

Chapter 17 : explanations

Nat's POV

It's been two days since Clint and I got home. I haven't seen Tony since the night we arrived, he hides in his lab all day and even at night. Steve has been avoiding us as well, he often goes running outside by himself. Clint and I have tried to talk to both of them but it is impossible. They either ignore us or the question asked by talking about something else, or they leave before we have had a chance to say anything, or they avoid the subject by answering briefly. Our last solution is to ask either Y/n or Bruce. But Y/n hasn't come out of her room since we got there so I guess it has something to do with what happened that night. In short, we can forget about her, she probably won't talk to us. That leaves us with Bruce.

"Ah Bruce! Just the man I was looking for," I said as I saw him enter. Clint looked at me curiously to see what I had in mind. Bruce was surprised by my words, but came over to me with a smile. He sat down next to me on the couch. And I rested my legs on his thighs, which made Clint even more confused and Bruce more than happy. 𐀀

"We've been away for almost three months with Clint, I'm sure we've missed a lot. Right?" He laughed sarcastically.

"A lot of things is an understatement Nat." he said with a smile on his face and placing his hands on my legs. I looked at Clint and saw that he understood what I was trying to do. Bruce doesn't usually talk much and he's not the type to tell things. I figured distracting him would help.

"How much?" I asked then as I moved a little closer to him which made me sit on his legs and put my hand on his chest. He put his hands on my hips. I hate this. I'd rather have Y/n's... NAT! Focus! 𐀀

"I don't know why Tony and Steve got into a fight with Y/n the other night, I learned as soon as I heard Y/n yelling at them." I frowned at that.

"Y/n?" asked Clint uncertainty. "Yelling at them?" he added. Glad to know he's as confused as I am. Y/n may be offended or angry at times, but she's never raised her voice so much, she's always been pretty quiet when it comes to showing strong emotions.

"Yes she. I'm telling you, this girl is crazy. Fury should have put her back in a cell when we found out she was hiding her skills from us," Bruce said. Her what?! got up from Bruce. He looked at me confused.

"What are you talking about?" I asked then. Do they know about her eyes? Does she have any other powers?

"We found out while you were gone that she has the same characteristics as a super soldier. She is much faster than Steve and almost as strong as him. This girl is even more dangerous than we thought," Bruce explained. Clint and I exchanged a look. He silently asked if I knew about this and I silently told him we needed to investigate this more.

"Oh and apparently she can beat Steve and Thor with her eyes closed! Literally with her eyes closed!!! I knew we should have left her in her cell. She's way too dangerous and can't be trusted. I don't think Fury trusts her, he's watching her even more, all the agents are looking at her even more sideways and Maria is now supervising her training with Steve." resumed Bruce

"I have to go see Steve.." I said before rushing out of the room in search of Steve.

"Nat, wait!" shouted Clint grabbing my arm forcing me to stop and turn around to face him.

"Did you know about her...powers?" he asked me.

"I..."

"Oh my god you were! Why didn't you say anything?"

"She didn't seem to know about it, so I wanted to investigate with her first to learn more. I wanted to see what she could do first before I said anything." I explained.

"Is there anything else you know that others don't?" I didn't answer.

"Raah Nat... Why are you so protective of her?"

"I don't know, okay?" I answered, frustrated with myself. "Let's go see Steve, I need to know if he knows more or not."

"You just want to know if he knows about the thing you're hiding about Y/n huh?" Again I didn't answer his question. He sighed, "Let's go," he said to me and we left for Steve's room.

When we got to the door of his room, Clint knocked.

Having no answer, he knocked again. Still no answer. I opened the door, so much the worse if he was not presentable.

"What is it? Nat, Clint?" said Steve.

"Don't play innocent Steve, we know you heard us knocking. Stop avoiding us, we want to know what happened and you're going to tell us." I said, which surprised Steve. He quickly looked down.

"Steve.." Clint began, Steve looked at him. "Bruce told us about her super soldier abilities, can you explain?" he asked. Steve sighed.

"Okay. One day when I went for a run with Y/n I found out that she was running much faster than me. When I told her about it after the race, she seemed as surprised as I was and then she confessed that she also had some kind of super strength." explained Steve.

"How did she find out she had super strength?" asked Clint.

"While we were away on the mission she kept training even though you weren't there Nat. She told me she found out by hitting a punching bag pissed off. She told me she was trying to replicate something she had managed to do in training with you Nat." Clint gave me a look that I didn't return. "But she couldn't do it so she got frustrated and hit the bag. So she discovered she had super strength naturally."

"What happened next?"

"She kept training to try to control her strength. When I found out about it, I convinced her to tell the others. So we talked to Fury about it and so he asked to have her tested. After the tests we figured out that she was faster than me, she had more strength than a normal human and she has sharper than average senses."

"Hence the fact that she can beat you by closing her eyes?" asked Clint.

"Yeah, we trained a lot for that. It took her a while to beat me, but she finally did. Obviously the word spread around the base. The other agents found out about her abilities and looked down on her even more. Everyone stayed on alert whenever she was around, even Bruce didn't want to be in the same room with her anymore." Steve sighed and paused. He ran his hand over his face and then through his hair.

"Y/n noticed, she's not stupid, she did notice that the other agents were even more suspicious of her than before. Not knowing why, she was often upset. She often asked Tony and me why everyone hated her so much. We couldn't tell her anything so we made excuses knowing that she didn't believe us and knew we were lying to her. She never said anything more. But your mission lasted longer than expected, so she got worried. She started to worry about you two, thinking something had happened to you," Steve explained. She was worried about us? I looked at Clint and saw that he was as shocked as I was, it quickly changed to compassion and sadness.

"The day you arrived, she broke down crying in my arms. I understood that she couldn't take all the hateful looks she received every day and that your absence was eating her up inside. She asked me to explain why everyone hated her, I didn't want to and she got mad and left. Some time later, Tony and Bruce joined me in the living room. We were talking quietly when we heard the door open and close. We looked to see who had come in and saw Y/n standing against the wall, out of breath, with bruises on her face and her body covered in blood." Steve then told us about their conversation and by the end, Clint and I were in shock. No one spoke for several minutes. After a few moments I looked at Steve and saw that he looked bothered.

"What is it, Steve? Is there something else?" I asked him. He looked at me, then looked down and stared blankly ahead.

"Her eyes..." he whispered. I knew right away what he meant. That explains the fear in his eyes as he tells the story. Clint turned to me in confusion and saw the shock on my face. He realized that I already knew. Then all of a sudden he opened his eyes wide as if he had had an epiphany.

"Wait wait wait. Did you say that afterwards she went straight to her room?" asked Clint, Steve nodded. "Are we agreed that she hasn't come out since?" he added, we both nodded. "So that means she's still hurt and bleeding and may need treatment," he said, obviously concerned. I rushed out of Steve's room and ran to Y/n's.

Idiot, they didn't think to tell us she was hurt or check on her. I really hope she's okay.

These three months of absence were of no use to me, I didn't stop thinking about her and wondering if she was okay. I still worry about her. I was even happy to go back home knowing that I could see her again. 𐀀

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