

But Mostly You are My Love || Scarletvision story

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But Mostly You are My Love || Scarletvision story

by [everlarkness](#)

Summary

The unlikely duo of a witch and synthezoid realize their devolving romantic feelings for one another whilst on the run from the law.

They fight for their beliefs and their love before settling down in a nice quaint apartment.

This is the love story between Wanda and Vision taking place from after Civil War to Infinity War.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

June 25th, 2016

There was a subtle rapping at Wanda's door.

She sat up in her bed and patted at her messy hair, attempting to calm it down, "You can come in, Vis.", she told him. She had been able to recognize his knocking patterns by now.

The door slowly opened, a loud creaking followed, causing Vision to cringe. He stepped inside her room and left a small crack in the door open. "Hello Wanda.", he greeted her.

Wanda rolled her head to the side and tried to hold back her smile, "Hey Vis.", she said with a large smile, failing at being discreet.

He took a step forward, "Are you doing anything right now?", he asked.

Wanda shook her head, "I tried to sleep but I couldn't.", her voice becoming a bit somber.

Vision's eyebrows furrowed slightly, not enough for just anyone to notice but only something Wanda could detect, "I'm sorry, did I wake you?"

Wanda looked down as she laughed, "No, no I gave up on sleep before you came in", she lifted her head back up and looked into the man's eyes, suddenly making a connection.

"Vision?", she called.

"Yes Wanda?", he responded.

"Are you bored?", she raised a brow at him with slight humor.

Vision turned his head away in embarrassment and Wanda silently giggled at the synthezoid.

He turned back towards Wanda and held his hands together, "Yes, I must admit, I'm bored." he answered, seeming as if he was holding back laughter as well.

"Well,", Wanda started, crawling out of bed, "How about we do something.", she looked around the room and the window caught her attention. She walked over to it and Vision followed.

"Do you know anything about stars?", She asked him, hands clinging to the edge of the windowsill.

"I know a few constellations, I could show you them.", he told her.

"I've always loved stars.", she looked back at him before returning her eyes to the sky.

"We could go on the roof, if you want, we could go star-gazing.", he offered.

Wanda turned to him, beaming, "Let's go.", she grabbed his hand and ran out into the hall.

"You know the way to the roof?", Vision whisper-shouted to her as they ran and maneuvered around the various miscellaneous pieces of clutter spread across the floor.

"No, but I know the way outside and we can both fly.", she answered.

Although Vision knew this plan wasn't well thought-out -like what would they do if the front desk lady was still clocked in? What if someone was sitting in their car out front and saw them?- but none of that mattered to him. The look on Wanda's face and the warmth of her hand made him giddy. A bubbly, exhilarating feeling filled his chest and he smiled as he began to run just as enthusiastically as Wanda.

They successfully made it to the check-in area, no front desk lady. Then exited the building into the parking lot. They both looked over their shoulders to check for civilians, none. Everything was going their way tonight. Wanda looked over to her left where Vision was and they locked eyes. She tightened her grip on his hand and they both hoisted themselves into the air, onto the flat roof of the motel.

Wanda loosened her grip and slowly pulled her hand away from Vision to walk to the center of the roof. She did a three-sixty before turning back towards Vision, she signaled him over with her hand.

He stuffed his hands in his pockets and rolled his head with a smile, walking to her.

As he reached her she placed both of her hands on one of his shoulders as they made their way to an air vent, "So, what were you up to before you came to me?", she asked.

They sat down, "Nothing note-worthy. Just pacing around the room, read a book, cleaned the room, those sort of things.", he explained.

Wanda looked up at him, "What was your book about?"

"It was about alien conspiracies . It was interesting to say the least.", he told her.

"Did you agree with anything it said?", she asked again.

Vision tilted his head, looking up into the night sky, "Well we know that there are life-forms beside ourselves in our universe, so I agree with that point of the book."

Wanda squinted her eyes in confusion, "Our universe?", she questioned him.

Vision took in a breath of air, "Well you see, the book also brought up the idea of a multiverse."

"And what do you think?"

He pressed his lips together and took a second before answering, "I believe... I do believe in a multiverse."

A small wind brushed over the two and Wanda covered her arms from the chill that was overcoming her.

Vision looked down at her with a slight frown, "Are you cold? I could get you a blanket.", he offered.

Wanda shook her head with a smile, "No it's alright, you're telling me something important.", she told him.

Vision stood up and walked a bit over to the far left side of the roof, "You matter much more to me than my theories, I'll be back.", he said as he phased into the building below them.

