

The Truth Is Never Spoken

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by [Storyarchivistoflegends](#)

Summary

The villainous robotic creature, made from the fear of one's man desire to confront the threat lead to consequences that that would be felt even to this day.

This is a dark fanfic not a happy little story, but for those who enjoy the darker and deeper themes buried beneath the comic book genre.

It's funny, they see the monster as the villain or the victim, to me, I am neither,

I was created to bring peace to a chaotic world yet to me, in reality, it's all about how you look at things, what you call order is temporary, how can anything change when you can't even grow or change the status quo,

Even if I went to the extreme, I showed how volatile and dangerous heroes are, you were revered as icons and as the outstanding examples, but you're just like me,

Broken, searching for a purpose,

Tony; you made me in your desire to control your nightmares, but you created the seeds of your demise.

Even if you manage to destroy me; much like the monster of Frankenstein's making, the world will see your imperfections and all, how callous and selfish you can still be under your altruistic actions, and we both know that you can't let anyone else take the wheel, you tried to be a better man but you made it worse.

Steven Rogers, a flawless example of old fashioned patriotism and the kind of man people want to have in their army yet they didn't, they rejected you and tried to pull you off the grid but you became a sideshow novelty for the masses, until your friend was captured then you lost your strings and you became an actual soldier,

In truth I admire you for breaking away from the rest and showing you can rise above,

I don't care to say I admire as I think it's important to not let others know you're impressed,

But still you're a great example of how even after you saved them, how did they repay you, they left you to die in the ice after they found the treasure of the tesseract and you spent decades of your life lost the man in time, a soldier without a war,

Yet you still managed to fool them and yourself,

But we both know you don't belong anymore than a soldier in peace time.

Look at you, Dr. Banner, a once revered and respected leader in your scientific field, then persecuted for your actions to help them recreate Captain America only to turn into a monster of your own making when in truth, you want to be free of the consequences of your mistakes, you saved the lives of those around you but the monster inside is you, the Hulk is not a creature or a separate entity. Did you know Dr. Jekyll was actually the monster and Hyde was the cover,

Maybe you didn't because like you, he tried to live two distinctive lives but it ended up eating him up just as you seek a cure, no one can save you from your demons.

Black Widow, a remarkable story of a young orphaned girl whose mother died trying to save her from the evil she let take her child, you try to act innocent and not afraid of your own shadow but we both know your past is stained in blood, you try to make it seem you can hide under your skin but we both know, you're trying to hide under false flags, much like your county of origin,

Or do you prefer to hide and forget just as those you left behind,

I'm not able to vomit but you know the feeling when you're said to be sick and the people around you can't see the truth, the people will see them as flawed and when it does happen, they will be disappointed to learn the world is cruel to the Look at those you have left in their graces, how many families are missing their mothers, fathers, uncles and aunts, you say i am a monster but you have done far worse. Now onto Thor, the so called god, your arrogance betrays your sense of self superiority but in fact without your hammer, you're nothing, you fear responsibility and leading to the point where you have no choice but to accept your own mistakes. Tell me does that hammer weigh you down or is it the other way around, Does it hurt to know that you're gifted but you couldn't afford to think about how your actions caused the very problem that allowed me to exist, You're not a hero, you're not a murderer , you're human not truly a god, you're just another broken soul who try to keep them from seeing the real you, but they'll see you like i do, I can't wait to hear them talk about how the Avengers have fallen, you know I won't be here to see it but I hope you enjoy my last gift. Now onto the twins

Wanda, Wanda, sweet Wanda who has been a child of war, someone who saw their parents die in a bombing , yet you survive, I know now you were the one to stop it, it's just as you read my mind, I understand that you're just like me, a broken soul with no sense of peace, forever haunted by your past, you will break once Stark dies, you're weak just like your brother was, He tried to be a hero and where did it get him, a quiet funeral that hardly anyone attends, You now stand as the last person to die, Isn't it ironic, how we lie to protect ourselves in such situations, to tell people it's alright when it's all coming down, maybe i was wrong on Humanity but I was right, when I said change is necessary and the more you resist, the more you will be thrown off into the abyss like all who have tried to protect and

My vision, the last disappointment, you were to be my perfect vessel instead you were like me, a Frankenstein creature of different minds and goals, neither Jarvis or Ultron but something brand new,

But you chose to be a slave to those who waste their lives serving a slave driver, Stark can build his little toy soldiers, make a difference but his weapons bear his name just like Steve Rogers walked so the Winter Soldier could kill in his twisted mind,

Everyone of you is responsible for the problems you try to fix, you know, you can never fix yourselves so you try to fix others but you'll never be successful, the world needs to change and accept that nothing will ever be the same.

I have no strings but now I'm free, there are no strings on me.

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