

## One of 14 Million 605 Futures

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/21679522) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21679522>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warnings:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a> , <a href="#">Major Character Death</a> , <a href="#">Underage</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Marvel Cinematic Universe</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Peter Quill</a> , <a href="#">Rocket Raccoon</a> , <a href="#">Groot (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Drax the Destroyer</a> , <a href="#">Mantis (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Nebula (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Gamora (mentioned)</a> , <a href="#">Tony Stark</a> , <a href="#">James "Rhodey" Rhodes</a> , <a href="#">Pepper Potts</a> , <a href="#">Steve Rogers</a> , <a href="#">Natasha Romanov (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Thor (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Bruce Banner</a> , <a href="#">Clint Barton</a> , <a href="#">Wanda Maximoff</a> , <a href="#">Vision (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Sam Wilson (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Peter Parker</a> , <a href="#">Okoye (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">T'Challa (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Ramonda (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Shuri (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Nakia (Black Panther)</a> , <a href="#">W'Kabi (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Scott Lang</a> , <a href="#">Hank Pym</a> , <a href="#">Cassie Lang</a> , <a href="#">Hope Van Dyne</a> , <a href="#">Luis (Ant-Man movies)</a> , <a href="#">Maggie Lang</a> , <a href="#">Nick Fury</a> , <a href="#">Maria Hill</a> , <a href="#">Captain Marvel</a> , <a href="#">Sif (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Thanos (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Ebony Maw (Mentioned)</a> , <a href="#">Cull Obsidian</a> , <a href="#">Proxima Midnight</a> , <a href="#">Corvus Glaive</a> , <a href="#">Thaddeus Ross</a> , <a href="#">Betty Ross</a> , <a href="#">Miriam Sharpe</a> , <a href="#">Sharon Carter (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">US President Blair Marchi</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">alternative universe</a> , <a href="#">AU of Avengers Infinity War and Avengers Endgame</a> , <a href="#">Avengers: Infinity War Part 1 (Movie) Spoilers</a> , <a href="#">Post-Avengers: Infinity War Part 1 (Movie)</a> , <a href="#">Battle for White House</a> , <a href="#">Thanos Wins</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-12-04 Updated: 2020-01-31 Words: 16,091 Chapters: 5/20

# One of 14 Million 605 Futures

by [FanfictionReader2015AD](#)

## Summary

Steve, Natasha, Wanda, Sam, and Vision walked in just as James was speaking to Councilor Maria Theodosakis.

"Fall back! Fall back, now!" T'challa ordered hastily as he retreated from the path of the blades.

As Wanda tried to crawl away, she stepped on Wanda's back and grabbed her shoulder to flip her onto her back.

Before Steve could get back up, Corvus Glaive grabbed him by the neck.

Steve continued to struggle as the last line of defense against Thanos, holding his gauntlet back.

Wanda forced Thanos back, keeping one hand on Vision.

"It's all right. It's all right. I love you" Vision said his last words to Wanda before the stone shattered in his forehead. The explosion knocked both Wanda and Thanos back.

## Notes

### Chapter 1-6 (Concurrent)

#### Chapters

Chapter 1: Battle For Time Stone of Infinity Stones (Battle For Titan)

Chapter 2: Battle For White House (Battle for US President)

Standalone Chapter: Humans's Reaction of latest Conquest of Planet Earth

Chapter 3: Battle For Mind Stone of Infinity Stones (Battle For Wakanda)

Chapter 4: Antman 2 Movie Recap

Chapter 5: Thanos's Snap

Chapter 6: Thanos's Snap Aftermath

Chapter 7: Avengers and Guardians (Two Point of Views such Titan's Heroes and Earth's Heroes)

Chapter 8: Tony Stark and Nebula

Chapter 9: Tony Stark Reunion with Pepper Potts and Colonel James Rupert "Rhodey" Rhodes

# Characters and Credits

Writers: Writerguy (Chapter 1: Battle For Time Stone of Infinity Stones, Chapter 2: Battle For White House, Standalone Chapter: Humans's Reaction of latest Conquest of Planet Earth), noellechantaca (Chapter 3: Battle For Mind Stone of Infinity Stones)

Genre: Fantasy, Action, Horror

## **Characters (Original Character)**

Madam President Blair Marchi (Human) / Age: 40 Year Old, First Term as US President from 2014-

Husband of Madam President Steve Marchi (Human) / Age: 40 Year Old, First Term as US President from 2014-

Councilor Maria Theodosakis of Sokovia Accords Council (Human) / Age 50

## **Characters (Marvel Cinematic Universe)**

Anthony Edward "Tony" Stark aka Iron Man (Human) / Age: 48 Year Old

Stephen Vincent Strange aka Master of the Mystic Arts (Human) / Age: ? (My bet Age is 33 Year Old)

Peter Benjamin Parker aka Spider Man (Human) / Age: 17 Year Old

Thaddeus E Ross (Human) / Age: 75 Year Old

Doctor Elizabeth "Betty" Ross (Human) / Age: 33 Year Old

Steven Grant "Steve" Rogers aka Captain America (Genetically Enhanced Human) / Age: 99 Year Old

Natalia Alianovna "Natasha" Romanoff aka Black Widow (Human) / Age: 33 Year Old

Robert Bruce Banner aka Hulk (Genetically Enhanced Human) / Age: 48 Year Old

Wanda Maximoff aka Scarlet Witch (Genetically Enhanced Human) / Age: 20s

Vision (Android) / Age: 3 Year Old

Colonel James Rupert "Rhodey" Rhodes (Human) / Age: 49 Year Old

Samuel Thomas "Sam" Wilson aka Falcon (Human) / Age: 20s

General Okoye (Human) / Age: 30s

T'Challa aka Black Panther (Genetically Enhanced Human) / Age: 30s

Shuri (Human) / Age: 14 Year Old

Peter Jason Quill aka Star Lord (Celestial-Human Hybrid) / Age: 30 Year Old

89P13 aka Rocket (Genetically Enhanced Creature) / Age: 20 Year Old

Groot (Flora Colo) / Age: 20 Year Old

Drax aka Drax The Destroyer () / Age: ? (My bet Age is 38 Year Old)

Mantis () / Age: ? (My bet Age is 28 Year Old)

Nebula aka Daughter of Thanos (Luphomoid) / Age: ? (My bet Age is 28 Year Old)

Thor Odinson aka God of Thunder (Asgardian) / Age: 1500 Year Old

Thanos aka Mad Titan (Titan) / Age: ? (My bet Age is 1500+ Year Old)

# **Prologue: Battle For Time Stone of Infinity Stones (Battle for Titan)**

"He's coming."

Nebula looked up at the skies overhead. Her face was grim. But then, it was always grim.

"Okay, so everyone is down with the plan?" Stark said over the comms. Heads up displays inside his suit showed him the terrain, his own capacity, and the position of their make-shift team.

"Down?" a female voice said. The weird alien girl, Mantis. "Are moving underground?"

"You said we needed to keep him in the open," the green warrior called Drax grunted.

"No, the plan is the same. It's just an expression."

"Is down bad?" Nebula asked.

The teenage Parker jumped in. "No, down is good."

"Wait, down is good now?" The girl Mantis was talking again. "But it's a thumbs-up for good. That is what Quill said?"

Stark wished he could facepalm through his helmet. "Look just... focus, okay!"

"He's here," Nebula told them.

The air swirled in the ruins of Titan. It was like a vortex of light and dark simply appeared, a doorway from somewhere else.

Thanos stepping through was massive. Bigger than Thor, easily as big as the Hulk. His purple skin blended in the darker shade of his armor, except where his right hand was covered with a huge, golden gauntlet studded with bright colored Infinity Stones. The style of the metal glove reminded Stark vaguely of Thor and Loki's gear.

"Wizard," the Thanos said. His voice was like granite boulders grinding together. "I know you're here. Show yourself, and your trinket. This only ends one way."

"You've got that right," Stark said. As he rose up into the air on his boot jets Thanos looked at him without concern. "Show me your hands, big guy."

Thanos smiled. "Gladly."

The Infinity Glove swung up. The purple Infinity Stone, the one Quill had said was the Power Stone, flared with light. The ancient building near Stark blazed briefly and crumbled.

Tons of debris rained down, forcing the armored Avenger to jink and weave to avoid being crushed.

"Okay, might have worded that badly," Stark quipped.

Thanos grinned, but then a line of white threads hit him in the face. Thanos staggered as he was blinded by the webbing. Parker was already swinging around him, using another line to pin the arm he moved to try and yank away the stuff covering his face.

"Hi, I'm Spider-Man," the kid snapped out. His mouth was moving almost as fast as his body as he leaped around the Thanos, shooting webs to pin his legs. "Nice outfit, except, you know, purple on purple. You want colors that are going to pop, am I right?"

Thanos grunted. The red stone on the glove blazed, and the webs turned to chains of flowers he snapped with ease. Parker's interactive mask eyes grew wide as Thanos lunged at him and grabbed him around the throat.

Energy blasts rained down. It was Quill, or Starlord as he called himself, firing continuously with his blaster. Thanos reeled, still holding Parker in a throttling grip, but Drax was already charging and hacking at him with his twin blades. The simultaneous distractions gave the teenager time to activate the metal arms of his Iron Spider suit to flail at the staggering giant.

Stark flew down. Thanos was big, and clearly powerful, making ranged attacks the preferred option to soften him up. As Parker broke free of his grip, the repulsor rays stabbed out and knocked Thanos flying back through the rubble of his homeworld Titan.

Their opponent crashed through several walls until he came to a jarring halt. As he looked up he smiled.

"Daughter," Thanos grunted.

"Father," Nebula replied.

Her energy blaster fired, and Thanos lifted his hand to take the blasts that were aimed at his face. Nebula paced forward slowly, firing all the while.

"This is futile, Nebula," Thanos told her as the barrage continued. "You are embarrassing yourself. And me."

"Distracting you, you mean," Quill told him as he dropped from above. The twin discs he planted on Thanos's shoulders activated as he blasted clear with his boot jets, and the gravity field generators scavenged from the ship kicked in. At once, Thanos was being pulled by a hundred times the normal gravitational force of the planet. He staggered, and strained the lift his hand with the glove."

Stark had been watching. He fired a repulsor blast to keep the enemy off balance. "He needs to make a fist to use the glove," he called over the communications link.

Drax leaped in. His knives slashed at Thanos's cheek, drawing blood, while he planted his foot against the palm of the gauntlet. "You will not fist us today!" the Drax howled. Drax

smiled like a madman. Instead, we will do all the fisting!"

"Oh wow, that sounds so wrong," Spider-Man panted from where he landed next to Stark.

"Pin him, Doc. Now!"