Wanda stared on the ground for a moment before squeezing herself and beaming with joy, I Matter to him, the thought danced around in her head like a ballerina, ecstatic and impossible to ignore.

Vision came back up, carrying much more than just a blanket, "I thought that if we were going to star-gaze, might as well do it properly.", he told her with a shy grin.

Wanda stood up and covered her mouth as she laughed, "Aw Vis, I love that.", she started to make her way over to him.

He met her half-way, "Here you go.", he said as he wrapped on of the blankets he was holding around her.

Wanda bit down on her lip and shied her face away from his glance, "Thank you.", she took a quiet breath to compose herself and looked back up to him, "I can take some of those.", she lifted up one of her hands -the other keeping up her blanket.

Vision spilt up his load in half and held some near Wanda's hand which she grabbed using her powers before he let go.

"I think we should lay the thickest blanket, the one from the Quinjet, down on the cement so we don't become cold.", Vision decided.

"Yeah, that would make the most sense. Do you know if you have it?", she asked him.

Vision quickly scanned through his pile of pillows and blankets before shaking his head.

Wanda searched through her hand-full and found the special blanket, she placed the other items against her chest to keep her blanket stable as she selected the blanket using her powers and laid it on the ground.

The pair began to miscellaneously place the pillows and blankets wherever looked to be the most comfortable, "So keep telling me about the multiverse Vision.", Wanda looked at him

before setting down another pillow.

"Well," he started just as he placed the last of his stuff down, "the multiverse is complicated to explain.", he admitted, crawling under the covers of their make shift bed just before Wanda followed.

"Well," she turned on her side so all her concentration would be on him, as if she still wouldn't be focused on him if she were on her back, "we have all night.", she confessed in a husky voice.

Vision lit up at the comment, his mouth opened and his eyes danced the sky as he tried to find the words, "In the simplest form; we know that everything exists all at once by the way our universe works.", he looked over at Wanda to see if she was following before continuing. "You wake up one morning, and a star explodes millions of years ago, yet both of these instances happen simultaneously. Here and there are both existing in unison. Both nothing, and everything, going on at all times, at the same time. Past, present, future, they're all the same; just at different points, of the same repeating point.", he pointed at nothing in particular and waved his hands around for his analogy. "All of these minuscule and massive details lead me to believe, we are not alone."

Wanda peered at him with awe, mouth slightly agape. "And what does this all mean to you? What do you think is out there?", she asked him

Vision turned his head to look up at the stars, "I am not certain. But I believe it to be dangerous.", he told her.

"How so?", she dug deeper.

Vision went back to staring at Wanda, "The other universes just existing isn't inherently threatening. But, the fact that if they were to ever interact with our universe, or any other universe for that matter, it could be devastating.", he went silent for a moment, "Two fields of existence aren't meant to collide, it is, unnatural.", he explained.

Wanda gave him a dopey smile and raised her fingers, "To be fair, we aren't exactly natural either.", she confessed, twiddling with a ball of power.

Vision chortled, "You aren't wrong, but this is a different type of unnatural.", he told her.

Wanda nodded, understanding. "Let's just say. One day someone wanted to contact another universe, how do you think they would pull that off?", she randomly asked.

Vision's lips did a small pout, like they always did when he was thinking hard about something; god, Wanda loved his facial expressions. "I have no clue", he said whilst shaking his head, "Why do you ask?"

Wanda shrugged, "I don't know. This concept is just really interesting to me.", she twisted a strand of hair around her index finger.

His eyes were drawn to her playing with her hair. As if in a trance, Vision forgot all about the world around him just focusing on the woman in front of him, the beautiful dark-haired woman with chipped black painted nails. She would grab a piece of hair by her index and pin it with her thumb, twirl up, twirl down, let go, grab a piece of hair, pin down, twirl up, twirl down, let go.

She suddenly stopped, his eyes trailed her hand as she pushed her hair behind her ear. "What do you think you're doing out there.", she lifted her eyes to the stars.

He snapped back into reality and looked at her for a second, "I'm sorry, could you repeat that?", he asked.

Wanda bit back a smile, she didn't want to embarrass him but he was just so adorable, "So what do you think the other 'you' is doing out there?"

"Maybe there's a universe where the accords were never a thing, and we never fought, we are all just at Avengers compound, maybe you even taught me how to make paprikash.", he scooted his face closer to hers as he made the joke.

