

## Soldat

The last person I expected to find at my door was Tony. While he'd never been horrible to me and we got along just fine. A house call wasn't what I expected.

"Why do I get the feeling this isn't a social visit?"

"Because it's not."

I opened the door wider, allowing him to walk in. His body language gave him away before he said anything. No good news was about to leave his lips. As we sat on the sofa, the anxiety in my stomach began churning. It was unheard of for Tony to stay this quiet for this long.

"You're scaring me now." I admitted.

"I need the truth." He looked over at me. "Where's Bucky?"

My heart sunk. I hadn't seen Bucky since yesterday. I just assumed he'd been pulled onto a last minute mission, judging by the look on Tony's case that was most definitely not what had happened.

"I have no idea, why?"

He sighed. "SHIELD's vault was broken into." I could see the worry etched into his face. Whether it was worry at my reaction or what had actually been taken I wasn't quite sure.

"What did they take?" I asked, heart pounding in my chest.

"A particular little red book."

My blood began to boil, the damage that someone could cause with that book was untold. It was a danger not just to me, but Bucky too and he was missing.

"I told Fury to destroy that!" I stood up, running my hands through my hair as I paced around the floor.

I should've known better than to trust Fury, destroyed that book the second I was able to. This was my fault.

"It was a safety precaution, just in case." Tony tried to defend it.

I scooped. "And now someone can control him!" Suddenly it clicked.

"This wasn't about safety. This was about power!" The heroes, the villains all of them chase the same thing. Power.

I didn't care that these people had forgiven me for what I'd done in the past, or accepted me for who I am now. They all knew the book existed, none of them willing to stand up for what was the right thing to do. A former assassin could see what they refused to admit, that they were as corrupt as the people they had fought all their lives.

Tony knew I was telling the truth. "You really don't know where he is."

"No." I admitted. "But I'll find him. Alone."

I didn't need the Avengers before and I sure as shit didn't need them now. They had failed me one too many times. I would find Bucky, but I would do it alone.

Tony left, pleading with me to let him help. The slam of the door in his face soon rid him of that idea. I only worked with people I trusted and I didn't trust a single one of them anymore. I'd find Bucky and we would leave. Get as far away from the people who had ruined our lives on more than occasion.

There was only so many places Bucky could be. As I laid the map of New York out of the table I tried his phone for what seemed like the millionth time. Again there was no answer, only heightening the panic that was setting in. I had to find him. He'd never given up on finding me so I couldn't do it to him. I'd find him, we could run and avoid whoever had the book until it was safe again. The words might not reflect me and Bucky was sure he was free of the programming. That didn't make things any easier or make me worry less. I knew Hydra well enough to know that you could never be too sure.

Meanwhile

Bucky stirred awake, his head throbbing from behind as he struggled to regain his vision. As he attempted to move his arm he saw the large vice clamped down around it.

"What the hell is this?"

"I'm sorry Buck, but I have to do this." Steve rounded the corner coming into Bucky's line of sight.

Bucky refused to admit what was happening before his eyes. This couldn't be Steve's doing, it had to be some mistake. He knew Steve wasn't happy about Y/N finishing things with him, but he wouldn't go this far. He couldn't.

"Steve?"

The red book sitting in his hands caught the fading light coming through the one window in the darkened room. Steve gripped it tightly, realising he didn't feel as guilty as he should about what was going to happen.

"I'm sorry Buck. I just can't lose her." Steve opened the page to the one he needed. Winter's words he didn't need or want, in fact no one should have them. Gripping her page he pulled it from the book, placing it in his pocket ready to burn later.

"Желание." The practised word left his lips.

Bucky tried to fight it, each word pulling him deep into himself. "No!" He gritted out focusing on her face. Using all the strength he could muster he pulled his arm free of the vice with a roar that echoed around them.

Coming to the last word Steve knew he'd made a choice that he could never go back from.

"Грузовой"

While all the times before Bucky was asleep as the soldier took over, this time he wasn't. Trapped in his own body as he watched helplessly.

"Soldat?" Steve asked.

"Я жду приказов" Ready to comply.

Bucky screamed begging both Steve and the soldier to stop. He knew there was nothing he could do, not on his own. He needed Y/N, he needed her love. That could push the soldier back enough for him to regain control.

Steve knew it had worked when all the light left Bucky's eyes. He swallowed the guilt, knowing this was the only way he could get what he wanted. He had to concentrate on what he needed to do over what he was expected to do. Y/N was worth it.

"Do you know who Y/N is?" He asked the soldier.

"Yes."

"Break her heart. She has to think you're Bucky."

The soldier nodded, understanding his mission as Bucky battled desperately for him not to do it. He could take not being in control but not if Y/N was going to be hurt in the process. His heart shattered as the soldier pulled the phone out of his pocket.

She answered the phone, unaware at how her world was about to fall apart.

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