on Roger's motorcycle and was currently speeding her way to the SUV to return his shield. She gave it one swift throw and he caught it with ease.

"(y/n) can you get me closer?" He looked at the girl who was reloading her gun

"You heard him AI, get the madman as close as you can to the robot who's trying to kill him." She
leveled her gun and returned to the passengers seat as the car maneuvered its way closer to the truck. Steve jumped from the roof of the car and grabbed the edge of the semi. He quickly threw himself over and started fighting Ultron once more. (y/n) had stopped firing at the robot and moved down the tires. She shot out all the tires on the left side and two on the right. She noticed the two suits that were once inside the semi were now at the bottom of it lifting it up. She looked around no longer seeing Nat, Cap, or Ultron. Steve had been sent flying, Romanov was in the back unlatching the cradle and Ultron was heading back to his base. (y/n) hopped into the drivers seat and took control of the wheel, she took a sharp left just as the head of the semi crashed into a dozen police cars that were lined up to stop it.

"(y/n)! I need you here!" It sounded like he was a train it was so loud. She quickly made the AI track down Steve and started driving in his direction. His dot was moving away from and fast.

"What the hell?" She just watched as it continued in a curved path before it finally stopped and she could catch up to it. Oh would you look at that, a train. She came to a stop and jumped out of the car. "Rogers?"

"(y/n), over here" She could hear his voice and slowly made her way through debris. What ever derailed this train was strong, but whatever stopped it was stronger. She saw him standing there talking to some people. She recognized them instantly and pulled out her gun. She pointed it at the girl who had brought back her demons. Pietro stood in front of his sister. (y/n) didn't mind, right now, either one of them could be dead for all she cared. Steve then took a step towards (y/n) and put himself in-between the twins and his very angry friend. "Hey, hey calm down. They are on our side now."

"Bullshit." Her voice was low and quick. She wanted Wanda dead. Now.

"(y/n) listen to me. We can worry about this later, okay? We need to find Ultron and stop them. Tony has the cradle now and Wanda thinks he is going to do something reckless. We need to stop him and killing the only people who can help is not the way to do that." He inched his way over and lowered the gun. Her eyes never left the girl who was hiding behind her brother. Wanda saw the loathing in (y/n) eyes. She felt guilt. It was the first time she wished she hadn't dug into someone's memories. They were broken and fragmented, and Wanda saw what (y/n) wanted to forget.

"Fine." She put the gun back in its holster and climbed back into the SUV. Before she could even close her door she heard the passengers door close and seatbelt click. Her (h/c) hair floated for a second where the wind had hit it. She slowly turned and was met with a smiling Sokovian boy. He moved a bit of her hair away from her face and she had to stop herself from calling on her gun located on her hip. He could see her nose twitch with anger, but he didn't find it threatening in fact, he thought it was rather cute. "no, NO, Steven Grant Rogers they are NOT coming with us!" She turned her head to yell out the window. Steve just had a small smile on his face as he climbed in the back seat along with Wanda who sat beside her brother.

"(y/n), we need them." His voice was soft, apologetic even. She knew she wasn't going to win this fight. She turned her head forward and started the car. A small growl escaped from her throat as she pulled out of the debris and onto the road. She glanced at Pietro who was sitting beside her brother.

"Sorry, pup" He watched as her grip tightened on the steering wheel. He was going to have a lot of fun with this. They had been driving for a couple of minutes and (y/n) decided she would try Tony, at least if he answered it would piss of the twins.

"Tony?...Tooooony?...Listen Gepetto, you and the green fairy better have not done anything stupid
or I swear I will break every little 'toy' you have in both of your nerdy labs" She swerved in and out of cars and picked up her speed.

"You get angered easily, No?" She turned her head slightly and gave a quick glance at Pietro, who was still smiling. She was about to respond when Steve raised his voice.

"Wait (y/n)...I thought it was a blue fairy"

"what?"

"In Pinocchio, wasn't it a blue fairy?"

"Yes, but Banner doesn't turn into a big BLUE ball of fury does he?" She shook her head and sighed. She let out a little laugh at their conversation and continued to drive. Pietro looked between the two Avengers in the car. This 'Captain' seemed to calm her down pretty fast. Were they a thing? He couldn't see them together in that way. He didn't want to see them together that way. "Ah shit." He returned his gaze to the girl. She was looking around for an escape of the traffic jam they were currently in. At this rate the boys can make a whole other Ultron. Her eyes wondered to an air force base and a sly smile spread across her lips. "Everyone please keep your hands and feet in the vehicle at all times during the ride. It's gonna get bumpy." She cut through two cars and into the side lanes. She drove into the air force and noticed a big fence that stopped her from entering. They so did not have time for this. She started to back up the car.

"(y/n)! What the hell are you doing this is illegal!" Cap saw the mischievous glint present in her eyes as he looked at the mirror in the front.

"Really Stevie?! After all the things we have done, you are going to yell at me for doing this?! Seriously?!" She pressed hard on the gas pedal and they drove forward and broke down the fences. She drove over to a near by cargo aircraft and stopped. It was small and she hoped it had fuel in it. She got out of the car and quickly made her way over to the plane with the other 3 at her heels.

"How are we suppose to use the plane, when we can not enter it?" She looked at her brother and he just shrugged

"She's right (y/n) how do we-"Cap was caught off by an annoyed voice.

"Hey losers, over here." They turned around and Pietro chuckled. Her head was the only thing visible and it hung upside down. Her (h/c) hair cascaded down like a water fall and her bright (e/c) eyes were scanning them. She was above one of the wheels and as they all ran over they could see the opening where the wheel retracted just happen to enter into the cargo hold. She put her hand out and helped Steve up. Wanda was next. As (y/n) reached her small hand out to help, Wanda stared at it. Why would she help her out? Even if it was as small as helping her into a plane there was no reason Steve couldn't do it. She finally grabbed her hand and their eyes met. The hate that was once there was gone. It was replaced with something else. Wanda couldn't place what it was, but it wasn't resentment. Wanda had almost made her way fully into the plane when Pietro called something out.

"They have tanks!" He sounded more impressed than scared. (y/n) shook her head and looked to Steve who was watching out the front window.

"They definitely know we are here." He looked back to (y/n) who sighed and looked back down at the boy fascinated with the tank.
"Come on Speedy, I don't want to see those tanks close up." He took her hand and made his way up

"'Speedy'?"

"You have a nickname for me, I have a nickname for you" She stood up and more or less ran to the cockpit. She hopped into the seat and started up the plane. A quick burst of wind later and Pietro was sitting next to her looking at the controls

"Can you fly?"

"Nope." She took the controls in her hand and pulled the thrusters back. She looked at her side and saw Pietro with a worried expression on his face and she couldn't hide her laugh. "Of course I know how to fly." His face relaxed and smile spread across his face

"Ah, you think you are funny?" He watched as she shook her head as if to tell him she wasn't responding. She had a small smile on her face and her eyes focused on the sky in front of them. He watched as she turned nobs and flipped switches. He had no idea what she was doing but it was interesting watching her. She knew Pietro was looking at her, but she felt another pair of eyes on her. The girl.

"If you have something to say, I suggest you say it." Wanda's eyes opened wide not expecting to be spoken to. She glanced at Rogers who just tilted his head a little and crossed his feet. She looked back at the pilot and moved a little closer.

"D-did you ever..." She trailed off not wanting to continue. She regretted even saying a word.

"Finish it." She looked ahead, knowing what was about to be asked.

"Did you ever see your parents again?" Wanda saw her figure stiffen. Pietro watched as her smile faded completely and her eyes went dark.

"No."

"I'm sorry"

"I'm not." She sighed and relaxed her shoulders "You saw what happened. I was given up for a blueprint" She gave a sharp laugh, but nothing on her face resembled happiness.

"Are you sure your parents never went looking for you?" Wanda was sure she was pushing her limits, but she wanted to know.

"No, I'm not" She admitted, her voice softer than she intended. "but even if they did it means nothing. They let Hydra have me and I became a blank killer." She shuffled a bit in her chair and mindlessly watched as the Stark Tower came into view. "You two think you're the only ones who have ever gotten hurt. Did you not see the pain each of us had to endure just to still be here? Did our memories mean nothing to you? what do you really know about Stark? You know the name because you saw it on a bomb when your parents died. Do you know who originally designed that bomb? My father. It may have been Howards decision, but my dad still went with it. God he was a pawn. Notice how I have yet to say anything about Tony Stark. That's because he was not the one who dropped that damn bomb. He was what? About 18? 19? Since his fathers death he has stopped making weapons...well he's at least tried, honestly I think it's the only thing he knows how to do. But my point is, the man you hate had nothing to do with the reason you hate him. You see him as a monster, but look at yourselves. Look at me, look at Steve. Something made us into what we are now. In this world, everyone is a victim. You would do good to remember that." She quit talking, and Wanda just sat in silence. Pietro stared at her eyes that were now fixed on the landing strip. He
saw that she was angry, but it seemed to him that she looked a little guilty too. Like she knew she may have gone too far. Once the plane landed she opened the cargo door and stood up. She walked past both Pietro and Wanda.

"(y/n)..." Steve tried to reach out to her but she brushed past him.

"Let's just make sure tweedle dumb and tweedle dee didn't just doom the world." They all headed down to Tony's lab and saw the cradle. He was doing something to it.

"Stark. Stop whatever you are doing" Cap grabbed his shield.

"Can't." Tony's one word reply pissed off Steve more.

"Tony-" a wind ran past him and papers went flying. Everyone now looked to the speedster that was standing with a grin on his face and a huge cable in his hand. (y/n) noticed that the process had stopped.

"What does this do?" He chuckled at Tony and Banners faces. He scanned the room and saw his sister shaking her head and the 'Captain' looked relieved. His gaze shifted to (y/n), she was leaning on the door frame and had an eyebrow raised at him making him laugh a little more. It was then he noticed a slow motion bullet rising as if it had lifted from the ground. He suddenly fell through the glass floor and onto the ground.

"what, didn't see that coming? HA-HA-HA" Clint stood over him. Of all the places he could of stood why did he choose the only spot with glass? Pietro mentally cussed and picked himself off the ground. He heard laughing from above and noted it was (y/n). Smooth Pietro, way to impress the lady by letting the hawk take you out. He growled at the bowman. He was about to attack when a blinding light came in through the window and crashed upon the cradle. He had no time to focus enough to see what it was when a red man jumped out of the cradle. Both Clint and Pietro jumped back, scared of the sudden outburst. What the hell was that thing?

Chapter End Notes

UHmmm so I may have seen this movie twice, but I really only starred at Pietro and I'll be honest I don't remember a whole lot of what happened. Like I know someone killed Ultron in the tower the first time they met him, but I wasn't sure who (I actually think it's Thor so wops) and like I don't remember when Cap meets the Twins again so I just went with it!

Also it is surprisingly hard to write a character that was only in the movie for 26 minutes haha
Marvel likes the Colour Red

Chapter Summary

HAPPY BIRTHDAY EREDETI!!!! This is your "birthday chapter" as you call it! Hope you had an awesome day, love you girl!

Red people
bets
bad flirting

Chapter Notes

ok so hear me out, I was at Cedar Point (thus why no chapter updates) and thERE WAS A GUY THAT WORKED THERE AND HE LOOKED AND SOUNDED JUST LIKE PIETRO. I MEAN HE HAD THE EXTREMELY BLONDE HAIR, THE BLUE EYES, THE FUCKING RUSSIAN ACCENT IT WAS AS MAGICAL AS IT GETS MAN. Anyway any comments/suggestions are amazing!. Fun fact:

In the comic book Quicksilver does NOT die. Although he also does not get reunited with Wanda until they are both adults. {Their father is Magneto and they have a half sister named Lorna Dane (aka Polaris)}

love you fam

-Z

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pietro ran to his sisters side and stood looking at the red figure that was floating just close enough to touch the glass window. He noted that Thor was looking satisfied with what came out of the machine while the Captain took a fighting stance. The figure slowly glided down to the floor and walked to the edge of the circle none of them knew they were making.

