

Making Friends

After reaching the safehouse Steve and I both opted to get cleaned up, I was sat on the bed as he appeared out of the bathroom. "Y/N?" He was wearing a white vest and a pair of jeans, I couldn't help but appreciate the distraction. I wouldn't go there with him again but a woman can window shop.

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I pushed my thoughts to the back of my mind as I continued drying my hair with the towel. "Yeah?" I looked up, trying to hide the worry on my face.

He walked into the bedroom, throwing his towel into the laundry basket in the corner. "You okay?"

"Yeah," even I didn't believe it. We both knew I was far from okay. He sat down on the chair opposite me, his eyes searching mine. "What's going on?"

I didn't feel like delving into the thoughts swirling around my mind, but I knew he wasn't about to leave it. With a sigh I cross my legs underneath me, holding my hands in my lap. "This used to be easy, y'know? Find the bad guy. Kill them, and go get a drink and pass out somewhere. I'd even kill the good guy if they got in my way." I let out a small laugh, looking up at him. "I blame you for that particular hurdle by the way."

He leant forward, resting his arms on his legs, taking in every word I was saying. "Did you ever want to kill me?" It wasn't something I'd given too much thought to until now. I shrugged my shoulders at him, "at first yeah." I let out a small laugh at the memory. "Then you went and opened your mouth, you looked at me like I was a person and not just an object to be used."

He gave me a small smile as I started fiddling with my fingers, not able to look at him as I admitted the next part. "The only time I wanted to kill you after that was after we slept together. I always went into that headspace after. It was nothing you did wrong though." I felt I needed to reassure him, it wasn't his fault I felt that way. I chose to sleep with him, he never forced me and I knew he never would. It didn't stop me feeling like plunging a knife through his heart every time though.

"Hey," he pulls me out of my train of thought, sensing where my mind was going. "I never want you to feel that way again." He'd told me that before, but this time I actually believed it.

I nodded my head slightly. "I know," it felt oddly freeing to tell him how I truly felt about it all. With a sigh I looked up, he was waiting for me to carry on. "This whole having friends thing is new for me. Having to trust people," I shake my head slightly. "It doesn't come naturally to me."

"You get used to it after a while," he tried to reassure me. I knew I could trust him, at least I thought I could, but something was lingering at the back of my mind. I decided to just say it, the worst thing that could happen is he'd agree with what I was thinking. "After everything, would you trust me to save your life like you did mine?"

"I would now," he didn't hesitate like I expected him to, his eyes never leaving mine. No hint of a lie coming from him, regret at what I did to him floods through me yet again. He didn't deserve what I'd put him through. "And I'm always honest," he adds with a smile.

Before I can say anything the front door opens and shuts, my spine instantly straightens until I hear Bucky's voice. "Doll?"

"In here Buck," I shout back, relaxing as he comes into view, removing his leather jacket in the process. "What's going on?" He asks, sensing the atmosphere in the room. I gave Steve a smile, "I'm making friends apparently." They both let out a small chuckle before Steve sits back in the chair. "Well, with the amount of people shooting at you, you need them." I couldn't even argue that point, the amount of people wanting me dead seemed to be increasing rather than decreasing.

Bucky leans against the doorframe a smug smile on his face. "He has a point." I groaned, throwing myself back on the bed hiding the smile that was on my face. "You two start ganging up on me and I'll go alone." I tease, they knew I wouldn't. Deep down I liked having people I could rely on, not that I'd ever admit that to anyone but myself. At least not yet.

"Speaking of which, have you seen him yet?" Bucky asks, holding his hand out to pull me up. "You told me to wait," I placed my hand in his as I let him pull me to my feet. We walked into the open plan kitchen and lounge area, he heads into the kitchen to pour us all a drink. Pulling the glasses out of the cupboard, I can't help but admire how at home he looks here. For just a second I let myself picture the future, I knew he had a house in Brooklyn, but from what I'd seen he spends most of his time at the compound. I can't see myself staying there long term, people around all the time would send me insane. Yet I had gotten used to having him near me, part of me didn't want that to change.

"Since when do you listen to me?" His voice pulled me out of my thoughts as he walked over passing me a drink before giving Steve one too.

"Once every few years," I counter back smirking over my glass at him. "Enjoy it while it lasts."

"I'll bear that in mind," he sits down next to me, pulling me to his side. "So what's your plan here?" I held back the contented sigh that threatened to escape, just his touch seemed to calm me in ways it never had before. I knew at this point that I was in love with him, yet I couldn't bring myself to admit it out loud yet.

Steve sits opposite us, both of them waiting for me to answer. I'd thought of a few different scenarios but only one that had a successful outcome, was one they were not going to like. "How easy is it to break someone out of the raft?" I take a sip of my drink, watching as they both exchange a look.

Surprisingly it was Steve that answered my question. "The biggest problem is getting in, if you can manage that it's not too difficult." I raised my eyebrows at him, by the way he was talking I knew he was talking from experience. Something I never would've expected from him. They both seemed to find my shocked expression amusing. "What?" He laughed as he finished his drink. "I can break the rules occasionally," the smirk on his face has me shaking my head in disbelief. "Who would've thought? The golden boy knows how to have some fun."

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