Chapter 5: Worst nightmare

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"Stevie your killing me here."
Glaring up at the super soldier who places boxes of files in my lap, a
small smirk appearing on his lips.
Ultron had destroyed everything we had on Struker leaving
technology useless, but we have our ways.
'Our ways' being tons and tons of files that we had to sort through
just to find out what Ultron didn't want us to know.
"Stop complaining." Steve grins earning a file launched at his head
which of course he caught one handed sending it right back my way.
It had been two hours. TWO FREAKIN HOURS of searching through
boxes and boxes of files and we had nothing so far, nothing.
"Baron Struker had a lot of friends." Steve murmurs clenching his jaw
in fury at yet another box full of useless files.
"Well these people are all horrible." Banner groans tossing files
detailed with Strukers friends to the floor in hopes of clearing some
of the mess of the desk.
"Wait I know that guy." Tony frowns glancing at the man imprinted on
the sheet of paper.
Bruce's eyes widen, quickly scrambling to hand Tony the photo.
"From back in the day. He operates o the African coast." Tony
explains his eyes glued to the man in the picture.
Hoisting myself of the mini couch a little curious as to who they were
talking about, I manoeuvre my way through the team to beside Tony
glancing at the man myself.
"Black market arms." I sigh recognising the guy in the photo.
Everyone gaze turns to me and I shrug.
"How do you think HYDRA gets their shit?"
"He was talking about finding something new, a- a game changer." I
continue squeezing my eyes closed as I attempt to remember the
man.
This man. Klaw. Had been the one to give me my first sword. What
kind of maniac gives a five year old girl a sword. It was made of
vibranuim meaning it was indestructible, or was meant to be at least.
Upon leaving HYDRA I ditched the sword into the ocean, the sight of it
made my head ache.
"This?" Thor asks pointing to a mark on the back of the mans neck.
A brand, the man had been branded and by the looks of the mark he
had been branded as a thief. Although I couldn't recognise where the
brand originated I know what a brand is, I mean how could I not when
I had one of my own.
"Ah it's a tattoo." Tony shrugs.
"No those are tattoos, this is a brand." I interrupt explaining the
di erence between the two.
Bruce spins in his chair, rolling towards the computer making an
e ort to translate the mark.
"Oh yeah. It's a word in an African dialect meaning 'thief'." The
scientist explains.
"I could've told you that." I mumble crossing my arms.
"What dialect?"
The scientist frowns attempting to read the word on the screen.
"Wakanada...Wa-Wakanda." He stammers.
"Wakanda." I state.
Once again all eyes turn to me confused at my profound knowledge.
"Guys seriously, HYDRA wasn't that great at keeping secrets,
especially not from me."
"And if this guy got out of Wakanda with some of the trade goods..." I
start.
" I thought your father got the last of it." Steve interrupts turning to
the billionaire who shrugs in response.
"I don't follow, what comes out of Wakanda?" Bruce asks.
My gaze dri s to Steve's shield.
"The strongest metal on earth."
Screams shattered the silence of the church causing mass panic
throughout the building as people pushed through crowds
attempting to reach the exit.
My guilt a mere distraction pushed down to the depths of my mind as
I pulled the trigger watching as the building exploded killing kids and
 parents alike.
 "We did it." The man beside me grins, his metal arm glinting in the
sunlight.
Nodding solemnly I continue watching the church as it crumbles to
the ground taking both men and woman into its darkness forever.
Ashes flew through the air carried by the wind while bodies of the
dead lay burnt and broken in the rubble below.
 " Agent 776. Mission complete."
"Are you ok?"
My thoughts put aside I turn to the red head who stares at me
anxiously like I was about to break under her gaze.
Sitting on the quinjet on the way to an old ship salvage yard where
we would find a man who sold Vibranium to HYDRA would be quite
triggering to most people, especially if they were HYDRA in their past
but me, I was fine. Well no that's a lie, I wasn't fine but I wasn't going
to tell anyone that.
"Yes Nat you can stop asking me now." I chuckle throwing her a