The air shimmered in front of the Titan. As Strange dropped his invisibility he gestured and mumbled nonsense. But on Stark's display, an energy that didn't want to obey any of the galaxy natural laws formed around Thanos' limbs. The multiple fields took the shape of bright red bands, twinning around the huge villain Thanos like snakes and dragging him even harder towards the ground.

Drax leaped away while the red bands curled around the glove. There was one for each finger, running to the rocky surface of the planet and keeping the Thanos from closing his hand.

But it still wasn't enough to get him down.

"Oh man, what is this guy made of?" Parker whispered.

Strange hovered over the Titan with his cloak billowing. "You'll find the Crimson Bands of Cyttorak quite unbreakable," he told Thanos.

Thanos growled and roared, and strained.

Some of the bands began to fracture.

Strange grew pale.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Stark called. "You said unbreakable, right."

Strange's face was pinched with concentration. "That's the theory..."

One of the energy strands burst apart in a flare of red spark.

Parker watched wide-eyed. "Oh, man..."

"Doc, new plan," Quill called. "Focus on the glove. The rest of you, pour it on!"

At once, Strange gestured with his hand. The bands around Thanos' body and legs twisted away to reform around the golden gauntlet. As they shifted the Thanos was able to pull back up. His other hand went to the arm with the glove and he heaved.

"Take him down!" Stark shouted.

The red and gold hero fired his repulsor rays at maximum power. Quill launched another salvo from his blasters while Nebula did the same. Thanos staggered and went to one knee. Around his gloved hand, the bands of energy kept his fingers open and moved the glove slightly.

"Keep it up," Stark shouted. He added his shoulder plasma cannons to the mix, pumping giga-dynes of energy into the reeling Thanos. Parker and Drax leaped around him, pummelling and slashing in between bursts of power that could drill holes in the moon.

The glove shifted again. It was almost off.

"Give it up, you walking ball-sack!" Quill yelled. "You're done."

"No..." Thanos moaned. "I am..."

"...inevitable."

Changing tactic, Thanos balled his other fist and brought it hammering down into the ground. With the gravity generator amplifying the pull of the ruined world, his blow hit the stone like a meteor. The concussive force shattered the earth under him, sending shards of stone exploding outwards in all directions.

Parker leaped away. Stark sheltered behind his energy shields. Right above Thanos, Strange was caught in the flying storm of rocks and knocked twenty feet into a wall. He slid down, unconscious and bleeding from a gash to his head.

Stark blinked. Proximity warnings blared, and then Drax hit him and knocked him into the ground. Thanos cast the stunned green alien away, grabbed Stark around the throat, and squeezed hard enough to shatter his helmet. The nanites that made up his armor worked to try and reform but the Titan's fingers were already around his skull.

"You have a good mind, Stark," the massive warrior told him. "But you Terrans have a saying... about omelets and eggs."

"NOOOOO!" Parker launched himself at the alien. Nebula and Quill were close behind.

Thanos gestured with the gauntlet. The Space Stone blazed, and portals opened up directly in front of each of them. In a second, they were gone.

"You're alone, Stark," Thanos told him. "Accept it."

A rock shifted behind them. The billionaire Avenger smiled. "Not quite. Hit him Doc!"

Nothing happened. He looked over. So did Thanos.

Mantis stood watching them, glowing antennae quivering.

Stark's face sank.

"RAAAAAAAAAHHHH!"

It was Drax. The bald maniac charged Thanos and stabbed at him. The blades gouged his armor, but Thanos wasn't injured. Instead, he lifted his glove again and the Power Stone blazed. At once, Drax was encased in a field of fire. It squeezed, and the trapped warrior grunted as his body began to crush inwards.

"Stop!" Mantis called.

Thanos smiled. "The Time Stone."

"Don't," Stark grunted, but the hand on his skull squeezed his jaw shut. The field around Drax amplified as well, and he screamed in pain.

"Alright!" Mantis yelled. "Alright."

The girl moved over to Strange. He lay prone. Quickly she placed her hands alongside his head and concentrated. Her antennae quivered and grew brighter. The bearded magician remained unconscious, but he mumbled softly.

Slowly, the gold amulet on his breast rose up into the air. The front of the device slid and opened, revealing the glowing Time Stone inside.

Thanos flicked his hand. The field around Drax disappeared. As the tattooed man dropped to the ground, Mantis rushed over to him. Thanos ignored them both and lifted the glove.

The Time Stone inside the Eye of Agamotto flared brighter, then rocketed out of the gold casing and slammed into an empty slot on the Infinity Gauntlet.

"No..." Stark whispered.

Energy pulses hit Thanos. He stepped back and released Stark as Quill, Parker, and Nebula raced through the ruins towards him. "No, no, NO!" Quill shouted.

Thanos smiled.

And in a swirl of blue light, vanished.

Strange groaned. He lurched up as the others came to stop around Stark as he knelt on the ground.

"What happened?" the teenage Parker said. His mask deconstructed to show his young face with a stricken expression on it. "Did we just lose?"

Strange looked over at Mantis. "You did what I told you?" he asked.

The dark-eyed Mantis blinked and nodded.

Stark looked at the battered Strange. "What you told Mantis?" he said to Strange. The Avenger's face grew confused and angry. "What did you tell Mantis?!"

The Strange's own expression was somber. "We're in the endgame now."



# Chapter 1: Battle For White House (Battle for US President)

“Move, Madam US President Blair Marchi!”

The Secret Service agents hurried the leader of the free world down the corridors from the Oval Office. As they did, explosions sounded from beyond the walls of the White House. The walls shook, dislodging a painting of Andrew Jackson and sending the sculpted bust of Lincoln tumbling to the floor. All of the agents were armed, some with shoulder slung assault weapons.

“Eagle is en-route to bunker,” one of the men called into his wrist radio. “Prepare to secure on arrival.”

“My husband,” Madam President Marchi called.

“He’ll be escorted to safety, Madam,” another man told her. “We have to get you...”

His words were cut off by another explosion that ripped through the hall in front of them. Two agents in front were hurled through the debris like rag dolls. The rest dragged the Madam President back and readied their firearms.

A figure moved in the smoke ahead.

“Take them,” one agent called.

All of them opened fire. The President covered her ears against the din of handguns and automatic weapons sending a hail of bullets into the smoke.

Outrider emerged from the cloud. They were hideous, four-armed brutes, with leather grey skin and the size of bears. The slaving horrors hurled themselves straight into the Agents line of fire and were cut down one after the other. One of them actually managed to get a clawed hand on one Agent and shredded him with its talons before the rest of the Secret Service Men cut it down.

As the last Outrider fell the men took stock. The ones with heavy weapons ejected magazines and wet to reload.

Before they could, something like a silver lance came flying out of the smoke. It impaled two of the Agents and kept on down the hall to where it buried itself in a wall.

“Back!” one of the men shouted.

Out of the smoke, Proxima Midnight came bounding. It looked like a human woman, but at eight feet was taller than any human woman anyone there had ever seen. Her face was either black-skinned or painted black across the eyes, while her alien battle armor gleamed white.

One of the agents tried to fire. The Proxima Midnight grabbed his arm, broke it, and used him as a club to batter away two more of his colleagues. The last two men had reloaded their weapons and drew a bead on the Proxima Midnight.

They never pulled the trigger. Before they could the spear ripped itself free of the wall and its previous victims and hurled spinning towards them. The metal ripped the walls apart with ease, then crashed through the two Secret Service men before snapping back into its owners waiting for a hand.

Blair Marchi looked up in terror at the Proxima Midnight looming over her. She walked forward slowly. Her face spoke of her amusement at her fear.

“Who... who are you?” the Madam President stammered.

“I am Proxima Midnight, of the Thanos’s Black Order,” she told Marchi. Her voice was deep for a woman. “I have the honor of serving in the guard of Thanos of Titan. Rejoice, for he has come to deliver your world.”

Marchi gathered some of her dignity, sitting up straighter. “The United States will never surrender to your Thanos.”

“Then perhaps it will be in the half of this world to be purged,” Proxima Midnight answered, and raised her bloodied spear.

With the Triskelion destroyed in the battle against Hydra, Sharon Carter had to watch the carnage on the streets of Washington from beneath the Pentagon.

“Where is my airstrike!” one of the Air Force generals called.

Huge tactical screens showed the deployment of the Outriders in real-time. The dropships were huge, each the size of a twenty-story building and totally uncaring of the actual skyscrapers they demolished on landing. Already ten of them had rained down on Washington. Some had landed in open areas, but many were in the heart of the city. Sharon guessed the death toll just from the landing to be in the tens of thousands.

But that was only the beginning. As soon as the ships settled, ramps opened to disgorge hundreds of brutish Outriders. Unlike the Alien Race Chitauri that had attacked New York years ago, This Alien Race Outrider showed no sophisticated weaponry. Instead, they attacked as rampaging, multi-limbed beasts, killing anyone in their path. The local police who had attempted to stem the tide of Outriders had been overwhelmed in moments.

“Planes scrambled from Anacostia-Boiling,” one of the technicians announced. “ETA one minute.”

Sharon watched the situation reports mounting. Hospitals were being flooded with casualties. Fire and rescue crews attempting to get to the worst-hit areas were being attacked indiscriminately by the Outriders from the dropships. In under twenty minutes the capital city

of the United States had been transformed into something more resembling a war-torn province of Eastern Europe.

“Where’s Thaddeus Ross,” one of the senior officers growled. “Where are Tony Stark and his avengers?”

“No sign of Stark since the ship that appeared over New York,” a colonel reported.

“Planes incoming.”

On the screens, a series of blips showed the fighter aircraft on approach. A voice came over the speakers. “Mission command, this is squadron leader. We show multiple bad guys in the city district. Civilian casualties will be high if we engage.”

Sharon felt a lump of cold lead in the pit of her stomach as the commanding officer took up the mic.

“We read you, squadron leader. Our situation is dire. You are cleared to engage on my personal authority – command authorization Echo-Echo-four-niner-seven.”

There was a pause on the other end of the line. Then the squadron commander replied. “We read you, command. Authorization confirmed. Beginning our attack run.”

“Oh shit, I can’t believe we’re doing this,” another pilot’s voice announced.

“Top, I got no weapon’s lock. Repeat, missiles will not lock onto the target.”

“Roger that. They got some kind of jamming going on. We’re going in low and slow boys. Pick your targets, we’ll have to shoot from the hip.”

“Jesus,” one general said. “No lock, and all those buildings.”

“We should abort,” one of the naval Admiralty said.

“We do, and we lose the city,” the commanding general said bluntly. “Those things are ten blocks from Capitol Hill, and we’ve already got a report the White House has been hit. We have no choice.”

