Summary

Summary: Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escapes without being seen when the Avengers attack the Hydra compound she’s been kept in for the last 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She’s now on the run, avoiding both Hydra and SHIELD.

Notes

If you'd prefer to read these on Tumblr, you can access them on my blog there. I update on Tumblr consistently and sporadically update my Ao3.
https://green-eyeddragonfanfiction.tumblr.com/
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escapes without being seen when the Avengers attack the Hydra compound she’s been kept in for the last 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She’s now on the run, avoiding both Hydra and SHIELD.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Swearing, past torture/mentions of torture, Angst, violence/fighting
Rough Translations:
“Милосердие, пожалуйста! Пожалуйста!” - Mercy, please! please!
Где это? - Where is it?
Эксперимент отсутствует - The experiment is gone
J'espère que tu brûle dans l'enfer, les cochons! - I hope you burn in hell, pigs!
One Year Ago

You sat bolt upright on the hard mattress in your cell. Immediately, you knew something was wrong. You raced to the door, bare feet slapping the freezing concrete, and peered out the small eye level slat in the door. Outside, Hydra soldiers ran past your room and down the long corridor. Red lights flashed and alarms blared. The ground shook under your feet as a large explosion went off somewhere else in the compound. The single dingy light bulb in your cell swung ominously from its cord on the ceiling. A voice barked orders on the PA system and you could only hear a few words over the din: 

“Under attack… All hands prepa—… Avengers, I repeat, the Avengers—”

The voice cut off suddenly and didn’t come back. Your mind reeled.

*The Avengers? What on earth is an “Avenger,” and why were they stupid enough to attack a fully functional and very deadly Hydra base?*

The ground shook again, more violently this time. You backed away from the door as the sounds of gunshots filled your ears. A chill ran down your spine and it took you a moment to realize why.

You could hear screams over the cacophony of noise. You could make out a person pleading.
“What have I done? Please, no! NO!-” bang.

“Милосердие, пожалуйста! Пожалуйста!” came another voice, full of the same desperation, closer than the last, and followed by another loud discharge of a firearm.

You backed away from the door. Hydra was killing their assets. Your mind kicked into overdrive. You looked around your small room for only a moment. There was nothing to help you in here; Hydra made sure there was nothing you could use as a weapon. The tiny window was too small for you to fit through, even if you could get up to it… which was unlikely, as it was twelve feet off the ground. Knowing it would do you no good to panic, you took a deep breath and focused.

You ripped off your clothing and shoved it under your tiny, lumpy mattress, shivering against the chilly air. The frigid cement wall instantly raised goosebumps on your skin as you backed into it, plastering yourself across its surface. The door was a few feet (a meter) to your left and you prayed it wouldn’t open, already knowing it was a fool’s hope. Your skin prickled uncomfortably as it changed colors. First red, then a lined green that resembled grass, then finally the dirty, slate grey of your cell wall.

A hysterical laugh came from the cell across the hall. “J'espère que tu brûle dans l'enfer, les cochons!” came the voice of the woman who you knew only by the color of her eyes which you sometimes saw through the slat in her door. A terrifyingly loud bang sounded a moment later, instantly cutting off her crazed laughter.

You focused harder and mimicked the dirt and grime that painted the miserable room. For the first time since your capture you sent a fervent prayer up to anyone who might be listening. You barely had had a moment to get your plea out when your door banged open, slamming hard against the wall, flooding your room with the wailing sirens and flashing red lights of the alarms.

Three soldiers stood in the doorway and peered into the cell, guns raised, fingers on the triggers.

“Где это?” the one in the center asked. His voice slightly muffled by the mask he wore.

“What’s the problem?” came a fourth voice from somewhere out of your range of vision. Your stomach plummeted. You recognized that voice. It was always present whenever you had a new test done on you. From what you could tell, she wasn’t the one who came up with the sadistic experiments… but she performed them with barbarous glee.

“Эксперимент отсутствует,” said the man in the middle, motioning to the cell with his automatic rifle.

There was a brief pause. The woman glanced in the room past the soldiers and then at the number on the wall next to your door. You didn’t dare breathe.

She grinned viciously and you felt your blood go cold. “Oh, it’s in there. It’s hiding from us. Just shoot at the entire room,” She said malevolently before turning on her heel and walking away.

This is it, you thought to yourself as the men saluted the woman before taking position. You closed your eyes and cursed the gods (each of them, every single one you’ve ever heard of- and even the ones you hadn’t). You’d been so close to fooling them. Fate had played one final, cruel trick on you: It had given you hope. You took a deep, shaky breath that the men didn’t even hear over the sirens.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat. You felt cement fragments from your walls hit your body as their well-aimed barrage made its way across the room. You hoped the sheer amount of bullets would make it painless.
But then, the bullets stopped. You waited for them to resume, to tear your body to shreds where you stood, shaking, in the corner. Your eyes refused to open until you heard boots thumping on concrete a short way down the hall—people running towards your room. You gasped at the sight that awaited you. The three men lay in a bloody heap on the floor, their lifeblood painting it a grisly red.

You froze again as a man dressed in black stepped into view. The sight of him almost set you screaming when you recognized who it was. His metallic arm gleamed in the gloomy light, scattering the red alarm light everywhere. A red star on his shoulder assuaged any doubts you might have had. His dark hair curtained his face and his bright blue eyes searched the area for something. You felt light-headed. You thought you might pass out.

No, truly, this is Fate’s greatest joke, you thought to yourself bitterly. The Winter Soldier, here. The Fist of Hydra. The legendary assassin.

He peered into your room, down at the men at the ground, and then back into your room. His eyes searched it critically and you swore you felt his eyes meet yours, but, to your immense relief, his gaze swept over the rest of the room, and he made no move towards you.

A second man appeared next to him. He wore a spangled outfit and even you, with your hazy memories and drug-induced thoughts, recognized the man that the world knew as Captain America. You expected them to fight, but they simply looked at the carnage around them. The Captain glanced into your room before addressing the Winter Soldier.

“What is it, Buck?” he asked with a raised eyebrow and concerned light in his eye.

The Soldier stared at the dead Hydra agents at his feet, then threw one last sweeping gaze into your room before shaking his head. “We were too late,” he said in his deep voice before he turned on his heels and continued down the hallway. The Captain sighed heavily, pulled the shield off of his back and, in one fluid motion, threw it down the hallway the way he had come. You heard pained grunts and the cracking of a few bones before the shield flew back into view. He caught it easily with one hand and returned it to the spot on his back. He looked around, and you knew what he saw. Your fellow prisoners, dead, a bullet to their heads. His face remained impassive for a moment before, in a flurry of movement almost too fast for you to see, he pulled his arm back and let it loose, punching the cement wall next to your door. To your dismay, you saw the cement crack. With one last sad look around him, he jogged off after the Winter Soldier.

You didn’t move for what felt like hours—long after the explosions had stopped and the alarms and sirens had been turned off. Long after the last Hydra scientists and soldiers had fled, been killed, or captured. Long after the Avengers had left, leaving the base a half-destroyed mess. You finally let your skin return to its usual color and stepped away from the wall. Your mattress squeaked ominously when you grabbed your pitiful excuses for clothing from the bed and pulled them on. The scratchy fabric ran over your goosebumps and you shivered. Your adrenaline high had run out long ago and you were feeling the chill in the air. You stuck your head out of the door apprehensively. You half expected to be shot, but the halls were empty.

You made your way around, moving as quietly as possible. The exit didn’t take too long to locate, thanks to your knowledge of the facility from your time spent there. You made it up from the lower levels to the ground floor, only getting lost twice.

You smelled the fresh air before you saw the door. Forgetting the danger, you ran forward and shoved your weight against the heavy, reinforced metal. It creaked open an inch before it simply fell off the hinges, clattering loudly to the ground. You toppled down on top of it with a yelp. And then, for the first time in five years, you looked up at the sky and saw the beginnings of a sunrise. You
took a moment to take in the world around you. You were free.

And then you ran.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escapes without being seen when the Avengers attack the Hydra compound she’s been kept in for the last 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She’s now on the run, avoiding both Hydra and SHIELD.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: language (swearing), violence/fighting, traumatic past

Present Day

You groaned, fighting the urge to throw your ancient keyboard and monitor across the room. Instead, you settled for kicking your desk halfheartedly and leaned back in your decrepit, squeaky rolling chair. It wobbled ominously and you almost hoped it would fall apart with you on it; it would give you a reason to leave your tiny home office and avoid your work… or break something out of anger.