"I'm quite sorry, My intention was not to frighten any of you" He scanned the group around him. His eyes hesitating to continue when a beautiful female met them. He noticed her brother by her side, but she was looking straight at him with curiosity shinning in her eyes.

"Apparently, nobody puts Baby in a cradle." He turned his attention to the other women in the room. She had an amused look on her face as she leaned against the wall.

"I do not understand. He is a grown..." Thor looked him up and down trying to decipher what exactly stood in front of him. He gestured to the figure "My point being, he is not a baby, Lady (y/n)." She looked at the so called Future-I come to this planet all the god damn time to see Jane but I still don't know shit about it-King of Asgard. She shook her head and ran her fingers through her hair. How did she get stuck with these guys again?
"Are you another Ultron?" Steve took a cautious step forward and took charge of the situation.

"No..."

"Are you JARVIS" Tony had his hands in his pockets and was standing next to Bruce

"No..."

"Then what's your name?" (y/n) was getting annoyed already.

"I've none." He looked down. He was here to help but he wasn't sure how to get the team to believe him when he didn't know his own name.

"You're 'bout as useful as a rifle without bullets" She threw her hands up in defeat and sat on the stairs. "Maybe we should just let Ultron take over" She gave a sigh as Clint angrily stomped his way in.

"(y/n)" Steve gave a sharp call and she knew she should shut up. "Listen, if you're not Ultron and you're not JARVIS, then who's team are you on?"

"I do not think it is as simple as that." the red figure furrowed his brows and looked at the faces that surrounded him

"...I looked into your mind. I saw nothing but destruction." It was the other female from before. She was looking at him, her eyes focused on something.

"I assure you, that was not me. Feel free to look again." He said softly. He had a soft smile on his face, the first he had given since his waking up.

"Like I would believe anything she says." Clint had crossed his arms and was glaring at the girl twin. She was about to retaliate, but (y/n) had spoken quicker.

"You know, for being the 'Earth's mightiest hero's', we are a bunch of toddlers. Seriously Clint, we are a team, a fucking mess of one, but one non the less. So shut up and play nice. We are going to get Natasha back, okay? Don't take it out on them." Wanda's eyes widened. Was the girl who had pointed a gun at her not 3 hours ago really sticking up for her? (y/n) gaze had wondered over to the girl who returned it. She saw the same look she did on the plane, but this time Wanda knew what it was. Understanding. Clint had closed his mouth and looked down at the floor. He just wanted to get his friend back, alive.

"I know not my name, or much of this world, but I know what is right and what is not. I will help you defeat Ultron if I can." He grabbed Thor's hammer and handed it to him, all the while the rest of the Avengers stood there in shock. Steve looked at the exchanged and smiled. If he was worthy to rule Asgard It was a darn good thing he was on their side.

"So what do we call you?" Steve had straightened up

"I vote, 'Vision"" (y/n) raised her hand

"Really? 'Vision'? Why?" Clint was looking at her in protest

"Because he was Ultron's vision, and he sees all the hope there is for this world." Bruce thought he was finally beginning to understand how (y/n) thought. He was very wrong.

"Oh...I was thinking because it looks like he has three eyes because of the stone so he has really
good eye sight or something." (y/n) just smiled and Pietro found himself laughing at her.

"I think (y/n) is correct. Vision suits you." He threw an arm around his sister who shrugged it off. 'Vision' ignored the 3 and thought it over.

"Vision..." He felt a hand on his shoulder

"My brother is right. Vision is a good name for you." She smiled at him

"Ah, then Vision it shall be." He smiled back and noticed the woman sitting on the stairs was watching them. "Is everything alright?" Wanda turned her attention to her also and saw her try and hide the smile that was tugging at the corner of her lips.

"Other than the whole Ultron thing, everything is just terrific." She gave a sly smile and walked over to Steve who was chatting with Clint. "Yo, Barton. 20 bucks says Scarlet and Red get together." He looked over at the two who had followed (y/n) with their eyes in complete confusion.

"You're on." He ruffled her hair as a burst of wind spun around them and stood next to (y/n).

"Pietro, you and your sister are with us right?" Steve had stopped laughing at his friends bet and turned to the man. Pietro didn't speak, just nodded his head. He didn't like talking to Captain. Steve sensed this and returned the nod. Thor had made his way over.

"We must find where Ultron has gone. It is sure to be the epicenter of the chaos he is about to unleash."

"I've got coordinates. Nat found a way to get through to us. He's in Sokovia."

"Good job, Barton. I think we should all get ready to go. The faster we get there, the more time we have to stop him. We can make a game plan on the way there in the Quinjet, got it?" All four of them nodded "Good. (l/n), take the twins to the weaponry, in case they need anything. Thor you brief Vision on anything he doesn't know and I'll round up the rest." They all parted and (y/n) called across the room to Wanda.

"Well Speedy, Wanda. Armory's this way." She started walking down one of the halls. She ran her hand along the side of the wall and one put right in front of the other as if she was in a boot camp. She could hear Tony make his way half way down the hall and scream out something about 'new bullets' and then turn right back around. She hoped these ones could stop metal men from tearing her apart. "Okay guys, here it is. Clothes in the back, weapons on the wall." Pietro walked over to the closet and opened it. He watched for a minute as (y/n) made her way to the ammo. She picked up a box and opened it. The bullets where see-through and inside were wires and a small blue light. He watched as she put one up to her beautiful (e/c) eyes and twirled it around. She turned her head and met his gaze. He nervously shifted his weight to his left foot and looked back at the closet. He saw a dark blue shirt that caught his eye and he grabbed for it. He shed off his old tattered jacket and replaced it for the new shirt. He could feel her eyes on his chest. He smirked, an air of cocky, confidence shrouded him.

"My eye's are up here, pup"

"Yeah, but so is the rest of your face." (y/n) raised an eyebrow and bit back the laugh that was clawing at her throat. Wanda had snorted and was currently leaning on the wall for support. Her brother stood looking at (y/n) half in surprise, half in hurt. (y/n) walked up to him and moved a small strand of silver hair away from his face. She smiled and lightly patted his cheek. She then turned around and walked out, bullets in hand.
"I like her" Wanda had finally regained her composure and was looking at her brother who looked completely dumbfounded. He shook his head a little and gave Wanda a red jacket he had found.

"So do I"

Chapter End Notes

if you understand my jokes, you're awesome
Pietro walked with his sister down the hall and up the stairs to the Quinjet. He glanced at her and returned his gaze to the floor in front of him.

"Pietro, is everything okay?" He could hear the worry in her voice. He had been acting weird for the last half-hour.

"What's going to happen to us after? Where will we go? What will 'they' do to us?" He heaved out a sigh and lifted his head to the ceiling, only a couple more sets of stairs until they had to rejoin the group.

"I..do not know, but we can worry about that when this is finished." She was scared too. They had been running all their lives and surely after what they had done they could not stay with the Avengers.

"No matter what Wanda, I'm with you." He gripped her hand in his

"I know" She smiled and opened the door to the roof. The door of the jet was open and she could see (y/n), Thor and Clint talking in a circle. Bruce and Tony had taken up the controls. They both slowed their pace and walked aboard. She looked to her left at Pietro and noticed that she no longer held his attention. He was looking at the girl. His mouth open a little and smile forming at the corner of his lips. (y/n) and Clint were laughing at Thor who seemed upset about something.

"Do you not trust my father's words?" His brow was furrowed. He was glaring at Clint who seemed to be laughing too hard to respond.

"No-haha-its not that-hahaha-its just-hahah-what did he say this guys name was-haha? (y/n) was trying to catch her breath and could only spit out small phrases before she started laughing again.
"Starlord-" Thor was drowned out by an outburst of laughing from the two assassins next to him.

"And-haha-And what does this group call themselves?" Clint had to wipe tears that were forming. Thor crossed his arms and gritted his teeth.

"The Guardian's of the Galaxy-" Wanda watched at the two bent over laughing.

"And they consist of-haha-a green girl, a raccoon, a tree, a WWA champion and-haha-lord of the stars?" (y/n) was now leaning on the wall for support "And I thought we were bad!" They sat laughing for a good 2 minutes until they noticed Thor was glaring and holding his hammer in front of him. "Alright, alright so we save the Earth, they save the galaxy-I believe you...and your dad who is obviously not on any drugs what so ever. " She held back the laugh and cleared her throat "But what your saying is, 4 infinity stones have been found out of the what-6, right? This seems like an issue for later. Ultron is the issue for now." Thor nodded

"Yes, but it unnerving to know that they are being found so quickly. I believe there is a higher plan here-" He stopped when he saw the twins in the doorway. He gave the assassins a nod and head to the front of the jet.

"Rogers and Vision should be here shortly." Barton looked at the twins for a minute and beckoned Pietro over. He looked from his sister to (y/n) who was grabbing her rifle. He watched for a moment before walking with Clint to regroup in the front.

"The boys have their own plan, Steve, Thor, Tony and Speedy are going to take the floor. Vision is going to distract Ultron-if that's possible-and Bruce is going to save Nat. That means you and me are back up. I'm going to take higher ground, make sure you all are still breathing and you are going to go head on into waves. Based on what I've seen from you, I expect they won't be hard to handle." Wanda nodded and took a seat next to (y/n).

"I will do my best" Steve and Vision walked in and she found herself following Vision with her eyes. She tilted her head a little and watched as he studied the jet. He reached out and touched the side of the metal cage which could fly. His innocence and pure curiosity made a small smile spread on her face.

"Soooooo, Is red your favorite colour?" She quickly turned to the girl on her right who had on a sly smile. She felt herself blush and she looked down at the floor causing (y/n) to laugh and nudge her. The jet door closed and Tony had lifted it off the ground. The boys talked about their game plan and Wanda and (y/n) sat listening. Wanda was enjoying the silence, but at the same time it was off putting. This was war, and there was a very good chance one of them wouldn't make it out. "Tell me about the bomb." Her quiet words shook Wanda out of her thoughts and she looked straight at (y/n). She didn't know if she should tell her, hell she didn't know if she should trust her, but something in her wanted to try.

"We were little, and it was dinner time." Wanda looked away but felt a warm hand on her own. She turned back to (y/n) who just stared at her with soft eyes. "Our mother had just put down Pietro's plate when a hole opened up and my father and mother were gone. It was really loud and I remember covering my ears. Pietro took no time to pick me up and throw us under the couch. I looked around us, our house was burnt, wait, it wasn't a house anymore. There was nothing left. That was when another bomb dropped, but it didn't detonate. It just sat there, taunting us. One work was written on it 'STARK'. We sat there for two days waiting for Stark to kill us. Each little movement, each effort to get us out, I thought we would die. Now that I look back, maybe it should of gone off. None of this would have happened." She rested her head against the cool metal of the jet and she heard what sounded like a faint laugh from (y/n).
"Funny, you know, I heard this story-it's a great story, sad though-but it parallels yours in a way." Wanda looked at her with questioning eyes. "Yeah, this friend of mine, he was on a trip in Afghanistan and him and some soldiers, they got ambushed. The soldiers died and my friend-he ran for his life. He went to call for some help and this bomb dropped right next to him. He's told me multiple times it gives him nightmares, but like you he stared at the bomb waiting for it to explode. The same words were written on the side-'STARK'-but this one blew up."

"I'm sorry.."

"Oh he didn't die" Wanda watched at (y/n) turned her eyes to the cockpit. She was looking at Tony.

"Tony? He is your friend?" She felt like she couldn't breath.

"You two have more in common than you thought. Looking at his own name right before it almost killed him and having soldiers die for no reason other than to protect him, it changed him, Wanda. He became Iron Man...or Irony Man. I mean getting blown up by your own bomb..." Wanda watched as Tony flew the plane with Clint next to him. She felt better knowing this. That he was not the man they thought he was.

"Thank you, (y/n)" (y/n) smiled at her and Wanda stood up. "I am going to talk to him." As she made her way to the front her brother made his way to the back. He saw (y/n) looking at her rifle and replaced Wanda next to her.

"Hello pup" He smiled and her big (e/c) eyes met his. He felt his breath hitch and he tried to hide the pink that was most definitely showing on his cheeks.