playful look before turning back to the window as the jet flies gently
over the abandoned ships, sending shivers down my spine.
My sister doesn't reply but I feel her eyes on the side of my head
ready to catch me if I fall into a state.
"Ultrons here." Tony states, his suit scanning the ships heat
signatures before we intrude.
"Meaning the twins will be as well." I sigh, biting my nail anxiously at
the thought of the brunette.
Finding the right ship was easy, but getting in undetected was
proving much more of a challenge.
Nat, Clint and I stay on the higher levels of the ship spreading out and
keeping a distance while watching the others backs as they confront
Ultron and the twins.
Workers did attempt to attack us but three trained assassins against
workers who could barely stand on their own two feet, what are the
odds there?
"Stark is... He's a sickness."
Ultrons voice echos through the sha s of the ship sending
goosebumps up my arm.
"Ah junior, your gonna break your old man's heart." Stark sighs
sarcastically, landing with a gentle thud on the ground before the
robot.
Steve and Thor stand behind the billionaire occasionally making eye
contact with one of the three of us standing on the railings confirming
we were paying attention to the situation at hand.
I wasn't focused on them however.
Ultron had upgraded. His body armour no longer decaying and
fragile, instead was substantially large, larger than any man and he
was muscular, the metal bending to display large amounts of pure
strength. With upgrades such as flight and retractable blades, the
robot had obviously inherited Tony's brains as well as his ego.
Ultron turns to face the threat annoyance written all over his face as
the Maximo twins stand beside him unsure of what to do.
My eyes unconsciously continue to dri to Wanda the brunette not
noticing us as we blend into the ships interior.
Her chocolate hair was slicked back into a ponytail and she wore a
black leather jacket along with a red dress that stopped at her knees.
A few necklaces decorated her neck and she wore eyeliner making
her look even younger and dare I say... Prettier?
Her fingers lay at her side twitching a little, no doubt nerves due to
standing against the avengers.
"Skye stop drooling." A voice cuts through my mindless thinking.
Clints voice over the comms. I glare as Clint who stands on the
opposite side of the ship grinning raises his eyebrows at the girl a few
floors lower.
"I'm not drooling, I'm observing." I grit through my teeth trying to
hide my blush at being caught out whilst ignoring the not so subtle
eye roll from the archer.
"Yeah well when you observe the saliva and red cheeks aren't usually
a factor." Clint jeers trying to get on my nerves, which by the way was
working.
I'm not going to lie, Wanda was attractive but she was the enemy and
I wasn't going to have a crush on the enemy. I wasn't going to have a
crush on anyone. Love is for the weak, well romantic love anyway. I
loved a few people, Nat being one of them. But never did I love
someone romantically... never.
"Nobody has to break anything." Thor demands as Ultron and the
twins move closer to the team on the bridge.
"Clearly you've never made an omelet." Ultron replies.
I roll my eyes at his joke. I guess he also inherited Starks humour.
"He beat me by one second." The billionaire frowns.
"Ah yes he's funny. Mr Stark. Its what? Comfortable? Like old times?"
One of the maximo s interrupt.
Pietro.
No surprise at his thick accent, a devilish smirk placed on his face as
he sco s at Tony.
"This was never my life." Stark replies trying to keep the peace
between him and the twins.
My hands grip the sword on my hip a little tighter as Pietro stalks
forward.
"You two can still walk away from this." Steve interrupts.
My eyes flicker to Wanda's face a little part of me hoping she will
accept his o er but of course it was declined.
"Oh we will." Wanda's voice had an edge to it. A double meaning to
her words as she glares at the super soldier.
But that doesn't stop Steve attempting to gain their trust.
"I know you've su ered."
Ultron sco s.
"Captain America, gods righteous man. Pretending you could live
without a war." The robot chuckles.
"I can't physically throw up in my mouth, but-"
"If you believe in peace then let us keep it." Thor interrupts leaving
Ultrons joke unfinished.
