

Take Me Home

Steve turned up to the hospital early the next day, smiling as he sees Bucky asleep with his arms wrapped around Y/N. Walking to the vending machine where he'd hidden the data drive, his heart sinks. It's gone. Just as he's about to panic, he sees Nat's reflection in the glass. He turned round, grabbing hold of her arm before pushing her into an empty room. He pushed her up against the wall, anger flooding through him.

"Where is it?" He growls at his friend.

"She gave it to you. Why?" Nat asked, her voice not giving away the immense guilt that she felt. Y/N had warned her not to trust SHIELD, now she was paying the consequences of Nat's loyalty.

Steve's grip tightened on her arm. "She trusts me." He snapped at Nat, both of them knowing how big of a step that was for Y/N. "What's on it?" He wanted answers, to know what was so important it nearly cost Y/N her life.

"SHIELD intel."

Steve looked around to the door, making sure they were still alone. "Why did you help her?" He knew how Nat felt about Y/N, everyone did.

Nat could feel the anger coming from Steve, she knew she had to be honest to gain his trust back. "Fury asked me to." She admitted, having the decency to look guilty. When she had told Fury that Y/N was up to something, he'd told her to report everything back to him. Which Nat had done without question, only just realising what a mistake that was.

"She nearly died because of that!" Steve immediately put the pieces together, remembering what Y/N had told him moments before she was shot. SHIELD was compromised which meant as soon as Nat logged the mission report, they knew where to find Y/N. They were no closer to knowing who the shooter was but they all knew that Y/N wasn't going to stop until she found out.

"Fury knew she had a plan. He knew SHIELD secrets were being sold and that she'd go after them. He sent me to make sure they got their intel back." Nat explains everything to Steve, hoping to get him to see that it wasn't her having her own agenda. She was simply following orders. Granted Y/N had come to her in confidence and told her not to tell anyone, but Nat knew there was more to that mission than Y/N had let on in the first place.

"Why not bring in the rest of us?" Steve asked, knowing if it was a SHIELD mission they should've been informed. The more he found out about the mission they'd been on, the more questions he had.

"Because he knew she wouldn't work with everyone. If everyone knew then she would know that SHIELD was aware too."

Steve took a step back releasing Nat's arm. "Then why did she ask you?" She didn't trust Nat, they all knew that.

"She was testing me. Seeing where my loyalties lie." At least that was Nat's theory, there was no other reason Y/N would have come to her in the first place.

"And where do they lie Natasha?" Steve asked.

Nat holds up the drive, passing it to Steve. "With my friends." As much as she hated to admit it, Y/N had been right. They couldn't trust SHIELD. The only people they could trust were the ones she classed as family. It was starting to look like Y/N fit into that bracket too. Even Nat knew Y/N was no longer the villain she led people to believe she was. A villain would've taken the information and disappeared. Y/N was trying to stop it falling into the wrong hands, exactly what the Avengers do.

A few days later and I was finally starting to heal, mainly due to the serum running through my veins. I was sat listening to Tony going on and on about something I had no interest in. I groaned, rolling my eyes at him. "Do you actually hear the words that are coming out of your mouth?"

Tony stopped talking, leaning back in his chair with his feet propped up on my bed. "No. Not really." He admitted with a smirk.

I knew what his game was, to distract me, keep me from being in my own head. "I didn't think so. Feel free to shut up at any point." I glared at him, only to have him stick his tongue out at me like the child he is.

He did actually listen to me though, I got what must have been two minutes of quiet before he couldn't handle it any longer. "Just tell me what happened." He looks over at me, his expression changing to a serious one. One that showed he cared.

I sigh and throw my head back. "I don't know. I was too busy being shot and you know nearly dying."

"I don't believe that for a second. You just wanted a day off." He teased. I turned my head to look at him, noticing his smile.

"Yes because this." I gestured to my body. "This is my idea of a holiday." My voice was dripping with sarcasm. We both shared a laugh before he changed the topic yet again.

"You're still coming to the party right?" He asked biting on the inside of his cheek to hide a smile. Bucky had asked him to keep me occupied while he went back to the compound to freshen up. Being all nice wasn't his style and he knew it wasn't mine.

"Why of course my dearest Stark, can't you see I'm all dressed up for it."

Tony pretends to study my outfit. "I have to admit, that gown looks good on you, Red."

"I know." I give him a wink, wincing as a dull pain thuds through my chest. I was healing but not as fast as usual, that and the bullet had teared through multiple organs and muscles on its way through my body. It had been a long time since I'd had an injury that bad. "I look like the bad bitch I am." I groan as I move up the bed.

Before Tony can come back with a witty response, Bucky comes back. Shedding his jacket he hangs it over the back of a chair. "Pepper is looking for you Stark."

Tony gives me a concerned look, he still didn't trust that Bucky wouldn't piss me off or upset me. I rolled my eyes at him but smiled anyway. "I'll be fine shell head. Go."

"Fine." Tony stood up before turning back to me. "But if he upsets you..."

"He won't." I interrupted him, secretly enjoying his protective nature. "I'll be fine now fuck off."

He gives me a wink and subtle squeeze of my hand as he leaves. Bucky waited until was gone before he sat on the bed beside me, giving me a kiss on the forehead. "Good morning to you too." I smile up at him, kissing his nose in return.

Bucky laughs at my uncharacteristic sweetness. "How are you feeling today?"

I fluttered my eyelashes up at him before putting on the sweetest voice I could manage. "I'll be better when I get out of here."

Bucky rolled his eyes, as he shook his head. He knew me too well, he knew this was my way of saying I was leaving here one way or another. "You promise to rest and I'll take you home."

Home. I suddenly felt incredibly alone, it never used to bother me that I had nowhere to call my own. Somewhere along the line between the vengeance and the blood lust, that changed. Bucky sensed that something wasn't right, tilting my face to meet his.

"I don't have a home." I admitted.

"Yeah you do." He looked at me with a sad but hopeful smile on his face. "With me."

Another wall comes crashing down as he speaks. I ripped the tubes from my arms and pulled the heart rate monitor off my chest. "Take me home."

Bucky wastes no time in picking me up, one hand under my knees and one around my waist as I hook my arms around his neck. Ignoring all the pleas from the doctors, he carries me out of the hospital. A black car waits out front, Steve stepped out from the passenger door and opened the rear door for us. I gave them both a confused look.

Steve laughed. "We had bets on how long it would take for you to convince him you could go home."

"Ooooh." I suddenly become intrigued. "Who won?"

Bucky placed me down gently on the back seat. "Me of course doll. I know you too well."

I rolled my eyes at him. "I'm never going to hear the end of this." Bucky sat in the backseat, his arm around me as I leant against him. All I could think about was how much I'd changed.

You can still be a bad bitch with a heart. Right?

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