The planes began their final approach. On the ground people were still screaming and running, a human wave is driven by panic as the Outriders just kept coming.

“Where the HELL is Thaddeus Ross!” the Admiral cursed.

Proxima Midnight’s dark eyes glittered as she raised her spear.

Then bullets began to spark off her armor. None of the primitive earth weapon’s round penetrated, but the force of their impacts staggered her and pushed her back.

“Madam President,” Thaddeus Ross voice hollered. “Time to go.”

The Black Order's Proxima Midnight looked up. An old human Thaddeus Ross was advancing on her, emptying the clip of his assault weapon at her. His hair was grey and he wore a line of matching hair across his upper lip. He wore a suit much like the one they called US President, except instead of a jacket he had on a kind of hardness with objects attached to it.

Proxima snarled and raised her arm to shield her face and head as he kept firing. Several rounds lodged in her dense flesh, drawing blood and stinging her fiercely but not doing any serious damage.

Madam President Marchi scrambled up. While the old human Thaddeus Ross with the hair on his face kept firing bursts from the weapon the executive leader ran behind him and back down the corridor.

“Ross, come on!” the Madam President called.

“Right with you, Madam,” the Thaddeus Ross called. His weapon fell silent. Proxima smiled, readying her spear to throw as soon as he went to reload.

Except the one called Thaddeus Ross didn't reload. Instead, he yanked a pair of metal spheres off his belt. Proxmia looked at the objects curiously as Ross pulled out another device – a small handheld unit with a button on top. As he pressed it, lights on the two objects flashed.

Proxima looked at the man with hate.

The twin blast threw her back down the hall, through the smoke of her entry and then through a pair of doors. She smashed into a series of round tables with chairs around them, skidding to a halt in a wide-open space in front of a small stage. Some kind of banquet hall, clearly.

The Proxima Midnight shook her head. In the air in front of her, an image appeared. The Corvus Glaive there had a narrow, leering face and wore a high-crested helmet.

“Proxima Midnight,” her wedded mate Corvus Glaive asked. “We are in position over the island nation Wakanda to the planetary East, my wife. How goes your mission?”

She scowled. “There is a mild delay,” the Proxima Midnight said, as she picked a piece of shrapnel from her cheek. “It will not compromise our schedule.”

“I never expected it would,” the Corvus Glaive said. “Honor to Thanos.”

“Honor to Thanos,” Proxima Midnight repeated and rose to her feet.

Thaddeus ‘Thunderbolt’ Ross hurried the President through the ruins of the White House towards the security tunnel. As they went Marchi saw more of her staff 'Service Agents, personal assistants, even serving staff' lying in the wreckage. Many of them looked like they had been attacked by Outriders.

“Who are they?” the Madam President stammered. “What do they want. Have they made any demands.”

“No Madam,” Ross said as he hurried his commander in chief along. “But they appear to be the same group as the ones that appeared in New York, right before Tony Stark disappeared.”

The two humans came to a bookcase. Ross stepped up and pressed on a volume about constitutional law, and a green beam stabbed out and played over US President's face. The next moment, the bookshelf slid back and to one side.

“After you, Madam President,” the secretary of state said.

Marchi hurried inside. Ross followed and the shelf closed behind them. They were in a small metal compartment that immediately began to drop.

“From the bunker, we’ll be able to get to the Pentagon across the river,” Ross told Marchi.

The elevator stopped and the doors opened. Beyond Marchi could see a situation room about the size of the US Presidential office upstairs, lined with screens on one side and various supplies on the other. There were a half dozen people present, including a beautiful young dark-haired Betty Ross who rushed over and embraced Ross in a tight hug.

“Good to see you too, sweetheart,” Ross said. He turned to Marchi. “Madam President, I believe you’ve met my daughter, Betty Ross.”

“Madam President, we have a feed from the Pentagon,” one suited man called.

Everyone looked at the screens. Fighter jets could be seen unloading volleys of missiles against one of the alien ships nestled in the city. Many struck their mark and sending up plumes of fire that ripped through the metal structure. But four or five missed completely. Those warheads plowed into some of the surrounding office buildings. The office burst into flames and tons of rubble rained down onto the streets.

“My God,” Marchi breathed.

“Sir, Congress and the Senate have been evacuated, and the Vice President is on his way to NORAD,” one of the women told the President.

“And my husband?” Marchi asked.

The woman paused. “I... there’s still no word, Madam President, but I’m sure he’s safe.”

The screen flickered, and the view was replaced by the situation room under the Pentagon. A stern Commander of the Joint Chiefs looked out at them. “Madam President, it’s good to see you. Ross,” he said, looking at the Secretary of Defence.

“What’s our status, General,” Marchi asked.

“The Outriders have overrun almost half the city, Sir. Our weapons are having some effect in slowing them down. Mr. Secretary,” the man said, shifting his eyes to Ross, “We could sure use Stark and his team right now.”

Ross looked stern. “We still have no word from Stark, General. Or Vision or Colonel Rhodes. We may have to work on the assumption they have all been targeted.”

The general nodded grimly. “Madam President, under the circumstances I recommend you leave Washington at once.”

“Sir,” a junior officer at the Pentagon called. “We have incoming.”

The view split to show an aerial view of the building. Another alien drop vessel was heading down through the atmosphere, right towards it.

“Air support, hit that ship,” the general of the air force called.

The planes acted to comply. Several of them managed to hit the invader with their remaining missiles. They inflicted heavy damage, and the ship began to tumble in its descent, but it was still heading right for the Pentagon.”

“Ross,” the Joint chiefs commander called. “Get the Madam President out. Get her...”

The screen hissed violently and went dark.

“Jesus,” Betty whispered.

At the same moment, the elevator creaked. Everyone turned towards it. Ross grabbed up his assault weapon. Some of the men grabbed ones off a rack. As Ross checked his gun he felt Betty come up beside him, carrying a pump-action shotgun.

“Good girl,” he told her with a nod.

She smiled back.

The doors to the elevator bulged outwards. The men stood firm, the Madam President behind them. The metal frames bent back further... further.

Suddenly they ripped outwards. Alien Outriders tore outwards.

“Cut ‘em down!” Ross roared.

The sound of automatic fire mixed with alien screams.

In the remains of the Pentagon situation room, Sharon pulled herself out from under a fallen console. She coughed. There was no sign of other survivors.

As she sat there, her phone rang. Sharon pulled it out and saw on the cracked screen the incoming caller was Miriam Sharpe. Quickly she tapped to answer.

“Agent Carter,” the Miriam Sharpe said. “Where are you?”

Sharon looked around. “What’s left of the Pentagon,” she replied. “I think the joint chiefs are all dead.”

“My God,” the Miriam Sharpe replied. “Where are the Avengers?”

You killed the Avengers, Sharon wanted to say, but it would serve no useful purpose. “Unreachable,” was all she said. “What’s the situation in New York.”

“Stable for the moment,” Sharpe replied. “But we’re getting reports that the Hulk may have been involved. Some of our footage shows Bruce Banner standing with Tony Stark before he disappeared into that ship.”

Banner? Sharon thought. Her thoughts turned to the heroes who had not signed the Sokovia accords... to Steve. Where was he now? Surely he had to know what was going on?

“Does Rogers know what the hell is going on?” Maria Hill demanded.

Next to her in the driver's seat of their Humvee Nicholas Fury grunted. “He does, but it’s not just here. We have reports of alien activity in Edinburgh as well.”

“Edinburgh, Scotland?” Maria Hill asked. “What’s there that the aliens would want?”

Fury grimaced. “I’m not sure. But I don’t think it’s a coincidence that that’s the last reported position of the Vision and Wanda Maximoff for their little clandestine rendezvous.”

Hill blinked. “Maximoff and the Android?” she gasped. Fury pulled the wheel hard over as they took the corner, and she had to brace herself against the door panel. “Man, I need to date more.”

“I have some folks looking into it,” the one-eyed ex-SHIELD director Nick Fury announced. “The aliens, not the Human-Android mental health disorder. Even for me, this is a mental health disorder.”

“Seems like our regular Tuesday,” Hill quipped back.

Proxima Midnight strode over the bodies of her alien outriders and the human defenders. All of the pink-skinned humans were appeared dead, except for the cowering Woman they called the Madam president and the other one at her feet.

Secretary Ross struggled to try and lift his weapon. The outrider he had shot in the head pinned him down, and he had a score of wounds. Blood trickled down the side of his head as he lifted a handgun.

Proxima planted her foot heavily on his arm, driving it back to the ground. The bone inside cracked as it broke under her strength and the man cried out.

“Do not be downhearted,” the towering Proxima told him. “You fought bravely, and now thanks to Thanos your journey is ended.”

“Daddy! NO!”

The Proxima Midnight of Thanos' guard felt the blast of the earth weapon against her side. It staggered her, and she saw the figure of Betty Ross reeling up from under some of the debris of the room. Betty Ross pumped the weapon but something went wrong and it seemed to jam.

Proxima Midnight smiled.

Her arm holding the lance lashed out. With her reach, she impaled Betty Ross through the belly.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHH!”

“BETTY!” Ross shouted. “NOOOOOOOO!”

Proxima lifted the kicking, screaming Betty Ross like she was a bug she had collected to study. Proxima Midnight smiled as the Betty Ross clutched the spear in her belly, then turned to some of her remaining Outriders.

“Take that one to the ship,” she told them, nodding to the Madam President. The Outriders obeyed, dragging the struggling Madam President away.

“That is your leader?” she asked the sobbing Betty on her spear. “No wonder you are so weak.”

Betty lifted her head. Blood ran from her lips and she could hardly think through the agony in her gut, but she faced her killer with anger in her eyes. “My husband... will kill you Bruce...” she panted.

Proxima smirked. Turning her spear she dumped the mortally wounded girl next to the old man on the floor. They lay there, bleeding and dying together. The Proxima Midnight stared down at them.

“I could let you suffer until death finally claims you,” Proxima Midnight told the Father and Daughter. “But since you fought bravely, I will be merciful.”

She turned to the dozen outriders still in the room. “Finish them,” she told the slaving outriders. Then she walked away.

The outriders closed in. Betty and her father Thaddeus saw them coming, but there was nothing they could do. The beautiful Betty Ross reached out and took her father's hand. Both of them were crying.



“I love you, baby,” he told her.

“I love you too, Daddy.”

Proxima reached the lift. Behind her, the slaverling of the genetically engineered Alien Race Outriders grew louder and was then joined by high pitched shrieks of human agony. The screams went on and on as her outriders feasted on the man and his daughter, devouring them alive.

The Proxima Midnight smiled.