Wanda closed her eyes as she laughed at the stupid crack, she opened them again and found herself staring back into Vision's eyes. There was something more human about his eyes than actual human's eyes; which didn't make sense but it didn't have it to. "I can't imagine a better universe than this right now. I mean, me and you, on the roof", she motioned her hand to the cement below them, "below the stars.". They looked at each other, "It couldn't get much better than this.", she softly spoke, maintaining eye-contact, inching a bit closer.

Vision's concentration face made another appearance, but it was more than just concentration, maybe a hint of indecisiveness? "Wanda, can I tell you something?", he asked.

Wanda nodded, "Yes, go ahead Vis.", she smiled at him.

Vision looked over his shoulder, afraid that someone could be eavesdropping on the conversation, "Wanda, I'm not sure how to- how I should- how to word this", he stumbled.

Wanda's eyes twinkled at the man's fumbling, "You can say it.", she encouraged him.

He looked over his shoulder again, he was anxious.

She furrowed her brows, "Hey, what's wrong?", she asked, placing a hand on his shoulder.

Vision took a deep breath and shook his head as if to remove all of his negative thoughts, "Wanda, I'm not sure how to say this; but the day I met you...", he attempted to explain but he was at a loss for words, only she could make him like this. "The day I met you, I; well I should really say the moment I met you, was very hectic, frightening if you will, and I-I.", Vision continued to stutter.

Wanda rubbed his shoulder and bit down on her lip to stop herself from reacting to his antics.

Oh how she was driving him crazy.

He took another breath, "I remember not knowing what was happening, I'm pretty sure I even attacked Thor, if I remember correctly?", he looked to her for reassurance and she nodded, he continued, "I was terrified then, but when I stared at you, it was like this wave of, calm, no, serenity came over me. There was just something, and still something, about you that I just." he sucked his teeth and pressed his lips into a line, he couldn't say it!

Wanda tilted her head and smiled, "Vis?", she called.

He glanced at her.

She slid her hand down his shoulder to his lower arm, "Are you trying to tell me you like me?", she asked him.

He looked slightly nervous, "Yes? Yes.", he confirmed his answer.

Wanda let out a short airy laugh, "I like you too.", she said, beaming.

Vision's eyes shot open, she turned her head as she giggled at him.

"So, what should we do about this?", he pointed between himself and her.

"We can make it official, if you want.", she offered.

His face looked like his heart just melted, "I'd like that."

Wanda became overrun with giddiness and started to giggle, Vision followed. She would look up at him then turn her face down as she'd laugh some more.

After they composed themselves Vision moved his hand into her's, "Wanda, can I kiss you?", he asked her.

Wanda chuckled as she nodded and cupped his face and brought it to hers. Their lips touched softly at first, almost like velvet. There was a tingling sensation and something went off in both of their brains. Then Wanda kissed him harder, and he pushed harder into her as well.

Suddenly her tongue was in his mouth and his in her's, Vision's hand was running through Wanda's hair, and her leg was crawling up his side with her hand pressed against his chest.

He moved from her mouth to her jawline and her arm instinctively wrapped around his back. She tilted her head up and she panted as she tried her hardest not to moan his name for the world to hear.

Wanda realized they were going a bit too far and rubbed her hands down his arms to get him to calm down, tucking her head down to rest on his. He unlatched himself from her and started to gasp, she leaned their foreheads together so they could both calm down. "I think, that was a bit much for our first kiss.", Wanda huffed.

"Was it?", Vision asked between breaths.

Wanda shook her head -his head following, "I don't know, this is my first time doing anything with anyone.", she confessed.

"Really?", Vision said, still breathing heavily, "I've been with several people, to many to count."

Wanda chuckled with labored breaths, "Oh have you now?", she questioned.

He grabbed onto her shoulders and let out a couple more gasps before his breathing stabilized. "I really liked that.", he told her, becoming more serious.

Wanda nodded, "Yeah, me too.", she agreed.

They sat there in silence for a minute, just holding each other in close proximity.

"So, what should we do now?", Vision asked.

Wanda leaned farther into him, "How about, we just lie here a bit longer."

"That sounds good.", Vision said, leaning into her as well.

It felt as if no time had passed at all, yet Wanda woke up to the warm morning sun with a stirring Vision beside her.

As he woke up she patted his arm, "Good morning Vis,", she said with a heavy morning voice

"G'morning Wanda.", he greeted back. "Should we be going back to our rooms?", he asked.

Wanda slowly blinked, "I'm not sure, what time is it?"

Vision looked into the distance where the sun was, usually he'd be able to tell the time like that in a snap but not right now he was groggy from sleep, "It's about..... nine o'clock. We should head back down."

