Impulse

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Impulse

by pebbleinalake

Summary

Walking home with Wanda one night, Vision decides to act on impulse for the first time in his life.

Notes

Takes place a little while after Age of Ultron. I also imagine this taking place a couple months after the flashback scene in WandaVision episode 1x08.

Written for the Heartember challenge on tumblr, for the prompt "Holding hands".

“I liked it more than I thought I would,” Wanda said as they exited the movie theater. “It was funnier than it looked in the trailers.”

Vision nodded in agreement. “It was. I find it surprising how often movies are poorly marketed.”

He paused on the sidewalk in front of the little theater to assess their surroundings. The sun had fully set while they were watching their movie, but the air still had enough warmth left in it to be comfortable. He glanced down at Wanda and noted that she had thought ahead and brought a jacket. The weather shouldn’t bother her on the way home, then.

“Shall we walk to the bus station?” he suggested.

Wanda smiled, her nose scrunching up in that way he’d only ever seen hers do. “That sounds like a great idea.”

They could get back to the Avengers facility much quicker flying, of course, but it was their night off and they enjoyed taking the bus when they could. For Wanda, it allowed her some semblance of feeling normal. For Vision, it afforded him a more typical human experience than what their lives at the facility could provide. And, as a synthezoid who’d only been online for a few months, he was eager to take in as many human experiences as possible.

They set off down the street together. Their sneakers scuffed quietly on the aging sidewalks and the streetlights cast a warm glow over them as they passed underneath.

The evening was still young enough that there were other people walking the streets as well. This town, only about ten miles from the facility, wasn’t large but it had a decent sized population. No one gave the pair of Avengers a second glance, though. The streetlights weren’t bright enough for anyone to properly see their faces. They were also both new enough to being superheroes that Vision didn’t think it likely they would be recognized anyway, especially with him using his new human form.

Wanda’s soft laughter filled the night as she recounted her favorite parts of the movie they’d watched. Vision listened to each retelling with interest, cataloguing every scene she mentioned, making note of how they fit into what he already knew of her taste in humor.

It was good to hear her laugh. The pain of her recent loss weighed on her so much, he was glad she could have these moments of relief from it.

Her laughter sounded nice, too. There was a specially warm quality to it that made him appreciate these moments all the more.

As they strolled down the sidewalk, Vision indulged in one of his favorite activities: people watching. He could learn quite a bit about humanity and cultural norms from the sitcoms he watched regularly with Wanda, but observing actual people going about their daily lives was far more informative than scripted shows.

This evening, there happened to be quite a number of couples enjoying the crisp fall weather. Every age and configuration he could imagine. What he found his attention most drawn to, though, was the way most of them were holding hands as they walked side by side. Whether they were rushing to fulfill some errand or simply on a leisurely stroll, they all seemed to draw comfort from that physical link between them.

He understood the concept of hand holding to a certain extent. He'd seen the gesture often enough in movies to know that it was an expression of comfort or affection, usually between romantic couples.

Yes, he understood the *concept* well enough, but not the feeling of it. He'd never held anyone's hand, or had the desire to do so. Now, watching everyone else clinging to each other in contentment, he felt a sudden lack that hadn't been there before.

"Vision, is everything okay?" Wanda asked.

He must have been looking away too much during the conversation, caught up in watching the couples passing by. Normally he was better than that at dividing his attention. But tonight he found himself… preoccupied.

"I am fine," he said. "I was merely observing the town's citizens. My apologies."

Wanda smiled. That small, almost shy smile that she didn't show most people. He felt honored that he was on the short list of individuals she felt comfortable being vulnerable around.

"Don't worry about it," she said. She watched him a moment longer before adding, "You seem distracted."

"My quantum processors are capable of running many tasks simultaneously, allowing me to divide my attention equally among them," he countered. "As such, I cannot be distracted."

Her smile widened into amusement. "If you say so."

His attention caught on another couple holding hands, and he felt himself struck with a sudden, unfamiliar urge. One that he couldn't run a calculation on because he didn't understand it in the least.

He wanted to hold Wanda's hand.

Would that be appropriate, though? Humans held hands for a variety of reasons, but it seemed to be most commonly associated with romantic couples. Which they were obviously not. How would she interpret such a request? He and Wanda were slowly becoming good friends; he didn't want to do anything that might make her uncomfortable.

After another few microseconds of indecision, Vision uncharacteristically decided to act on an impulse.

"Wanda," he asked, voice betraying his nervousness. "Would you have any objection to…"

He couldn’t quite get the question out, second guessing himself immediately. It was nonsense. He shouldn’t be indulging stray whims like this. Especially not when it might jeopardize their still developing friendship.

But Wanda stopped walking and turned her full attention on him, face tilted up towards his. “What is it?” she asked gently. “It’s okay, Vision, you won’t bother me.”

It truly was remarkable how well she already understood him. She knew he was still puzzling out his own existence and his connection to humanity, and she was always ready to answer his questions, no matter how bizarre they sometimes were.

Nodding, he tried again. “I was wondering… Would it be okay if I held your hand?”

Her eyes widened in surprise for a moment. It was obviously not the sort of question she had been expecting. Then her expression softened and that small, shy smile made an appearance again. She nodded quickly, her cheeks turning a faint shade of pink that looked lovely on her.

“Yes,” she said. “That would be okay.”

Relief flooded through his system as he smiled back. He placed his hand out, palm up. She set her own hand on top and he closed his around it, carefully threading their fingers together the way he saw people do it in those old romcoms she liked to watch.

The two continued their walk towards the bus stop, this time with their hands joined between them.

Vision didn’t understand what had caused him to ask for such a thing in the first place. It wasn’t in his nature to be impulsive, or to act without a clear reason in mind. And yet, he didn’t regret it. Wanda’s hand in his simply felt right.

Maybe, just this once, he would let himself enjoy the feeling without overanalyzing it.

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