"I don't understand why you call me that" She had on a bright smile. She liked him, he was funny even after all they had gone through he was sweet.

"You look like a puppy" He moved the hair away from her face and tucked it behind her ear. "The way you pout, the way you wrinkle your nose when you are angered, plus your eyes are bright and full of life much like that of a puppy." He smiled at her, she didn't stop him when he petted her hair

"Oh watch it Speedy, this puppy bites" She chuckled. He leaned a little closer to her.

"I bet you do" He winked and she just rolled her eyes.

"Did I do something to make you think that I like you? Because I don't." She moved a little from him and his smile lessened slightly

"Oh, but I think you do." He closed the distance that was between him and he noticed what he thought was a small blush creep onto her cheeks

"Why would a women want to be with a boy so fast? It's over before it even started" She winked right back and giggled. He smiled and shook his head, if he didn't think she would shot him he might have kissed her.

"I'll prove it."

"Prove what?"

"That you like me"

"HA-Good luck with that Speedy" She looked at his blue eyes as she laughed. They were shining with pride as he studied her face. He-Pietro Maximoff- could make (y/n) laugh. He loved the way
her face lit up when she talked to him.

"Guys, we are closing in" Steve walked up to them and held out his hand for (y/n) she took it and stood up. Pietro followed her as she went to look out the window. He watched her face as it began to darken. He lightly held one of her hands, but she didn't seem to notice. Horrible thoughts were swirling in her mind. Would any of them make it out alive? She felt something warm on her hand and looked down. Pietro had been holding it.

"(y/n)?"

"Why us?"

"What?"

"Nothing..." She let go of his hand but he grabbed her shoulders instead.

"What's going through that beautiful mind of yours?" He stepped a little closer and looked down at her.

"I just-What if they die?" She looked over at her friends, including Wanda. "What if you die? What if we can't stop Ultron? We will be forever known as the assholes who let the world die. We are just people and we have this huge responsibility to keep everyone safe and that's fine but it's hard to keep everyone safe and then keep each other safe at the same time. And I know it's horrible but they-" She looked back at the group " -are more important to me than the Earth." She sucked in a big breath and claps her hands together. She had been rambling, she never intended to say more than 'nothing' but something about Pietro made her want to tell him everything.

"First off (y/n), those are a lot of 'what if's'. Second, if we fail there would be no one to call us 'assholes' so that's a lose-win" He smiled and she tried to return it. It didn't quite reach her eyes and she looked down. He was seeing a whole new side of her. She wasn't that sarcastic, rough, sniper anymore. She was vulnerable. Steve called them over to the door as they had landed a minute ago. She silently picked up her rifle and walked to the door. As she approached the group she saw them laughing a little and her spirit lifted, Pietro was soon by her side and he noticed she was smiling again. They each got an earpiece and the jet door opened.

"Well guys, Welcome to the age of Ultron." Tony was looking around. He could see metal men flying all around. (y/n) stood next to him and furrowed her brow.

" 'age'? Tony, it's been like 3 days."
Chapter Summary

I have no idea what I'm doing
I do what I want
Scision is like fucking beautiful man, I regret nothing
That's a lie, I regret not telling my mom to buy me Doritos because I'm fucking hungryyyy
oh yeah I'm suppose to be summarizing
Uhhhh fluff
twists and turns
bad Pinocchio joke
I give up

Chapter Notes

KERFUZZLE!!! (I learned today that that was a real word and I'm having a lot of fun with that.) Any comments/suggestions would be great. Fun fact:

Quicksilver was almost a no-go. Century-Fox and Marvel got in a hissy fit about licensing, thus coming to the agreement that Evan Peters would not play the Avengers Pitero Maximoff.

love you fam

-Z

(y/n) had made her way to the center of the city with Pietro on her heels. She started looking around for the best vantage point while her team set up everything.

"Pietro, I need you to try and stay in this general area. Help any one you can, but I can't keep you safe if I can't see you, okay?" He nodded. She gave a small smile and began to head to the tallest building. He quickly grabbed her arm and spun her around. He pulled her into a tight hug, one that she returned. He took in her scent one last time, she smelled of cherry's and fresh dirt. He parted slowly and cupped her face in his hands.

"Promise me you will not do anything stupid" He watched as she wrinkled her nose

"ooooo that might be hard. See, me and Barton are kind of known for that kind of thing" She smiled, causing him to laugh

"Fine, then promise me after this war is won, you will be here. Alive."

"Yeah, yeah. I promise, are you going soft on me Pietro?" He shook his head and pulled her into
one last hug. She could feel his heart beating. It was fast, she wasn't sure if it was always like this or if he was just scared. She pulled back and took step toward the building. "You know, this doesn't mean that I like you" She gave a two finger solute with a smile and jogged into the building. He watched as she went.

"We'll see" He responded in a quiet voice.

"They're bringing in carriers to get the people out, this fight is almost over. I want you guys to hoard people into them and make your way onto on as well." Rogers was almost smiling as he gave his last order. They were all damaged, Pietro was out of breath and has scratched everywhere. Nat had hurt her leg and was limping her way the carrier. Clint had burns on his arms and Tony's suit was damaged. Hulk was the only one who didn't seem at all hurt. Even Wanda, Vision, Thor, and Steve looked beat up. Ultron had found (y/n)'s hiding spot and had sent drones to take care of her. Her new bullets helped, they would exploded once inside of a suit. She had had a few close calls and a suit had gotten to close to her before it blew up. She could feel the warm liquid flow out of her arm where the metal shrapnel had evaded it. But other than 'minor' injuries everyone was still alive. (y/n) made her way down the building which she thought was about to falter any minute. She ran out into the open and slung her rifle over her shoulder replacing it with two hand guns with the same bullets. She could hear the others barking out orders to go to the carrier over her ear piece and she too made her way back. She rounded a corner and could see 6 small cargo ships loading people onto them. It really was almost over. She began to make her way over when she noticed the incoming ship that was being flown by a drone. It was firing non stop and at first it seemed like it was hitting nothing, but then she saw him. Barton was running for a small kid and at this rate there was no way he would make it back.

"Shit." She began to ran to Clint and the kid. The only way to take down that ship was to get close to it and shoot it down. She tightened her grip on her guns. There was no way she could get to it before it had already hit Barton. She gave a deep breath and calmed her mind. She would have to stand in front of them. Before she could get in position a blue streak ran past her and shoved her behind part of a fallen building acting as barrier. She had no time to process what had happened. She heard the sound of a loud crash as the ship had landed into a building that crumbled under it, thank you Tony. She slowly got to her feet and put pressure on her arm. She looked from where the plane had crash to where the blue streak had ended up. She noted that Clint and the kid looked completely unharmed from the attack and she gave a relieved sigh. That is until she noticed a silver hair boy doubled over on the ground. He was gripping his side and she could feel her body go numb. They were so close to the end. "PIETRO!" She ran without thinking. Clint picked up the kid and waited for (y/n) to approach before returning back to the carrier. She knelt down by him. She could feel tears forming at the corners of her eyes. "Hey, you have to be okay" she put her hand on his right shoulder, opposite of the side he was holding. "I like you, okay? There. Now you have to get up and be fine!...please Pietro..." Her voice died a little at the end. She felt his shoulder go up and own and she raised an eyebrow

"I...I told you...I would prove you liked me" He slowly lifted his dirtied face with a small smile. He laughed a little which caused him to hold his side harder and suck in air. "(y/n), your arm!" He suddenly grabbed her right arm and examined the metal that was making a home. He looked back up at her face to see If she was in pain, but she was stared at him in shock.

"I thought...how? There were so many bullets..." He placed her arm down next to her side and tried to stand up. She grabbed his arm with her left hand and helped.

"Well, as you like to point out, I am quite fast. So, I just moved them out of my way." They made
their way to the carrier Clint was on.

"Looks like you missed one." She nodded to his side

"Yeah it looks like I did, but now you can nurse me back to health, yes?" He gave a flirty smile as she set him down on the floor of the carrier. She rolled her eyes but it did seem like it took its toll on him. He was pale, and much weaker than everyone else. She walked over to Clint who looked at her arm.

"You're gonna have a sick battle scar."

"yay" Her face was deadpan before he nudged her into a laugh "Listen, keep an eye on him alright? I'm going to check on Rogers."

"oooooo! Your lover?" He smiled and neither of them noticed Pietro staring at him with daggers. She just punched Clint's arm and he gave a grunt. "You know instead of scars, maybe you could leave the shrapnel in. Be like Tony. Or you could have a cool metal arm."

"What about a metal arm?" Steve had found them.

"Nothing..." Clint lowered his head. (y/n) ruffled Rogers hair.

"It's okay soldier, he meant nothing by it." He gave a small nod and made no motion to fix his hair.

"Is everyone here?"

"I hope, we are about to lift off. Tony's got this plan to blow it out of the sky." He nodded to the pilot who started to flip switches.

"Wait..." (y/n) looked all around but did not find the person she was looking for. She looked back at Pietro was trying very hard to keep his eyes open. Clint was next to him now applying pressure to his wound. He looked in her direction and noticed a ghost of a smile haunted her face. She was trying very hard to look okay and not freak out. She stepped farther away from him and whispered into her ear piece. "Wanda?" Silence. "Wanda?!" Nothing. "Shit." She looked back at the boys and everyone on the carrier. "Steve, no matter what, make sure this damn thing lifts off in time, got it?"

"(y/n), what the hell are you about to do?" She reached up and kissed his cheek before grabbing her gun and jumping off the platform.

"Something stupid." As she ran off into the center of the city she could hear Steve calling after her until it slowly faded away. "Wanda!" She was screaming at the top of her lungs. She had gotten to where she knew Wanda was last. She saw nothing but dead suits around her. She felt shivers run up her spine. It was completely silent. No machines, no fighting, no Wanda. She refused to let the quiet answer her thoughts. Wanda was strong and if her idiotically adorable brother could fight and live than there was no way Wanda couldn't. It was just so god damn quiet. She begged for a small noise. For a moan, rubble moving, a sassy Sokovian remark, anything.

The silence was violent.

There was a sudden loud clang behind her and she spun around. It was Ultron. At least, one of him. It was decrepit, just like the first time at the tower. He was falling apart. His red orbs were piercing her and he tried to muddle his way to her. He crumbled down on the ground in front of her. He said nothing as he reached is melting hand toward her. She pulled out the gun and aimed it at his face.

"Looks like you got no strings to hold you up, Ultron." She fired a single shot and she watched as the red became black. She was glad she would never have to look into that red abyss again.
"(y.../...n)" She spun around looking everywhere. It wasn't said aloud, no, it was in her mind which meant it could only be Wanda. She ran around and soon found a very tired and beat looking Wanda laying on the ground in a ball.

"Jesus, you scared the shit out of me." She bent down and helped her into a sitting position. She looked back into the direction of the carriers. They couldn't make it. "Welp...this sucks." Wanda let out a sharp laugh.

"I am glad to see you are still you" She slowly stood up with help from (y/n). She glanced at the girl next to her who was now had an eyebrow cocked. She just shook her head.

"Alright guys, lift the carriers up, this rock is about to be much smaller pebbles." Tony was underneath.

"Wait Tony-" Steve had quickly responded

"We can't wait rogers, it's now or the whole world dies" the other line was quiet for a moment,

"Alright..." The two women looked at each other and held hands.

"So this is how I die" Wanda spoke while squeezing (y/n) hand.

"Its not too bad, could be worse."

"Yeah, I'm glad your at least here" They looked at each other for a moment and they could start to feel the ground shake.

"Hey...is your brother single?" Wanda laughed and (y/n) smiled. If they were going to die she would sure as hell make sure they went out laughing. "OH! We could double date! Me and Pietro and you and Vision! Although I guess we couldn't really go out in public with him being all red and all." Wanda nudged her laughing

"I knew you had a crush on my brother"

"Whoa hey I was just joking about that!" Wanda gave a 'that's bullshit and you so know it and I know it too because I can go into your head' look and (y/n) snickered. "Buuuuuut, I wasn't joking about you and Vision" The earth was breaking now. Their grips tightened on each others hands. They didn't care if they hurt the other, it was just proof that they weren't alone.