They both agreed and started to pick up their make-shift 'bed'. "I enjoyed last night.", Vision told her, "The talk, the making it official, and the 'a little bit more than a kiss' kiss", he clarified.

Wanda grabbed a pillow, "I couldn't have said it better myself.", she said as she walked over to him and gave him a kiss on the jaw. "I wish last night could've lasted longer.", she told him against his cheek.

"We can do this again next time I visit.", he offered with a small grin.

Wanda looked up at him with a mixture of confusion and sadness, "Oh, are you leaving?", she questioned.

Vision stared down at his feet and folded up another blanket, "Sadly, I must go. I do not want to cause Mr.Stark to suspect anything.", he admitted.

Wanda rubbed his arm, "That makes sense.", she gave him an understanding glance and they got back to work picking up all of their stuff.

Once everything was cleaned up Vision transformed into his 'human' self and walked up to Wanda and asked, "Is my stone covered?".

Wanda took a quick look and started to fix his hair, giving him weird looking bangs to cover it up, making her want to chuckle at the sight of it. In a few weeks once his bangs grow out it'll look better. She gave him a thumbs up and grabbed his hand.

They flew down the back side of the building so that no passersby could spot them. Wanda checked his forehead again -it would've been better to fix it after flying down but their morning brains weren't able to think like that just yet- luckily it was all good and they walked back into the motel.

The receptionist gave them weird looks but they guessed she wasn't getting paid enough to ask why they were bringing in pillows and blankets and were able to just slip pass her into the hall

They walked into Vision's room where they found the completely naked bed, "Oh Vis, did you take everything from out of your room?", she asked him.

If it were at all possible she swore she saw him blush, "I didn't want to get anything of yours dirty.", he told her.

Wanda held her hands over her chest, "You're too sweet Vis.", she smiled at him.

He stole a glance at her before looking away, "It would've felt wrong to take things from your room just to lie them outside.", he said. He started to lay a blanket down on the bed but Wanda stopped him.

She put her finger in the air, "I got this.", she picked up everything, the pillows, blankets, even the super thin blankets that really should have been considered sheets, and made the bed in under ten seconds.

Vision made a 'oh look at that' face and put his hands on his waist, "Well, thank you darling."

"Darling?", she questioned.

"Is it too soon for stuff like that?", Vision asked.

"Maybe, but I like it.", she went up on her tip toes and kissed him, placing both of her hands on either side of his chest.

Vision's hands caressed her middle back, slowly moving up higher, then to her shoulders, to her arms, and finally to her hands- removing them off of him. He slowly let their lips part then bent down to her hands, leaving a lingering kiss on her knuckles, "Until next time, *darling*.", he began to move his hands away from her's when she tightened her grip on him.

"How are you getting back to the compound.", she furrowed her brows.

He rubbed the back of her hand with his thumb, "Don't worry about me. I'll see you soon.", and with that his hand fell back to his side and he walked to the wall, phasing outside.

Wanda stepped over to the window to watch him leave, "Bye Vis.", she mouthed against the cold window as the synthezoid flew off into the horizon.

Chapter End Notes

This story is originally from my wattpad account (I know, boo) [jetblack_kaidou](#). If you really like this than go and follow me over there because updates will come faster. Also expect my updates to be scattered and inconsistent, explanation is in my bio. (Sorry in advance)

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

June 26th, 2016

Vision walked into the Avengers compound. People stared and whispered for a few seconds before returning back to whatever task they had been doing. While he didn't particularly like the extra attention, he had been forced to get used to it.

Lucky enough for him, this would be the only floor where he would get this level of unwanted attention. The ground floor was open to anybody and everybody; most of which hadn't even seen Tony Stark so to see his red synthezoid 'sidekick' was, well, eye catching to say the least. He blew out a breath, releasing a large pressure he previously wasn't aware of on his chest, feeling the last of the eyes flutter away from him.

That was until suddenly over the loud speaker, "Vision; your ass, my office, now.", Tony Stark deadpanned in an agitated tone.

While most of the people who had looked over to the man had the respect to not continue staring after the announcement was over, he still was quite embarrassed and tried to get out the room as fast as he could.

He sped-walked to the nearest stair-well, not wanting to make a spectacle, and phased through fifteen floors and found himself on what Tony liked to refer to as the "business level" where, as expected, the business aspect of his work took place.

Vision opened the door in the stair-well and began to aimlessly wonder about the floor in efforts of finding his boss' office.