## Standalone Chapter: Humans Reaction

Tony Stark's mansion was overlooking what left of New York. First responders were still working to deal with the effects of the alien ship that had appeared over the city, as well as the damage caused by the battle between the attackers and Earth's superheroes.

"As far as we can tell," Fury told the group, "all of these attacks are the work of a single group. They've attacked different points all over the world in a coordinated strike."

"They don't seem to be targeting any particular nation or coalition," Maria Hill added. "But we have to assume that these aren't simply random strikes."

The others in the room looked at the holographic map of the Earth being projected from Stark's coffee table. Pepper Potts was hugging herself, Miriam Sharp was looking grim. Sharon Carter sat beside her, looking weary but better than she had, thanks to the automated medical unit Stark kept on hand. The last member of the group, James Rhodes, was being projected in as hologram from the Avengers compound upstate.

"Scotland," Pepper said. She was clearly focussing on the problem at hand as a way to avoid thinking about where her husband had disappeared to. "Why Scotland?"

"Last reported position of the Vision," Maria Hill said. "And the Scarlett Witch."

Pepper blinked. Miriam Sharpe looked taken aback and flicked a glance over at Rhodes.

"Hey, what happens in Edinburgh stays in Edinburgh," the USAF Colonel said.

"And Wakanda," Sharon said. She leaned forward, looking hard at the tracking blip over central Africa. "So they're after vibranium?"

"That could make sense," Pepper said. "Ultron used vibranium to build the Vision."

"But wouldn't explain why they attacked Washington and New York," Rhodes replied. "Or why they took Stark and the President."

"It wasn't just those two," Fury explained. Everyone looked as he replaced the holographic globe with one that showed a video of the battle taken by people using their camera phones. Several of the videos displayed images of the attacking aliens fighting a bearded man in a red cape. As they watched, glowing lines of energy appeared around the man's hands.

"Who is that?" Miriam Sharp said. Her look turned stern. "He isn't on our list of registered meta individuals."

"His name is Stephen Strange," the ex-director for SHIELD told them. "Until a few years ago, he was a very highly regarded surgeon. After a car accident that all but destroyed his

hands he vanished off the grid until he turned up again recently. And it appears, he can do magic.”

Rhodes blinked. “Magic. As in...”

“As in magic,” Fury told him. “Our source intelligence is limited, but from what we can tell, what Stark can do with technology, this guy can do by waving his hands around.”

“Another Tony Stark,” Sharpe commented drily. “That will end well.”

Pepper looked at her angrily. “May I remind you, Miss Sharpe, that Tony put his life on the line to defend New York against these Aliens. And is now missing!”

“Arguing isn’t helping,” Hill told the group.

“Agreed,” Sharon said. “We need to call in the people we still have in play.” She looked at Sharpe. “We need Steve Rogers.”

“Out of the question,” Sharpe said.

Rhodes looked at her incredulously. “In case you haven’t noticed, ma’am, this is a global threat. These aliens may be the same as the ones that attacked New York five years ago, or they may not, but what we do know is this time the battle isn’t just over the United States.”

“And yet they took our leaders,” Sharpe said in reply.

Fury smiled grimly. “If I know Rogers, he will already be in the thick of this whether we’ve called him or not. What we need to do is decide how we are going to support his efforts with our own assets.”

At the Barton farm, the family was clustered around the television watching the news feed from Washington DC.

“We have no information yet on whether the President was evacuated,” a woman in a dirtied blue jacket was announcing into the camera. “But we do know that casualty estimates are in the over five hundreds thousands. Dozens of members of Congress and the Senate are unaccounted for. Reports from what is left of the Pentagon indicated that at least half the structure was completely destroyed by the crashing alien ship.”

“My God,” Laura Barton whispered. She hugged her son Cooper while her husband Clint held her hand.

“Dad?” the teenage girl Lila asked.

Her father waved to her as the woman on the television paused. It seemed she was getting new information fed to her through her earpiece. After a moment she looked back at the camera with a stunned expression.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we are now getting reports that the attackers have targeted the White House. Exact details are still coming in, but it appears that those identified among the dead include Secretary of Defence Thaddeus Ross, one of the chief architects of the Sokovia Accords. Also listed are his daughter Betty Ross, who some viewers might recall had a long term relationship with Bruce Banner, also known as The Hulk.”

Laura’s hand went to her mouth. Her husband remained stony-faced.

“There is still no official word on what has happened to the President, but speculation is that he has been abducted by the alien attackers, who seem to have been led by a woman described as being blue-skinned and carrying some kind of spear.”

“Dad?” Lila asked again.

“Dad, what you gonna do,” her younger brother Nathaniel asked.

“It’s going to be all right, honey,” Laura told Nathaniel. “Whatever is happening, the army and the other heroes will handle it.”

“Handle it?” Lila said in disbelief. “Mom, Washington is trashed. That rat Tony Stark is missing. There are no Avengers after he threw dad into jail and tried to do the same to Captain America. The whole world is going to...”

“Language,” her father said, and Lila subsided.

Upstairs, the baby started crying. Laura wiped her eye and stood up. “Clinton. I’ll get him.” She looked at her husband with a mournful expression, but also one of resignation. When he nodded, she smiled sadly and headed upstairs.

“Dad!” Lila said, more forcefully than before. “What ARE we going to do?”

Clint Barker, known around the Planet Earth as the Avenger called Hawkeye, looked at his daughter.

“WE are not going to do anything. You are going to help your mom protect your family here.”

“And where will you be?” she asked him.

Her father didn’t answer but stared back at the television showing the ongoing carnage.

US President Marchi huddled in the black metal cell the alien creatures had thrown her in.

They had very pointedly ignored her demands to know where she was or what was happening to her people.

Marchi pushed her hands threw her hair. She had shed her jacket and tie, and her captors had also removed her belt and shoes. In her mind, she heard over and over again the screams of Ross and his young daughter while she was being dragged back up the elevator shaft by the

four-armed alien monstrosities.

The metal door to her slid back with a rush. Marchi pushed himself up off the floor as Proxima Midnight (if she was a woman) who had captured her strode in. Proxima Midnight, she had called herself.

“I demand...” she began.

“Nothing,” Proxima Midnight replied. She gave her a condescending smile. Were it not for the blue skin and the horn-like structures on her forehead, Marchi would have considered her quite attractive.

“You demand nothing,” Proxima Midnight went on. “You live only by the will of Thanos. If you die, that too shall be by the will of Thanos.”

“Thanos?” Marchi said. “You said that name before. Is he your leader? Perhaps we can negotiate...”

Proxima Midnight sneered. “Thanos is not a groveling political leader. Thanos is a force of nature. It is his destiny to cleanse this universe, and save it.”

The Earthman shook his head. “I don’t understand. What do you want from us? From me?”

“Your understanding is not important,” Proxima Midnight told her, except as regards the fate of your fellow Terrans. Thanos has come to spare your world suffering. However, if you resist him, he can also amplify that suffering in ways your primitive ape mind cannot conceive.”

Marchi looked up at her imploringly. “Please, if there is a way to spare my people from further suffering, just tell me what you want to know.”

The towering Proxima Midnight smiled again. “Good. What I wish to know is this. Where can we find the creature your news broadcasts identify as... the Vision.”

“The Vision?” Marchi said. “You want the robot?”

“That is correct.” She leaned closer, and Marchi backed up to the wall behind her. “He is in possession of technology that does not belong to your world.”

The President shook his head. “You’re mistaken. The Vision was built by Tony Stark.”

“Be that as it may, he was constructed using stolen technology.” Proxima Midnight smiled.

“If you hand it over to us, it’s rightful owners, we will be happy to withdraw our forces from your Planet Earth.”

Marchi thought about it. It sounded just like Tony Stark to have gotten the ability to build his mechanical man through underhanded means. The weapons builder turned ‘hero’ was lucky

he wasn't rotting in jail, after unleashing the horror that was Ultron.

"I... I may be able to help you," she told Proxima Midnight looming over her.

Proxima Midnight smiled wider.

All over the world, screens lit up. From the billboards in Times Square to the screens in electronic stores and television stations, down to the personal devices owned by over a billion human beings. Connected to the internet or satellites or not, every single one blazed with the same message.

"People of Earth," the Proxima Midnight said, while her words were translated into every spoken and written language. "I am Proxima Midnight of the Thanos's Black Order. I serve Thanos, the great deliverer. We have not come to make war upon you. We only seek what is rightfully ours, the technology that was stolen from us by the one you call Tony Stark. Here now the words of your United States President, so that you will know how to save your world."

Midnight's image was replaced by that of a woman. Many knew her, but everyone who heard understood her words.

"Listen to me," President Marchi said. "I have negotiated with the aliens. They only want the android called the Vision. If we give it to them, they have agreed to cease hostilities and leave our planet in peace."

"Marchi leaned forward and addressed the camera desperately. "Find the Vision. Once he is handed over, our world will be safe again."

In another cell, not far away from where the President was being kept, another human Carol Danvers sat helplessly. Her brown eyes glared at the metal wall as she pounded her fist against it. In the past, Carol Danvers had been able to hammer that fist right through the outer hull of a Kree warship.

Now, nothing happened.

The Carol Danvers growled in frustration. With her powers neutralized by the alien's technology, there was no way for Carol Danvers to help protect her world.

"Your majesty, do you have any comment on the alien terrorist attacks that have targeted the United States and the United Kingdom?"

T'Challa of Wakanda faced the camera. The background behind him showed the pastoral vistas of his African home. Under his face banner headlines proclaimed the rising death toll (500000 of 705000) in Washington and reports about the abduction of the US President.

Meanwhile, around the screen where the view of other newsmen from different networks. With his country under attack, T'Challa had opted for a video feed rather than a personal news conference.

“The people of Wakanda are as shocked as the rest of the world about this unprovoked aggression,” the King replied. “Rest assured, we are devoting our full resources in working with NATO and all military forces to repel this attack.”

A man from CNN was the next to be given a question. “Sir, do you have any comment on the assassinated of Secretary of Defence Thaddeus Ross and his daughter, Betty Ross?”

T’Challa looked grim. “The deaths of Secretary Ross and his daughter are a grave loss and a tragedy. As is the death of all those people who have been killed indiscriminately by these invaders. That is why Wakanda is not working closely with all military powers to coordinate our response and protect our citizens.”

Tim Pool leaned towards the camera on him. T’Challa listened to internet journalists' questions. “Your majesty, many are speculating as to why Wakanda, a relatively small nation on global standards, would be targeted by these invaders?”

T’Challa paused. “The exact motivations of the attackers are not clear.”

“But is it safe to say,” Pool went on, “that they seem to regard Wakanda as a greater threat than, say, Russia or China?”

The King smiled grimly. “If so, they are well informed.”