It was another dead end. The third one in the last five days. You weren’t used to failing so tremendously at your job. Being a private investigator was usually easy for you. You were literally made to spy on people and you had gotten good at it in your year and a half doing it. Most of the time you followed around rich peoples’ spouses and caught them cheating or tracked down missing people. There was also that one time you helped a kid find their birth parents which had been particularly satisfying.

Tracking even the most suspicious people was easy when you could look like a different person at a moment’s notice. It was made even easier when you could literally blend into the background. You made a good living being a P.I. New York had many rich clients and your reputation was sterling.
You made enough to live in an old apartment in Brooklyn; the bathroom, bedroom, and office were tiny, but you liked it better that way. Open spaces had made you uncomfortable since your time at Hydra. You knew all too well how easy it was to hide in the huge cement jungle that was New York City. It was easy to disappear there, but you also knew how easy it was to be found if you knew what to look for.

You spared one last look at the screen and your cork board covered in notes, pictures, and string before angrily turning your computer off and stomping towards the door, grabbing your hoodie and purse as you went. You thought fresh air might help clear your head, and you’d been putting off going to the grocery store for a day or two now. Surviving off of Pop-Tarts and a block of mild cheddar cheese wasn’t all it was cracked up to be. A few choice curse words left your lips as you grabbed your keys, flicked off the lights, and locked the door behind you. You grumbled the entire way down the stairs, muttering about “bullshit marriages” and “unreliable fucking sources.” All 8 floors. Swearing. You would have also added in some stomping for good measure, but the man two floors down in 6B had the hearing of a bat and the temper of a bull…and, also, a very large, very illegal shotgun. You would have turned him in a long time ago, but he was a surprisingly good source of information. Also, you didn’t want to deal with the police any more than necessary.

You reached the bottom of the stairs and pulled your hoodie on, then paused for a moment. After a brief scan of the area, you deemed it safe. You focused your attention on your powers and saw your hair slowly change from it’s usual (Y/H/C) to a deep red. Your skin tone shifted, too. You blinked rapidly as your irises changed, your corneas prickling uncomfortably. You checked your reflection in the glass of the doorway. Satisfied no one would recognize you easily, you left the apartment complex and made your way towards the nearest neighborhood grocery store.

You glared up at the sky. You’d lost track of time, and it was starting to get dark out. You walked swiftly, but let your thoughts wander. You’d never hit such a wall with a case before. Every time you got a new lead, it was as though all the evidence surrounding it vanished into thin air. Someone was trying very hard to hide something or someone. You thought about what you knew.

Your clients were wealthy. They hired you to look for their son who vanished from their home without a trace two weeks ago. They wouldn’t go to the police- they were worried about the scandal it would cause; the heir to the business running away tended to ruin stocks, you supposed. The father was pissed, but the mother was distraught. You had already checked into their alibis; they were air-tight. You had visited their home. Your beat up yellow ‘64 Mustang had looked hilariously out of place on their driveway. You checked out the son’s room. Nothing had been out of place as far as you could tell. According to the parents, they didn’t go in his room enough to know if anything was missing. There were no signs of a struggle. It had been a huge waste of your time. The son was 25. He was some sort of super genius with computers and also had a good mind for business. You had checked out a few rival companies, but that had also turned up nothing. He had a surprising lack of friends. His parents said he would have business associates over sometimes, but when you went back to your place to look up the names they gave you, you couldn’t find anything on them. In fact, you couldn’t find anyone with descriptions matching the names the parents had given you. You knew something was wrong, but you couldn’t find any leads to help you crack the case. You were half tempted to tell your clients their son simply left, but you knew when something smelled fishy and this case stunk like raw sewage.

You turned the corner and spotted the sign of the local grocery store. Your shoulders relaxed slightly as you stepped through the sliding double doors and into the tiny store. The cashier looked up from her phone long enough to bid you welcome, not recognizing you even though you came in about twice a week. You perused the aisles absentmindedly, occasionally picking up items and throwing them into your basket. Once you were satisfied with your haul and the handles of your basket creaked threateningly, you went up to the cashier. A man in a crisp black suit was being rung up in
front of you, but you were too engrossed in your thoughts of the case to notice his utilitarian haircut, or the suspect bulge in his jacket over his hip. The cashier didn’t notice either and rang him up and halfheartedly wished him a good night. As you stepped forward, you pulled a couple reusable bags out of your purse and handed them silently to the cashier.

“Thanks, was just about to ask,” she said, throwing you a small smile.

“No problem,” you said quietly. She looked up at you and furrowed her brows. She studied your face for a moment.

“Hey, you got a sister around here or something?” she asked, ringing up items as she spoke. “You look familiar.”

You thought about telling the truth- that you didn’t- but realized it would be more convincing and a better cover if you just agreed.

“Yeah, she lives two blocks away at North Gate Gardens,” you say with a small smile.

“Oh, I think I remember her! That makes sense,” she said, placing your last items in the bags. You almost breathed out a sigh of relief. “That’ll be $86.42.” she said, putting the bags up on the counter for you to take after you finish paying. You pulled out the correct amount of cash and change- you didn’t pay with card for anything. It made your life hard sometimes. She took the cash and change with a smile. “Have a good night,” she said, returning to her phone as soon as you were out the door.

It was good and truly dark now. You groaned. You’d bought too many things, and it was a long walk back followed by 8 flights of narrow, steep stairs. You set a brisk pace, not wanting to get caught out by any unsavory characters. It was still relatively early and New York was the city that never sleeps, but you were a P.I. You knew what happened in the city when the sun went down.

You were about halfway back to your apartment when you felt it.

A presence.

You fought the urge to look behind you. If they were following you, it’d tip them off immediately that you knew they were there and with only grocery bags and a couple of keys to defend yourself, you didn’t like your chances.

I should have just taken the car, you thought to yourself bitterly. But you knew it would have been pointless. Parking was nearly impossible to find in your neighborhood. You would have just wasted gas. Your mind raced. Could it be Hydra? No, they’d think you were dead. SHIELD? Or whatever they went by nowadays? No, they shouldn’t even know you exist. If they did, they would also think you were dead, killed in the Hydra compound with all the other test subjects. Your heart thudded in your chest. The person following you was keeping a set distance. They didn’t keep walking when you stopped at the crosswalk- they wanted to stay out of sight. You briefly hoped it was a drunkard, making his way back to his house or into a cozy alley for the night, but the lack of catcalling or general drunken tomfoolery made you realize that wasn’t an option.

Still, whoever was following you shouldn’t have been able to recognize you. You made sure you never looked the same when you left the building- maybe that was what had tipped them off? That didn’t make any sense, though.

Your apartment complex was in sight now and you looked up at the window of your room that faced the street. Your blood ran cold. The light was on. The light that you specifically turned off whenever you left to save money. The one you never left on when you’re not home. The one you turned off
before you walked to the store. Your senses and mind kicked into overdrive, all doubts about whether or not you were being followed thrown to the wayside. You knew the building’s layout like the back of your hand- you were paranoid enough to memorize the layout of any building you frequented. It was definitely your room. You had half a mind to call the police, but thought better of it. That would only get you into more trouble. You didn’t trust cops, and you weren’t technically in the U.S. legally.

You stared at the walk signal. You pretended to rummage around for your phone, grabbing your car keys out of your purse instead. Out of the corner of your eye you saw the cross traffic’s light turn yellow, then red. A half second later the walk signal turned and you took off running, dropping your bags at your feet. Your feet ate up the pavement as you ran. You didn’t look it, but you were actually pretty quick.

“Shit, shit, shit,” you muttered under your breath. You could hear your stalker running after you, feet thudding on the pavement. The person sounded huge, but you didn’t dare turn around to find out. You glanced down the cross street as you ran and were horrified to see a nondescript black SUV make its way out of a parking garage at a ludicrous speed, tires screeching angrily. You willed yourself to go faster. Your car was parked a little over half a block down, just past your apartment building. To your dismay, you saw even more men in black suits come thundering down the stairs, guns drawn and pointed directly at you.

