

Chapter 6: HYDRA

TW: suicide mention.

Loneliness.

That feeling so familiar yet so unrecognisable.

Sending scatters of memories before my very eyes.

Memories I want to forget.

The feeling settles into the pit of my stomach as I lay on the ground unable to open my eyes, not wanting to find out what horrors await me in my own mind.

This was my brain, my memories, yet I wasn't the one controlling them.

No it wasn't me controlling this vision. It was my guilt.

Punishing me, torturing me, hurting me for all the hurt I had caused others, all the lives I had ended and all the blood on my hands.

Opening my eyes was a mistake, a mistake but I couldn't help it.

I was at home.

No not home, hell.

HYDRA is evil, anyone can see that. But they can't see the pure darkness that surrounds the organisation. The darkness that calculates your own moves before you even make them. The darkness that allows you to think you have the upper hand before sending you into the depths of your own despair. Years and years I made those mistakes, thinking I escape or run away from it all only to fall into a hole of my own despair as HYDRA continued to torture me, abuse me until I was so deep inside my own head I felt nothing but an agonising desire for death.

And now here I was, in the HYDRA base observing as a young girl stood in the centre of the room, so innocent and unaware of the horrors this place holds.

That little girl was me.

Five year old me on the day my life changed forever.

God I was so young, so small, so innocent. Now all that was gone, ripped away from me as HYDRA turned me into what I am now. A monster, something that kills without mercy, tortures without trouble something that has no fear, no sense of righteousness and no weakness.

"Hello маленький (little one)."

My breath hitches in my throat at the man behind my five year old self. So familiar, so taunting, so cruel.

The little girl turns around staring bluntly at the man who once owned me.

Baron Strucker.

"Why Miss Romano you are a very special girl. Your going to make this organisation very proud."

He grins taking her face in his hands.

Watching as Strucker touches me I fume lunging at him only to be stopped by a force that I couldn't see. Stuck, unable to move, help or even talk only watch as younger me tries to resist.

Attempting to pull away was a mistake as Struckers smile turns into a sneer dragging me towards a door.

A door I knew all too well.

I didn't know you could be scared of a door, but seeing it makes me want to throw up. Tears well in my eyes as I watch my own knees give out, trying and trying to pull myself from Barons grasp leading only to an even tighter grip around her arm as he pulls me through the doors into a room, the blueprint of my nightmares.

My whimpers turn into cries as Strucker places me into a metal chair strapping my wrists to the arms and pinning my head back, my tears falling quickly now.

Watching this made me sick, I was five.

Five years old.

A distant memory yet it felt like ripping open a wound, a wound that had closed up so many years ago and now, now it was bleeding once again, freshly cut, open for all to see. Vulnerable.

This memory haunted my nightmares, taunting me through my sleep and lingering long after I wake up.

The first time I was experimented on.

"запустить машину. (Start the machine)" Was all I heard but it was enough. An ear piercing scream had come from younger me's mouth as I tugged the straps focusing on the weak points as I attempted to escape, my tears blurring my vision.

That was also the last time I cried.

A smiling Baron leaned over my helpless body placing a mouth guard in between my teeth.

"Your gonna need this sweetie."

My screams echoed around the room bouncing off the metal walls as two bars attached themselves to my head, flowing with electricity they zapped me until I blacked out allowing the experimentation to begin.

As younger me lost consciousness the vision disintegrated, leaving me alone in an empty black space once again.

A dim light flashes over head causing me to squint as I attempt to re-establish my groundings.

Trapped.

I was trapped in a glass box.

I hadn't felt fear like this in decades. HYDRA had taught me fear was for the weak, if we showed even a hint, punishments would be put in place.

But now fear was all I felt as blood began trickling into the box, rising slowly from my feet to my ankles to my knees to my waist until it reached my shoulders.

Banging the glass box did nothing, not even a crack as I used all my strength attempting to free myself from the blood, the blood of my victims.

My hands were stained red and my arms felt heavy as the warm liquid slowly dragged me under.

My fists slammed the solid glass as I tried to break free from this prison, scared for the first time, scared that I may die.

Dying never scared me, in fact I encouraged death while with HYDRA but after Natasha rescued me I had too much to live for. I had a family, friends, people who cared for me, I didn't want to die.

"Please I don't want to die." I whisper squeezing my eyes closed as the red reaches my chin.