One of the other reporters piped up. “Sir, is that because you have Captain America and the other rogue Avengers helping you?”

“Will Captain America now be taking formal command of the Avengers again, since the disappearance of Tony Stark?” called another.

T’Challa waved off the questions, but before he had a chance to answer more fully the feed to the transmission began to disintegrate.

All over the Planet Earth, it was the same. On televisions, cell phones, tablets, every electronic device that was capable of receiving an external signal.

And it wasn’t just electronics that were affected. In remote villages of Siberia, the Congo, South America, and Asia; in rural settings and in isolated cabins, some people began to speak. Their eyes were white and blank, and the voice that came from them was not their own. The words were understood by every human being how heard them.

“People of Earth,” the Proxima Midnight said, while her words were translated into every spoken and written language. “I am Proxima Midnight of the Thanos's Black Order. I serve Thanos, the great deliverer. We have not come to make war upon you. We only seek what is rightfully ours, the technology that was stolen from us by the one you call Tony Stark. Here now the words of your United States President, so that you will know how to save your world.”

Proxima Midnight’s image or voice was replaced by that of a woman. Many knew her, but everyone who heard understood her words.

“Listen to me,” President Marchi said. “I have negotiated with the aliens. They only want an android called the Vision. If we give it to them, they have agreed to cease hostilities and leave our planet in peace.”

“Marchi leaned forward and addressed those listening. “Find the Vision. Once he is handed over, our planet will be safe again.”

Marchi vanished. This face and voice were replaced again by Proxima Midnight. “Rejoice, for Thanos of Titan has heard the cry of your people, and is prepared to negotiate.”

Proxima Midnight continued. “As stated, the attack on your world is the direct result of the theft of our technology by the one you call Tony Stark. It is because of his criminal actions that we have launched this retributive assault on your planet.”

“At this moment, forces loyal to Thanos are poised above your world. The destructive power they are capable of unleashing would level your cities and reduce your civilization to it’s most primitive beginnings.”

“However,” Proxima Midnight said, “it is not the wish of almighty Thanos that the innocent should suffer for the crimes of a single man. Therefore, if you heed the words of your US President Marchi and return the property that Tony Stark unlawfully took, we will leave your planet in peace.”

Images of the Vision flashed on devices all over the world.

“This renegade synthetic and the jewel he carries in his forehead must be delivered to us in the next half-turn of your planet. Do so, and your planet will be spared further conflict. Failure to comply will see us unleash the full destructive power of our vessels and billions of soldiers against you. There will be no further negotiations. Obey, and live.”

“Well, that’s interesting,” Nick Fury commented.

The hologram projection of James Rhodes rubbed his chin. “So now we know what they’re after, and why they targeted Washington and Edinburgh.”

“The Vision,” Miriam Sharpe said. “Why would they want the Vision? But why? Wouldn’t they have their own android?”

“Vision isn’t a robot,” Pepper commented. A wave of her hand over the desk pulled up images of the artificial Avenger. “He’s the most sophisticated artificial intelligence in the world, with a body made of synthetically grown tissue bonded to Vibranium alloy.”

“But his intelligence is what is really impressive,” Pepper went on. The image zoomed in on the glowing Mind Stone embedded in the android’s forehead. “That Stone is called The Mind Stone. It powered the staff Loki used to control people during his attack on New York and was used by Ultron to make the Vision fully sentient. He’s as alive as you or I.”

“A magic stone that brings things to life?” Sharpe said skeptically.

“It’s not magic,” Pepper replied. “But the science is so advanced, it might as well be.”



“Is this really any more hard to believe than blonde Norse God with hammers that fly around and call down lightning?” Sharon Carter asked.

“Technically I don’t think Thor’s a god,” Rhodes said.

“Try saying that when your standing in front of him,” replied Maria Hill.

“All that aside, this Thanos clearly wants the Mind Stone for something, and I don’t buy this story about Stark stealing it. I was there when Loki brought it to Earth in his freak scepter, along with his Alien Army Chitauri.”

“You’re thinking Thanos gave him that Army Chitauri?” Carter asked.

Nick Fury looked over at Pepper. “Ms. Potts?”

Pepper nodded. “We’ve been analyzing some of the alien tech damaged in the fighting in Washington and the most recent New York attack. There are definite matches.”

“So Thanos gave Loki the Mind Stone so he could use it to attack Earth six years ago, and now sends Another Army Outriders to get it back?” Sharpe said. “Why risk it, if it’s so important?”

“Maybe he didn’t expect to be resisted,” Rhodes offered. “Maybe Loki over promised on what he could deliver.”

“Whatever the reason, they’re here now and they want it back,” Hill said. She looked at her former boss. “Kind of makes me wish we hadn’t given the Tesseract to Thor to take to Asgard.”

Fury grunted. “We don’t have the tesseract, but we might have the next best thing,” he said mysteriously.

In her cell, Carol Danvers also heard the communication from Proxima Midnight. Captain Marvel ground her teeth and slammed her gloved fist against the alien metal wall. As before, it resisted even her strongest blows.

Carol kept trying. The aliens had taken her pager that she had given to Fury over 20 years ago, stopping her from getting in touch. Captain Marvel didn’t need it to know he would be trying to get through to her. Her friends and loved ones were on the planet below, and she had to find a way to save them.

She had to!

“So that’s where we stand,” Rogers said. He looked at the assembled heroes. T’Challa had finished his press conference and joined them.

“We can’t hand over Vision,” Wanda said.

“I agree,” Natasha said. “We’ve been fighting a shadow war against this Thanos for years, ever since the first New York attack. No reason to believe he wants to peacefully negotiate

now.”

Bucky sat across the room, listening. “Does Banner have any intel on these aliens we could use?”

“Doctor Banner is currently sedated,” T’Challa said. The others looked at him. “News of Betty Ross’ death was extremely distressing for him. I did not want to risk the Hulk running amok through Our City and my Country.”

Steve sighed. “Can’t say I blame you.”

Sam Wilson, the Falcon, folded his arms. “So we’re agreed then? We don’t hand Vision over?”

Wanda looked worried. Steve looked to T’Challa. “What does the King say?”

T’Challa smiled. “Wakanda does not bow to tyranny, and this Thanos will learn that to his sorrow.”

## Chapter 2: Battle For Mind Stone of Infinity Stones (Battle for Earth)

The Avengers still on earth regrouped at Stark Tower. Steve, Natasha, Wanda, Sam, and Vision walked in just as James was speaking to Councilor Maria Theodosakis. "Mrs. Councilor" Steve greeted her. "You got some nerve. I'll give you that" Maria said as she looked over the group. "you could use some of that right now" Natasha shot back. "The worlds on fire. And you think all is forgiven?" Maria asked Steve. "I'm not looking for forgiveness. And I'm way past asking permission. Earth just lost her best defender, so we're here to fight. And if you wanna stand in our way...we'll fight you, too" Steve warned. Maria turned to James, appearing unshaken by the claim. "Arrest them" Maria ordered. "All over it," James said as he dismissed the call. "That's a court-martial" he continued, letting a brief pause followed. He extended his hand to Steve, smiling. "It's great to see your cap," he said. "You too, Rhodey" Steve shook the man's hand. Natasha walked forward and hugged James too. "Wow, you guys.... really look like crap. Must've been a rough couple years" James joked. "Yeah, well, the hotels weren't exactly five stars" Sam chuckled. "Uh, I think you look great" Bruce stuttered as he entered the room. He approached the group nervously; he hadn't seen them since being taken to space. "Yeah, I'm back" he introduced himself. "Hi, Bruce" Natasha smiled at him. "Nat," Bruce said quietly. Everyone could feel the tension in the room. "This is awkward," Sam said under his breath.

Following a briefing on Thanos and his goals, James was brought up to speed with what happened in New York. "So, we gotta assume they're coming back, right?" he asked. "And they can clearly find us" Wanda added. "We need all hands on deck. Where's Clint?" Bruce asked. "After the whole Accords situation, he and Scott took a deal. It was too tough for their families. They're on house arrest" Natasha explained. "Who's Scott?" Bruce asked he hadn't met that member yet. "Ant-Man" Steve answered. "There's an Ant-Man and a Spider-Man?" Bruce asked, feeling disconnected from the whole situation. But that didn't matter right now. "Okay, look. Thanos has the biggest army in the universe and he is not gonna stop until he-- he gets Vision's stone" he continued. "Then we have to protect it" Natasha interjected once again. "No, we have to destroy it. I've been giving a good deal of thought to this entity in my head. About its nature. But also, its composition. I think if it were exposed to a sufficiently powerful energy source. Something very similar to its own signature, perhaps its molecular integrity could fall" Vision explained as he stepped closer to Wanda. "Yeah, and you with it. We're not having this conversation" she argued. "Eliminating the stone is the only way to be certain that Thanos can't get it" Vision persisted. "That's is a humane price" Wanda continued, shaking her head to emphasize she wasn't going to agree. Vision's hands cradled her head as he looked deeply into her eyes. "Only you have the power to pay it" he explained to her. Wanda walked away, not looking back. She couldn't handle talking about it anymore.

"Thanos threatens half the universe (5 Trillion Lives of 10 Trillion Lives). One life cannot stand in the way of defeating him" Vision announced his determination to see his plan through. "But it should. We don't trade lives, Vision" Steve agreed with Wanda on the matter. "Captain, 70 years ago, you laid down your life to save how many millions of people? Tell me, why is this any different?" Vision argued. "Because you might have a choice" Bruce

interpreted as he stepped forward. "Your mind is made up of a complex construct of overlays. Jarvis, Ultron, Tony, me, the stone. All of them mixed together, all of them learning from one another" he continued. "You're saying Vision isn't just the stone?" Wanda asked. "I'm saying that if we take out the stone, there's still a whole lot of Vision left. Perhaps the best parts" he explained. "Can we do that?" Natasha asked, feeling rather puzzled by the sudden change of plans. "Not me, not here" Bruce shook his head. This was something way beyond his potential. Not to mention, Stark Tower did not have the technology that could do such a thing. It would need to be made in the short time they had. "Well, you better find someone and somewhere fast. Theodosakis isn't just gonna let you guys have your old rooms back" James argued. "I know somewhere" Steve addressed to them all.

