Love Persevering

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Summary

Tommy asks Vision to tell him about Wanda.

Notes

Posting this real quick before watching the finale. So if this no longer fits with canon by the time you read it, please ignore anything that doesn't fit lol.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Can I ask you something?”

Vision, in the process of trying to achieve exactly the correct ratio of hot cocoa to milk, nodded without looking up. “Of course.”

He couldn’t see Tommy seated at the kitchen table behind him, but could hear the chair creak as he shifted nervously. It was tempting in these moments to drop everything and reassure the teen that he had nothing to be nervous about. That he could always speak his mind freely. But one of the many difficult parenting lessons he’d learned over these last few months was to not push Tommy when he was feeling insecure. He’d spent his whole life waiting to be abandoned again and again, it was perfectly understandable that he still had a lot of defensive barriers in need of dismantling. Vision would wait for them to come down in their own time.

He continued mixing the hot cocoa as he waited patiently. Sensing that this was going to be a more emotional discussion, he intentionally pulled Tommy’s favorite mug from the cupboard to pour the drink into. He’d noticed that humans tend to cling to familiar objects when in need of comfort.

It didn’t take long before he heard Tommy’s voice speak up again, a bit shy and uncertain as he asked, “Can you tell me about her? About Wanda?”

Vision stilled. His hands, still holding the mug, almost cracked the fragile ceramic before he made himself loosen his grip. With his back still facing the teen, he closed his eyes and took a moment to compose himself.

Of course he would want to know more about his mother. That should have been expected. Tommy had watched the SWORD recordings of the Westview anomaly, but watching a choreographed fantasy wasn’t the same, even if the small moments in between and the love had been very real. Truly knowing a person couldn’t be achieved through observation alone. That was something Vision knew all too well.

Picking up the steaming mug, he turned around finally and offered what he hoped was a reassuring smile. “What would you like to know?”

Tommy accepted the drink with a nod of thanks, his hands wrapping around the warm mug as he waited for Vision to take a seat across the table.

“You don’t have to if it’s hard to talk about,” he said. “I noticed you don’t talk about her much. Not unless I ask.”

Vision shook his head. “You are correct. And I apologize for that. Tommy, it is understandable that you want to know about her.”

“I didn’t want to make it worse,” Tommy said. “Y’know, if it hurts too much.”

Vision leaned back in his chair as he mulled that over for a moment. He wanted to provide a real answer for Tommy, not what he thought the boy wanted to hear. One of the first things

they'd discussed after the situation with the Client had been the topic of honesty. He'd promised Tommy that he would try to always be as open as possible with him.

It *did* still hurt to think about Wanda. It hurt to remember those early days at the Avengers compound, when they'd spent many sleepless nights watching old sitcoms together. Or the years on the run, all the stolen moments and secret weekends in Scotland. The painfully brief time in Westview, with Wanda and the boys, and the perfect life they could never have in reality.

But he'd already spent almost five years pushing all of that away. Refusing to engage with that entire part of his life beyond a surface level analysis wasn't fair to Wanda. She deserved to be remembered.

"It does hurt," he answered honestly. "But that doesn't mean we shouldn't discuss it. The memories we had were good, for the most part, and I want you to be able to share those." After a brief hesitation, he added, "And I think it would be good for me as well. It's not properly honoring Wanda's memory to only focus on the pain and none of the joy."

Tommy smiled, relaxing at last. He took a sip from his cocoa and Vision was pleased to see the way his eyes lit up at the taste. It seemed his attempts to improve his culinary skills were finally paying off. Now if only he could figure out how to cook a basic meal.

"What would you like to know?" Vision asked again.

"Any stories you have," Tommy said. Then his expression shifted, taking on that almost wistful look he got when thinking about the past. "I have this sort of vague memory. For a long time, I convinced myself it was just a dream. I was in the kitchen, trying to make brownies, I think. But I was so bad at it. The flour and sugar were getting everywhere. I remember you and Mom coming in and seeing the mess."

Vision internally startled at the use of the word "Mom" in the story. Tommy had only referred to either of them by name up to this point. Hearing the word spoken aloud was painful and beautiful all at once.

Apparently unaware of what he'd said, Tommy continued reciting his story, "I was expecting to be in trouble, but you both just stared for a long moment. And then she broke out laughing and that made you laugh, too." His smile turned a bit sad. "Knowing how my foster families always reacted when I messed something up, it was kind of nice imagining parents who wouldn't yell or think I was trouble."

It took all of Vision's self-restraint to not go hunting down every one of Tommy's former foster parents and make them think twice about how they treated the children in their care. The idea that anyone would make a bright, loving soul like Tommy doubt his self-worth was inexcusable.

Those feelings weren't productive in this moment, though. None of that was what Tommy was waiting to hear.

“I remember that incident,” he said instead. “You were trying to surprise us with dessert. It took nearly an hour to get everything cleaned up. And then, of course, you wanted us to help you finish the task.”

Tommy smiled and settled more comfortably into his chair. He drank from his cocoa as he listened to Vision recite the full version of the story he’d only half believed was real before now.

After that story came another, and then more. As the evening wore on, Vision was surprised to find that the memories became easier to revisit. He had a feeling the pain would always be there, but being able to share these little parts of Wanda with someone who actually understood her made it all a bit better somehow. As did the warm smile on his son’s face.

End Notes

I'm so happy VisionQuest confirmed that more stuff happened in Westview than what we saw on screen, because it allows us fic writers to fill in whatever little family moments we want. (And because it's not fair they didn't have more time to be a family together)

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