

## Chapter 14 : Idiots

Y/n's POV

Urgh my body is so sti . I'm sore all over and feel weak. I feel like I've been working out for months without ever stopping to drink. Any movement is painful. I just want to lie on this bed forever.

"We know you're awake Y/n." I heard a voice say. Who? No idea, my eyes are closed and I'm too lazy to concentrate to know who is talking to me. Let me sleep.

"Arrgh" was my reply. Constructive, isn't it?

"Come on Y/n, open your eyes! We need to celebrate your victory! How you crushed it! I'm so proud of you kid." definitely Tony.

"Tony, give her time to wake up. It looks painful." replied Steve

"It is," I whispered.

I opened my eyes and saw Tony and Steve, each at one side of my hospital bed. I smiled shyly at them.

"You look like sh\*t" said Tony.

"Tony!" replied Steve.

"What?" asked Tony, innocently.

This scene makes me laugh. I love them, they are so funny. Americans are hilarious.

"See? She's laughing." replied Tony, Steve gave him a look of disapproval before turning to me.

"How are you feeling?" he asked, concerned.

"Like he said." I said, pointing to Tony with a nod. "Sh\*t," I finished in all seriousness.

Tony starts to laugh as Steve rolls his eyes and then facepalms himself.

Steve looks at me disgruntled, but soon starts laughing when he sees my innocent smile on my face.

"No but seriously, how are you? You really had us worried yesterday," Steve said a er a moment.

I sigh before answering.

"I'm sore all over, I feel weak honestly. I feel like I have no strength at all," I explained. They looks turned to concern.

"I'll see about getting you some morphine if you like," Tony said to me before leaving the room.

"That was really impressive what you did yesterday. I was really surprised," says Steve.

"Surprised? You were? Did you think I was going to lose? Nice, thanks mate." I replied, turning my head and sulking.

"That's not what I meant haha. Although it's true I didn't think you'd win, I've seen Natasha fight on missions, she's very impressive." what he said piqued my curiosity.

"Is she that strong? I found it quite easy to beat her.... I mean I don't remember much honestly."

"It's true that when you were fighting her it looked pretty easy. You're really amazing, I'm proud of you Y/n/n" said Steve with a friendly smile. I was about to reply when the door slammed open with a loud bang against the wall.

"Y/N!!!" shouted Clint

"Arrrghh" I replied then, my headache returned because of him.

"Easy Y/n, she has a headache." informed Steve

"Oops haha sorry Y/n" Clint apologized

"No worries" I reassured him

"I can't believe you beat Nat" he said with a big smile and eyes twinkling with mischief. "You have to teach me how you do it! You poisoned her before, didn't you?" asked Clint.

"You're stupid! Of course not, I just trained a lot. I'm a fighting genius is all. You just lack still."

"Still?" Clint questioned me

"Yes still, you know when you know how to do something and you're good at it. They say you have still." at my answer Clint burst out laughing

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHA I can't take it anymore HAHAAHAHAHA"

I then looked at Steve questioningly, not understanding what was going on, he looked at me fondly but I could see in his eyes that he wanted to laugh too.

"That's okay Steve, you can laugh too, I can see you're itching to." Then he started to laugh too. I hu ed with boredom.

"Not one of you two wants to explain to me why you're laughing?" I then asked, annoyed.

"Sorry Y/n, it's just that -" began Steve

"No haha don't worry it's just an old joke, it's all good hahahaha" Clint cut in looking Steve in the eye. I could see he was lying so he could laugh at me even more. A er a long silent conversation between the two of them, Steve turned to me with a smile and said,

"Don't worry, it's nothing." I hu ed.

"If you have nothing else to say to me you can leave."

"Y/n-"

"Go ahead, I'm tired, I want to sleep. I don't want anyone to come in my way." I said, bored. The two boys looked at each other and then le .

Seriously? What did I do? Why did they make fun of me? I know it's not mean but I know it's because of something I said. I must have got one word wrong, 'still'. They didn't explain it to me so they could continue to make fun of me in the future. I'm trying my best to speak English and understand what they're saying. I've worked hard for it and they're really not helping me. It annoys me.

Steve's POV

"Do you think we've o ended her?" I ask Clint a er leaving Y/n's room.

"Hmm I don't know. We'll find out later. But she was already looking tired when I got there. Maybe that's really just why she asked us to leave." replied Clint

"Yeah you're probably right."

We then enter the common room where we pass Tony with a morphine syringe, I guess he's heading to Y/n's room.

"You can forget about Y/n, she doesn't want to see anyone." said Clint which got the attention of everyone in the room (Tony, Natasha except Bruce).

"Why? What have you done?" asked Tony

"Nothing haha she's just tired" replied Clint. Tony looked to me for an answer. I shrugged and looked away. My gaze then fell on Nat's. ohoh

"What did you say to her Clint?" asked Nat

"Why me right now?" asked Clint defensively

"Clint..." said Nat in a warning tone.

"Okay okay, we just laughed a bit when she got a word wrong when she was talking to us. Her Russian accent is laughable, but she didn't mean anything by it! HAHAAHAHA" Clint said, finally bursting out laughing at the end. His laughter stopped when he was hit in the head by a book thrown by Natasha.

"Идиоты (Idiots)" she added before walking away, taking the morphine syringe from Tony's hand in the process.