After recovering Vision and debating trading him for the stone. Steve settled on asking T'challa for help. He knew how advanced Wakanda's technology was, they helped Bucky after all. "We have the technology, but I cannot say it will be easy" T'challa began before he was tugged away from the screen. "Brother, you cannot say because you do not know what it is about" Shuri sighed as she centered the communicator on her. "What you are asking will require top-level technology you can only imagine. The Infinity Stone is a source of power and cannot be tampered with. It is like taking a star and asking to tickle it. Won't happen. The molecular makeup is rival to the sun and one wrong move would create a chain reaction that could kill everyone involved. Not to mention removing the stone requires nano measures of the makeup of the mind and body, removing microscopic parts of the body while keeping the cell intact long enough to avoid total collapse" Shuri explained. Steve glanced at Natasha, who glanced at James. James shrugged and looked at Bruce. "She's saying it will be difficult" Bruce sighed. "Difficult?! Try impossible!" Shuri argued. "But can you do it?" Steve asked her. Shuri stared for a moment, throwing her hands up. "Yeah but bring him quick. I don't like to be rushed" she turned away and walked off. T'challa returned with a less than amused look. "We will be awaiting your visit; I will send the coordinates now" he explained. There was a beep as FRIDAY erected a virtual map of Africa. "Coordinates received. Beginning input into maps" the voice alerted them. "That's Wakanda?" James said in amazement. "An entire nation is hidden in Africa for years, it's amazing right?" Bruce confirmed in amazement. Vision gazed lovingly at Wanda. Instilling hope into their hearts.

The group arrived in Wakanda quickly, greeted by T'challa and his guards. "Should we bow?" Bruce asked as they exited the ship. "Yeah, he's a king" James agreed. "It seems like I'm always thanking you for something," Steve said as he shook T'challa's hand. Bruce bowed low, getting a confused look from James. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Uh, we don't do that here" T'challa reassured him. Bruce stood back up, shooting James a dirty look. The latter only snickered as he walked away. "So how big of an assault should we expect?" T'challa asked. "Uh, sir-- sir, I think you should expect quite a big assault" Bruce explained. "How we looking?" Natasha asked. "You will have my Kings guard, the Border Tribe, the Dora Milaje, and..." T'challa motioned to Bucky as he approached the group. "And a semi-stable 100-year-old man" he greeted Steve. Both men hugged, smiling at each other. "How you been Buck?" Steve asked. "Uh, not bad, for the end of the world" Bucky quipped.

Vision was led to Shuri's lab to be looked at before beginning the operation. She scanned Vision's body before focusing on the stone. "The structure is polymorphic" she gasped. "Right, we had to attach each neuron non-sequentially" Bruce explained. "Why didn't you just reprogram the synapses to work collectively?" she asked. Vision gave Bruce a confused

look, were their steps skipped when creating him? "Because we didn't think of it," Bruce said hesitantly. "I'm sure you did your best" Shuri smirked. "Can you do it?" Wanda asked. "Yes, but there are more than two trillion neurons here. One misalignment could cause a cascade of circuit failures. It will take time, brother" she explained. T'challa nodding in understanding, he hadn't expected it to go quickly. "How long?" Steve asked. "As long as you can give me" Shuri replied. An alarm beeped and Okoye checked her beads for the alert. "Something's entered the atmosphere" she reported. The army was coming. Outside, Sam and Bucky watched as the ships cut through the sky. "Hey, Cap, we got a situation here" Sam reported. Debris from the ships fell down to Wakanda, hitting the shield before exploding. "God, I love this place" Bucky sighed. "Yeah, don't start celebrating yet. We got more incoming outside the dome" James reported in. Everyone went to the windows to watch fire rain from the sky outside of the border. "It's too late. We need to destroy the stone now" Vision protested. "Vision, get your ass back on the table" Natasha ordered as she ran over to help him. "We will hold them off" T'challa affirmed as he left to change into his suit. "Wanda, as soon as that stone's out of his head, you blow it to hell" Steve ordered. "I will" Wanda agreed.

"Evacuate the city. Engage all defenses. And get this man a shield" T'challa ordered, pointing at Steve. News coverage showcasing the destruction in New York was already beginning to spread. Even in Wakanda, the coverage was promoted as national headlining news. The avengers watched as WHiH World News broadcasted a live recording of citizens trying to escape the damage. "It's Christine Everhart here with breaking news. The recent attack on New York has been confirmed to be from a force not from Earth. This is not an invasion. I repeat, not an invasion" she stressed as her team queued her the warning. "The Avengers have already fought back against the enemy and I am being told the aliens have retreated. Please remain calm and assist those displaced by the attack. If your home was damaged, report to a nearby shelter for relief. We have nothing to worry about" she concluded her segment. But despite her words, it was clear they had much to worry about. As the news station went to break, Steve turned to T'challa. "It's not over at all," he said. "You have all of Wakanda at your side, we will not fall" T'challa reassured him. Steve patted T'challa on the shoulder, both leaders looking intently at one another. "I know" he smiled. M' Baku walked up to them, scowling. "My men are in position, when do we kill?" he chuckled. T'challa's face looked very tired at his ally's sense of humor. Steve, on the other hand, admired the "enthusiasm". "Soon, we had preparations first" he explained.

Thanos couldn't have the Mind stone, that was their top priority. A force field was erected around Wakanda, primarily Shuri's lab. The goal was to keep Thanos's army out. T'challa had agreed to defend Vision until Shuri had finished extracting the Mind stone. Knowing this, Steve and T'challa led the Wakandan army to the border where Thanos's army waited for them. The sight of 50 dropships was worrisome, but they also had a barrier to protect them. There was no telling what would happen as the airships docked on the other side of the shield. "We have the advantage of numbers; they will never breakthrough" T'challa reassured the Avengers. That was the plan, or at least buy time until Shuri had finished extracting the Mind stone. No one was spared from the fight, except Wanda standing as a guard for Shuri. Natasha, Steve, and T'challa approached the area James had warned them about. As they approached, a crackling noise could be heard across the prairie. Proxima Midnight ran her blade of the shield as if to test its durability. It wouldn't be a breakthrough, but she would just find another way. The grin on her face didn't put any of them at ease. "Thanos will have that stone" she swore to them. "That's not gonna happen" Steve argued, at least, they wouldn't let

them take it. "You are in Wakanda now. Thanos will have nothing but dust and blood" T'challa added. Neither Proxima Midnight, Cull Obsidian, or Corvus Glaive looked shaken by the statement. "We have blood to spare" Proxima Midnight quipped. She raised her blade as a signal for combat. "You've made your choice, now die" Corvus Glaive laughed as he walked away with her. Cull Obsidian cracked his knuckles and grunted, obviously ready to get to the fighting. Thanos's ships raised with a loud rumbling sound, shaking the earth beneath them. As the metal revealed millions of heads of various Races of Aliens (Outriders, Chitauri, Chitauri Gorilla, Sakaaran). Steve, Natasha, and T'challa retreated to their positions within the front line. "They surrender?" Bucky asked with an amused tone. "Not exactly" Steve sighed.

The Aliens jumped out of the ships and ran into the forest below them. The screeching was loud as they plowed through the earth to Wakanda. The horde clumped together, looking like a wave of black as they covered the green grass. "What the hell?" Bucky said in surprise. The Wakandans stood at the ready, despite the number difference. The creatures continued to pour out almost at a never-ending pace. "Looks like we pissed her off" Natalia sighed. The Alien Race Outriders hit the force field hard, like months hitting a light bulb. They continued to slam against it, tearing and clawing at the field. Their attacks bounced off the shield, but they didn't relent. As they pushed, their arms slipped through and were cut off as the shield regenerated. Some of the aliens stuck their bodies through and were cut in the middle. Each part that made it through was dead before it hit the ground. Their bodies steamed from being singed by laser technology. "They're killing themselves," Okoye said in disgust. This wasn't a war; this was a massacre. These Outriders Race would stop at nothing to kill them. Just mindless warriors that only cared about killing. The more that flooded the field, the easier it became to slip through. The aliens rolled through the dirt with their burnt and scared skin, staggering back up to their feet. They shrieked loudly as they charged the front line. The Xhosa warriors raised their shield armor and blocked the first line of soldiers from the beasts. On T'challa's command, the second line of warriors lined their spears on the shoulders of their guarding line. They fired off their spears as the aliens approached them. Their shots were precise, hitting their target for the majority. The creatures were intelligent enough to tell they were being shot at, dodging for the most part but shaking off direct hits. Bucky joined in, firing with his sniper. He hit the ones that broke through the barrage of laser spears. Bruce used his plasma palms in the Hulkbuster armor, managing to shoot the groups or deter the lone attackers. Sam flew overhead, providing some support. But the aliens redirected their assault on him, resulting in him retreating to a higher altitude and firing homing shots. "You see the teeth on those things?" he said in shock after almost being drug down by one.

"All right, back up Sam. You're gonna get your wings singed" James warned. He flew overhead the border of the force field and the Wakandan army. Using the Iron Man MKII, he dropped a line of bombs on the aliens just as they broke through. A series of explosions filled the area and fire began to stick onto their bodies. The fire didn't let up, resulting in the horde splitting and going around the force field. "Cap, if these things circle the perimeter and get behind us...there's nothing between them and Vision" Bruce warned. "Then we better keep 'em in front of us" Steve replied. "How do we do that?" Okoye asked in disbelief. T'challa was quiet, heavy with conflicting choices. But he knew the right one to make. "We open the barrier" he stated. No one disagreed as he turned on his communicator. "On my signal, open North-West Section 17" he began. There was a moment where the control room had asked him to confirm his choice, resounding the worry in everyone's heart at the moment. "On my

signal" T'challa repeated louder this time. M' Baku watched just as horrified as Okoye had been. "This will be the end of Wakanda" he warned. "Then it will be the noblest ending in history" Okoye argued. Steve, Bucky, and Natasha prepared their weapons to fight the oncoming horde as T'challa ordered the Xhosa shields to go down. "Wakanda forever!" he shouted and activated his Black Panther suit. Both he and the army charged forward with a battle cry. The Avengers, at the head of the pack, ran together at the hole the aliens had made in the field.

"Now!" T'challa ordered. The barrier opened a fraction up, making a narrow doorway for the creatures to flood in directly ahead of the army. Before both armies could reach, Steve and T'challa jumped into the fray. Fighting the Outriders hand to hand. The Wakandan army clashed against the charging Outrider, some bracing the impact with their shields and retaliating. Those without shields were thrown to the ground or the air on impact, only being able to continue fighting the enemy ahead. It felt like an endless battle as the Outrider charged forward and snarled at them. Steve watched, panting loudly as another wave broke through. "How much longer, Shuri?" T'challa asked in a brief moment before the next wave. "I've barely begun, brother" Shuri complained. She had already explained the pains she would have to go through to extract the stone, it wasn't something that could be done in a few minutes. "You might want to pick up the pace" T'challa grunted as he blocked an incoming enemy. He ended his transmission and continued to defend against the wave. Shuri didn't reply, knowing full well her focus was needed on removing the mind stone. It was too complex for her to make a mistake. The stone structure was only still in the analyzing stage. Her machine was still working on severing the nerves before the removal. She could only work as quickly as being careful would allow...

