# **Chapter 8: Ultron number 2**

"Cap a little help." I wheeze pushing against the arm of Ultron whose bladed hand glazes my neck, a light trickle of blood forming.

Cap stood up quickly wiping the red from his nose before running at Ultron.

But someone else was quicker.

Red strands locked around the robots hand, fear taking over in Ultrons eyes clear before he flies backwards into the wall with a thud.

"Are you ok?"

I let out a breath before looking towards my saviour. Wanda?

I frown ignoring her hand as she o ered it to me.

"I'm on your side." The brunette mutters so ly, her hand dropping back to her side.

I hum unsurely and stand up not taking my eyes of the witch.

"I'm sorry." She continues her eyes focused on her shoes not able to look me in the eye.

My heart was telling me to trust her but my head was telling me the opposite. Taking a deep breath I closed my eyes trusting my instinct.

"We won't hurt you." I whisper giving her a small smile.

She nods with a sigh of relief before turning back to the robot who was currently begging her brother to join him once again.

I didn't know what I had just done. But it felt like the right decision. Part of me felt responsible for the girl seeing I knew what she had gone through, my instinct telling me to protect her at all costs.

Steve's eyes turn to me unconvinced but I nod, my instinct trustworthy giving the super soldier all the reassurance he needed.

"Don't do this." Ultron sighs becoming trapped on the opposite side of the train as Wanda bends the metal bars across the middle of the train.

"What choice do we have." She growls. Her demeanour had changed whilst talking to the robot. No longer an innocent girl, now a powerful woman strong enough to set fear within the enemy without even so much as a sweat.

I was oddly proud watching the rage fuel her powers as she talks.

Turning Ultron sighs sending blasts towards the front of the train sending the witch and myself backwards before jumping o the train and flying towards the quinjet hovering in the sky.

The witch was laying in my arms blinking rapidly as she processed what had happened.

"Oh sorry." She mumbles standing up, brushing the dirt o her skirt.

Ignoring the lingering blush on my cheeks I shrug.

"It's alright." I smirk turning towards Steve.

"I lost him, he's headed your way." Steve yells through the comms to Nat and Clint before sprinting towards the control panel.

An alarm blares as the controls were le unchecked, the conductor laying dead as the train spirals out of control.

"Steve the tracks are ending." I yell warning the blonde who was attending to the conductor.

Steve's breath stops as the train continues moving forwards crashing into crates and pipes and anything else in its path, the tracks a distant memory.

"Cap have you seen Nat?" Clint asks panic lacing his tone, immediately worrying me.

"If you have the package get it to Stark GO." Steve yells concerned with the rampaging train.

"Wait Clint where's Nat?" I yell processing his words.

"Do you have eyes on Nat?" Clint asks again his tone turning into one of anger as he ignores my question.

"Clint? Where's Nat?" I repeat my voice cracking at the thought of my sister harmed.

#### "GO." Steve yells again.

My heart stops as Clint's voice repeats in my brain but I was immediately distracted with Steve's orders.

"Civilians in our path." Steve directs pointing to Pietro who nods running out the train at inhuman speed.

I couldn't lose her. Not Nat. Especially a er losing everyone else. Our mother. Dead. Our father. Dead. We only had each other. I wasn't to be alone. I couldn't be alone. It would break me.

### "Skye?"

Wanda's voice breaks through my trance as her head tilts towards my face rather worriedly.

"I'm alright." I lie faking a smile.

Wanda only chuckles.

"I can read your mind you know. I'm sure she's ok." She replies attempting to comfort me.

I only nod unsure of how I felt about that.

"Can you stop this thing?" Steve asks Wanda who nods slowly biting her lip in a nervous manner.

I nod at her encouraging the witch before moving to Steve's side.

His arm pats my back gently, sympathising my situation.

Looking up at him I could see his eyes were glossy, his serious composure faltering every few seconds, he was praying too.

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Pietro was fast launching himself in front of the train time and time again, saving people from certain death.

Wanda's grunts we're heard from behind me as she attempted to stop the train, her whisps of magic falling under the train pulling on the brakes.

My job was simple, keep the passengers inside safe. Although my mind was focused on my task Nat kept popping up while I silently prayed she was ok.