The robots tone falls, now more dangerous and a certain hint of
annoyance wrapped in it.
"I think your confusing 'peace' with 'quiet'."
"Yuh huh. What's the vibranium for." Tony demands done with the
games.
The hairs on the back of my neck stand up. Ultron was getting edgy,
ready to attack.
"I'm glad you asked." The robot grins.
"Because I wanted to take this time to explain my evil plan."
And with those words a magnetic force pulls Tony towards Ultron.
Ultrons bots leaping down from the ceiling attacking both Thor and
Steve.
Stepping back from the railing I attempt to jump over it but get
stopped as a worker attacks me jumping onto my back.
Muscles tensed I grab the workers shirt pulling him over my shoulder
and shoving him o the railings, his scream leaving me with
goosebumps.
Metal clangs as Tony and Ultron face o leaving the rest of us to fight
the remains.
Workers swarm the railings but are no match any of us as I swi ly kill
them, ignoring the screams that will most definitely be in my latest
nightmares.
Picking my pace up to a run I sprint around the corners attacking
unsuspecting workers before they get me first.
"Skye where are you?" Nat's voice rings through the comms
concerned.
I smile a little happy I was her number one priority.
"Uh third floor I think." I reply panting a little as workers crowd me.
A hard kick to my right hand causes me to stifle a cry unable to keep
the sword in my possession and gritting my teeth as I watch it fall
over the railing.
I scowl annoyed that I just lost my weapon. "Really guys, I mean come
on, that was my best sword." I complain, the workers a little taken
aback at my words.
Rolling my eyes I finish o the rest of the workers heading towards
the ground level where Thor and Steve were fighting the twins.
Keeping my eyes open alert for anything, I quickly flip over the third
story railing, hands outstretched and grabbing onto the railing below
before pulling myself over the metal and landing on the second floor
with a sigh.
I grimace as my wrist flares up, definitely a broken bone or torn
muscle. Gently massaging it I continue my way through the sha s
a er me.
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using my knifes as weapons against anyone stupid enough to come Pausing for a second I glance at the scene below watching as Pietro goes flying into boxes a er trying to hold Thor's hammer, Wanda on the other hand no where to be seen, which for some reason worried me. Gunfire shot out across the ship throwing me back into focus. "Seriously the workers have guns now." I groan as they shoot at me, missing horribly I might add. "Thor status." Steve yells into the comms. "The girl tried to warp my mind. Take special care I doubt a human could keep her at bay. Fortunately I am mighty." Thor replies before trailing o . "Thor?" I frown worry bubbling in my stomach. Static fills the comms. "Nat?" I ask panicking a little. Static. The hairs on the back of my neck stand up and I turn grabbing the brunette, who had attempted to sneak up on me by the neck and slamming her into the wall behind me. Her eyes widen in fear as she looks at me, unable to move as I pin her to the wall.. My composure falters a little as our eyes connect. Her green eyes filled with terror and confusion. My grip on her neck loosening as her lower lip trembles. "Let me help you." I whisper to her. Her mouth opens to reply but I didn't get the chance to hear it as a blur launches at me, sending me flying into the metal wall. I gasp as I fall to the floor. Winded I lay on my back unable to move as my vision spins only listening to the twins voices above me. "Do it." Pietro demands pointing at me. I shake my head attempting to stand only to be met with a foot to the stomach causing a cry of pain to leave my lips as I crash to the ground again, my vision spotty. Wanda's eyes widen at my scream before glaring at her brother. "No she's di erent, she doesn't want to hurt us." Pietro scowls crouching next to me. "Do it Wanda. Or I will have no choice but to kill her." The brunette sighs a little dropping by my side, I paw at her dress trying to defend myself as her eyes glow red before tapping my

temple sending me spinning into darkness.

sends me into my own worst nightmare.

"I'm sorry." Her voice echos, so quiet I could barely hear it as she

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