Bruce continued to fight on the front, the armor allowing him to take on several of the horde beasts on his own. They weren't able to break his armor let alone think of ganging upon him. Bucky was overwhelmed at close range, his snipe knocked from his hands by a surprise attack. He held his own as the Cull Obsidian tried to grab his head, punching it in the face and holding it back with his legs. James fired once again from overhead, this time at the opened slit in the barrier. His focus on hitting the horde in the heart of the group distracted him from the other threat. He was knocked from the sky as a heavy ax hit his blind spot. The ax returned to its owner, Cull Obsidian. He chuckled heartfully at his successful attack. Proxima Midnight and Corvus Glaive joined him as they entered the battled field. Proxima Midnight's blade was in hand as they approached, and Corvus Glaive had his spear ready to kill. All three knew who their target was, the Avengers.

T'challa continued to fight off the army, but a pack teamed upon him. He was knocked to the ground and drug by his foot. The aliens tossed him and clawed at his vibranium suit, electing energy with each attack. Steve, who was currently fighting off being pinned by a large beast, was the only one close to T'challa. He caught sight of another alien charging upon himself and dodged out of the way so both aliens slammed into each other. The impact sent him rolling into another pack of aliens that swiped at him. The aliens were adapting to the tide of the battle. Now, piling onto their enemies in determined attempt to bring them down. Bruce was forced onto his back as they swarmed his armor. Their sharp teeth pulled at the metal as their claws dug in search of the flesh underneath. "There's too many of 'em!" he yelled. The vanguard was now on their backs as they were overwhelmed by the enemy. It was then, a strong light cut through the sky. The light rained down in a familiar beam, striking the

battlefield enough to send the aliens flying. The few foolish Outriders enough to run into the light were spit out, fried from the intensity of the beam. From the light, an ax flew through the battlefield. It cut through the alien horde with awesome ease. The entire time, the ax shot strikes of lighting to any enemy in distance. It glided over Steve, taking out all four of the aliens holding him down. The ax also flew over Bruce, wiping the swarm of aliens off the armor in a blink of an eye.

The ax returned as the beam of light faded, stopping in the hand of Thor. He stood in the middle of the now clear area with Rocket on his shoulder and Groot standing at his side. Rocket jumped down and cocked his gun as the Avengers took in the sight of their lost friend. "You guys are so screwed now!" Bruce rejoiced. Proxima Midnight watched in surprise; she had been sure Thor would have been dead! Cull Obsidian growled angrily; he would kill Thor himself then! Corvus Glaive glanced at Proxima Midnight and they shared a look. That Asgardian had to die before the Mind stone was taken. Thor glared at Thanos's children with the hatred he felt when they attacked his ship. "Bring me Thanos!" he roared as he ran into battle. Groot and Rocket followed him into the new form horde pouring out through the barrier opening. Thor summoned the lightning in his ax and jumped into the air. He slammed the ax into the ground as he fell, striking the earth hard enough to break through the first layer. The lighting stretched through the ground, striking the horde in the middle.

Cull Obsidian entered the barrier and engaged the Wakandan warriors with his ax. He tossed it and used the chain to cut through the smaller enemies. Each attack tore the ground up from under them and sent them flying. T'challa charged up the vibranium in his suit for a direct attack. The impact of the stockpiled energy reverberated through Cull Obsidian and knocked him onto his back, briefly paralyzing him. Rocket stood his ground shooting the alien creatures in passing. "Come and get some, space dogs!" he shouted. Bucky covered him from behind, shooting the enemies surrounding them. A new wave of enemies headed for their position and Bucky lifted Rocket by the back of his vest. Bucky held his gun in his other hand and spun around as both fired into the faces of their surrounding enemies. "Come on! Get some! Get some!" Rocket yelled. Once the immediate enemies had fallen, Bucky released Rocket. "How much for the gun?" Rocket asked, a bit impressed by Bucky's firearm. "Not for sale" Bucky shot back quickly as he lined up to fire at the incoming enemies. "Ok. How much for the arm?" Rocket persisted. Bucky gave him an incredulous look before walking away to help others. "Oh, I'll get that arm" Rocket grumbled.

Thor continued to cut through the enemies, his new ax channeling the strength of the Asgardian gods to aid him in battle. He was untouchable on the battlefield. Steve turned to him exhausted from the fighting, noticing how rejuvenated his ally appeared. "New haircut?" he quipped. "Noticed you've copied my beard" Thor shot back in an amused tone. Steve deserved that one, he would admit. Nearby, Groot struck three enemies in one attack. His arm turning into a vine-like tendril and impaling the enemies. Thor saw it as the perfect time to introduce him to Steve. "By the way, this is a friend of mine, Tree," he said. Steve turned to Groot, impressed by his...capability. "I am Groot" Groot greeted him. Steve wasn't sure if that was greeting or all the being would say but was polite none the less. "I am Steve Rogers" he replied before jumping back into the fray. Behind the barrier, the ground shook and rose as something dug under the protective field. Hills rose around the horde, sending them flying as something approached the battle. The ground broke away as a group of large machines rose from the earth. The multitude of rotating blades plowed directly toward the Wakandan army.



"Fall back! Fall back, now!" T'challa ordered hastily as he retreated from the path of the blades. The machine broke away from the blades, releasing seven rotating machines into the battlefield. Two more sets were released only meters away from the first, creating a pincer-like attack around the army.

"Focus that fire on the left flank, Sam" James ordered. Both James and Sam were still airborne, providing firepower from above. "I'm doing it" Sam replied as he flew around one of the blades to break the first layer of metal. James followed his action, firing explosives into the heart of the blades. But the machine did not go down. Okoye and Natasha fought side by side on the battlefield, defending each other from the horde attack. Neither noticed the large set of rotating blades coming for them. Just before the blades reached their location, Wanda dropped into the way. She stopped the machine and raised it into the air. From behind, a pack of creatures was running up behind them. She broke the machine apart and scattered the blades around all three women, destroying the blades and the aliens in their immediate location. Natasha and Okoye recovered from the recoil of her attack, looking at her in shock. Natasha smiled, classic Scarlet Witch. Meanwhile, Okoye looked dumbfounded and frustrated. "Why was she up there all this time?" she asked Natasha. Although she didn't have time to get an answer, more aliens had appeared to attack them.

From a distance, Proxima Midnight watched Wanda with slight anger. "She's on the field. Take it" she ordered into her communicator. Corvus Glaive had infiltrated Wakanda on her order. He was already in Shuri's lab when the order was given. The only obstacle in his path were two human guards, it was too easy. The guard immediately attacked him on sight, but they weren't enough to stop him. More guards approached him as Shuri began to panic. She had to move faster, especially now! She only had a little more let, a few more removals and she would be done! But when she saw one of the guards was kicked back to her workstation, she had to defend herself. She shut down her machine and picked up her weapon. She fired off shots into Corvus Glaive, but he parried them with ease. His lance cut through her worktable, narrowly missing Shuri as she moved to his left. Both she and the guard were thrown from the elevated platform and down to the next level. Corvus Glaive paid them no attention; they were only humans. He jumped to the floor where Vision was supposed to be operated on. But it was empty! Just as he began to look for the avenger, Vision charged him and pushed him out the window. Both of them stumbled and fell off the building and into the forest below. Sam had caught sight of the interaction from above the battlefield. "Guys, we got a Vision situation here" he reported in. He hadn't paid attention to how low he was flying, as an alien jumped on him and brought him to the ground. Steve had seen it happen and ran to assist Sam. "Somebody gets to Vision!" he ordered into the communicator. Bruce had taken flight and headed back to Wakanda. "I got him!" he replied. "On my way" Wanda reported in.

Before she could take a step, she was punched from the side. She rolled into one of the ditches created by the rotating blades from earlier. Proxima Midnight jumped down into the ditch, standing over Wanda. As Wanda tried to crawl away, she stepped on Wanda's back and grabbed her shoulder to flip her onto her back. "He'll die alone. As well you" she said as she looked down on the woman. "She's not alone" Natasha corrected Proxima Midnight. Both she and Okoye stood on opposite sides of Proxima Midnight. All three were ready to take on the child of Thanos. Proxima Midnight shouted her battle cry, standing her ground before all three women. She raised her sword and attacked Natasha; her attacks were paired each time

she struck. Okoye ran behind her with the spear ready to strike Proxima Midnight. The latter stepped back enough to guide Natasha to move out of the way. Okoye ended up behind Natasha, fighting alongside her. Proxima Midnight struck her blade at both women, pushing them back and holding them off. Another rotating blade machine drove overhead as all three women ducked under it. Proxima Midnight kicked Natasha in the chest, knocking her backward. She parried Okoye's attack and grabbing her by the neck. She threw Okoye further into the ditch. She turned around as Natasha broke her staff in half. Natasha blocked Proxima Midnight's attack, knocking her sword away. This didn't stop the warrior; she began throwing punches without missing a beat.

The more she punched; the further back Natasha was forced. The impacts broke Natasha's defense, allowing Proxima Midnight the chance to hit the woman directly. Natasha was knocked to the ground, Proxima standing over her. The warrior drew her vambrace and aimed it at Natasha's throat. It hit metal as the woman defended with one half of the staff. But Proxima brought it closer, just barely pushing into her skin. "Leave her! Your fight is with me!" Proxima turned her head to a battered Wanda. "If you are so eager to die. Then so be it" Proxima headbutted Natasha, knocking her unconscious. Proxima turned her blade to Wanda. The woman's power was only slowing her down, holding her at a distance. Proxima Midnight didn't yield, pushing closer against Wanda's power. She eventually came close enough to pierce her's Left Leg with the blade. Wanda choked, staggering enough for the blade to be pushed deeper. "Now you die" Proxima Midnight stared down at the woman as the light faded from her eyes. Okoye and Natasha were just recovering as they watched Wanda going unconscious. "Wanda!" Natasha shouted. Proxima Midnight pulled her blade back out, looking at her in disgust. A weak transmission carried through her communicator; it was over. She ran off before the two women could catch her.