"What about me?" Vision had floated down and Thor had landed beside him.

"Lady (y/n)! Lady Wanda!" He gave a big smile.

"Yo guys, bout time. Thought I would have to make a will!" (y/n) gave a huge sigh and ran over to Thor, leaving Wanda to Vision. Wanda hoped on Visions back while Thor picked up (y/n) bridal style. She gave a smirk "Whoa Thor, won't Jane get jealous?"
Thor had placed (y/n) on the helicarrier and Wanda jumped off Vision's back, her face a little red. There were people everywhere but no sign of the Avengers.

"Come, they are below deck." Vision walked to the closest door and let the ladies enter first. As they walked (y/n) reached her hand out and brushed her hand along the wall. It was very similar to the old one. The last time she had been on one was during New York, where Coulson had died. She sighed as they went down the stairs. She couldn't wait to sleep. They entered a big room which
looked a lot like the main room in the old helicarrier. Helen was there looking at Clint's arms. (y/n) scanned the room. She noticed Pietro was sitting on a chair, head in hands. Steve was standing beside him, head toward the ground.

"Pietro!" Wanda had seen him too. His head shot up and in a second he was over there hugging the breath out his presumed dead sister. (y/n) smiled at the exchange and looked over to Steve who was now running to her.

"(y/n)!" He wrapped his arms around her.

"hey Stevie" She put her head on his chest. Pietro had since separated from his sister and was looking at the two. To anyone in the room it would indeed look like they were dating, and that's exactly how Pietro saw it. Wanda rolled her eyes but curiosity overtook her. She took a quick peek into each of their minds. (y/n) had been with Steve during "DC" which Wanda dared not go into to. Steve thought (y/n) as his little sister, his last true friend, his only family. (y/n) was no different. In their minds they were siblings, Pietro didn't have to worry. Wanda started smiling as they slowly separated. Pietro took no time to scoop her into his arms while Steve stepped back.

"I thought you were dead." He was gripping onto her for dear life.

"If I recall, I made a promise" She put her head in the crook of his neck. She had no idea why she felt so comfortable with him. She was suppose to push him off and tell him not to worry about her but she liked the feeling of being close to him.

"Thanks for keeping it" He stroked her head with a huge smile. Wanda watched and saw Steve give Pietro some look of 'if you hurt her, I will kill you'. (y/n) winced in pain and stepped back. Cho rushed over and took her arm.

"We need to get this cleaned and bandaged." She dragged (y/n) into some room as the helicarrier dropped to the ground. Pietro could hear the people jumping off. He looked to his sister unsure of what to do. Should they go with the people? Do they stay here? Wanda shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, once the people of Sokovia get off the ship, I've instructed the pilot to take us to New York. Bout time we go home am I right?" Tony hopped down the steps and bounded in. "I think we should get shawarma!" He could hear (y/n) grown at the Arab dish she had come to hate. "tsk. Shush now (y/n). You two, ever had shawarma?" They shook their heads. "it's great, you have to try it when we get back." They looked at each other, Wanda speaking first.

"You want us to come back with you?" Tony cocked an eyebrow and Clint stood next to him

"Well, it really wouldn't make much sense for an Avenger to not live in the Avengers tower." He just looked between the two.

"Yeah, it's kind of like blasphemy" Natasha was wiping dirt off of her face as she chuckled. The helicarrier lifted off.

"You can't say no, I tried." Steve smiled and leaned on the edge of a table.

"We..." Pietro pointed between him and his sister "are Avengers?"

"Not officially!!" (y/n) screamed from inside the other room.

"Not officially? Lady (y/n) they have saved Midgard from Ultron's destruction, I believe they are worthy of such a title" Thor boomed.
"They need codenames" She stuck her head out of the door way.

"(y/n) you don't even have a codename" Natasha leaned back in her chair. (y/n) just shrugged.

"Not here no, but back in Hydra they use to call me Ghost, so suck it Black Widow!" Her whole face lit up in laughter as Nat shook her head and threw her towel at her.

"(y/n) get back in here, do you want to lose your arm?" They could all hear Cho's sharp voice.

"maybe I do" She huffed but turned back into the room anyway. Pietro smiled at her and looked around the room. They all seem to be in thought,

"Red....Scarlet?....Scarlet Witch....SCARLET WITCH! I got it!" Clint looked at Wanda with excitement. She tilted her head a little and let a red wave pass over her fingers. Scarlet Witch. It suited her.

"Well we know Pietro's has to do with speed. How about 'Flash'?" Tony looked over to Clint who seemed to be thinking.

"Nah, feel like it's been done before, how about Kick-Ass? I mean he did knock Thor to his knees" The whole room seemed to be yelling at him to shut up and he shrunk back into his seat. (y/n) stepped out of the room with a bandage covering her arm.

" 'Kick-Ass' really Clint? What is he, some high school kid that wanted to be a superhero so he made a suit and got the shit beat out of him? No. How about..." She studied his hair and his eyes. He was leaning against a wall with a confident look on his face. His stubble still had dirt in it and there were some holes in his shirt. She looked at he bullet hole. It was almost completely healed. He had a fast metabolism just like Steve.

"Oh I got it! 'Speedlord'" Clint looked back at Thor who just shook his head and (y/n) started laughing. The rest of the room was utterly confused. Pietro sighed and ran a hand through his hair. After she had calmed her laughing (y/n) suddenly became quiet. "Hey, (y/n), you good?"

"Quicksilver" She was looking at Pietro. It came out quiet and with no confidence. He tilted his head.

"what?"

"Quicksilver" She spoke louder and a huge grin spread across his face.

"I like it."

"Hold up! You like Quicksilver, but not Kick-Ass?" Clint was looking at him in shock. Pietro just shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. Clint threw his hands up in defeat. Steve chuckled.

"Well. Scarlet Witch. Quicksilver. Welcome to the Avengers" He smiled as Clint leaned over to Tony and whispered.

"You know, I bet if I had big (e/c) eye's, and long (h/c) hair we would be calling him Kick-Ass right now" Tony leaned back and imagined his friend in (y/n) suit, with a wig on. He shuddered and patted his back.

"We win some, we lose some"

"I hate losing."
"But you're so good at it!" (y/n) threw her arm around Clint. They both smiled, although Barton's looked faked. The helicarrier arrived in New York some hours later and they all jumped off, ready to sprint to the tower to take a shower and do what they do best. Sleep. But before any of them could get to a car, Tony told them to meet him at the shawarma place by the Tower. They all shook their heads, some cussing, some mentally punching him in the face, (y/n) physically flipping him off. They all climbed into cars Tony had sent for. (y/n) hopped into the drivers seat and Steve was soon sitting behind her. She called to the twins and they soon entered the much smaller-than-before car and buckled up. With (y/n)'s driving, it would be the safest bet. She started the car and followed Tony's down the streets of New York. She was amazed with how calm-if you could call NY that- it was. They were untouched by what had happened in Sokovia. They didn't care about what had happened there, they were still recuperating from the events of 2 years ago. She watched as she drove past the Tower, half tempted to drive into it's parking lot, but Tony had a point she- and she guessed the rest as well- were starved. They all parked in front of the little restaurant and got out. They silently followed Tony into the dark, cramped building.

"Ah, Mr. Stark, good to see you!"

"You too Becky! Can I have 10 of my usual?" Becky looked around him to see some faces she knew; Clint, Nat, Dr. Banner, (y/n), Steve, and Thor. But three new faces surprised her. Two younger looking individuals. Similar facial structures, probably siblings she guessed and...a red guy. This wasn't that much of a big deal. He's brought in stranger people.

"Of course, no Pepper today?"

"No she's out working on new energy to save the world." Tony, unlike the others, was full of life. Becky just nodded and showed them to a table. She brought out 3 more chairs and sat them down.

"Should be out in a few" She gave a smile knowing they had come from something big and went back behind the counter.

"You come here too much" Natasha was eyeing the waitress before she sat down in a heap next to Clint and put her head on his shoulder. Steve pulled out the chair for (y/n) and tucked her in before sitting beside her. Pietro quickly took the open seat next to her and his sister.

"Actually it's quite the opposite, I don't come here enough." The whole table rolled their eyes. Becky came back with some water and placed them down. Pietro leaned over to (y/n).

"How's your arm?"

"It hurts, but I get to keep it" She smiled and took a sip of water. "How's-" She nodded toward his stomach.

"Doesn't hurt" He sat straighter as if trying to impress her. She poked it and he bent over a little "Ow" She laughed.

"Obviously not." he smirked and looked down at her neck. The shimmer that usually caught on the sun was gone.

"Your necklace..."

"Yeah, lost it sometime in Sokovia"

"Sorry"

"It's ok, it did it's duty"
"Hum?" She looked down into her water. She used the straw to swirl the ice around. He was about to tell her she didn't have to tell him when she spoke.

"It was my mothers, she gave it to me for my 4th birthday I think. Originally it was her fathers. He called it his good luck charm because he said it got him through WWII. It was this silver star and it was rimmed with purple. Nothing special. But she had given it to me anyway, like it was some magical cure-all. She use to tell me that my grandfather had plucked a star from the sky and made it into a charm so that I could make wish upon wish even in the daytime. Well, my father worked with Stark's so that meant me and Tony use to play together. Or I guess he babysitted me, I don't know, but he would do this trick where he would make me look away and when I turned back he would tell me to look at my necklace and it would be gone. He would then pull it out from behind his back like some great magician." Becky had placed the food down and everyone dug in, except for Pietro. He was listening intensely as she tried to remember. "Well, when Hydra took me, they let me keep it. So as the years went on it was just something to remind me that I wasn't a robot. Sometimes I even made this stupid wish that I wouldn't be alone anymore." He watched as her face turned into a pained expression, but she continued, "So the day I snuck in to kill Tony, I was wearing it over my uniform. I had shot his computer and my gun was leveled at his head. I was about to shoot when he said my name. I mean he said it with such warmth, like we had been friends our whole lives. He pointed to my necklace and told me he knew me when we were smaller. At first I thought he was making it up so I wouldn't kill him, but then he told me about the 'legend' of my grandfather and the whole wish thing. I remember feeling found. I was saved and it was all thanks to the necklace as old as Steve." She smiled and looked over at the man. He had a twinkle in his eye and his attention was only on her. "Anyway, you should eat. I bet your hungry." He nodded slowly and picked up the weird wrap in front of him. (y/n) grabbed her chips (Becky knew her well enough to know she would never eat shawarma and instead would opt for some chips and dip). They all ate in silence with a few jokes thrown in here and there. They all finished and made their way back to the tower. They road the lift up the many floors and entered into their shared living room.

"First shower!" Natasha ran for the bathroom before anyone else could. They all growled an waited their turns. They would have searched out other showers, but they didn't want to move too much. One after another they each took their showers and plopped down on the couch, (y/n) being the last one. She rung her hair out and slipped on shorts and a t-shirt. She tip toed out into the living room, it was already 3 in the morning. She expected everyone to have gone to bed, but they were up and watching a movie. Fantastic Four. (y/n) looked at the couch and the two love seats. Filled. 3 new bodies meant she had no where to sit. She sighed and accepted her spot on the floor. Wanda had made a move to get up, but (y/n) just shook her head. Clint was looking at the TV to Steve and back to the TV. "Is anyone seeing this?" They all looked at Clint and he pointed to the TV. "Johnny Storm looks exactly like Cap" They all chuckled, but some of their eyes widened. "He is correct, Captain Rogers. You two have many matching qualities." Vision was smiling. "Nah, Steve's cuter" (y/n) gave him a wink and his cheeks were tinted pink. Pietro growled in his throat but a warning look from his sister made his mouth stay shut. "Friday, what's the actors name?" Tony had paused the movie. "Christopher Robert Evans, Sir" The unfamiliar Scottish voice rang out in the dark living room. " 'Robert'? I mean I thought it was bad as a first name, but a middle name?" Natasha scrunched her nose.
"Hey! I like the name Robert!" Tony frowned at her while unpausing the movie. They all sat and waited for more Storm scenes. They had gotten to the point where he was walking around in a pink jacket tied around his waist. Only a pick jacket.