“Oh sweet Jesus,” you said, turning your attention back to what was in front of you and ran for your life as fast as you could. Your lungs were burning, and even as fast as you were, you heard the person behind you gaining. You saw your car ahead, once bright yellow paint faded and peeling. It was parallel parked on the shoulder. Not the most inconspicuous getaway car, but fast. And even though it didn’t look like it on the outside, you kept it nice. You pulled out your keys and for once cursed its old age- no power locks to make this go faster. You heard shouting behind you, and glass shattered as the men in your apartment building began shooting in your direction through the lobby’s glass. You were running to the driver’s side when the black SUV came out of nowhere, ramming it, shoving it up on the sidewalk. If you had been even a little bit closer or on the driver’s side you would have been sent flying or been crushed between the two cars. You barely had time to process this before the person who had been following you slammed into you from behind. You nearly went flying with a breathtaking force as the solid mass of muscle hit you but the person grabbed your arms, hauling you back into their grip. You heard the doors of the SUV open. Your mind was screaming at you to run. You flailed against the man’s grip, but to no avail; it was as though you were in a vice.

“Wanda! Sam! We need cover, now!” came the voice behind you. To your horror, everything around you went red and for a second you thought you’d been shot, but then it undulated and moved and you realized it wasn’t a bloody haze, but some sort of energy. Your head whipped around to the sounds of guns being fired right next to you and to your amazement, the bullets stopped upon hitting the weird red mist. You heard something that sounded almost like a jet from above you and looked up to see a large bird. No, wait, that wasn’t right. It was dark, but you were able to make out the shape of a man… but he had wings. The Falcon? The Falcon was here? That means… You turned your head as far as it would go to look at the man behind you. The air in your lungs left with a hiss.

Steve Rogers. Captain America.

The red mist meant Wanda Maximoff was around somewhere, too. The Scarlet Witch. You struggled even harder. You knew what SHIELD really was. You knew its agents couldn’t be trusted. Not even the great Captain America was above reprimand nowadays. After Hydra had nearly taken over the world using SHIELD a few years back, you didn’t trust them. He spared a confused look at your struggling before looking around and assessing the situation.
“I think it’s her, but I can’t be 100% sure,” he said into the comms.

The men next to you banged on the energy barrier, but it didn’t budge. They took turns shooting at it, but it had no effect.

Someone must have responded to him because he spoke again a moment later. “They obviously want her for something- you should have seen her reaction when she saw her apartment was compromised. She’s not safe here, either way.”

Another pause.

“Got it. Bucky, ready for extraction?” he said into the comms. You were too preoccupied trying to get away to truly take in what he was saying. You didn’t know exactly what your plan was, but step A was getting away from the super soldier. You’d rather take your chances with the guys in nice suits toting large guns than Captain Fucking America. You paused your struggling when you heard the sound of an engine getting closer.

The Captain looked down at you and gave you what you assumed he thought was a reassuring smile. You glared at him in response, but he didn’t notice. He was already looking back over his shoulder.

“Hold on,” he said. You waited for him to explain further, but he didn’t have to. In fact, it became very clear very quickly what he meant. “Now, Wanda!” he said, throwing you on the back of a speeding motorbike the moment part of the red barrier disappeared. Your instincts kicked in and you grabbed onto the whatever was in front of you- in this case, a person. A man, in fact. A very large one. With… a metal arm. James Buchanan Barnes. The motorcycle picked up speed the second you were on, racing off the sidewalk and into the road once more. If you weren’t going at least 60 miles per hour down busy New York streets, weaving in and out of cars, you would have thrown yourself off rather than be with the Winter Soldier a moment longer. You had heard of his earlier exploits and had seen the most notable ones on the news.

You heard him yell something back to you, but you couldn’t hear anything over the wind whipping past you. He seemed to realize this because he grabbed one of your arms and quickly wrapped it around his waist. You removed it immediately. He yelled back to you again, louder this time.

“Hold on- being followed- tight maneuvers-” you managed to catch a few words and got the gist of it. They were following you and he’d have to pull some fancy moves to lose them. You turned around carefully, thighs gripping the leather seat. Sure enough, there were three black SUVs following you. You groaned as another two turned up the street you were on, following closely behind the first three. For such large cars, they wove in and out of the traffic with ease. To your horror, a few men stuck their torsos out of the SUVs’ windows and pointed huge guns at you. You ignored everything your mind was telling you and wrapped your arms around his waist.

“Go, go, go!” You screamed. You didn’t know if he could hear you, but he drove faster anyway and turned the corner at a speed you didn’t think possible. You heard bullets rip through the air and you swore you could feel them miss by inches. He put his metal arm out against the ground and sparks flew as he kept the bike from going over sideways completely. You would have screamed, but your mind was telling you two things and two things only: Oh god, oh god, we’re all gonna die and hold on for dear life. Nowhere in your head was there processing power for “screaming.”

The city passed by in a blur. A horrifying, bullet-filled blur. The Soldier pulled some truly amazing maneuvers on the bike. You nearly passed out when he finally lost your pursuers by jumping the bike over a draw bridge that was being raised slowly. You’d looked down into the murky waters a hundred feet below and very nearly lost your lunch. The bike hit the opposite side of the bridge
heavily, but kept on speeding.

You realized you were headed north out of the city. You began panicking again. Where was he taking you? What did they want from you? What did those men in suits want from you? You had so many questions and no answers to them.

You felt his chest rumble a couple times; He was speaking to the others over the comms. You looked out at the scenery around you. The darkness made it hard to tell, but you knew you were going fast. Whatever you could see whipped by in a blur. You knew you were stuck on the bike until he stopped. If you tried to get off or messed with the controls, causing him to crash, you were sure you’d turn into a lovely red smear on the road. You kept your body as far away from him as you could now that he was done with his dangerous maneuvers.

You had a plan.

Your butt was nearly completely numb when he finally turned off the highway and turned onto an inconspicuous road. He slowed down marginally, but still kept it too fast for you to risk jumping off. The road seemed to stretch on forever, but you felt him shift as he reached for a button on the center of the bike and pressed it. You craned your neck around his broad shoulders and gasped. About three hundred feet ahead the ground was giving way. The road was actually a monstrously giant ramp that led down into the darkness. As you got closer, the lights on the side of the secret tunnel ahead of you turned on, bathing everything in a cold, fluorescent glow. Your stomach jolted at the sudden change in angle as the Soldier drove down the ramp and into the hole. The tunnel was enormous. The walls changed from stone to metal and concrete. You turned around and watched the ramp begin to rise again, once again taking its place as a false road, and your stomach filled with dread. There was no escaping that way now. He drove further down underground; your ears had almost begun popping when you leveled out. He navigated the bike into the corner of a huge underground room and slowed down to almost a crawl. You looked around. A couple of undeniably fancy cars and a sleek jet were in the huge room. You now understood why the tunnel had been so large- they had to fly a jet out of it. The bike coming to a stop pulled you back down to planet earth. You stopped gawking at the shiny marvels of engineering and smoothly grabbed the gun holstered to his thigh that you had noticed on the drive out, and hopped off of the bike, out of his reach.

He looked back at you in surprise as you pointed the gun straight at his head.

“Y/N?” he asked, raising an eyebrow.

“How do you know my name, Soldat?” you asked, eyeing him warily. Something about his face seemed familiar and your gun lowered a fraction, but you chalked it up to seeing him plastered all over the news off and on for years. You raised it again, taking a half step back, further out of his reach.

He cringed slightly at your use of the name he was called when he was The Asset. “You mean… you don’t remember?”
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escapes without being seen when the Avengers attack the Hydra compound she’s been kept in for the last 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She’s been caught by some of the Avengers, and the Winter Soldier, whom she hates, seems to believe she’s forgetting something, but won’t say what.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: language (swearing), Slow, slow burn, violence/fighting
A/N: In case you’re a bit confused on the timeline, this happens after CA:CW and before Infinity War. It’s after Bucky has come out of cryo in Wakanda. The mental programming has been mostly dealt with, and Bucky has all of his memories.
His steel blue eyes bored into yours as he got up slowly, placing the helmet carefully on the seat of the bike. He held his hands up in surrender.

“Remember what?” you asked shakily. A small tremor ran through your hands, but you followed his movements with the gun as steadily as you could.

His eyes searched yours. You saw a little light go out in them when he didn’t find what was he was looking for. Inexplicably, you felt your heart twinge with something you couldn’t quite place. Regret? No, that couldn’t be it. It must have been fear. You must have made him angry. He continued to stare at you.