"You good Stevie?" I ask Steve as he flies backwards being hit with a barrel. The soldier nods with a grin returning to the hole in the front of the train.

Slowly the train halts as Wanda's attempts worked.

She groans, exhausted as she collapses to the floor.

Instincts kick in and I run towards her trying to catch her but I was too slow, her brother racing towards her, holding her in his arms.

Although I shouldn't mind a twinge of jealousy ran through me at the thought of him taking care of her.

#### Not that it really mattered though.

The passengers were quick to leave the train and I doubted they would ever board one again a er this. I made sure they were all ok before jumping o myself and walking towards the twins who stood together unsure of what to do.

Wanda's forest green eyes meet my icy blue ones before I looked away towards Steve who marched towards us with an attitude.

"I'm very tempted not to give you one." He snaps at them both but Wanda couldn't care less, her main concern on the cradle.

"The cradle. Did you get it?" She frowns at the blonde.

"Stark will take care of it." Cap explains before the witch's frown deepens, shaking her head subtly.

"No he won't."

My eyes narrow a little from behind the Captain watching with interest at the way the witches brain works.

Finding comfort in my knife I begin to spin it in my hand the familiar feeling of the blade hitting my palm bringing a sense of peace over me whilst Wanda continues to argue with Steve.

"You don't know what your talking about, Starks not crazy." Steve replies but even Pietro could tell he was unsure, the waver in his voice obvious to all.

"He will do anything to make things right." Wanda explains trying to warn the Captain.

My eyes flicker to hers my doubt diminishing as the look on her face said it all.

She was scared. Guilt clouded her mind, she had thought she was doing the right thing helping Ultron. She hadn't known she was in the wrong. And now she was attempting to right her wrongs, warning Steve of the danger but he wasn't listening.

I felt sorry for her, a rare feeling. I had only felt for two other people my whole life. My sister and Steve. My sister a er she found me alive and regretted not getting me sooner and Steve a er he found out Bucky was alive. But this was a er I had considered them family. This girl, I barely knew her yet I was feeling things for her I hadn't felt in years.

## It bothered me.

"Stark come in... Stark." Steve commanded through the comms in which he got no reply only proving Wanda's theory even more.

"Anyone on comms? Old man? Brucey?" I ask smirking at my

nicknames which was quickly replaced by my frowning at the radio silence.

"Ultron can't tell the di erence between saving the world and destroying it. Where do you think he gets that?" Wanda asks proving her point.

"The girl's right Stevie we need to go back. Now." I agree earning a small smile from the witch causing a shiver to run down my spine, a di erent shiver though one not based on fear but something else, something I had never felt before.

Steve doesn't reply but I know he knows we are right.

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"Quickly." Steve demands as we chase him through the tower determined to stop Stark.

"You have got to upload that schematic in the next three minutes." Bruce informs Stark unaware of the four of us walking into the room.

"I'm gonna say this once." Steve starts glaring at the scientists.

My eyes were slits behind Steve ready to make a move on either of them if they attacked, obviously I wouldn't hurt them but I had enough skills to knock them out. Painfully.

The twins stood to my side connected by the hip as they watched the interaction a little concerned.

"How about none-ce." Tony snaps back.

"Shut it down." Steve demands his eyes narrowing.

"Nope not gonna happen." Tony shrugs.

"You don't know what you're doing." Steve yells.

"And you do?" Bruce speaks in earning a surprised glance from both Steve and myself, his timidness normally causing the scientist from defending anyone including himself.

"She's not in your head?" Bruce snarls pointing to Wanda who's eyes dri to the floor guilt creeping up on her face.

"Bruce don't switch the blame now. We both understand the feeling of not being in your right mind. Now shut that bloody machine down, you've made enough of a mess with this Ultron situation and now your trying to make another." I shout not using his nickname to which Bruce's eyes widen a little knowing I was passed pissed.

"I know your angry." Wanda starts my words giving her confidence.

"Oh we are way passed that. I could choke the life out of you and never change a shade" Bruce almost chuckles his eyes narrowing as they land on Wanda.

Instinctually I step in between the witch and Bruce his gaze landing on me with mild confusion.

"I can handle myself." Wanda's voice mutters in my ear causing a deep shade of red to fall on my face.

