

Memories

"Winter? What happened?" Pierce tucked his glasses into his jacket pocket as his eyes bored into me. I hated him with every fibre of my being, his weathered face and red hair angered me beyond belief. I had nothing to give him, the one person I thought I could rely on had left me. I had a choice, give him the truth and risk the consequences or lie and hope to play for time. Perhaps James had a plan and was coming for me.

The problem with that idea was that no one ever came for me. I was lost and forgotten, a weapon in someone else's war but I had no choice.

"Mission report. Now." Pierce barked at me, seemingly unimpressed with my silence.

"Target eliminated." I mumbled, giving him the response I always did. I hoped that knowing I'd succeeded in the mission would lessen my punishment for losing James. Losing wasn't the right word, I'd been abandoned, left behind to rot as always.

Pierce took a menacing step towards me, crouching down until he was at the same height as me. "And the asset?"

"Gone." I kept my voice as void of emotion as my face was, I had to for my own survival. He couldn't know the feelings stirring up inside of me. It would get me killed. I was so lost in the betrayal and the hurt I didn't see the strike coming. The back of his hand connected with my cheek, snapping my head to the side. It woke me up in more ways than one.

"H-he left."

Pierce shook his head, his emotions clear as day on his face. He was beyond angry. "He remembered."

I knew in that moment what he was thinking. I couldn't go through that pain again, decades of it was enough. I couldn't do it anymore, I'd rather die. "Please no! It wasn't my fault!" I begged him, biting back the tears threatening to consume me.

"He always remembers when you're around. Tell me how."

I wanted to give him the answer, yet I hadn't even figured it out myself. I didn't know why James remembered around me. Once upon a time I'd thought it was because of the love between us, now I wasn't so sure. "I don't know!" I cried out, unable to keep the tears at bay any longer. I loved him, it just turned out that he loved his freedom more than me.

"If you don't give me answers, I can't help you."

That was the last straw for me, while he had done many things to me and for me over the years, help wasn't one of them.

"You've never helped me." I bit back, spitting in his face before sitting back in the hard leather chair. I had to accept that no help was coming, that I was on my own in this fight. Yet I wouldn't become the meek little pushover they wanted. No matter how much torture they made me endure.

He wiped the saliva off his cheek. "Then I think we're done here."

"I can get him back. I'll find a way!" I tried to bargain, hoping they'd listen.

Pierce ignored me, turning to Rumlow who had a sickening smirk on his face. "Two days in here and then retrain her."

Rumlow looked at me, his eyes roaming across my already beaten body. I knew the thoughts going through his head, the idea of him 'retraining' me had my stomach churning. I couldn't let them see what I was feeling, I couldn't show them any sign of weakness. Instead I let my anger take over, choosing to hide behind the rage. "One of these days I'm going to kill you all." It wasn't a threat, it was a promise.

Silence swept over the room as a mouth guard was shoved into my mouth as they strapped me to the chair. I knew what was coming. The machine began to whir around me before the metal plates were placed against my head. Seconds later the pain began. It was a pain that words would never be able to describe.

"Y/N?" Steve's voice pulled me from my memory. I quickly wiped at the tears that had fallen. I was sitting on my bed in my old room at the compound as Steve leant against the door.

"Steve, hey." I offered him a small smile.

"Can we talk?"

I nodded. "Yeah, I was just about to come find you." It wasn't a lie, we'd come to the compound to talk to him about everything, I'd just become sidetracked and ended up here. Reliving memories I'd rather forget.

"I wanted to say sorry for last night." He slowly walked towards me, his eyes not meeting mine at all.

I rolled my eyes, not caring that he didn't see it. "Stop apologising for that." It felt as though he was apologising for caring, for doing something that he viewed as wrong.

"I put you in an impossible position." The guilt poured off him as he sat beside me.

"Was it the truth?"

He kept his gaze fixed on the floor. I needed to see his face, to try and get an idea of where his head was at. I gently placed my hand on his thigh, squeezing gently to get his attention.

"Was it the truth?" I asked again, a bit more forceful this time.

"I've never lied to you and I never will."

I didn't know what to say, so much had happened between the two of us.

As if he could read my mind, he stared into me as he tucked a strand of hair behind my ear.

"Tell me you feel nothing and I'll walk away."

"I love Bucky, I always have." I spurted out, almost as an automatic response.

He looked away from me, nodding his head solemnly.

"I thought you might say that." He sounded defeated, something I never thought I'd hear from the man that had fought his entire life.

He was pure and good and decent. The complete opposite of the assassin who had taken more lives than she cared to admit.

"Why me Steve? I'm broken." I let the slither of vulnerability out before I realised what I'd done. I couldn't take it back, pretend that I was fine like I always did.

"Hey," he turned to face me. "You're not broken. You're in pain, they are two very different things sweetheart."

I looked away from him, not being able to look at him as I pushed him away.

"You deserve someone that can make you feel safe." I hoped he'd understand that what I was doing was for the best, for both of us.

What I didn't expect was for him to mutter "fuck it" under his breath, before he pulled me to him. His lips grazed against mine, his hands pulling me underneath him as he laid us down on the bed. He swept his tongue across my bottom lip, desperately looking for the entrance I silently granted him. He was so soft and gentle, yet firm enough for me to know he was in control of the kiss.

Neither of us heard Bucky enter the room. He leant against the wall with his arms crossed.

"Well I should've seen that coming."

At the sound of his voice we immediately broke apart. I was ready to apologise to try and explain it, until I saw the smirk on his face. He wasn't mad, not even a little bit.

Fuck if it didn't do things to me, to know he'd watched us kiss and not cared. If anything he'd enjoyed it.

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