“You won’t use that on me, Doll,” he said with a certainty that surprised you. Your eyes widened slightly. The nickname brought back a painful ache in your heart, but you steeled yourself against it.

“Try me,” you said. A look of shock flickered across his face as you swiftly lowered the gun and aimed it at his leg and pulled the trigger. You heard his grunt of pain but didn’t turn around to see your handiwork. Running as fast as you could, you made your way to the exit you saw earlier. As you ran you pulled the ammo clip out of the gun, throwing it to one side and the gun to the other. It would just give your position away if you held onto it while camouflaged. Surely there was a smaller and less conspicuous exit than the secret ramp-tunnel. You tugged the heavy metal door open
and were surprised to see a well-furnished hallway. You didn’t let the surprisingly cozy surroundings slow you down. You looked around the building as you ran, absorbing as much of the layout as you could.

**Bucky’s POV**

Bucky watched as you vanished behind the door.

“Shit,” he mumbled to himself, taking a look at his leg. He clamped his right hand over his thigh, attempting to stop the blood flowing out of it. You had good aim— you’d missed everything that would cause him any real damage. He knew he would be in a dire spot if he wasn’t an enhanced human, though, and it still hurt like a son of a bitch.

“Bucky, report. I heard a gunshot over the comms,” came Steve’s voice from the communication device in Bucky’s ear.

“She shot me in the thigh. You guys have to get here quick, or we’ll never find her,” he groaned into the comms.

“She shot you? Damn, I like this girl,” said Sam. Over the background roar of Sam’s suit he could hear Sam chuckling to himself.

“Are you ok?” asked Steve, voice laced with obvious worry.

“Yes, mom, I’m fine. She missed all the important bits,” he said, groaning in pain as he stood up.

“What’s your location?” Steve asked, attempting to get a grasp of the situation.

“I’m in the hangar next to my bike. Usual spot. She took off deeper into the compound. West Wing door,” Bucky told them, grunting as he slowly hobbled towards the door you had disappeared through.

“I’ll get her,” came Wanda’s voice over the comms.

“Stay put, Buck, I’m headed to you,” Steve said.

“Negative, I’m going after her,” Bucky said, jawline set in a determined grimace.

“What’s your location?” Steve said incredulously.

“I’m almost there. Stay put, you stubborn jerk,” Steve said, sounding just as determined as Bucky felt. He could hear the huge ramp being lowered all the way at the top of the tunnel. After a moment he could hear Steve’s bike racing down the ramp.

“We’re going to lose her, punk” Bucky said back angrily. He pulled the west wing door open, leaving a bloody hand print behind.

“We won’t lose her,” came Steve’s voice from behind Bucky. He hadn’t even heard Steve pull into the bunker. “Come on, pal. We need to get you into medical. You look terrible,” he said, throwing Bucky’s right arm over his shoulder. “FRIDAY, let the med team know Bucky’s on his way. He’s been shot in the right thigh,” Steve said to the VI Tony had installed.

“Right away, Captain Rogers,” came FRIDAY’s Irish brogue over the speakers. “What should I do
about our guest running around the facility, sir?"

“Keep her inside, FRIDAY. Lock down the elevators and once Wanda’s inside, seal the doors to the outside. Keep Wanda updated on her status,” Steve said, hauling Bucky in the direction of the medical ward. “Sam, I want you patrolling outside just in case she makes her way out of the compound.” Sam confirmed the order and Steve turned his attention back to Bucky.

“She’s in the west stair well, sir,” FRIDAY informed them. “Ms. Maximoff should intercept her shortly.”

“I have to get to her,” Bucky groaned, rallying the last of his strength.

“You have to get your leg taken care of, Buck,” Steve said, hauling him through the double sliding doors and into the medical ward. Nurses met them at the door with a gurney and Steve hauled his friend up onto it. Bucky mumbled objections, attempting to get back off it, but he was so weak it was easy for Steve to keep him down.

“We’ll get her, Bucky. I promise,” Steve said, clasping a hand on Bucky’s right shoulder. Bucky stared seriously back into his friend’s eyes. Steve’s gaze turned pleading and Bucky relented, nodding his head tersely once. Steve nodded back before he turned on his heel, taking off in the direction FRIDAY directed him.

“You better bring her back safely, punk,” Bucky murmured, finally throwing himself backwards onto the gurney and allowing himself to be wheeled off to a white, sterilized surgery room.

Your POV

As you suspected, the base followed some sort of safety codes. Glowing, albeit subtle, EXIT signs hung above certain doorways. If you had to guess, you’d say this place was big enough that it was easy to get lost in. You’d finally found a staircase, though. You had passed an elevator along the way, but didn’t bother. Elevators could be locked down.

“I must ask that you go no further,” came a female voice from somewhere around you. You froze, whirling around to find the source, but there was no one in the area. “Please wait here until Ms. Maximoff or Captain Rogers comes to get you,” said the voice again. You finally figured out where the source was- a speaker in the ceiling.

“Not gonna happen,” you panted, continuing your sprint up the stairs.

“I was afraid you would say that,” said the voice again. “Just so you know, there are ten more floors and I’ve sealed the doors to the outside,” it said matter-of-factly.

You groaned. “Great, now I have to find a way to override that, too,” you said, taking the stairs two at a time.

“I doubt you can hack into my mainframe. I’m a highly advanced interface designed by Mr. Tony Stark,” said the voice, sounding infuriatingly superior even though it was a glorified text to speech program.

“We’ll see about that,” you said as you reached yet another level.

“I’m afraid we won’t. I’ve been distracting you,” said the voice again. You froze, panting hard.

“Distracting me? What for?” you said, looking around suspiciously.
“She asked me to,” said the voice.

You whirled around and your heart nearly beat out of your chest. Where there had been no one a moment before, Wanda Maximoff now stood.

Originally posted by spangledshield

“I’m very sorry about this,” she said, eyes faintly glowing red. You turned on your heels to run but didn’t make it more than a half step before red mist engulfed you. You felt something enter your consciousness. Before everything went black, you felt a pair of large, muscular arms catch you and caught a glimpse of deep navy, red, and white.

You awoke slowly to the sound of bickering. One of your eyes cracked open, only for you to close it quickly again against the blinding fluorescent light.

“She’s not a prisoner, Steve,” said one of the voices angrily.

“She did shoot you,” came a female voice.

“We should throw her a party for that one, actually,” came another male voice, sounding distinctly amused.

“She could escape without even being seen, Buck” said a fourth voice, calmer than the first.

“FRIDAY can lock the base down at a moment’s notice,” said the first voice, sounding exasperated.

“Is that before or after she shoots us out of fear or anger?” said the second voice, sounding less amused at that prospect.

“Although I don’t agree with Sam completely, he’s right. I accidentally looked into her head when I knocked her out. She doesn’t trust us. She… doesn’t remember anything from before her years as a Hydra experiment. She also thinks we’re just as corrupt as Hydra… myself and Barnes especially,” said the female. She almost whispered the last part.

There was a tense silence that followed and your brain caught back up with the recent events. You seethed. You were in an Avengers base. They had caught you. Again.

“And why would I trust you?” You said, sitting up slowly. There was a thick pane of glass between you and them. You stared directly at the four of them but out of the corner of your eye you spotted a
sturdy looking door. Definitely locked. The room was sparse. It held only a bed and a small closed off section you assumed held a toilet. “If I’m not mistaken, I’ve been kidnapped,” you said, glaring at them.

“Y/N-” Barnes began, but you cut him off.

“How do you know my name? I’ve never once used it since coming to the U.S.,” you said, sliding off the bed and stalking towards the glass. You stared the large, brown-haired man down. He opened his mouth to answer, but was cut off by Captain Rogers.

“You were being followed by Hydra. We’ve been tracking their communications. They were going in for the kill with the intention of stealing all of the information on your current case afterwards,” the Captain said. You caught the change of subject, but let it slide. It seemed the Captain didn’t want you to know the answer to that particular question. Barnes seemed more inclined to talk about it. You would have to get him alone later.

“What does Hydra want with a 25 year old computer nerd and sleazy business man?” You asked, turning your body slightly to address the Captain.

The four threw quick glances at each other- an exchange that didn’t go unnoticed by you. There was a brief pause before Steve spoke again.