"Oh yeah, there's no way that's Steve." Clint was laughing at the screen.

"Yeah he would never let himself be so exposed" Banner had started laughing too

"No, because Rogers has abs for days. Storm's got a nice body, but not Steve Rogers nice." (y/n) looked up at her friend was a very deep pink and had no idea what to say. Clint and Tony gave an 'ewww' and Nat threw her head back laughing.

"She's got a point. Have you seen Rogers shirtless?" Nat started teasing him. Pietro had a cross look on his face.

"Awe, it's ok Speedy. He ain't got nothing on you" (y/n) smiled at him and his face relaxed.

"Aren't you uncomfortable?" She was the only one on the floor.

"Meh, nothing I can't handle." He rolled his eyes and reached his arms out. She just stared at him. She tilted her head a little and he chuckled.

"Come here." He had an edge to his voice. One she found quite sexy, but she wouldn't let him know that. She slowly complied and climbed onto his lap. He wrapped his hands around her so she wouldn't fall off. She made no motion to leave so he snuggled into the couch. "Better than the floor?" She just shrugged but put her head on his shoulder. About half way through the movie Tony started yelling at the TV.

"Why the hell can't the guys we face be as stupid as Doom? Our job would be so much easier!"

"Stupid? Tony, he helped Ben get back to human form. An idiot couldn't do that." Bruce was watching, if only for the science.

"Yeah, but he sent a heat seeking missile at the only human in the world that can literally catch and contain fire." Natasha looked over to Bruce who just shrugged.

"They should call him Victor Von Dumbass" (y/n) was almost asleep, but sarcastic remarks always come first. She felt Pietro's chest go up in down in a laugh. Wanda just patted her head.

"Go to sleep, (y/n)" She was obviously trying very hard to keep her eyes open.

"I do what I want"

"And do you want to go to bed?"

"...yes" This was one of the teams favorite things. A tired (y/n). She closed her eyes and soon drifted off. The rest of the Avengers soon followed her into sleep while Von Dumbass failed at being a successful villain in the background. Not unlike Ultron.
Strange Things are Afoot at the Circle K

Chapter Summary

be excellent to each other
guess who got her Doritos!! This girl!!sgthdrgv
MY CAT JUMPED ON MY LAP
I SCREAMED
whooo
summarizing is the bane of my existence
haven't written shit yet
my name's Blurryface and I care what you think
so imma go and write
if you love me let me bro
Panic! at the Disbro
see yall in a couple hours
------
Mom yelled at me because this chapter "has nothing to do with Circle K"
sorry I lied to you
what was I doing?
oh yeah, summary:
2spooky4me
it's Pietro's right to be hellish
saving Bucky because I can't fucking stand what Hydra did to him. Can I adopt a Bucky? Is that a thing? "Yes, hello, I's like to adopt a Bucky please?" "Oh, no problem, his last home was a little rough, but with enough love he should be fine." "Oh trust me, I will love him till the end of the line."

Chapter Notes

MY NEIGHBORS HAVE BEEN PLAYING HANNAH MONTANA MUSIC NON-STOP. THEY ARE IN THEIR LATE 40'S. WTF. IT'S TOO DAMN LOUD, THEY GETTING TOO TURNT JESUS CHRIST I DONT CARE IF THERES A PARTY IN THE USA I'M STAYING INSIDE. Any fucking way, thank you guys for the comments! Fun fact:

Aaron's wife, Sam, was the director for 50 Shades of Gross.

love you fam (Much more than I love my neighbors, so much more)

-Z

It was about 6:30 when (y/n) could hear a phone vibrate. She slowly opened her eyes. It was still dark out and everyone was still asleep. She noticed how close her face was to Pietro's and felt herself blush. He was really cute when he slept. She moved a strand of hair away from his face and
slowly undid herself from his grasp. She quietly stood up and stretched, being a master assassin aided her in not waking up the rest of the group. The phone began to vibrate again and she quickly reached for it and picked it up.

"Hello?"

"(y/n), meet me in the conference room on the 5th floor."

"Good morning to you too Fury."

"Good morning (y/n). Now meet me in the conference room." He hung up and she lightly placed the phone down. It was too early for this shit. She looked down at her clothes and shrugged her shoulders. Her hair was everywhere and there was no way she was going to try and calm it down by putting it into a bun. She tip toed to the lift and pressed the 5. Once it opened, she regretted answering the phone. There were some agents roaming the halls and as she past they would look her up and down. It was rare to see an Avenger this low in the Tower. She made her way to the big door at the end of one the halls. She threw it open to find Fury sitting at the head of a table with his feet resting on the chair next to him. His arms were crossed and music was playing over the loudspeaker. Classical. Yuck.

"Friday, turn that shit off" (y/n) closed the door and leaned back against it.

"Yes, ma'am" The girl AI complied and soon it was quiet in the large room.

"You clean up well, (y/n)." He looked at her disheveled hair and the clothes she was sporting.

"I was sleeping, in fact we all were. Which is why I'm wondering why the hell you called me down here at 6:30 in the fucking morning!" She crossed her arms and raised her voice a little. This was ridiculous.

"It wasn't you specifically, it was who ever picked up that phone first. Luck of the draw" He had an amused look on his face.

"I'm not known for being lucky" She scowled "Shouldn't you be off somewhere being dead?"

"Shouldn't you be thanking me for saving your asses?" He stood up, his patients wearing thin. "What the hell were you guys thinking? Ultron? Vision? Are you even sure you can trust him?"

"Are you serious right now Fury? We just saved the Earth AGAIN and you want to criticize us?" She threw her hands down and stepped closer. He shook his head.

"You wouldn't have had to save it if Tony hadn't messed with the scepter in the first place!" His tone was deep and angry. Must have been yelled at buy the council, well the new council.

"As true as that is, you can't put all the blame on him."

"We have to blame somebody"

"Blame yourselves then" Was he really trying to pin this on Tony? (y/n) could feel the anger boiling inside of her. She clenched her fists.

"We have no connection to this. Stark is the one who pushed for Ultron to be made. He is the one who messed with something we don't understand." Fury's eye was staring through her. She was laughing now. Not a that's funny haha, but a your a fucking hypocrite haha.
"That's precious coming from you. Really Fury? HE messed with something we don't understand? remind me, who-after Howard played with it-took the Tesseract and started doing experiments on it? Who started Phase 2 and lied about it to the Avenger's? Who did that huh?"

"We did that to protect the people"

"What the hell do you think Tony was doing? Jesus, you're acting like Tony's the only one who's ever made a mistake! Need I remind you that Shield no longer exists and Steve's best friend is missing because of you?"

"Excuse me? Who do you think you are talking to?"

"A ghost. Nicholas Joseph Fury died in action during DC." Her face was deadpan. She spun on her heel and headed back to the door.

"Don't you walk away from me (y/n)."

"Can't take orders from a dead man."

"(y/n)!

"Whoa I might need to call Ghostbusters." She swung the door open and walked out slamming it shut. An agent was walking by and looked at her with a worried expression. "Wouldn't go in there, it's haunted." She faked a smile and began to walk down the hall. A sigh escaped her mouth and she ran her hands through her hair.

"Tough day at work?" She looked to her left and saw Pietro leaning on the wall waiting for her.

"hey, how did you know where I was?" She smiled, relieved to have someone to talk to that she wouldn't want to strangle. Probably.

"Wanda heard your very angry thoughts and suggested I come down here to calm you down." He walked with her as she turned into the break rom.

"Thanks" She started brewing coffee in the sad little machine. "Everyone else awake too?" He shook his head.

"Just Wanda and the Captain."

"Steve"

"What?"

"You always call him 'Captain'. you can call him Steve, you know." He just shrugged his shoulders and she laughed "Do you not like him?"

"He is a good leader." There was no emotion in his voice. He hopped up on the counter and clenched his jaw. He in fact, did not like the Captain. He saw the kiss she had placed on his cheek before she hopped off the carrier. She would ruffle his hair and always stand next to him. Bluh, what did he have that Pietro did not?

"That doesn't answer my question" She glanced at him and noticed he was quiet and tense. "He's a good guy, Pietro. He cares about his friends and he's the biggest dork I've ever met. You can trust him."

"So you two are together?" His eyes shot up and looked at hers. Her cheeks were turning red.
'What-no! Me and Steve? I-no!' Do not tell her that Pietro honestly thought they were together. She poured the coffee into a mug trying not to spill it.

"So, you do not have a boyfriend?" He had started to smirk

"No Pietro, I do not" He had jumped down and was now standing beside her. She turned a little making the distance between them even smaller.

"Good to know" He leaned in a little and put his hand on her neck. He was about to kiss her when...

"Whoa!" Steve had appeared in the doorway. Pietro blushed like mad and stepped back while (y/n) just took a sip of her coffee. Wanda punched Steve in the arm. If the idiot hadn't made any noise who knows what could have happened.

"Hey Stevie" (y/n) poured another mug and handed it to him. He slowly took it, his eyes darting between the two.

"Thanks...We uh-Sam and I-there's-uh.." He was obviously startled and (y/n) giggled into her cup. She looked over to Pietro who seemed to be having a mind covo with his sister. His eyes met hers and he blushed again. She liked seeing him flustered, it was very different to the cocky Pietro. "We have a lead" He finally regained his composure and took a sip.

"Where?"

"DC"

"Still?"

"Sam thinks he wanted to stay where he was comfortable."

"Maybe...There's a museum there right?"

"You don't think-"

"Yeah, I do" He nodded and took his phone out of his pocket. He dialed Sam's number-which took him 5 minutes-and stepped out of the room.(y/n) finished off her coffee and went to follow Steve. Although not before kissing Pietro's cheek. "We'll finish this later" She smiled and ran out the door. He watched her go with a smile beaming in his face. Wanda laughed.

"Who would have thought a girl could make my brother smile so." He just laughed and put his arm around his sister.

"You make me smile"

"Not like she does" He squeezed her shoulders a bit and she sighed "They will be gone for a week or two you know"

"How-"

"Steve was going through the game plan in his head" He nodded. And two weeks it was. They heard barley anything from the 3. Nat kept her phone on at times incase they needed back up. Pietro wanted to see her, to finish their 'talk'. Two weeks and nothing. Then one day as they all sat on the couch watching Batman the lift opened and 3 very chatty people exited off it. This wasn't unusual, agents would come in all the time to hand them reports or just to check up and make sure they hadn't killed each other. Tony noted it was two guys and a girl. It was usually just a guy or
two girls. (Two girls because they needed the other to slap Tony if he went over the line). They all
turned their heads to see (y/n), Steve and The Winter Soldier. Steve was patting his back while
(y/n) was laughing at the two of them. James was shaking his head and his cheeks were red.

"Wait, so after Steve got all beefed up girls stopped talking to you? I can't even imagine why!"

"Watch it doll" He smirked "It was the worst time of my life! I was invisible!" Steve just laughed

"Guys, This is Bucky, Bucky these are the Avengers" Bucky gave a shy nod.

"Come on, you guys have been out for 2 weeks. We are watching Batman and eating pizza. Tony
got another couch so there should be room" Clint waved them over and Steve and Bucky sat on the
couch with no one on it. Pietro had been watching (y/n) the whole time wanting to get up. Her eyes
traveled to him and he opened his arms. She just smiled and climbed over the couch to sit on his
lap.

"Uh, (y/n), There's room over here" Steve was looking at the two and to the seat open next to him.
She once again just shrugged her shoulders and stayed put. He rolled his eyes and looked up at the
movie.

"Batman is about as worthless as Doom." Tony threw a pit of popcorn at the TV and Natasha
withdrew the bowl from his lap. Clint tried to say something but his mouth was full of pizza.

"hncoah-sofjan-?" Tony just looked at him in disgust before Wanda laughed.

"He said 'how so?'" Tony looked around the room and sat up.

"He's just a rich guy with a suit with little to no real training in real fighting." The whole room feel
silent and all eyes were on Tony. Thor had a cheeky smile.