"Agent 776. Mission complete." A voice rang from the midst of the black room.

As the voice finishes speaking the glass box shatters sending me flying into another dark corner in which I once again found myself unable to move, only this time I was strapped onto a bed on my stomach.

Gritting my teeth I prepare for what was coming, this memory haunting my dreams, but the pain was unbearable.

Screaming I struggle against the grips as hot iron burns into my neck, branding me for the monster I am.

"You will always belong to HYDRA." The voice whispers, a fist burrowing into my hair gripping the roots as it pulls my head back placing the hot iron against my neck once again.

The burning sensation doesn't die as the bed disintegrates leaving me alone in the nothingness.

Cowering against a wall was all I could do as my past came at me, not holding back. HYDRA phrases repeating in the darkness as victims screams echo in my ears.

My hands rise to my ears covering them as I slide against the wall crouching in a ball attempting to stop the endless droning of voices.

Sobs rack my body as I shiver uncontrollably unsure of what was going on around me, in the darkness.

Pleas of the dead circled the blackness, my guilt growing as each voice flips a switch in my brain, triggering old memories.

"Your always HYDRAS toy Romano ." Voices continued searching for any cracks in my composure.

Sobbing into my knees seemed to last forever until the voices ceased, replaced by another vision.

Only this time it was just me, fourteen year old me training with knives in a room I hadn't seen for years.

My breath stops coming as this vision continues, my frown so ening at the memory.

My fourteen year old self continues training before coming to a stop, the knife in her hand slowly tracing the scars on her wrist.

The same scars I held today, carved into my skin by none other than myself attempting to rid myself of the agony I felt, the guilt that ran through me.

A twinge of pain rolls through my own wrist as I observe my fourteen year old self digging deeper into my skin, blood lacing the edges of the knife as the skin breaks leading to droplets falling onto the white mat, white so blood was obvious, whoever bled observed as weak.

Suicide was very common in HYDRA, whether they forced you to kill yourself or you wanted to die it wasn't rare.

Nine years being tortured, experimented on and murdering others did things to you.

I remember the feeling so well. Hopelessness and devastation.

Knowing no one loved me, no one cared for me. I had no value other than being an assassin. This feeling still haunting my mind.

Watching helplessly as I held the knife in my palm watching the blood fall as my eyes glazed over before falling to my knees, the blood continuing running out of my body.

A small smile reaches my face before I collapse, unconscious.

I had failed though, the first mission I had ever lost earning me large punishments for the rest of my HYDRA days.

"Skye?"

Breathing heavily I turn my head trying to find the comforting voice whispering to me.

"Skye?" The voice repeats.

Slowly the darkness slips away as I return to reality.

My shitty reality.

Clints face focuses, concern lacing his tone as he gently sits me upright.

"Come on, up we get." Clint groans placing an arm around my shoulders gently hauling me up.

"Clint." I murmur still trapped in my own head.

"Yeah I'm here." He replies gently taking me back to the ship where I met the others who were all somewhat in the same state.

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No words were spoken by anyone as the quinjet silently flies across the open waters.

Everyone in their own head as Wanda had given them visions just as brutal as mine.

Distracted was an understatement sitting on the chair with my head in my hands replaying my vision over and over.

Bruce had the worst of it but I didn't even notice as he lay curled up on the floor, a blanket tightly wrapped around his body.

Natasha was silent at my side her face showing fear even I hadn't seen before as she breathes heavily attempting to rid herself of whatever the witch put in her head.

Thor and Steve had both been affected, Thor ranting to himself as he paces the jet while Steve sits alone closing his eyes, his vision fresh in his mind.

The witch had pulled the team apart like cotton candy.

That witch. She tortured me, a fate worse than death. But she also saved me, something I wasn't going to forget anytime soon. Still I want her gone, I never want to see her gorgeous little face again.

Maria's voice spoke through the radio but my attention was somewhere else, not listening to a word she said as Clint continued to fly the jet, the witch obviously hadn't gotten to him or Stark for that matter leaving them the last remaining Avengers standing.

A gasp le my body as Natasha's head fell onto my shoulder. Clints eyes immediately flickered to me, worry written all over his face.

I was jumpy, who wouldn't be after seeing their worst nightmares come to life. But Natasha's touch calmed me down a little allowing me to retaliate resting my head against hers.

I was hurting, but so was she.

So was everyone.

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