“He works for us, now. Hydra tried to kill him after they were done using his skills. He gave us all the information he had on Hydra in exchange for protection for him and his family,” Rogers explained, looking almost apologetic. “They knew you were looking for him too, and thought you might have a lead on him. I don’t think they know who you really are, though.”

“And you do?” You said, raising and eyebrow. “Ha! So that’s why all of my leads vanished into thin air! I was working against SHIELD and Hydra. Shit,” You said, dissolving into a slightly hysterical fit of giggles. “All of this time I’ve been hiding from you bastards, only to take the one case that was sure to make you both come running.” You groaned, running a hand down your face in exasperation. “And let me guess,” you said, cocking a hip and staring them down, “You’re on some high horse about trying to keep me safe from Hydra?” You looked at them all individually. They wouldn’t hold your stare. Barnes turned away quickest of all. “Did you ever stop to consider maybe the ones I need to be kept safe from are you? Last time I checked, bringing an ‘ex-Hydra’ tech genius into your mist didn’t turn out so well for you. Or did I get that information wrong?”

It was so silent you could’ve heard a pin drop.

“Let me out,” you said, glaring at the Captain. Your voice was deadly calm and cold. Ice, ready to crack and plunge them all into the freezing depths below.

“We can’t do that,” said Rogers, voice strained. He set his jaw in a hard line.

“You can’t keep me in here like a prisoner,” you said, staring at the Witch and the Soldier. Her face twisted in regret and he was determined to avoid your gaze.

“She’s right, you know-” the Falcon began, but Steve cut him off.

“You know we can’t let her go yet, Sam,” Steve said, turning to Sam and sighing heavily.

“I’m just saying, she’s got a point,” he said, leaning against the wall across from the glass observation panel.

“Are you the Good Cop?” you asked, looking at Sam. “Does that make the rest of you Murder Cop,
Ironic Cop, and Freaky Cop?” You said, staring at Bucky, Steve, and Wanda in turn.

“Ha. I get it. Ironic Cop. Because he’s Captain America but he’s not letting you go free,” Sam said, smiling slightly. Bucky turned and glared at Sam. “Don’t look at me like that, Murder Cop. It’s true,” Sam said, grinning even wider as Bucky’s scowl deepened.

“Excuse me, there’s an urgent notification for all of you,” FRIDAY’s voice spoke over the intercom, breaking up the tension in the room slightly.

“What is it, FRIDAY?” Steve asked, turning towards the door.

“Don’t you dare leave me in here,” you said as menacingly as you could.

“A small number of Hydra agents have been spotted in the city. Their movements lead us to believe that they know where we’ve placed the protected agent and his family,” you heard FRIDAY say. Steve turned back to you, then glanced at his team.

“Sam and I will handle Hydra. Wanda, Bucky, you stay here and… try to explain this mess,” Steve said and turned to walk out, but Bucky grabbed Steve’s arm with his metal one.

“It’s too early. We can’t tell her anything until we know what they did to her brain,” Bucky said under his breath. You barely heard his words, but pretended not to, scowling at them evenly.

You knew Hydra messed with your brain- you couldn’t remember details of your life before your capture and experimentation at Hydra’s hands. There was only the pain, the experiments, and the cold, tiny cell. You left your past in your past and worked on building a future instead. You had once wondered what your life had been like before Hydra had abducted you, but you had long accepted you’d never get those memories back.

“That’s why I’m leaving Wanda with you. She might be able to help. Like you, she also might understand what (Y/N)’s been through,” Steve said, giving his friend a look you couldn’t read. They had a nonverbal conversation before Bucky dropped his arm. Steve left the viewing room quickly, Sam trailing behind. The Falcon waved cheerily before he left.
“See you later, Cuttlefish!” he said, smiling at your scowl at his use of a nickname. The door whooshed shut after he left, leaving a tense silence in his wake.

“So, where d’you want to start?” Bucky asked, pulling up two chairs for himself and Wanda.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escapes without being seen when the Avengers attack the Hydra compound she’s been kept in for the last 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She’s been caught by the Avengers and is left alone with the Winter Soldier and the Scarlet Witch. She’s knows they’re keeping secrets from her. It’s time to find out what those secrets are.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: language (swearing), violence/fighting, traumatic past, slow burn, angst, some fluff
A/N: Oh god I feel so bad for being mean to Wanda. I lover her so much. It'll get better between them, I promise. Also, things I never thought I’d be doing: Looking up 40's slang at midnight. Cookie is apparently a term referring to a cute girl.
Translations: кукла - doll
“No,” you said before they had a chance to take their seats.

“No?” Wanda asked, raising her eyebrow quizzically at you. Bucky looked at you questioningly.

“No?” you said obstinately, glaring at Wanda. She turned to look at Bucky who shrugged at her, looking just as confused as she did. “I don’t want you here,” you said, putting venom behind your words. You walked up to the glass and stared her down. “I don’t trust someone who would go to Hydra willingly,” you said, nearly spitting with rage. Her face remained impassive, but she looked at Bucky who seemed to deliberate for a moment. Ever so slightly, he nodded his head towards the door, and that was all the cue Wanda needed. She walked towards the exit, but stopped before just leaving

“You don’t know anything about me, (Y/N). You don’t know what you’re talking about,” she said sadly before leaving.

And then there were two.

You turned your attention back to the Winter Soldier who you found studying you closely with an expression you couldn’t quite place.

“I don’t trust you, either. Maybe even less than I trust her,” you said, sitting back on your bed and staring down the Soldier. “At least her mind is her own.”

“I’m not like that anymore,” he said quietly, voice tinged with something close to shame.

“How can you be so sure?” you asked incredulously.
He took a deep breath and sighed before speaking. “I suppose I can’t be.” You sneered at him and opened your mouth to speak, but he cut you off. “Either you trust me to answer your questions or you don’t,” he said. He shifted in his seat and you noticed the bandages on his thigh.

“You’re up and walking pretty soon after taking a bullet to the leg,” you said, nodding to his bandages.

“Didn’t think you cared,” he said, eyes turning cold and distant.

Something in your chest twisted uncomfortably.

“I…” your words die on your lips, the thought lost somewhere between your brain and your tongue.

He didn’t seem to hear you. “You had questions?” he asked, reclining in his chair.

“Why am I being held captive here?” you said, crossing your arms against your chest.

“Hydra is after you,” he stated simply. You scoffed.

“Please. I can hide from Hydra. The only reason any of you found me was because of that stupid case,” you said angrily. “You’re O for one on the whole ‘telling the truth’ thing so far, Soldat,” you hissed the last word.

“Don’t call me that,” he spat. “I’m not the Asset. I haven’t been for a long time now,” he said, leaning forward. His shoulders tensed as if preparing to fight.

“Then start telling the truth,” you said, glaring at him. His anger fueled yours.

He let out a long breath. “Fine, Doll,” he said resignedly. There it was again. The feeling you couldn’t quite place in your chest. It happened whenever he called you that. It scared you.

“Don’t call me that,” you breathed. He looked up at you, eyebrows knitted in confusion. He studied your face carefully and you coached it back into passivity. “I won’t call you Soldat if you don’t call me Doll. Deal?” you said, glaring at him.

He continued to study your face for a moment before nodding. “Deal… кукла,” he said as he grinned mischievously at you from under his long lashes.

You glared daggers at him as the feeling in your chest returned stronger than ever. “I hate you, Soldier.”

He just smirked back at you. “The real reason we’re keeping you here? Well… I suppose you’d have to answer a question for me first,” he said, eyeing you closely as though he already knew you wouldn’t like what he just said.

It just pissed you off more. “That wasn’t part of the deal,” you said as you brought your feet up onto the bed and crossed your legs in front of you.

“It’s easier to figure out what I need to tell you if I know what needs to be filled in first, sweetheart,” he said, barely holding back the exasperation in his tone.

It was your turn to study his face closely. “Fine, ask,” you said, planting your elbows on your knees and resting your head on your interwoven fingers.

“What’s your oldest memory?” He asked quietly.
“I don’t see how that’s relevant,” you said, standing suddenly to glare at him.

“I promise it is, Cookie,” he said evenly.