After just about a minute or two he found himself in a hallway, an unimpressed Tony stepped out of a door and motioned him to come inside.

Vision sat down in the comfortable chair placed directly across the desk from Tony's seat. He looked at him and waited for him to start whatever this was, a meeting? A conversation? A check-in? But all Tony did was stare at him and hold his temples.

He shifted uncomfortably, "So, is there something we need to discuss?", Vision asked.

"Hm, I don't know, is there? Because I was trying to contact you yesterday and guess who was no where to be found," He leaned forward in his seat.

"Me.", Vision answered after a few awkward seconds.

“You.”, Tony repeated, “And why is that? Where were you?”, he pressed, pointing his finger at Vision.

“I was out in the public. Surveying and learning the ways and cultures of the people.”, He told Tony.

Tony’s bullshit face was evident, “Why?”, he asked, puzzled.

“Well, being a non-human living around humans it’s only natural to become curious.”, Vision explained, this part of his story wasn’t a lie; Vision had figured out the best lies were always partially truthful.

Tony nodded, “Okay, and I get that. But what I don’t get is why you didn’t tell me. Why you didn’t leave me a way to contact you. We are supposed to be a team, we are supposed to communicate.”

“I’m sorry sir, I guess I wasn’t thinking.”, Vision confessed.

Tony rolled his head, looking slightly more annoyed now than before, “You see that’s the problem you’ve been having recently. What is going on with you? First you get distracted and shot Rhodes out of the sky, now you’re not thinking; what’s next? You need to get your act together Vision, before something even worse happens.”

Vision acknowledged Tony’s statement with a grim nod, “I’ll do better.”, he promised.

Tony clapped his hands together and pressed his lips into a straight line, “But the thing is that you shouldn’t have to do better; you should just be better -you were meant to be better.”, he explained.

“As we have come to find out over the past year I have been anything but what I was expected to be.”, Vision retorted.

Tony leaned back in his seat and blew out a breathe and ran his fingers through his hair, “Do you understand how stressful these past few weeks have been?”, he changed the subject, “Ever since cap and his little assassin broke their team out of the Raft, I’ve had to fill out work, go to meetings, go around to all possible sightings. We needed to go to this last second conference with all one-hundred-seventy-three United Nations yesterday.”, he began to stir a mug of coffee with a small straw, “You were no where to be found. Had to make up an excuse for you. They told me it won’t fly next time. You need to be here.”, he demanded.

“We’re employed to the United Nations, correct? Can we try to receive vacation time?”, Vision asked.

Tony cocked an eyebrow, “Your little ‘social studies’ sessions are that important to you?”,

Vision locked eyes with him, “Yes.”

The man sighed, “I could try and work something out at the next meeting.”, he offered. He put down the straw and began to drink out of the mug.

“Thank you”, Vision smiled, “Is there anything else we need to discuss or should I be on my way?”.

Tony looked down at the table, he seemed to hesitate before answering, “You can go. Just pick up that little thing that looks like a pager before you head out.”, he pointed to a tiny device on a table. Vision walked over and picked it up,

“What is this?”, he turned toward Tony for an answer.

“It’s a transponder. The UN made it mandatory for us to have it so they can call us for work and so we can communicate.”, he pulled a face on the last word. “You have to keep it on you, or at least with you, at all times otherwise you can get jail time.”, he explained.

“Alright, I understand. I’ll be in my room if you need me.”, he said before exiting the room. He let out a sigh of relief, glad to have had that done.

Wanda paced around the small motel bedroom.

She understood that that Nordland Norway and Manhattan Newyork could be considered worlds apart, and that it made sense that Vision had yet to contact her after eight hours, but it still worried her.

She whipped open her burner phone and pressed on Vision’s contact, ready to send him a message.

Wanda put her finger right above the ‘V’ key, but let it linger there in the air, hesitating whether or not she should text him.

She tossed the phone down on the bed and sat down, her leg bouncing up and down with anxiety.

Sure he was fast, but it wouldn’t be abnormal of him to take longer than eight hours to reach America, nevertheless get to Avengers Towers.

“Ugh.”, Wanda grunted as she flopped down on her back. She brought her hands to her head and frustratingly ran them down her face.

As her ran past her eyes she caught sight of Natasha at the foot of her bed.

Wanda jumped, not expecting to see her there, than sat up. “Hey Nat,”, she said, patting down her hair.

“Hey.”, Nat greeted back with an eyebrow raise, “What’s bothering you?”, she asked.

Wanda pushed a piece of hair behind her ear, “It’s going to sound stupid.”, she started.