"Stark, I believe Barton was referring to the Man of Bats, not yourself." He raised a cup as the team
burst out in laughter. Tony glared at him and they all started arguing about how similar Tony and
Bruce Wayne really were. Pietro rolled his eyes and looked back to (y/n) who was just smiling.

"I missed you losers." She noticed a Pietro staring and started talking in a whisper.

"Trust me, we missed you too." He grinned "We never got to finish our conversation" She thought
back to two weeks ago, before she left. She leaned and put one of her hands on his cheek, the other
on his chest. It took him a second to realize what was happening. She was kissing him. He
tightened his wrap around her waist and pulled her closer. He could hear the room still arguing, but
that didn't matter. They pulled away, each panting a little. He rested his forehead on hers, unaware
that Steve was secretly plotting to murder him while Bucky held him back in a fit of laughter. She
had on a beautiful smile.

"There. Finished."
By this Point you Should have Guessed that the Titles have Absolutely Nothing to do with what the Chapter's Actually About.

Chapter Summary

it's a surprise (aka-I'm so fucking done with chapter summaries)

Chapter Notes

"I swear you live off marvel movies and Doritos and ice cream" Yo, Eredeti don't forget SuperWhoLock and The 1975. Fun fact!:

Aaron and Elizabeth played lovers in Godzilla then turned around and played brother and sister in AOU (Like the two people from that movie...Detergent? and that other movie that was based off a Shakespeare quote. They have weird names, idk)

love you fam (almost as much as marvel movies, Doritos, and ice cream)

-Z

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Has any one seen Wanda?" Clint was leaning on the counter watching as (y/n) balanced on a chair trying to reach the top cupboard.

"No! Thanks to you and Mister Prude, I haven't been able to see her OR her brother, thank you very much!" She had almost reached the last box of cereal.

"Well sorry me and Steve didn't want to see you two making out" He stuck out his tongue, which she could not see.

"It was one kiss! And besides, you can't train a newbie too much. That's like a rule."

"It is not a rule! Plus, these guys need it. They are enhanced, remember?"

"Ok, but if you train them so much I never get see them then it's no fun for me"

"And the whole world revolves around you doesn't (y/n)" She had grabbed the box but the chair tipped and she felt her self fall. That is until a pair of arms caught her. One arm in particular was quite cold.

"Oh, hey Buck. Thanks!" She hopped down and grabbed the milk from the fridge "Oh and to answer your question Barton. Yes, the whole world revolves around me"

"But your name isn't Tony Stark" Bucky had grabbed an apple off the counter and stood beside Clint looking at the screen in front of them. They both snickered and (y/n) almost chocked on her cereal. Clint returned his attention to the screen, which held a football game (y/n) did not care about. She looked at the two as they seemed mesmerized by the men in tights throwing around a
ball. She noted Bucky's hair was in his face.

"James, you need a hair cut." He lifted his face toward her and took a handful of hair.

"I don't trust anyone enough." Clint looked at his hair too. He seemed to agree that it was getting too long.

"What if I cut it?" (y/n) asked calmly, noticing Clint glare at her.

"Do NOT let (y/n) cut your hair, or Nat for that matter!" He gave Bucky a warning look.

"There's a story here" He looked between the two "and I want to hear it" (y/n) opened her moth but Barton beat her to it.

"I was on a mission a couple of years ago and I was gone for a long time so naturally my hair grew out, much like yours. When I got back Nat and (y/n) were waiting with a pair of scissors so I thought 'Hey, they are my best friends, what could go wrong?'. Everything Bucky. Everything went wrong. They gave me a mullet." He slid a hand through his hair. (/n) was trying to contain her smile. "It did not look good."

"No it really didn't." (y/n) failed miserably and she started giggling. "But it was Tasha's idea and I promise she won't be there."

"What would you do to it." Bucky put a protective hand on his head.

"Friday, show me a picture of Sergeant James Barnes, 107th." The men in tights vanished and an old picture of Steve and Bucky popped up on screen. "That." She pointed to his old hair and he smiled a little.

"Okay." Clint screamed 'what?!' and shook his head, but Buck seemed content. "I'm going to go train first, if that's ok." (y/n) smile and ate her cereal as he walked away.

"Ok little Loki, what are you REALLY going to do to him?" Clint was eyeing her.

"Exactly what I said."

"Then why did you mullet me?"

"Mullet as a verb? Really?" She put her bowl in the sink and walked back to her room.

"Hey! Where are you going! Answer me!" She closed the door and flopped down on her bed. She would rest for a couple of hours until a frantic Tony would barge in and wake her up.

"Hey Kid! Wake up-Now!." He shook her shoulders. She rolled over and threw the pillow over her head.

"If you made Banner Hulk out, go get Nat." He tore her blankets off.

"Yeah no that's not what this is. (y/n) you need to get up now. It's Bucky." She slowly got up from under her pillow and looked at him.

"Is he-"

"Has no idea who he is. We trapped him in the training room. Steve's on that mission with Falcon." Tony got up and was followed by (y/n) They more or less ran to the training room, who's door was close.
"Oh! (y/n)!-hic-how's my favorite little-hic-killer?" Wanda muddled her way over and threw a drunken arm around (y/n). She looked around at everyone confused.

"What is going on?" She looked at Wanda who smelled like Tony's alcohol collection.

"We think she got drunk and accidently made Bucky go off." Bruce was behind Natasha.

"Hehehe you know, your kinda cute (y/n)-hic-I see why Pietro likes you" Wanda had on a sweet smile and (y/n) probably would have laughed if her other friend wasn't trapped in the other room.

"Thanks Wanda" She passed her off to Clint whom she immediately wrapped her arms around. "I'm going to get him." She took a step towards the door, but when she went to open it she found it wouldn't budge. She looked up to see the source of the obstruction. It was a hand, pushing against the door. "Pietro. Some one needs to bring him back, and I don't think your sisters in the right mind to."

"I'm not letting you go in there. He's a trained assassin."

"So am I"

"He could hurt you"

"I'm not letting him just sit in there."

"Then I'm going with you," he pulled open the door and stepped in first. She followed close behind and Tony closed the door behind them. Bucky had both his hands placed on the wall and he was looking down.

"James..." He quickly spun around and his fist clenched. "...Soldier." He took a step forward and Pietro put a protective hand in front of (y/n).

"I am sorry for what my sister did to you, but you need to come back to us before you do something you regret." He made no noise, but he moved forward at an advance. (y/n) was about to reach for the gun holstered at her hip, but he was immediately thrown against the wall with Pietro pinning him. "You will not hurt her."

"Pietro." A soft hand on his back made him relax a little, but he still gripped Bucky. "Hey James, sweetie, your okay. I'll have Tony call Steve, you remember Steve?" Bucky's face soften, but he shook his head. "That's ok. Your name is James Barnes, everyone calls you Bucky. Your in the Avenger's Tower. Your safe." His eyes darted between the two in front of him. The man's face was cold, ready to subdue him if need be, but the woman's was calm, welcoming. They were a good pair.

"Pete-..Pietro...and...(y/n).." He remembered a red wave and some slurred Russian. Pietro loosened his grip and held onto his right shoulder.

"Welcome back" Pietro smiled a little and a sigh escaped his lips. He didn't remember everything, but it was enough.

"Glad that didn't last long." She ran hand through her hair and looked to the door. Banner was the only one left. "Come on." She made her way to the door, Pietro behind her and Bucky behind him. She opened it and Banner straightened up.

"He remember?"
"A bit, just keep him away from Wanda until she sobers up. Call Steve, tell him what happened." Banner nodded

"I'll take him to my lab. James, this way." Bucky gave a nervous look toward (y/n) who just nodded and smiled.

"It's alright." He looked form her to Banner to Pietro who just smiled his usual smile. He followed Banner into the lift, leaving Pietro and (y/n) standing there. She stood silent for a moment thinking something over.

"What's on your mind?" He scooted closer to her. It felt like it had been forever since he had talked to her let alone see her.

"Your sister, we should check on her." He nodded and grabbed her hand before entering the lift. "Uh, Pietro, you can let go of my hand."

"Don't want to." He looked down at her with a wink. She rolled her eyes but left her hand in his. When it opened they could see Wanda on Clint laps. He looked confused, Very confused. (y/n) started laughing and went to stand by Nat. "Wanda...get off of the Hawks lap." Pietro stepped closer and she just started giggling.

"hehe awe come onPietro! let me have alittle funnn-hic-I mean have you seen his arms?" She poked Barton's muscles and his face contorted into pride and confusion.

"Uh Wanda." He lifted her off of him and ran to the other side of the kitchen island behind Nat and (y/n). "Help me."

"She's very flirty when she drunk." Natasha leaned on (y/n) and whispered. She had a smile on her face and soon so did (y/n).

"Where's Vision?"

"Already called him." they both started laughing and Clint just looked between the two.

"She drank all my Domaine de la Romanee-Conti and the last bit of Jack Daniel's!" Tony was fuming in the corner, looking at his now half-empty shelf. Wanda bounded over, almost falling over as she did.

"Whatcha looking at!" She was so excited and happy.

"Oh nothing, just the lack of Domaine de la Romanee-Conti on my shelf, no big deal, didn't cost $20,000 or anything." He crossed his arms.

"Oh...good!-hic-because I drank it!" She smiled with her whole face and Tony pointed to Pietro.

"You owe me $20,000" Pietro just cocked his eyebrow. Tony turned tot he kitchen where Clint, Nat, and (y/n) were snickering. They stopped when they caught his eye, but his eyes suddenly widened. "guys thRE'S A DRAGON IN THE KITCHEN WATCH OUT!" The three looked behind them to find...nothing. They looked back at Tony who had taken refuge behind a couch. Wanda was giggling as red wave passed over her hands. "ARE YOU GUYS CRAZY! GET OUT OF THE KITCHEN" (y/n) was clutching her side laughing.

"I love drunk Wanda!" Nat was laughing too. They both fell to the floor in a fit of laughter while Clint huffed and walked up to Wanda.
"We need to get you a warm shower." He grabbed her hand and she took her free one up to his head.

"Wop! hehe-hic" Clint suddenly jumped back.

"AH! GET AWAY FROM ME! HOW CAN SO MANY OF YOU FIT INTO ONE CAR!" Barton ran through out the room trying to run away from what Nat and (y/n) suspected to be Clowns. He ran through the kitchen which caused Tony to yell. The girls were still balled up laughing.

"Pie-Pietro!-ahahahaha-do something!" He loved seeing her laugh, but she was right. He slowly stepped toward his sister.

"Wanda, you have drank copious amounts of alcohol. I suggest we get you to bed." She shook her head and soon Pietro was being taunted by a hare. "I AM NOT A TORTOISE! IF ANYTHING YOU ARE THE SLOW ONE!" Wanda looked pleased with herself. The lift sounded and Vision stepped out. The room around him confused him greatly. Tony was behind the couch with wide eyes. He had a pillow in one hand and the remote in the other, like a shield and sword. Clint was hiding under some blankets. He would sometimes quickly get up, scream, and crouch back down. Pietro was running around as fast as he could and yelling something about when he wins the race he's going to cook the hare for dinner. Natasha and (y/n) were sitting on the floor laughing with tears in their eyes. He finally looked at the center of the room to see Wanda dancing to music that wasn't there.

"What is going on?" Natasha looked up at him only to laugh more.

"Vision!-hahaha-help!" She pointed to Wanda and he noticed the empty wine bottle on the counter. He slowly began to understand what was happening. He walked over to Wanda and smiled.

"hello Wanda." He turned around and her face lit up.

"Vision!" She threw her arms around him and he blinked a couple of times. "You know-hic-whatssss my favorite colour?" She leaned into his shoulder and whispered in his ear. "Red-hehehe-hic" If he wasn't already red you would totally be able to see a blush.

"I believe you are intoxicated, I shall assist you to your bed." He picked her up and began to walk down a corridor, the last thing (y/n) and Nat heard was a slurred Russian remark.

"If you want-hic-you can join me in it!" The girls took a whole 5 minutes to calm down all the while the boys were still freaking out.

"Oh man, that was good!" Nat wiped her eye and sat up.

"Haven't laughed like that in a long time" (y/n) slowly stood up.