You flipped him off at the use of the pet name. He just snorted and waited for you to decide if you’d speak or not. You stared evenly at him. They had no way of knowing you’d been a Hydra prisoner, but between your outburst at Wanda earlier, the snippets of their conversations you overheard, and the way they were treating you, you had a feeling they knew. You began pacing as you spoke and his eyes followed you around the room.

“As far as I know, my oldest memory is waking up in a Hydra facility around six years ago,” you said, fighting back a shudder at the thought of your horrid times in the prison. “But it’s hard to tell time in that place. It could have been longer. It could have been shorter,” you looked down at your lap and did your best to suppress the memories.

“I was afraid of that,” he said, running a hand over his face, a heavy sigh leaving his lips. You stopped pacing and stared at him, waiting. “We’re keeping you here in the hopes that you’ll let us help you bring your memories back. Similar to how I got back mine. There’s no guarantee it’ll work, but we’re all willing to try if you are.”

You searched his face for any trace of deceit, but saw none. “Why go so far for me?” you ask, eyeing him suspiciously.

He chuckled. “Well, now, that is a difficult question. I suppose I’ll answer it with a truth you’ll actually believe: You deserve to know about your past if you want to.”

“Delicate phrasing there, Soldier,” you said as you narrowed your eyes at him.

He snorted. “We’re not going to hurt you. We only want to help you, if you want it. I can’t tell you everything… not until you get your memories back. You wouldn’t believe me-”

“Try me,” you said, cutting him off. It didn’t escape his notice that the last time you’d said that, he’d wound up with a bullet in his leg shortly after.

He studied you closely- silently- for a minute that stretched into a small eternity before speaking.

“I knew you. Before your last known memory. You were an agent of Hydra before you were their guinea pig.” Seeing the horrified look on your face, he raised a hand to stem the flow of the would-be torrent of questions and comments. “No, you weren’t there by choice. You had been brainwashed, just like me. You were trained to be a spy for them. You specialized in infiltration and information gathering. You were sent on many high-profile cases. Your gifts were powerful even before their… experiments. They paired us together often- you would infiltrate and gather information on my target- make my path to them easier, and I would assassinate them.” His face twisted in regret so strong it looked painful. “You’d get out easily by just changing your appearance. It worked well… Hydra kept us together as a team for that very reason for years.” He finished, regret for his actions clear in his voice.

You fell back down onto your bed in an unsightly heap, world crashing down around you. You’d been a prisoner of Hydra for even longer than you’d known- if not in body, then in mind. You wanted to yell at him and tell him it wasn’t true, but you couldn’t do it. A pressure was building at the base of your skull. It got worse with everything he said. A nagging voice in the back of your mind told you he wasn’t lying. It explained so much about being a P.I. the last year and a half. Why you picked it up so quickly and were so damn good at it. It was second nature to you- it was subconscious. A ringing filled your ears. The pressure in your head was almost unbearable. You
barely registered Bucky getting up out of his chair and asking if you were alright.

“Why did I become an experiment?” you barely registered the words as they left your mouth. All at once the ringing stopped and the pressure in your skull left as though it was never there. To your dismay you realized you’d been crying. You swiped the tears away quickly with the sleeve of your long white shirt.

“What?” Bucky asked, looking at you in dismay. He eyed the door to your room and you could tell he was thinking of opening it so he could enter. Something inside you wanted him to. You hoped he didn’t. You didn’t know what that part of you would do if he did.

You stared at your hands. “Why did they start experimenting on me, Bucky?” you asked as you looked up and into his eyes as you said his name. You swore he stopped breathing when his name left your lips. His metal hand clenched into a fist at his side.

“I don’t know,” he said, his breathing uneven.

He’s lying, you thought to yourself as you looked back down into your lap.

But you nodded anyway.

“That explains why you know my name,” you said with a sigh.

He nodded again, grateful for the change in subject.

“Everyone else. They know? Is that why The Falcon called me Cuttlefish?” you said, already knowing the answer.

“Yeah,” he said. You glanced back up at him. He had schooled his expression back into a calm demeanor, but you could tell he was still tightly wound under his calm facade.

“You told them.” It wasn’t a question.

“Yes.”

“Why?” you asked, not understanding.

He shuffled his feet subconsciously. “Two reasons. One, I know what you’re capable of. I didn’t want my friends to be caught unawares. You weren’t trained for combat like I was, but you’re still deadly. Especially in close quarters. The second reason… I wanted them to understand why I want to help you,” He said, looking at you, his eyes pleading for you to understand.

You sat in silence for a while, mulling over everything he’d said. “Do you have any proof? That you knew me?” You asked, side-eyeing him from your bed.

“None. You’re a ghost. Even I don’t know the name you used before Hydra abducted you, and your appearance changed enough that suspicion was never thrown your way. Unlike me, your tracks throughout the events of recent history are well covered. Hydra burned your files when we took the base you were being held at- the paranoid bastards didn’t keep digital files.” He paused for a moment before continuing. “I thought I was too late to save anyone,” he said so quietly you almost didn’t hear.

“I know. I heard you say that to the Captain that day,” you said, staring at him.

He looked at you in surprise. “You were there? I saw your name on the door, but… the cell was
empty and half torn up by gunfire,” he said, confusion lining his features.

“I was camouflaged,” you said, raising an eyebrow at him.

“Camouflaged?” he asked, taking a step towards the glass. “What do you mean?”

“You mean I couldn’t do it when I was working with you?” you asked, head tilting slightly as you stared at him in confusion. “Your story is sounding more fishy by the second, Soldier.”

“Show me,” he said. He sounded grim.

“No,” you said with a snort.

“Come on, sweetheart. I just wanna know if I’ve ever seen you do it before,” he said in the most persuasive voice he could muster.

You leveled your steely gaze at him, refusing to budge.

“C’mon I’ve seen you change your appearance countless times. This isn’t a huge deal,” he said, leaning a shoulder against the glass and gave you what you assumed he thought was a winning smile.

You groaned inwardly. He would keep this up until you did it, wouldn’t he? Yes, he would, as evidenced by the continuous stream of “please’s” and “C’mon’s” and even an “I’m just curious” thrown in for good measure and “sweetheart”s sprinkled on top. You focused your power. This would be easy- the entire room, from ceiling to floor, was a sterile white. Your skin, eyes, and hair prickled as you turned as white as the sheet your were on top of. You turned back to your usual coloring half a second later. If he had blinked he would have missed it. You looked up at him and you knew he hadn’t.

His eyes were almost comically wide, and his mouth was slightly open. He had stopped in mid sentence.

“Yeah, no. That’s new,” he said after what felt like an eternity. “I can see how we missed you at the base… Why did you hide?”

You merely snorted in response.

“Right, yeah. The Winter Soldier. But you didn’t show yourself even when Steve showed up? Why?” he asked, raising an eyebrow at you.

“I heard things while I was being held there. I knew SHIELD had been infiltrated by Hydra. Captain America showing up with the Winter Soldier confirmed any suspicions I had at the time,” you said, thinking back to that day. It was the day you almost died, but also the day you had miraculously gotten your freedom back.

“But… I saved you. You never asked yourself who killed those guards shooting up your cell?” He asked quietly. That gave you pause. No, you’d never questioned who’d shot them. You just knew that they and the horrible doctor who conducted those vile experiments on you were dead.

“That was you?” you asked, eyeing him cautiously.

He held your gaze and gave you a single, tight nod.

“… Thank you,” you said, giving him a tiny, genuine smile.
His face lit up in a way you couldn’t comprehend and the light you saw leave earlier came back full force. “Any time, sweetheart,” he said, cracking a cautious but equally genuine smile.

Originally posted by whatwasdead

“Will you let me- us help you?” he said, looking at you hopefully.

You thought about it hard for a moment. “Yes,” you said quietly. His grin turned into a full-blown smile. It was dazzling. You looked away quickly but still felt heat creep up your neck.

“You won’t regret this,” he said, taking a step back from the glass.

You looked over at him. He was still smiling warmly, albeit not as widely as before. “I’m still stuck in this room though, aren’t I?” you said, narrowing your eyes at him.

He had the decency to look sheepish and scratched the back of his head and neck guiltily. “Oh yeah, 100%,” he said, holding back a laugh at your venomous glare.

“Can I at least get a book or something?” you said, gesturing to your tiny, barren room. “And maybe an extra blanket?” you added on as an afterthought.