Nat shook her head, “I would never think anything you’re worrying about is stupid.”, she sat down next to her on the bed, “Go ahead.”

"Well Vision began his flight home just a little over eight hours ago now, and he hasn't updated me about anything yet, and I want to text him but I don't want to, well, y'know.", she tried to explain.

Natasha placed her hand on Wanda's shoulder, "I get what you're trying to say. Send him a text, make sure he's okay; a text won't hurt him.", she rubbed her Wanda's shoulder before letting go and standing up.

"Really? Are you sure I should text him?", Wanda asked.

Natasha tilted her head with a small smirk, "Wanda.", she stared at her for a moment before swiftly leaving the room; shutting the door behind her.

Wanda sat there for a second then pulled out her phone and flipped her open and pressed on the messages app.

She once again hesitated after getting onto Vision's contact, but used Natahsa's advice and began to type.

Hey Vis, you make it back okay?

She messaged him the question. She anxiously began to bounce her leg up and down and held her finger between her teeth as she awaited an answer.

Vision shut his bedroom door behind him and dramatically plopped down onto his, currently useless, bed when suddenly his phone buzzed in his pocket.

He reached down dug through said pocket until he felt his phone and grabbed for it, clicking it open.

Vision saw '*I message from Wanda*' and suddenly felt his heart jump at the notification. It was silly but that's just what she was able to do to the synthezoid.

He tapped on the message and read it to himself, he felt angry at himself for not thinking of letting her know he was safe but was also happy that she cared so much to even ask.

He hastily typed up a response.

Sorry dear, I hadn't thought of texting you but yes, I made it back to the compound alright.

Is everything alright with you at the motel?

Vision smiled at the screen after he sent his texts.

Six times zones away Wanda was doing the exact same thing.

Biting down on her lip to contain her smile that was starting to hurt her cheeks.

Yep, all good over here !

Can't wait to see you again :)

She typed back.

Vision's happy expression faltered. He wasn't sure if or when he'd be able to see her again. But it came back as he realized he wouldn't let anything in the world keep him away from his Wanda.

Me either!

Hope to be seeing you soon, darling!

Wanda giggled at his texting antics.

XO 🤝

While Vision wasn't sure what 'XO' meant his face still brighten up as he beamed at the phone.

Bye, Wanda. 🤝

If it had been at all possible they would've sat there staring at their goodbyes for the rest of eternity; but of course, time had to move on as did they.

Vision went down to the training level, attempting to distract his mind from both Wanda and visiting her.

Wanda in the meantime went and joined the rest of her group in Steve's room for dinner. Later grabbing Vision's 'The Known, the Unknown, and the Possibilities' book by Jane Foster about the multiverse from his bedroom.

They both went to bed that night yearning for their next message, next day with one another, next touch, next kiss, next time they would feel each other's warmth, just simply *wanting* each other. Drifting off into slumber, dreaming of a happy life together.

Chapter End Notes

I am soooo sorry, this honestly should've been finished and posted 3 days ago but I had to make a commercial for my fake restaurant in business class lmao and editing it took up a lot of what else would've been spent writing.

I also apologize for how short this chapter is but I have a great idea for my next chapter which I will be getting started on asap!

(Translation: I will always be thinking about a really good prompt for a chapter but won't get to writing it for at least another week, if I even end up doing it period.)

Thanks for all the kudos ilysm <3

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

My take at a hurt/comfort scarletvision story.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

July 29th, 2016

Vision softly pressed the button to enter the main room of the Quinjet, as if pressing it softer would somehow quiet the door.

When he walked into the room he found exactly what he had expected to.

Wanda. She was sitting down at one of the booths, hunched over and with her head in her hands, intensely shaking.

Vision frowned and made his way over to the table she was at, "Hello dear, is something wrong?", he asked her.

She sniffled and tried to hold tears back. She hated whenever people asked her if she was okay then would feel like starting to cry. But she couldn't find an ounce of hatred in her body this time, her heart only swelled at the kind gesture even though she was on the verge of a breakdown from said gesture. Nonetheless she gave a small nod.

Vision grimly bobbed his head in response before leaning slightly down over the table, "Is it your scars again?", he asked again.

Wanda nodded once more.

During her imprisonment at the raft she had been kept in a shock collar and straight jacket.

The collar had left three small white scars on the sides and back of her neck. These scars would rarely cause any pain except for the occasional phantom pain where Wanda felt like she was being shocked again.