"We should probably help them." Nat nodded toward Clint. "I'll take Barton"

"I've got Pietro." They both looked at Tony. "I mean, it'll wear off in a couple hours right?"

"Yeah, he'll be fine" She went over to the couch and sat by Clint. (y/n) looked around to see Pietro talking to nobody in particular. He laughed and walked up to him and grabbed his arm. He jumped and looked at her.

"This damn bunny won't leave me alone." He growled.

"it's okay Speedy, you're much faster than him." She smiled, he was such a child. "Hey, he isn't
real, just your sister messing with you. Look-"She looked to the empty spot that he was talking to. "there's nothing there." He slowly looked to find that she was right. He put his hand to his face.

"Damn it Wanda." He looked thoroughly embarrassed.

"I guess we won't be having hare soup for dinner tonight." She cracked a smile and he mockingly laughed.

"Shut up"

"Make me" She smiled and leaned into him. He looked over at her and leaned in.

"Okay-" Before he could kiss her a screaming Tony caught him off guard.

"FRIDAY HELP ME! IT'S MOVING INTO THE LIVING ROOM!" Pietro shook his head and looked back at (y/n). She gave him a sad smile and made her way over to Tony. She helped him out of his trance, but not before taking a video. By the time things settled, Vision was back out and Wanda was asleep. Steve had been notified of what happened and sent a video that would go viral the next day.

#StarkKnowsHowToParty.

Chapter End Notes

Just did a fun little chapter, no major plot point, honestly just wanted to write drunk Wanda haha
I'm a kitchen sink you don't know what that means because a kitchen sink to you is not a kitchen sink to me, OK friend?

Chapter Summary

lol nope

Chapter Notes

hgmjlsawhyfw hvbksizygn skvskn fun fact:

I'm out of fun facts. Aaron's real hair color is brown.

love you fam

-Z

The next day Steve was to return from his mission. (y/n) sat waiting on the couch for her friend to return home, hopefully with some fun stories. She sighed and played with her hair, everyone was either training or in their rooms being bums. She began to think about Pietro, she tried to stop herself but she couldn't help it. He was training with Clint now, she imagined what he looked like and any smart remarks he was giving. She had almost gotten to kiss him yesterday, but Tony was screaming about a dragon. #StarkKnowsHowToRuinAMoment. She remembered his first day in the tower, which was only a couple of weeks ago. He was so interested with everything, especially the weapons in the armory. The armory. She got to see his body then, she had no complaints. He definitely wasn't out of shape, though she guessed the running helped. She began to think about going down to the training room and retracting him from his lesson. If she did, what would she say as her motive? She was pretty sure 'Yeah. Hi. I need Pietro. Why? Oh, so we can make out and I can tell him how I feel' wasn't going to work on Barton. Her thoughts were interrupted by a cold hand tapping her leg.

"What-oh, hey Bucky." She shook her head and rubbed her eyes.

"Sorry to interrupt your obvious daydreaming." He smiled "Let me guess, the guy with the white hair?"

"Pietro." She grabbed a pillow and put it in front of her face. She heard him chuckle and second later he had ripped the pillow from her hands.

"Yeah, him. So what were you two doing in that head of yours." He laughed as she blushed, kinda like how Steve would of.

"You here for a haircut?" She would not let him win. He ran a hand through his hair and sighed.

"Fine don't tell me...Do you really think I need one?" He watched as she stood up and shrugged her shoulders.
"No, but I think it might help you feel like the old you a bit more." He nodded and sat on a nearby stool.

"Then, let's see what you've got." She squealed and ran to get scissors. She came back and Pietro was standing getting a cup of water. He looked over and smiled.

"Hello pup" She rolled her eyes and went over to Bucky.

"Alright soldier, you ready?" He just nodded and she started cutting the edges. Pietro stepped closer, eyeing the man on the stool. He was ready to grab her and run if anything happened.

"Haircut?" Pietro tried to imagine the distant man with short hair.

"Yeah, the little lady here thought I should get one." He smiled up at (y/n) who just kept cutting. Pietro cocked his brow. 'Little lady' who says that anymore? "Can I ask him?" Bucky was still staring at (y/n) who shook her head.

"Buck no-"

"Do you dye your hair?"

"and you did it anyway." She sighed and gave an apologetic look to Pietro who returned it with a big smile. Bucky looked at Pietro with curiosity.

"So? Do you? Dye it? Silver?" (y/n) had started cutting the bangs at this point and Bucky had to speak up.

"No, after the experiments it started to grow out silver." Pietro played with a bit of it in his fingers.

"Well, I like it." (y/n) back was turned on Pietro but she could sense the smile that radiated from his face.

"Yeah well that's just because you like HIM." Bucky snickered as (y/n) stopped cutting.

"James Buchanan Barnes, I will give you a mullet so help me god." He shut his mouth and stopped laughing. Pietro was staring at her back. A grin ever present on his face. As she resumed cutting she remembered the events of yesterday. "Are you okay Bucky?" He looked at her confused.

"Uh, yeah? It's just a haircut (y/n) I'm not that attached." He raised an eyebrow

"I'm not talking about the haircut smartass, I'm talking about yesterday" She slowed her cutting and he nodded in understanding

"I'm...ok. It wasn't her fault."

"She feels awful, and it's not just the handover" Pietro chimed in making Bucky laugh.

"It's ok, really, but I could have hurt you." He looked up at (y/n) who just shrugged her shoulders.

"but you didn't" She stepped back "Pietro, my room in the bathroom, gel. Please?" He was gone in an instant and back in another. He handed her the gel and she took a dab and smothered it in Bucky's hair. She nodded with satisfaction and looked over to Pietro. He smiled at her and got a mirror.

"WHOA! (y/n)! I look exactly like I did in the 40's!" He jumped up and twirled her around in a hug, kind of like a child. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" He put her down and grabbed the mirror
"You look goooooood" She smiled and he laughed. Pietro did not. Bucky stared at his reflection for up to 10 minutes. (y/n) had decided she was going to continue to be a bum in her room and the only reason Pietro was there at all was because (y/n) was, so he went to his room to think of a way to finally ask her out on a date.

---------

Pietro was pacing in front of her door. He had rehearsed it so many times in his head, but now that he was mere inches from her door he couldn't pull the courage to knock. Why was this so hard? He knew she liked him, she kissed him for god sake! He stopped pacing and stood in front of her door. He raised his hand and formed a fist. Just when he was about to lower it to the door he froze.

"Damn it!" He threw his head back and continued his saunter back and forth.

"Language." Steve had been watching him for a 5 whole minutes. He went through the same routine. Pick up enough courage to knock and then lose it. Pietro spun around and stared wide eyed.

"Captain."

"Pietro." He crossed his arms and looked at the man in front of him. "How's (y/n)? I heard about what happened from Bucky, I was worried."

"She's fine, she even gave him a haircut after." Pietro puffed his chest a bit. He would not be intimidated by an 95 year old man.

"Yeah sounds like something she would do. I saw it, his hair. Looks nice, think it makes him feel better about everything that's happened. She likes to do that. Puts off this tough exterior, but she really cares about people. She's fragile too, has a dark past, darker than most though she doesn't like to talk about it. She's always looking out for other people like when she went to find Wanda back in Sokovia. She's so busy with stuff like that that she barely takes care of herself. Scars, scratches, bullet holes, she doesn't care. Sometimes I worry that she's asking to be killed." Steve looked at her door before returning his gaze to Pietro. He had no idea why Steve was telling him all this. "Bucky told me you protected her in the training room and you even showed up during his haircut to make sure she was ok."

"I never-"

"He's had 70 years of training, there's really nothing that man can't figure out. Look, I care about her too maybe not in the same way you do but she's my family. I just want to thank you for looking out for her. For protecting her." Steve held out his hand and Pietro just stared at it. "I understand you don't like me, but for her we can at least try and get along?" He gestured toward the door and Pietro slowly took his hand and gave him a solid shake. "So, can I ask why you were pacing outside of her door or do you want me to guess?" Pietro suddenly grew flustered and scratched the back of his neck.

"I...was going to ask her on a date." He looked at the floor.

"That's kind of hard to do when there's a door in the way." Steve chuckled

"I don't know how to do..." He waved his hands at the door "This."

"And you think I do?" Steve shook his head and leaned on the wall.
"You know her the best, yes? What do I do?" Pietro's eyes pleaded for answers.

"First off, don't tell her it's a date, she'll freak out. Second, take her somewhere you won't get interrupted, I'm sure she's tired of that. Third, and the most important, tell her how you feel. She deserves to know." Pietro nodded and Steve smiled. "Well I'll be off. Good luck with..." He waved his hands at the door "That." He walked down the corridor and turned into his room. Pietro looked at her door. The wood was chipped and there were small scratches. he noticed a big dent at the bottom, one that could be blamed on a hammer being placed there so she could not get out. He also noticed an arrow head stuck near the top and the words 'Watch it little Loki' carved underneath it. He rested his head against it for a moment before he took in a deep breath. He raised his hand once more thinking over the words Rogers had just said. He ran a hand through his unkempt hair and then guess what. He knocked.
(y/n) was leaning against her door listening to the footsteps as they paced. She could hear him mumble a couple of swears, well she thought they were swears, they were too muffled to really make out. He had been there for 15 minutes, his steps occasionally stopping in front of her door only to start up again. She stood up and put her hand on the door handle. She was about to pull it open when she heard another voice muffled behind the door. It sounded like...Steve? She retracted her hand and put her ear to the door. She could hear Pietro's accent but not the words that were being spoken. She mentally slammed her head against the door. She heard Steve's deep footsteps soften as he walked away. After a moment she heard a quiet knock on her door. She waited a moment before the knocking got louder. She swung it open and Pietro almost stumbled in.

"Ah-oh-shit-Hi!" He stood straighter and smiled to cover up his blush. She laughed.

"Hey there" She smiled and he lightly tapped his foot and looked down. She waited for him to say something, but he seemed like he calmed up. "Are you ok?" She tilted her head and he looked up at her. He noted her outfit, leggings and white t-shirt, no shoes though.

"yeah I'm fine-put on some shoes." He had a big smile on his face and she cocked an eyebrow. She said nothing and complied, all the while with a confused expression painted on her face.
"Do you always knock on girls doors and order them to get dressed or am I a special case?" She finished tying her shoes and stood up. He held out his hand.

"Oh trust me, your special." He took her soft hand in his and walked out of her room, dragging her along. He took her out of the Tower and down the streets of NY. She liked the walk, it was quiet and he refused to let go of her hand.

"So where are we going and why?" She watched as he put a hand in his pocket. He seemed to be playing with something in it and he looked over to her. Her heart could of stopped. He opened his mouth but closed it. He looked at the ground in front of him and furrowed his brow.

"A uh...lodka prichal" He looked at her nervously and she just kind of stared blankly at him.

"Gesundheit?" She chuckled. "I don't know what the means." He nervously laughed.

"Uhm...a boat dock?" He seemed to be asking her if that was a thing in America and she found her self gripping his hand a little tighter and trying not to laugh at him. He was so cute.

"Like a Ferry?" She looked around at her surroundings. She could hear the river and there was a station near by. His face lit up.

"Yeah! Yeah! A Ferry!" He walked a little faster and she followed. He was overly excited, he had never been on a Ferry before and better yet, he was going on one with her.

"Ok so that answers where...kind of...but now, why?" They had reached the Ferry and he looked at her, a mischievous smile forming on his lips.

"Don't scream."

"Why would I-" He quickly scooped her up and ran onto the ferry, not being seen by anybody. When he was safely on the deck he slowed down and put her down, arms still wrapped around her waist. "-scream." She was wide eyed and she fixed her hair. "We could have just bought tickets."

"Yeah, well then I couldn't show off, could I?" He smirked and the Ferry took off.

"That was illegal" His arms were around her waist so she put hers around his neck.

"Says the girl who broke into an air force and stole a plane." He laughed and put his forehead against hers.

"Hey! That was to save the world, it's different." She smiled and closed her eyes, embracing his warmth.