“Sure thing, Dollface,” he said, grinning wickedly at you. You opened your mouth to protest, but he beat you to it. “Hey, technically it’s not ‘Doll.’ Or would you prefer кукла?” He asked, watching you closely for your reaction.
It took everything you had to keep your face impassive. The pressure in the base of your skull returned when he used the nickname, and you gritted your teeth.

“Dollface is fine. Just go get my shit, please,” you said, your tone giving away your internal struggle.

He nodded, grinning deviously. “If you have any questions or need anything, ask FRIDAY. If you need me or the team for whatever reason, just tell her and she’ll let us know,” he said, sparing you one last glance over his shoulder before he walked out the doors of the observation room.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She’s been caught by the Avengers. After a long and painful conversation with the Winter Soldier, she accepts his help in getting her memories from before 6 ½ years ago back. She also suspects he’s hiding something from her.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: language (always), violence/fighting, traumatic past (mentions of torture/experimentation), slow burn, angst, fluff, delicious breakfast food
(Rough) Translations:
Bonne apétit, garçons - enjoy the meal, boys
кукла - doll
Спасибо за еду - thanks for the meal
A/N: A huge thank you to everyone liking and reblogging my posts <3 This is my first big fic and the support feels awesome. You’re all amazing!
Also, this chapter = poor confused baby Bucky…. and sorry for shooting him in the leg earlier, but babe’s strong. he can take it.
To your surprise, it wasn’t Bucky who returned with the blanket and entertainment. You were pacing your room, your thoughts wandering, when Wanda poked her head in the door. She saw you staring at her with a raised eyebrow and walked in, smiling tentatively.

“Hey,” you said cautiously, not entirely sure where you stood with the woman after your comments earlier.

“Hey, (Y/N),” she responded with a small smile.

There was an awkward pause.

“I, uh, hope you like romance novels. They’re most of what I own,” she said, nodding to the small pile of books in her arms that teetered precariously on top of a fuzzy-looking fuchsia blanket.

You thought back to the bookshelves at your apartment, overburdened with romance novels. You could find the books littering every surface of the tiny apartment. “Yeah, that’ll do, I guess,” you said, cheeks burning.

Wanda gave you a crooked smile as though she could tell what was going through your head. You realized she very well might. If she did, though, she didn’t let on. She pressed a button on the wall that you couldn’t see and a small 8inx8in square hole in the wall opened at about chest height next to you. She passed the books and blanket to you through it.

“This one’s my favorite,” she said, handing you a well-loved book with a particularly muscular, oiled-up, bare-chested man on the cover.

“Yeah, Jean Lancaster is a literary genius,” you said, smiling fondly at the book. You had a brief moment of oblivious bliss before your eyes widened comically in horror, hand flying up to cover your big dumb mouth.

Wanda laughed at your reaction. Hard. You briefly considered crawling into the darkest hole you could find and never coming out. But Wanda’s laughter was contagious, and you soon found yourself laughing along, books and blanket forgotten on your bed.

To your horror, Bucky chose that time to walk into the observation room.
“What’s going on in here? I could hear you both down the hall-” he paused as he took in the sight in front of him. Wanda was almost red in the face from laughing so hard, tears forming at the corners of her eyes. Your head whipped around to Wanda, your slightly puffy, watery eyes pleading. The look on your face sent her off into another fit of hysterical giggles.

“Wanda?” he asked, completely taken aback.

“Wanda,” you whined, your voice pleading.

With what you assumed was immense difficulty, she managed to get a few words out. You strained to hear them between the giggles.

“It’s’ok, Bucky. Just bonding,” she said, throwing you a devious smirk. You shushed her as subtly as you could. Bucky looked between the two of you, the confusion on his face as clear as day. She rolled her eyes at him. “Out, you big oaf. We’re going to have girl talk,” she said, pushing him towards the door.

“But-” he began, but she gave him a shove out the door.

“I said girl talk, Barnes!” she said with pseudo anger. He whirled around to protest, but she simply waved at him happily as the doors shut in his face. “Keep him out for a while, please, FRIDAY,” she said, turning back to you.

“As you wish, Ms. Maximoff,” FRIDAY said. You heard the door lock with a surprisingly loud thunk.

“So, lovely weather we’re having, eh?” you grinned nervously at her.

“No, no. We’re talking about this. You’re not getting out of this conversation by changing the subject,” she said, pulling a chair up to the large glass wall.

You groaned and plopped down on your bed. “Alright, which series are we starting with?” you asked her, resigning yourself to your fate.

She grinned happily at you before spurring onward into a tirade so impressive you thought it had to be rehearsed.

Originally posted by thespoilerwitchblog

You talked with Wanda about romance novels for hours. You discussed your favorite authors and
the best plot twists of each of your favorite books. You both commiserated over how much you hated badly written doe-eyed heroines with no backbone. There may or may not have been slight squealing over certain muscle-bound heroes you both liked. You debated on whether modern day romances were better, or if tragedy in classics like Romeo and Juliet were what made a romance truly great. Bucky had come by and dropped dinner off for the both of you. You both gave him distracted “thank you”’s before returning to your debate. While you ate, however, your conversation lulled.

“I’m sorry,” you said quietly, in between mouthfuls of mashed potatoes.

She looked up from her meal at you and smiled softly. She didn’t need to ask what you were talking about. “It’s alright,” she said before she took a bite of chicken. She grimaced at how dry it was a took a sip of the orange juice Bucky had brought you with your meals.

“Please tell me,” you said, braver than you felt. You nearly shriveled under the look she gave you.

She assessed you coolly before speaking.

“Are you sure? It’s not a happy story.”

“I never thought it was. It must have been awful for Hydra to seem like an improvement…” you say meekly, not wanting your words to be taken as a challenge.

She sighed deeply and took another sip of orange juice. She gazed at you over the glass before setting it down.

Then, she told you everything.

She told you about her family that lived a hard but happy life together in Sokovia. Of the fighting that claimed her parents’ lives and nearly claimed her and her brother’s. How their thirst for vengeance against Tony Stark had driven them to nearly destroy the world. She told you, finally, of how her brother died on the floating death rock that was Sokovia, protecting Hawkeye and a small boy. She got very quiet at the last part. You could see it in her eyes- she was years and a thousand miles away, back in Sokovia.

“I’m sorry,” you croaked out. Your voice snapped her out of her reverie and she gave you a weak smile.

“You didn’t have to start crying, you know,” she said in a teasing tone that couldn’t quite hide how sad she sounded. You were crying? You reached up and felt your cheek. Yup, those were tears. You’d begun crying without even realizing it.

“I’m horrible for saying those things to you,” you said, rubbing your tears away with your sleeved arm.

“You didn’t know… and I’ve made plenty of mistakes. Mistakes I have to live with for the rest of my life. I suppose what I’m trying to say is: Don’t worry about it,” she said, smiling fondly at you.

You nodded, not trusting your voice to keep from cracking.

“Miss Maximoff, I’m sorry to interrupt ‘girl time,’ but Captain Rogers and Mister Wilson are back from their mission and request your presence for debriefing,” FRIDAY’s voice said over the room’s speaker system.

“Tell them I’ll be there in a moment, please, FRIDAY,” Wanda said to the VI.

“Right away, Miss Maximoff,” it responded.
“Duty calls,” she said as she got up and stretched, stiff from sitting for so long. “Are you done with your dinner?” she asked, motioning to the mostly empty plate in your lap.

You shoveled one last massive spoonful of mashed potatoes into your mouth and swallowed. “I am now,” you said, grinning impishly.

“Gross,” she said, smiling at you. “I’ll take it back with me,” she said, pressing the button to open up the hole in the wall. You stuck your plate through and she placed it and her glass on top of her own.

“Thanks,” you said, smiling up at her.

“Hey, what are friends for?” she said, smiling back. She looked pointedly at the books, then winked at you. “Enjoy.”

You groaned. “I hate you,” you said halfheartedly, unable to fight back a half smile.

“No you don’t,” she said cheerily as she walked out of the room, doors shutting firmly behind her.

You sighed and carefully arranged Wanda’s books into a neat pile next to your bed. You absently wondered what time it was. There wasn’t a clock or window in your tiny room-cell. You laid back on your bed, snuggling up under the white and fuchsia blankets. It could be any time of the day, but you weren’t tired. You picked up a book and started reading.