Nat's POV

I can't believe how stupid they are. She's not tired, just o ended. Of course they have no idea. They don't know how much Y/n has practiced speaking English in her spare time.

I walked quietly down the corridor to my room. As I passed Y/n's room I heard a noise. I stopped walking and put my ear to the ground to listen.

"Hello my name is Y/n" said J.A.R.V.I.S.

"Elo mah nyme is Y/n" I then heard Y/n repeat

As I continued to listen I realized that she was practicing her understanding and speaking of English. Her accent is quite cute. What the fuck Nat !? A er this thought, I continue my way towards my room. a

They really don't know how important it is for her to know how to speak English. I don't know why it is but at least I know it is. These idiots don't get it.

When I get to her room I hesitate. What did I come here for? To reassure her? What was my original idea? Why am I here? Was I worried? Why would I want to help her? What's wrong with me? No, it's just to get her to trust me so she can tell me about the change in color of her eyes. It's just to get information about her without her suspecting anything.

Well, you're not going to be standing in the doorway for 30 years. Do something Nat! At the very least, get out! Yeah, go. You can talk to her later, she's probably sleeping. As I was about to leave, my hand knocked on the door by itself. I rolled my eyes and inwardly insulted myself.

I heard a small groan and knew it was telling me to come in.

I walked in and saw her sitting on the bed, she looked mead, blankly. She didn't look well. She turned her head towards me, saw me. She wasn't surprised, but what did surprise me was that she rolled her eyes before hu ing and pu ing and turning her head to rest her gaze on an imaginary thing in front of her.

She must really be hurt by the guys to roll her eyes at me. I know we don't like each other and I don't treat her especially well but she usually keeps a smile on her face. Seeing her so dejected broke my heart, I don't even know why.

"Hey" I say in a small voice. God Nat, come to your senses for crying out loud!

"What are you doing here? Of all the people who could have visited me, you're really the last one I expected." she says, without emotion and without even looking at me. Why does that hurt ?

"I came to bring you morphine," I said as I approached and put the syringe in the IV to inject her with morphine. She shows no signs of defending herself, I could very well be injecting her with something else. Nevermind...

"Why didn't Tony come himself?" she finally asked.

"Because I figured you'd get tired of having idiots in your room." At this she frowned and looked at me confused.

"Clint told us what happened here." I explained. She put on her emotionless face and looked away.

"You're coming to make fun of me too, aren't you?" I saw her clench her jaw, this is really a sensitive subject.

Ah what a bunch of morons.

"Actually, no. I came to see how you were doing and to correct your mistake if you know the word you got wrong."

I saw her frown with incomprehension.

"Why would you do that?" she asked me then, I wonder too you know?

"I know what speaking English means to you. Boys are jerks, they're not gentle enough at all. I know they hurt you whether you like to admit it or not. So I'm here to help you, whether you accept it or not is up to you."

I saw her close her eyes, take several breaths, clench her jaw from time to time. Then she opened her eyes and looked at her hands on her thighs.

"We were talking about our fight, you and I, and Clint wanted to know how I did it because he never gets to beat you. So I told him that maybe he just didn't have the..." she paused, clenched her jaw and resumed "I was trying to say he wasn't good enough, but I said he lacked still. **I meant he lacked skill. How do you say it in English?**" she finished, looking at me. I could see the pain in her eyes and the tiredness. She was really tired then.

"Skill. **Still it's like always or again.**" She nodded her head.

"Skill," she whispered.

We stayed in silence for a while. It's not an awkward silence, it's quite comfortable if I do say so myself.

"Thank you." She broke the silence by thanking me gently.

"You're welcome. If you have any other problems understanding you can always come to me."

She looked at me as if she had seen a ghost. Then surprisingly she started to smile, which made me want to smile back but I held back.

"What happened to you Romano ? Since when have you been so nice to me? This is the longest real conversation we've had in months. Are you worried about me?" she added, still smiling and with mischief in her eyes. I stood up.

"Facilitate our future conversations, I don't care how you are. It's just to facilitate our future conversations, nothing more." I said dryly.

"Ah... So you're going to talk to me again?" she added with a smirk. She raised her eyebrows playfully while keeping her smile. It felt good to see her smile again.

"Whatever helps you sleep at night," I said before heading for the door.

"Thank you Tasha" she whispered, I don't know if she wanted me to hear it but at least I heard it and sh"... The nickname she just gave me just gave me butterflies in my stomach. I must be sick. Wait, wait, wait, wait! Am I smiling?! Grrrr have to admit, it feels good to have a real conversation with her. So I turned one last time before leaving the room, looked at her, and saw her in the same position I found her in when I arrived. Sitting on her bed, hands on her legs and looking down at her hands. Except this time there was a little smile on her face. Which made me smile.

"You should rest Ivanov. We'll get back to training soon, I don't see you lagging behind." her smile faded a little, she just nodded and sighed.

"Good night Y/n." I added before walking out. Before I closed the door, I saw her lying in bed with a smile on her face. She looked at me and winked. I closed the door, tried to regain my composure and whispered "**Good night princess**". a

As I was leaving I ran into Clint.

"Are you blushing?" he asked. Shit

"Don't be silly. And if you come to apologize to Y/n it's too late, she's asleep. You'll go and see her tomorrow," I said before leaving.

What are you doing to me Y/n?