"hum." He brought her closer and pressed his lips to hers. Her warm lips were a nice contrast to the brisk breeze. He tightened his grasp on her waist and he felt her hands travel up his neck and entangle with his hair. He smiled into the kiss and reluctantly pulled away for air. She giggled a little and rubbed the tip of her nose on his.

"I could get use to this." She kept him as close as possible.

"You're going to have to" He kissed her again but this time she pulled back, causing him to pout.

"Awe who's the puppy now?" She laughed and nodded toward a kid who was staring at them.

"We've got company."

"Don't care." He pulled her in once again and lifted one of his hands to cup her cheek. She didn't
pull away this time and he could feel her chuckle a bit as she kissed him. She felt a tug on her shirt and she quickly pulled away. Pietro growled and buried his face in her neck. He left it there as she started to talk to the child.

"Uh, hi kid." She tried very hard to ignore the Sokovian boy who was sighing into her neck.

"You're (y/n). You were there during New York. You're an Avenger." He was staring wide eyed at the girl.

"Yeah I am." She was not good with children.

"You were also there during the DC incident." Pietro felt her tense up and he hugged her a little tighter and lifted his head. She looked at him for a moment and then turned to the kid.

"Uh, yeah I was." The kid smiled at her and wrapped his small arms around her waist, maneuvering his way past Pietro, who stepped back. "You saved my dad" She was shocked. Her and Steve were running around making ships fall from the sky, she hardly thought they saved anyone. It took her a moment but she retuned the small hug and he stepped back with a smile on his small face.

"Arthur! Don't run off" The man watched as his son ran over to him. He looked to see what or who had caught his attention and froze. (y/n) studied the man. She remembered him. His leg was trapped under part of the first ship and the second was falling fast. She had run over after she heard his screams.

------flash back

(y/n) hoped over the rubble.

"Where are you?" The second ship was falling and she knew Steve was on the third, along with Bucky.

"Over-here" His tone was full of pain. She dodged debris and made her way over to him. He was a firefighter, probably helping people out of near by buildings. She looked at the wound, it was bad. Part of the metal was in his leg and he was losing a lot of blood.

"Alright, I'm going to help you out of this ok?" He nodded and clutched his leg in agony. She tried to lift the large piece of metal but she wasn't strong enough. "Damn." She huffed out. Parts were falling off the second ship and landed near their position.

"You need to leave, you're an Avenger, the world needs you more than one lousy firefighter." He managed to laugh but blood suddenly came spitting from his mouth. She shook her head.

"You got a kid?" She looked around desperate for a smaller piece of metal to wedge underneath it.

"Yeah, a boy." He didn't understand why she stayed.

"Tell me about him." She found a suitable piece and put it in between the metal and the ground.

"He's 6, his names Arthur. I'm all he's got, his mother died in NY during that attack. He uh he loves Captain America and I promised him I would be home by 8 tonight." (y/n) smiled. She wouldn't admit that she was having a hard time lifting the damn piece of metal.

"Well, we wouldn't want to break that promise would we?" He gave a sad smile "So...Captain America huh? I mean he's cool and I'd never bash a friend, but I mean, I'm pretty cool too sooo" She smiled and he chuckled. She gave it one last push and the metal soon slide off of him. She
laughed in triumph and helped him up. "We need to hurry." She wrapped her arm around him and helped him to a near by safety shelter. She set him down.

"Thank you."

"It's no biggy, just tell Arthur how awesome I am, will ya?" She smiled and ran out of the room.

--------back to the present

"So, did you make it home by 8?" (y/n) smiled and the man laughed.

"I was a little late, but I made it home alright." He hugged his son and nodded to both of them. He walked back to the exit of the Ferry. They had been approaching the Statue of Liberty. (y/n) looked up at the top of the green woman. She had a huge smile on her face and Pietro put his arms around her.

"Shall we?" She just smiled at him as he took her hand and lead her off the boat. They walked into the pedestal and looked around. (y/n) had seen it many times, but watching Pietro enjoy it for the first one was even better. He would drag her over to certain plaques and ask about what each meant and how it got there and she would tell him. He was extremely chatty and she was enjoying every bit of it., until he got to a certain plaque. He stood looking at it in silence. She read it too and grabbed his hand and squeezed it.

"Pietro..."

"'Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.'" His started to think of his time at Hydra. He had always felt trapped, he had nothing but his sister. They were tired. They were poor. They were yearning to breathe free. They were wrong in thinking Ultron could set them free. It was the Avengers, they had helped them, not some Machine. She had helped them. She had helped him. He turned to her, she was staring at him with a little bit of worry. He just smiled and hugged her. She hugged back not understanding the appreciation he truly had for her. Pietro overheard two women talking about how the crown of the Statue was closed off due to renovations and an idea clicked in his mind. He pulled back and grabbed her dragging her up to the higher levels.

"Wait-ah!" She followed as he made his way up the stairs and ran into his back when he stopped. "Pietro! What the he-" He turned around and put a finger to his lips. "Pietro Maximoff you did not just shush me-" He leaned down and crashed his lips onto hers. He pulled back and she was smiling.

"Please pup, be quiet for me?" She reluctantly nodded her head and he pretended to be busy reading something on the wall. She just held his hand confused out of her mind. He glanced at the stair case to the crown which was being guarded by two men in uniforms. He sighed and looked around, hand playing in his pocket again. He found the kid from earlier and looked back towards the guards. (y/n) had distracted herself with reading a poster. "Hey Arthur" The kid turned around and looked up at the strange man. His eyes drifted to (y/n) and back to Pietro. "I need your help" He was whispering, he didn't want (y/n) to know of his plan. He let go of her hand leaving her to the poster and walked over to the kid.

"What do you need?" If (y/n) trusted him Arthur would to.

"Can you distract those guards?" Pietro gestured to the two men in black and Arthur gave a sly smile.
"Love to. You gonna wiz past them?" His eyes were bright with excitement. Pietro cocked his brow. "I saw you slip on the Ferry. Well actually I saw you outside the Ferry and the next second you were on it so." Arthur jumped up and down. Pietro found himself smiling and nodding. "Just tell me when." Arthur bounded over near the guards and Pietro went back over to (y/n) and wrapped his arms around her. He nodded to the kid who between the guards who ran and stopped him. They both took him back to his father leaving the stairs unsupervised. Pietro took the opportunity to grab (y/n) and run her up the stairs. He stopped in front of the window of the crown and set her down. She pushed his shoulder.

"Stop doing that!" She looked mad but he didn't care she was cute either way. He grabbed her shoulders and turned her around so she faced the window. "Whoa..." She stepped closer to the window and looked out at the view of NY in front of her. "Pietro, this is so beautiful." She lightly touched the window and he stepped behind her placing his arms around her waist. He placed his chin on her shoulder.

"Meh, it's ok." He felt her shoulders go up in down in a laugh.

"How can you say that? Are you seeing this?" He turned her back around and held her chin up to his face.

"Yes, but compared to you it is nothing. You are more beautiful than any old metallic city." He kissed her forehead.

"Thank you? I think." She laughed and he rolled his eyes.

"My point being, you are the most beautiful thing my eyes have ever had the pleasure of seeing." She stood on her tip toes and gave him a small peck on the lips. He smiled and placed his hand in his pocket. "Close your eyes." She gave him a look but he waited. She huffed and finally closed her eyes. He took a small box out of his pocket and took out a small object from it. She could feel his fingers brush against her collarbone and go around to the back of her neck. She could feel something cold against her sternum. His hands left her neck and he stepped back. "Ok, open them." She did as she said and looked down at her neck. Her eyes froze on the two stars that were laying on her chest. She held the stars up to her big (e/c) eyes and felt tears brimming them. The first star was silver and the second was (f/c).

"Pietro..." She looked at him and wiped her eye.

"You told me the story of your old necklace, so I had Tony make this one. There's two stars, so you know you're not alone." He stepped forward and held up the stars. He pointed to the silver one. "This one is me, and this one is you." He pointed to the other star. "I promise to always be next to you and I won't let anything happen to. I mean it." He seemed nervous and talked quickly.

"Pietro I-"

"I thought I lost you (y/n). Back in Sokovia. I came to in the helicarrier and the Hawk told me you had run out to find Wanda and that the rock had already crumbled. I thought the only two people I had ever cared about were dead and I never even go to tell you how I felt. You make me crazy (y/n). You left for two weeks and I swear Wanda had to stop me from coming after you. Then, you come back and a couple days later your running in to help Barnes who could have killed you! You give me anxiety and I am hopelessly in love with you." He never broke eye contact and was shaking a little. He took a deep breath and ran a hand through his hair. She had a huge smile on her face and jumped into his arms, kissing him all the while. After their make out session she placed her head on his shoulder as he held her.
"I love you too Speedy." She nuzzled herself into his warmth but groaned when she realized what time it was. "The Ferry, we have to go, it's the last one." He slowly nodded and sped his way down to the boat. The walked on and she looked over the edge at the water. Arthur ran up and tugged on Pietro's sleeve.

"How'd it go?" He smiled and Pietro ruffled his hair.

"Perfectly. Thank you." Arthur smiled and ran to his father who picked him up and pointed toward the buildings. Pietro walked over to (y/n) and placed a hand on her back.

"Fish" She pointed at the water and Pietro watched as they swam around. He had a warm feeling in his chest, he always did when he was with her. According to him it was the best feeling in the world. They made their way back to the Tower and entered holding hands. Natasha noticed and smiled and winked at (y/n) who rolled her eyes. She looked at the TV, Superman. "Is watching superhero's movies the only thing you guys do?" They all nodded and kept their eyes stuck on the TV. Pietro let go of her hand and sat by his sister on the couch. Steve glanced at him, but kept quiet. (y/n) slid over to Nat and watched her throw the popcorn into the microwave.

"So, he finally give you that thing?" She looked at the necklace around (y/n)'s neck. She nodded. "He asked me what your favorite colour was and ran straight up to Tony's lab, it was admittedly cute." (y/n) smiled and a chuckle escaped her throat.

"Are you trying to steal my man?" (y/n) threw a grape at her friend who ended up catching it in her mouth. They both laughed and turned when they heard clapping from the doorway. Clint was standing there with $20 in his hands. He walked up to (y/n) grabbed her hand and forced it in it.

"They are holding hands." He said no more and walked back out to the living room. Nat just shrugged her shoulders and poured the now finished popcorn into a container. They both walked out and (y/n) saw what Clint was talking about. Wanda and Vision were sitting on the couch hand in hand. She smiled to herself and pocketed the money. Pietro turned his head around and held out his hands like he had done so many times before. She climbed into them and snuggled into his arms. This was her seat and that would never change.

"Who would win in a fight, Batman or Superman?" Tony was watching the screen in interest.

"Superman obviously, he has powers. Batman has money, there's a difference." Bruce looked at Tony who nodded in agreement.

"Batman would kick Superman's ass." (y/n) high-fived Nat who had made the comment.

"What? How? Superman can fly and shoot lasers out of his eyes, plus super strength!" Clint looked at the two girls, the rest were staying out of this.

"First off Barton he can't fly, he can jump, that's not the same thing. Next, He can be beating by a green rock. All Batman needs to do is make it into a bullet and shoot him in the heart and he's dead." Natasha pretended to shoot Barton with her fingers.

"Plus, Batman doesn't wear his underwear on the outside of his pants so he gets extra style points." (y/n) Pointed at the screen which showed Superman with his full costume on. Tony began to backfire but she just rolled her eyes and put her head on Pietro's shoulder. He smiled at her and she remembered something. "Hey, I never thanked you."

"For what?"

"The first time we met, you saved my life."
"You did the same for me." He stared at her and watched as her eyes turned from confusion to understanding. She leaned in and put her lips to his. It was short and it left him with a tingling sensation. She rested her head on his shoulder once again and watched the rest of the movie. He listened to his friends argue through out the whole movie all the while holding the love of his life. For the first time since the bomb, he felt as though he had a home.

Chapter End Notes

alright guys, I need ideas! So if there is anything you wanna see me write, it doesnt have to be marvel (like i mean ANYTHING (and if i dont know i'll look it up)), tell me! Just give me a pairing and a short or long description of what you are looking for! :) thanks!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!