

Trust

I made my way through the first few guards with ease, making sure there was no one left on the top deck to see Natasha land. As she clipped off her parachute I came up beside her. "Took you long enough."

"Not all of us can fly." She pulled out her guns while I rolled my eyes at her.

"And I thought you were a badass." I teased back.

She broke off from me heading towards the railing. "Stop stalling. Go get anyone that's left. I'll get the files."

I scooped, looking over my shoulder at her. "When did this become your mission?"

She perched on the railing. "It's called teamwork Red, welcome to the Avengers."

I groaned as she disappeared from view. "I'm gonna kill Stark."

I broke out into a run, flinging a grappling hook over the railing further down. I was sliding down when FRIDAY informed me that Bucky was calling me.

"Put him through FRIDAY."

"Doll where the hell are you?" He barked as I landed. I noticed an agent in front of me, meaning I couldn't respond. I ran up behind him as Bucky growled in my ear again. "Y/N!"

"Hold on a minute!" I growled back as I swung my legs over the agent's shoulders. My dagger plunging into his neck. The thud of his body alerted the next one of my whereabouts. He ran round the corner as Bucky sighed into the phone.

"Tell me you haven't gone on a mission alone."

I landed a kick to his chest with so much force his skull split on the wall behind him.

"I haven't gone alone, I'm kinda busy. What do you want?"

I ran further down the deck, finding another agent and shot him.

"Fury is looking for you."

Another one came out of nowhere, grabbing on to the railing above me, I hoisted myself up, gripping the side of his face with my thighs. A quick twist and I felt his neck break.

"I'm slightly busy he's going to have to wait."

"We need to talk when you get back."

I ran into the next room, shooting each person I saw as quickly as I could. One came up behind me and landed a punch to my gut, not that it did much. It just annoyed me. "Really?" I looked at the man in front of me. Using my palm I struck him in the nose before piercing his artery with my knife.

"Look if I agree to talk will you get off the damn phone?" I growled at Bucky as I took down anyone else I could find.

"Yes, but you tell me everything when you get back." I could hear the annoyance in his voice, which just spurred me on. Pushing myself up off the ground I grunted. "Fine. Now kindly fuck off. FRIDAY end call."

I ran through the rest of the ship, finding one last asshole in my way. I pushed him through a closed door, a fatal punch to the face and he was dead. "Stay down." I barked anyway.

"You and your entrances." Natasha smiled at me from where she was hunched over a computer console.

I stood up, brushing the dust off my knees. "I have an image to uphold." I began walking over to her, looking at the information displayed on the screen.

"You were right by the way." Her fingers glided across the keyboard.

"I usually am, but what about?" I finally reached her and she glanced over her shoulder at me. "Someone's giving SHIELD intel to the power broker."

Sometimes I hate being right.

"And this is why I don't trust people." I huffed.

"Neither do I." She looked over at me, our eyes meeting. We both knew there was more than one meaning behind what we'd said.

I looked from her back to the screen. "Download the files and wipe the hard drive." I barked at her, eager to get out of here. It wouldn't be long before someone realised what was going on and I planned on being long gone by then.

She pulled the USB drive from the console and smirked at me.

"Already done." As she tried to walk past me I grabbed her arm. "Give me the drive." I needed to look through it myself, I didn't trust anyone else to.

"Why would I do that?" Natasha snapped back at me.

I pulled the drive from her hand, she was strong but I had the serum, leaving her at a disadvantage. "You're too loyal to SHIELD." I let go of her and she took a step back.

"What will you do with it?"

I held the drive in my hand for a moment before tucking it into my pocket. "Give it to someone I trust."

She already knew there wasn't many people I trusted, in fact there was only two. So when we finally made it back to New York, I headed to the one person I knew would keep it safe until I could do something with it.

I sat in the dark of Steve's apartment. Someone was following me and no matter how much I'd tried to shake them I couldn't. So I acted as if I was visiting a friend. When he came round the corner he paled slightly until he realised it was me.

"Hey Cap." I smiled at him.

"Y/N? What are you doing here?" He took a step closer but I shook my head. We were still being watched, standing too close together wasn't a good idea.

Typing my message into my phone I held it up to him.

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"Checking in on a friend." I gave him a pointed look, hoping he'd get the hint. Of course he did, his back straightened as he read the message on my phone.

"You look like you could use a drink." His eyes started darting round the room.

I stood and took a step towards him, the USB drive in my hand.

"That's the best thing I've heard all day."

The second I took another step, I felt a sharp pain in my chest. I fell to the ground, blood flowing freely from me. I felt Steve pulling me away from the window, shouting my name as he did. He used his SHIELD to stop any more shots hitting us.

Images flashed through my mind, the only one that grounded me was Bucky. Regret flooded through me as I remembered everything I'd done to him.

It looked like that was a mistake I was never going to have the chance to rectify. Grabbing hold of Steve's arm with as much strength as I could muster, I held out the USB drive to him. "I trust you." I could feel my eyes rolling into the back of my head as everything went black.

Steve didn't know what to do, he'd gotten Y/N to the hospital as quickly as he could. The doctors said they'd come and find him as soon as there was any information. All he could think about was the shooter. Who would want her dead and why? There was so many questions and the only person able to answer them was laying on an operating table.

Picking up his phone he made the hardest phone call of his life.

"Buck. It's Y/N."

Bucky sighed. "What's she done?"

"She's been shot. You need to get to the hospital."

Bucky's heart sank, the idea of her in danger had him struggling to breathe. Hanging up on Steve he ran to his motorbike, revving it to life before taking off towards the hospital.

I'm coming doll.

He knew in that moment, if he had the opportunity he was going to make sure she knew how much he loved her. Even if she didn't feel the same, he wouldn't let another moment pass them by. She deserved the world and he was going to give it to her.

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