"Sorry." I reply before stepping back to the side glancing at the witch who death stares Banner a red glimmer in her eye.

"Banner, a er everything that's happened." Steve starts again stepping towards the scientist.

"It's nothing compared to what's coming." Tony exclaims. That was it, Tony was scared. Scared we were going to be defenceless against other threats that existed outside of this world.

I understood him, but this wasn't the way. This wasn't right.

"You don't know what's in there." Wanda yells her voice cracking as she gestures to the gem inside the cradle.

I stepped forwards towards Tony, my face deadly serious and my tone calm.

"Shut. It. Down." I whispered a wave of satisfaction washing over me at seeing Tony shiver in fear.

I was an intimidating person when I wanted to be, I mean who wouldn't be growing up with HYDRA. Whilst I usually hid it with humour and smirks I had to be to survive, planting fear in others hearts and while some may see it as a bad thing I say it has its moments. This especially being one of them.

A flash of blue and silver brushes past me and I frown as the wires and cords fall to the floor dismantling from the cradle while Pietro stands beside Banner holding a pipe in his hand.

"No no go on." He grins smugly as the machine begins to beep.

"You were saying?" Pietro grins looking to Tony.

But before the billionaire could reply a bullet flies past Pietros face coming from the level below him. The glass the boy was standing on shatters sending him tumbling down beside a grinning Clint who immediately steps on the boy causing groans to leave his mouth keeping him trapped on the level below.

"What? You didn't see that coming?" Clint chuckles causing an enraged glare from Pietro.

"Pietro." Wanda cries running towards the hole but stopping as I grip her wrist shaking my head lightly.

"He's ok. Clint won't hurt him." I reassure her. The witch nods trusting me, coming to a stop at my side.

"I'm rerouting the upload." Tony states turning to his computer.

Steve's shield was quick to smash the monitors in the room bouncing

o each one before landing back in the soldiers hands.

But Tony came prepared immediately summoning his suit hand and blasting the blonde backwards.

I turn to Tony with a growl but he shakes his head gesturing for me to turn around.

I frown quickly turning only to see Bruce with his arm around Wanda's neck.

"Go ahead piss me o ." He whispers to not only the witch but to myself causing my frown to deepen as the girl glances at me shaking a little but her eyes staying a deep red.

"Bruce." I whisper stepping forward but the glare in his eye causes me to pause.

"You know I'll do it." He grins and I clench my jaw glancing down once more at the witch locked in his grasp.

Why did I care what happened to the girl? I had known her for barely a week and half the time she had been sided with the enemy. Yet I did. I couldn't help it. I cared immensely my heart aching at the thought of her in pain.

A gun cocks behind me and I rip my eyes from Wanda's to find Clint aiming at me.

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"Clint seriously?" I laugh as the archer frowns at me.

"Nat's ok by the way." He grins lowering his gun a little, the aim still locked on my figure.

"Yeah and she will kill you if you even touch me." I remark satisfied as his hold on the gun falters.

But the gun did make me nervous, unable to help the others as it's gaze laid on me.

Both Steve and Tony were thrown backwards as Steve punched Tony only for his suit to blast the soldier back to the ground.

At the distraction Wanda blasts energy through her body, Bruce immediately releasing her as she blasts him backwards before turning to Clint.

Throwing a ball of energy at the archer who falters dropping the gun she runs to my side frowning a little before turning back to the mayhem.

But before any of us could do anything else Thor appeared leaping onto the cradle and holding his hammer towards the sky blinding us as lightning flows through the hammer and into the cradle causing it to surge with energy.

"Wait." Bruce cries but Thor ignores him continuing his mission.

Sparks fly from the cradle and the remaining monitors beep rapidly warning us of the power overload occurring.

The light dims as the electricity fades leaving us a breathless mess, all waiting in shock for an explanation.

But none came as the cradle burst open sending the God backwards with a blast.

I ducked pulling Wanda with me as broken parts flew across the room, shading my eyes I look over making sure she was ok before standing back up frowning at the chaos.

Thor laid on the floor groaning while a figure appeared amidst the smoke crouching on the edge of the cradle before lunging at the God of thunder himself.

Now this wasn't going to go well.

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