

Always A Villain

"Finally! Where the hell have you been?" I barked down the phone as I started pacing around the living room.

"I needed some space."

' Stop! Bucky cried out, the words stuck as he battled against the soldier in his mind. He didn't want to do this.

I couldn't understand what he meant. We were good, I had done what he asked. So to hear him say he needed space made no sense.

"Bucky please. I need you to come home."

I couldn't have him out there when the trigger words could be used by anyone. It wasn't safe, we had to stick together like we always had.

The soldier scooped. "Home? To you? I don't think so."

' Don't hurt her! Stop it!

My heart sank, hearing the hatred in his voice. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Tears pooled in my eyes, the heartbreak threatening to pull me under completely.

"You don't get it do you. We're done!" The soldier snapped, his mind set on nothing but the mission he'd been set.

"D-done?" A pain began to radiate throughout my chest. "What are you on about Bucky?"

"I mean I want you out of my house and out of my life."

This couldn't be happening, I couldn't be losing him. Not now. Not after everything we'd been through to get here. I could barely breathe, my entire world falling apart around me.

"Is that clear enough for you?" The soldier snapped down the phone, relishing in the heartbreak he could hear.

Bucky was fighting with everything he had to take some kind of control, ignoring how the soldier kept trying to push him back.

I needed to at least try and change his mind. "You're not making any sense. Please Bucky, what is going on?" I needed him to explain it, to explain what I'd done to make him walk away from me, from us.

"I thought I could forget everything you did, but I can't. We're over."

My pain began to turn to anger, the one person that should understand me throwing my past in my face.

"Are you fucking serious right now?" This time it was my turn to snap.

He sighed down the phone, bored of this conversation. "You'll always be a villain Y/N. I can't be with someone like you. Not anymore." He went to hang up the phone, but not before he heard my reply.

"Screw you Barnes."

If he was that willing and able to throw away everything we'd built then he wasn't worth my pain. My anger maybe but not my pain.

I didn't care that I had no where to go, or no one to run to. I began to pack a bag, wanting nothing more than to be miles away from here. I needed to run and this time I'd stay hidden, nothing and no one would pull me back. Unfortunately there was still some things in my room at the compound that I needed to grab first.

It was time to put on my big girl boots and prove that I didn't need Bucky to be happy. To prove I wasn't going to be a villain despite the pain I was blocking out.

I begin pulling things out of their place in my room, throwing them onto the bed towards the duvet bag sat there. Perhaps the fact that I never truly moved into Bucky's house should've been a sign that this was inevitable. Maybe it was better for everyone, at least Steve and Bucky could repair their friendship without me in the middle. I wanted to call Steve to say goodbye, but he was already angry with me. I doubted he'd want to hear from me regardless. In the space of forty eight hours I'd lost both the men I'd fallen for.

At least now I have nothing else left to lose.

I begin all but punching my clothes into my bag as tears stream freely down my face.

As I knock on the open door took my attention away. Steve stood there, a sad look on his face.

"If you're here for another shouting match, I'd really think about how much you like living." I warned him.

He shook his head gently as he walked towards me. "I've come to see a friend."

I hated how much it was nice to hear that coming from him. How was it that he could see the change in me and yet Bucky couldn't? I sat on the edge of the bed in defeat with my head in my hands.

"I take it he told you what happened?" I asked.

He nodded. "Something about not being able to move on from the past."

I knew that talking to Steve about Bucky was weird, but he was the only person I could talk to. I didn't trust anyone else enough.

"I just don't understand it. We were fine and then he just snapped."

"You know how he can be." He sat down beside me, linking his hand with mine. "Just give him time."

"Time to do what? Hate me some more?"

"Maybe once his memories are back it'll be different."

I knew he was just trying to help me find a way through it, but even now there was no way back for me. I wouldn't stay where I wasn't wanted, I'd find my happy ending. Away from everything. I deserved that after a lifetime of fighting.

"Yeah I don't plan on being around for that."

He gently squeezed my hand before placing a soft kiss against my knuckles. "You know I'm going to let you run on alone." He moved closer, making his point about me not being alone.

I leaned into him, leaning my head against his shoulder. "I have no problems with who I am and what I've done. But to be reminded of who I was every day? It hurts Steve. He was the one person who never made me doubt there was good in me."

"Hey." Steve moved to crouch in front of me. "There has always been good in you."

While I appreciated him trying to reassure me. It wasn't enough.

"If I stay here, around him? There won't be."

"So let me come with you." He offered.

I knew what he wanted and why he was offering and I wouldn't string him along like that. My heart still belonged to the dickhead that had broken it.

"This doesn't change how I feel Steve."

"I know that. I just don't want you to be alone again."

I nodded, giving him my silent approval. It was nice to know I wouldn't be alone, that I'd have someone to help me through it.

Maybe in time things would change between us, but his willingness to be there even as a friend was everything I didn't know I needed.

"I'm leaving tonight."

He stood up, kissing me on the forehead. "Then I'll see you tonight."

Now I just had to hope I could slip away without anyone noticing. I wasn't in the mood for a shouting match with Bucky, but I'd happily have one if I had to. I

wasn't afraid facing him, I was afraid of what I would do to him if I did.

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