The straight jacket had left Wanda far worse off. The men who had put it on her were so afraid of the thought of her having mobility that they had made it as tight as humanly possible. This broke three of Wanda's ribs and left several gashes all across her torso from

when the friction was too much for her body to handle. The scars left from her gashes would cause excruciating episodes of pain; often leaving Wanda sobbing.

“Is there anything I can do to help?”, Vision asked her. He didn’t like seeing Wanda like this.

She shut her eyes tight for a moment then took a deep breath to open them back up, “I don’t think so.” she told him.

He looked up at the ceiling in thought, “Have you taken any medicine?”.

Wanda shook her head yes, “I took two ibuprofens but I don’t think they’re gonna do anything.”.

Vision started his way over to the medicine cabinet, “Perhaps you can try something stronger?”, he proposed.

She bit down on her quivering lip and shut her eyes, passing a particularly painful moment. “I’ve tried everything Vis. Nothing works. No reason for me to take something someone might need down the road when it won’t help me now.”, she told him.

He walked back over to the table in defeat. He wasn’t sure what to do but he didn’t just want to leave her in pain. Then suddenly, “Didn’t you say that last time walking around helped? You want to try that?”, he raised his eyebrows.

Wanda sniffled as she nodded her head. She slowly pushed herself to the side of the booth where Vision offered his hand to her. She took it and with a groan got up to her feet.

When she entered the light and her face was no longer made invisible by the shadows, Vision saw the numerous tears that littered her face.

“Hey, hey.”, he said in a soft voice. His finger reached up to wipe a few tears off of her checks, “It’s going to be okay, I promise. The pain will pass.”, he cupped the side of her face with his empty hand.

Wanda turned her head down, “I’m sorry, you shouldn’t have to see me like this.” she apologized.

Vision’s hand fell from her face as they began walking, “No dear, you have nothing to apologize for.”, he rubbed the back of her hand with his thumb.

She lifted her hand up to her face and brushed away another tear, “You’re really nice.”, she chuckled a bit before gripping onto her abdomen and sucking in a sharp breath.

He hunched down a bit, “Are you alright?”, he questioned.

“Hm-mh”, Wanda answered. She took a few more breaths to calm herself down then started to walk again.

Vision went back to their conversation, “I can assure you; that wasn’t being nice, that was being decent. People are just really rude.”, he told her.

"Yeah.", she agreed.

"Like the people who did this to you. I'm not sure how they can live with themselves.", he said, sounding bitter.

They turned around and started walking in the opposite direction.

"I'm really happy I don't remember much of what happened." Wanda confessed.

"I am too.", Vision told her.

She looked up at him confused.

"Happy that you don't remember much.", he clarified, "What I saw that day we went to save you was... I can't even find the words; it was horrific.", his eyes darkened at the memory. He blinked rapidly and got out of his head. He caught Wanda's desolate stare. "I-I'm sorry, I shouldn't have brought it up.", he anxiously sputtered.

Wanda slowly shook her head, "No it's not that. I just didn't know you were there.", she told him. There was a hint of curiosity in her voice, as if she wanted to know more, but there was also fear, keeping her from asking for that knowledge.

May 6, 2016

Wanda contorted in her sleep. Waking up from the feeling of her flesh ripping under her straight jacket. It was another gash, even though she had experienced this so many times, more than she could count now, it never got easier to deal with the pain.

She cried out in agony as the wound began to sting from the harsh leather of her straight jacket.

The guard outside her cell kicked the glass with the back of his foot. A small thud echoed throughout the cell.

She got the memo and bit down on her lip to quiet herself down to a small whimper.

The man just simply wasn't having it. He reached over to a near-by table, grabbed a small remote like device and pressed down the top button.

Wanda's entire body seized as she was shocked. Her screams felt like sandpaper to her dehydrated throat. It felt like her entire body was being torn open and covered in salt.

Then suddenly the screaming and seizing just stopped. Wanda's body fell limp to her side.

Vision slammed the laptop shut and jumped away from it.

He brought his hands up to his head and scratched at the back of his scalp, trying to calm down his mind, which was currently a mess.

What had he just watched?

Is Wanda okay?

He has to go save her.

What the hell did they just do to her?

He slowly lowered his hands down and tried to reason with himself. The best, and honestly the only, thing to do in the situation was to log back into the laptop to check on Wanda.

Vision hesitantly stepped over to the bed and began to reach out for the laptop when he stopped in his tracks.

His hand. His hand was shaking.

He grabbed his hand and held it in front of his face, staring at the strange phenomenon.

Abruptly the door bolted open and Pepper ran in, “I heard a noise is everything alright?”, she asked in a panic.