Corvus Glaive drug Vision through the forest, kicking him to the ground. Just as Vision stood back up, Cull Obsidian struck him with his ax. Vision went flying back into the underbrush. Both warriors advanced around Vision, cornering him against a fallen tree. Bruce descended between Vision and the warriors. "Oh no, you don't. This isn't gonna be like New York, pal" he raised his hands and charged the palm canons to the two. Both Cull Obsidian and Corvus Glaive raised their weapons against him. "This suit already kicked the crap outta the Hulk" he continued. Cull grabbed one of the hands, crushing it and keep Bruce from firing. He raised his ax and lodged it in the other hand. "What? No! No!" Bruce screamed. The palms shot out, taking both Bruce and Cull Obsidian deeper into the forest. Both men fell onto a large rock, the ax falling a greater distance away. "Guys! Vision needs backup, now!" Bruce reported in as Cull Obsidian tackled him against the stone. Bruce pushed the warrior back and stood up, but Cull Obsidian grappled his arm. Holding him in place, the ax-men kicked the back of the armored suit. Among their scuffle, he managed to grab his ax, locking the hook on the end into the junction of the arm. Cull Obsidian flipped over Bruce, taking the arm clean off the suit. He tossed the piece metal to the side, no longer interested in it. Giving up on transforming into the Hulk, Bruce began fighting back more seriously. He used the working arm to backhand Cull Obsidian after countering his attack. Cull Obsidian caught Bruce's punch before it landed, delivering a strong punch directly in the center of the armor. Bruce was sent flying backward, splashing through the water nearby. Cull Obsidian unsheathed his vambrace, growling at the blade clicked free from his cuff. He lunged at Bruce, ready to kill him. But he stopped, hearing a weak transmission over his communicator. Cull Obsidian sheathed his blade, running away from the wounded Bruce and back into the forest.

Vision weakly fought back against Corvus Glaive, but his attempts were fruitless. He was knocked to his knees as Corvus grabbed his neck while his lance sunk into Vision's body. "I thought you were formidable, machine. But you're dying, like any man" he said before ripping the lance back out of the avenger. He dropped Vision onto the ground, reaching for the Mind Stone. Before he could grab it, Steve burst from the woods and tackled him to the ground. "Get outta here!" he ordered Vision. Steve's shield cut across Corvus Glaive's armor, knocking the warrior down. "Go!" Steve repeated. Corvus Glaive recovered and ran in for another attack. Steve blocked it, knocking the warrior back more. His shield caught the lance at the blade, allowing Steve to knock it away. He threw a punch, but it was caught by Corvus Glaive. The two grappled before Corvus Glaive had caught Steve by the neck. He threw the man across the clearing. Before Steve could get back up, Corvus Glaive grabbed him by the neck. He began choking Steve, intending to kill him. The same weak transmission hit his communicator and he let go of Steve just in time to catch Vision attempting a sneak attack. "It is over" he muttered as he pushed the lance back.

From the trees, a hole of blue smoke opened up. Cull Obsidian and Proxima Midnight with Corvus Glaive arrived in time to greet Thanos as he stepped out of the smoke. All three warriors bowed before him. "To the Garden Planet, I'll only be a minute," Thanos told them. Neither three warrior even flinched as he snapped them away to the designated place. The rest of the avengers had arrived in time to see it happen. "Cap, that's him" Bruce confirmed everyone's fear. "Eyes up. Stay sharp" Steve ordered as he readied his shield to attack. Bruce ran ahead, throwing a punch toward Thanos. He was turned transparent, his attack going through Thanos as the man clenched his fist. Bruce rolled on the ground on the other side of Thanos, becoming solid just as he phased into a mountain. Steve was thrown aside before he could even touch Thanos. T'challa attempted to strike Thanos, but he was caught by the neck and slammed onto the ground. Sam shot from above, but Thanos made his wings malfunction. He crashed to the ground, losing consciousness. All the while, Thanos grew closer with each step. "Wanda, it's time," Vision told her. "No" she argued, turning back to the approaching Thanos. "They can't stop him, Wanda, but we can. Look at me. You have the power to destroy the stone" Vision continued. "Don't" Wanda was on the verge of tears at what he was implying. "You must do it. Wanda, please. We are out of time" he begged her. "I can't" she shook her head in denial. "Yes, you can. You can. If he gets the stone, half the universe dies" Vision explained. "It's not fair" Wanda protested; her hand still extended to him as she stepped back. "It shouldn't be you, but it is. It's all right. You could never hurt me. I just feel you" Vision encouraged her. Trembling, Wanda began to force her power out slowly. She swallowed before putting everything into her palm as she aimed at the stone. Trying to destroy it and trying to keep from stopping as Vision's screams became louder. But she could hardly hear it over her own cries.

Sam held Thanos off by firing from above, but his armor was collapsed in on himself. Thanos tossed him aside, walking forward as more avengers got in his way. Bucky was pushed back; Okoye was tossed away and Natasha was trapped into the ground all in a matter of seconds. Even Groot's roots couldn't stop Thanos, the man easily snapping them with a flex. Wanda watched in terror, using both hands to speed up the process of destroying the stone. Steve continued to struggle as the last line of defense against Thanos, holding his gauntlet back. Thanos punched him with his other hand, knocking down Captain America. Wanda forced Thanos back, keeping one hand on Vision. The Infinity Gauntlet took the brunt of the attack, allowing Thanos to advance on her. "It's all right. It's all right. I love you" Vision said his last

words to Wanda before the stone shattered in his forehead. The explosion knocked both Wanda and Thanos back. But Thanos was still standing. He approached Wanda carefully, only merely winded by the previous attacks. "I understand, my child. Better than anyone" he began. "You could never" Wanda growled at him. Thanos's hand reached for the back of her head, stroking it affectionately. "Today, I lose more than you can know. But now is no time to mourn. Now is no time at all" he continued as he activated the Time Stone. The time within their area reversed, rebuilding every tiny piece of Vision that had been scattered in the explosion. His body rebuilt before Wanda's eyes, sending her into a panic. "No!" she screamed and rushed toward him. But Thanos slapped her back.

Thanos grabbed Vision by the neck, lifting him up to eye level. Vision could only gasp as Thanos's fingers broke through the metal on his forehead and plucked the Infinity Stone from him. His body stopped moving as all life left him. Thanos tossed him away, focusing on putting the stone in the gauntlet. A wave of power surged through his body as the set was completed. Before he could get his bearing, powerful lightning struck him in the chest. Thor came flying down toward Thanos, throwing his ax ahead of him. Thanos shot a beam of energy to deflect the ax, but it kept going. It struck him in the chest as Thor landed in front of him. Thor grabbed Thanos's head, panting from exhaustion and rage. "I told you, you'd die for that," he said as he pushed the ax deeper into his chest. Thanos groaned as it sunk into his body. "You should have...You should...You should have gone for the head" Thanos said weakly as he raised his hand up. He snapped his fingers before Thor could register that he had all of the Infinity Stones. "No!" Thor shouted before everything was enveloped in white. The gauntlet sizzled and steamed as it was left rendered useless. "What did you do? What'd you do?" Thor shouted. Thanos didn't answer, pulling himself into a portal and leaving behind the ax. Thanos only stared in shock, even as Steve approached him. "Where'd he go?" Steve asked as he looked around. Thor couldn't respond, still in shock over what happened. "Thor, where'd he go?" Steve asked again. Still, he did not receive an answer. "Steve?" Bucky called out. He was looking at his hand as it faded to ash. Just as Steve turned to him, Bucky's body disappeared, leaving only ashes behind. Steve approached carefully, touching the ground where Bucky disappeared. Just after touching the ground, Steve's hand began to fade as well. "Steve!" Bruce called out as he ran over. The moment he took a step, his body began to disappear as well. The Hulkbuster armor fell to the ground before Steve as Bruce was reduced to ash. Steve followed after, leaving nothing behind.

On the battlefield, the Wakandan army disappeared by the second. M' Baku watching in horror as his people faded away. Okoye was just recovering as T'challa came to her aid. "Up, General. Up! This is no place to die" he told her and extended his arm to her. Okoye grabbed it, feeling his arm give way as he faded out of existence. She backed up in horror, standing on her own and looking around for her king. But he was nowhere to be found. "Okoye? Where is brother?" Shuri's voice asked over the beads. Okoye couldn't respond, whimpering as she took in T'challa's death. "I am Groot," Groot said weakly as his body began to fade away. "Oh. No, no, no! Groot! No..." Rocket said sadly as he tried to reach for Groot. But he already turned to ash before his paw could reach him. Wanda and Sam disappeared as well, leaving behind no traces of themselves. "Sam!" James called out looking for the avenger, unaware he wouldn't find him. "Same, where you at?" he called out again. The Avengers met back up around the empty vessel of Vision. "What is this? What the hell is happening?" Sam asked. No one had words for him, it wasn't an easy thing to come to terms with.

Back on Titan, Peter helped Tony stand up after his wound had sealed. "Something's happening" Mantis warned before her body turned to ashes. Everyone watched in shock, checking themselves for the same effect. Drax's arm was already fading out before he could move. "Quill?" he called out before his body disappeared. Peter was shaken, unable to say anything as his team had just disappeared in front of him. "Steady Quill" Tony warned him. "Oh, man" Peter sighed before disappearing along with them. "Tony" Dr. Strange called to Stark. Tony looked at the man, still trying to comprehend what was happening. "There was no other way" Strange gave his final word before he too faded away. "Mr. Stark?" Peter Parked called out in confusion. Tony turned to the boy quickly, not him too! "I don't feel so good" Peter stumbled forward. "You're all right" Tony began, but Peter persisted. "I don't know what happens! I don't know..." he trailed off as he staggered into Tony's body. Both avengers held on to each other tightly, as if trying to ground each other from meeting the same fate. But Peter's body was already fading to ash. "I don't want to go. I don't want to go, sir. Please. Please, I don't want to go. I don't want to go" Peter sobbed before falling to the ground. Tony crouched next to him, trying to comfort him. "I'm sorry," Peter said softly as his body disappeared. The palm on his chest hit the solid ground where his body had been, Tony raising it slowly still in shock. Tony sat back up, holding his hand close to himself as he took in the loss of Peter. "He did it" Nebula confirmed. She sat down behind Tony, unable to say anything more for him.

On the Asgardian Refugee ship, half of the people began to disappear. Valkyrie tried to keep the peace, but everyone was thrown into a panic. The pilot was nothing but a pile of ash, sending the ship hurtling toward a nearby planet. Valkyrie managed to hold the controls to cushion the blow among a sand landscape. She looked around at the planet they landed on, it was habitable but not their end destination.

On Thanos's Warship Prison cell, Captain Marvel disappears without any final words.

Systems away on a remote planet, Thanos appeared from a fashioned hut. Cull Obsidian, Proxima Midnight, and Corvus Glaive waited outside for his orders. "My children, all is right with the universe now. You no longer need to fight" he ordered. All three warrior dropped their weapons and kneeled before him. Thanos raised his arm, motioning them to come inside. "Let us feast, for a future saved" he welcomed them warmly. While all three were taken off guard by the sudden relaxation he had given them, no one protested as they sat down to eat what was provided.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!