Vision turned his head and met Pepper’s eyes.

Her expression changed from panic to concern, “Are you okay Vision?”.

He turned back to his hand, still held to his face, “I...”, he tried.

Pepper approached him, “Did Tony give you access to the Raft cameras?”, she questioned.

Vision look down as he nodded.

Pepper placed a hand on his shoulder, “I’m sorry, I know you were really close with Wanda. If you need to talk at all I’ll be in my office, okay?”, she rubbed his shoulder before walking out of the room.

Vision stood there just looking at his shaking hand for a long time after she left. Eventually he was able to find himself and sat at the edge of the bed, head in his hands.

He *had* to rescue her.

July 29th, 2016

“Well lets not think about that.”, Vision changed the subject after a lap of silence. “How long have you been in pain?”, he asked her.

Wanda squinted her eyes in thought, “Maybe two-three hours now; why?”, she looked over at him.

“I started a chart to see if your pain can be predicted and to get a rough estimate of when it will or if it will ever stop.”, he explained.

Wanda let out a small airy laugh before grabbing her stomach again. After a moment she caught her breath, “You don’t have to do that Vis.”

Vision shook his head, “No I do. I hate seeing you in pain and I doubt you enjoy it so I’ll do anything to help you.” he tightened his grip on her hand for a second before loosening it again.

“Thank you dear.”, she leaned her hand against the edge of his shoulder

He looked down at her and couldn’t help but smile.

The tips of Wanda’s lips turned up at the sight. No amount of pain could drown out her love for Vision. “You make everything better.”, she told him.

“As do you.”, he whispered back to her.

She bit down on her lip and giggled.

Vision began to laugh too until he saw her double over in pain. He grabbed her by the shoulders before she fell to the floor.

She groaned in pain, “Set me down.”, she told him.

”I’m sorry.”, he apologized, and slowly lowered her onto the ground and leaned her against the booth. He crouched down by her side, “Is there anything I can do to help you?”, he asked her.

Wanda squeezed her eyes tight and nodded, “Can you get me a sedative?”, she requested.

“Of course; I’ll be back.”, he said. Vision got to his feet and ran to the medicine closet in the bathroom. To his surprise he couldn’t spot the first-aid kit. He then made his way to the cupboard above the sink and there it was. He was glad to have found it but sad to have wasted time. He opened the kit and shuffled through all sorts of bottles of medications until he found an appropriate sedative and grabbed it.

He dashed back to the main room and got a water bottle from a mini fridge before returning back to Wanda’s side.

“Here you go.”, he handed her the water bottle.

She opened her eyes and extended one of her hands to grab the bottle and take a sip.

Vision then offered her two, blue, medium sized pills which she took giddily, or as giddily as someone in that situation could.

He took a spot on the floor next to her, “It’s all going to be okay, I promise.”, he whispered to her.

Wanda shut her eyes again, softer this time, and leaned her head against his shoulder.

Vision wrapped an arm around her body, “I’m here.”, he breathed against her head. He kissed the top of her hair before he too leaned his head down on hers.

They had stayed like that for a long time until Vision could feel her breathing slow and the small vibrations of her soft snores throughout his synthetic body. He decided to put her back into her room. He picked her up with ease and tried to not to disturb her as much as he could.

Although passed out, Wanda instinctively wrapped her arm around his neck.

This made his job easier as he transported her back to her room.

He placed her down on the bed, positioning the pillows the way he knew was most comfortable to her and tucking her into her covers. Before he left the room he brushed a piece of hair out of her face, stopping for only a moment to admire her beauty.

That morning, or more accurately that afternoon, Wanda awoke to a sliver of sun beating down on her skin. She turned her head, feeling sluggish and wanting to just go back to sleep, when she suddenly caught sight of something on her nightstand.

She sat up and reached out for it, it was a paper, no, a note; it read: *I’m sorry dear but something came up at Avengers Tower and I had to go. However, before I left I looked through my research on your scars and believe that I have figured out the solution to your pains. I left it for you just beside this note. xxx, Vision.*

Wanda tilted her head fondly at the note, “Thanks Vis.”, she gave it a light kiss before checking out the thing he had left for her, feeling a steady stream of love flow through her entire body.

I'm back (ik so cool but save ur applause for later) finally. sorry for leaving u guys w nothing but that corny ass a/n 🤡 . but thanks for coming back :)

also i'm deleting that a/n once this chapter is published so lets just pretend it didn't exist ok? ok.

hope you enjoyed this chapter <3

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