You awoke to the sound of the doors to the observation room opening. You groaned, rubbing the sleep out of your eyes. You must have been more tired than you thought. You’d fallen asleep two and a half chapters into The Contest. It was such a racy read- you didn’t even think it was possible to fall asleep reading it.

You closed the book, put it down, and looked to see who had deemed you worthy of visiting.

You weren’t that surprised to see Bucky, but Steve standing there surprised you. ”And to what do I owe the pleasure, fellas?” you asked, watching them suspiciously.

“Bucky told me about you accepting our help. Wanda- though she won’t go into any specifics- has decided you’re most likely not a flight risk anymore,” Steve said, staring at you evenly. He paused. “Are you?” he asked, raising an eyebrow at you.

“That depends on whether or not you try to feed me that bone dry chicken again or not,” you said, smirking. “It was like eating chicken-flavored sand.”

Bucky and the Cap smiled in unison, but Steve tried to look serious halfway through. It didn’t work, and your grin widened.

You let the joke sit for a moment before you sobered. “I’ll stick around for a while, Captain. Until this whole Hydra shittstorm blows over. Besides,” you said, glancing at Bucky, “I’ve gotten a very interesting proposal.”

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“Please, call me Steve,” he said as he tapped away at the screen of a panel you couldn’t see in front of him. A loud clunk to your left caught your attention. The door was ever so slightly ajar now. You looked back at them incredulously. You pointed at it and raised an eyebrow in question. Bucky snorted, smiling, and Steve smiled and nodded.

“FREEDOM!” you screeched, yanking the door open and throwing yourself bodily into the corridor. The super soldiers followed you into the hallway, alarmed. You ran down it, relishing the ability to
move more than six feet in any one direction. They jogged after you, still confused. You suddenly whirled around to face them. “Kitchen,” you said simply. They pointed down the hallway. You sprinted down it.

As you came upon an intersection, Bucky yelled to you. “Left,” he said, finally catching up to you. But you were off again in a flash. He gestured helplessly at you to Steve who seemed amused by the whole situation. Bucky groaned and jogged after you, slowed down by his only mostly-healed leg, Steve trailing closely behind.

By the time they’d arrived in kitchen, you’d already searched through most of the cupboards for the things you needed.

“Communal food rules?” you asked without looking at them as you continued to ransack the pantry.

“It’s open for everyone to use unless there’s a name on it. Never touch the prime cuts of steak, though. Sam forgets to write his name on them a lot and he’ll attempt to kill you if you eat ‘em,” Bucky said, leaning against the door frame as he watched you work.

“That’s only you, Bucky. He only gives the rest of us the cold shoulder for a day or two if we eat them,” Steve said, smiling at his friends’ shenanigans. He walked into the kitchen and sat on a stool at the island. Bucky followed his lead and sat down next to him.

“I’m beginning to think he doesn’t like me very much,” Bucky said, sarcasm dripping from every word.

“What gave it away?” Steve asked, matching his sarcastic tone.

Bucky was about to respond, but you spoke before he could.

“What do you guys like in your pancakes?” you ask, having found a huge bowl and pancake mix.

“Banana,” said Bucky without skipping a beat.

“Blueberry,” Steve said just after that.

You nodded.

“Eggs?” you asked after you located a nice non-stick pan under the counter.

“Over-easy,” they both said in unison. You chuckled and nodded.

“Got it,” you said.

While the pans heated and fruit prepped, you portioned out the pancake mix, adding banana slices to one third, blueberries to another, and cinnamon and a handful of chocolate chips to the last. You pulled out the carton of eggs and a stick of butter.

“So I hate to ask- I don’t want to lose my homemade breakfast privileges- but what brought this on? Are you just really hungry?” Steve asked, watching you work with interest.

“She loves breakfast food,” Bucky said, smiling faintly as he watched you work.

You froze for a second- not long enough for them to notice. How did he know that? That wasn’t something many people knew about you, and he said it like it was as plain as day. If he was to be believed, your relationship with him during your time as a spy for Hydra was professional (not to mention very, very evil). Were you even yourself while you were brainwashed? Did your love of
breakfast food somehow transcend brainwashing? Or was there something he wasn’t telling you?

“Who doesn’t love breakfast food?” you said as cheerfully as you could manage. Neither Steve nor Bucky seemed to notice anything off about your tone. They were too enraptured by the food cooking on the stove.

“Amen to that,” Bucky said, watching as you flipped the pancakes perfectly. In between flipping enormous pancakes and their over-easy eggs, you pulled out three huge plates. As the food finished cooking, you tossed it onto their plates, doing increasingly difficult flips as you went. A behind-the-back-halfway-across-the-kitchen-pancake-flip earned a low, impressed whistle from Bucky and a round of applause from Steve. You finished scrambling your eggs and shoveled them from the pan onto your plate. You grabbed syrup and whipped cream from the fridge and placed them on the counter, set your plate down, and took a seat next to Bucky at the kitchen island.

“Thanks, (Y/N),” Steve said, lightly salting and pepperling his eggs.

“Bonne apétit, garçons,” you said, taking a moment to appreciate your handiwork.

To your shock, you realized your beautiful three-stack cinnamon-chocolate pancake pile had been infiltrated by a banana pancake. It sat smugly in the middle, taunting you. You realized Bucky must have swapped one of his for yours when you weren’t looking.

“Oi,” you said, turning to look at Bucky.

“Is there a problem, sweetheart?” he asked, smiling at you innocently.

You opened your mouth to say something, but then the smell hit you. Cinnamon-chocolate-banana perfection, sitting there on your plate. You closed your mouth and stared at the pancakes in awe.

“Nothing,” you said, throwing some softened butter onto your stack of pancakes. You heard him chuckle under his breath.

“Looks delicious, кукла. Спасибо за еду,” Bucky said as he reached for the syrup at the same time you did. Your hands collided midair.

And just like that, it felt like the world exploded around you. The only thing you felt before the world went black was the rending pain in your head. You swore your head was collapsing in on itself.
Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She was caught by the Avengers but decided to stay with them and agreed to let them help her retrieve her lost memories. She was finally let out of her small prison when disaster struck.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Language, violence/fighting, traumatic past (mentions of torture/experimentation), angst, slow burn
(Rough) Translations:
кукла - doll
Спасибо за еду - thanks for the meal
Беспокойся о себе, Captain - Worry about yourself, Captain
проникнувший! Стоп! - Infiltrator! Stop!
“Are you in position?” you asked him as you adjusted the tiny comm in your ear.

“Affirmative. Proceed as planned,” came a deep voice on the other end of the line.

“Understood, Soldat,” you said, checking your appearance in the mirror one last time. Today you looked like Therese, a woman who had seduced one of the highest-ranking officials invited to the minister’s private gala. Little did that official know you’d seduced or tricked nearly every other politically important man present, along with a few choice guards. However, only Therese’s lover was able to get her an invitation to the extravagant, well-guarded party.

Satisfied with your appearance, you looked up at the driver and nodded at him. He nodded back.

“Hail Hydra,” he said.

“Hail Hydra,” you responded mechanically before you stepped out of the beautiful limousine, long burgundy silk dress trailing after you. The sweetheart neckline complimented your features perfectly and showcased a beautiful diamond necklace. Therese was a wealthy woman, indeed. The general you’d seduced had a kink for women with power of any kind, especially monetary power. Matching earrings dangled from your ears and your hair was pulled up into complicated twists that sat in an elegant heap on top of your head. You held a matching burgundy clutch in your hands, its surface studded with beautiful clear crystals. Your makeup was flawless— it was actually your powers tinting your skin color in strategic places.

You were breathtaking.

You spotted the general waiting at the top of the stairs for you. He’d been fidgeting and had a dour look on his face. He turned to look at you as the men around him made a commotion at your sudden appearance and his jaw dropped. He practically skipped down the stairs to take your arm and walk you to the door.

“Such a gentleman,” you said, sending a brilliant–if not a little saucy–smile his way.

“O-Of course. Anything for the lady,” he said, passing the invitations to the heavily armed guards at the doors. They took a quick peek into your clutch and gave the general a quick pat-down before they nodded at the both of you, allowing you to pass. You entered the large mansion and let out a gasp for the general’s benefit.

It was decorated ostentatiously. The minister was a popular man in his country. People milled about, vying for political gain behind fake smiles and prettied words. You knew the game they played. You were a master of it.

You let the general lead you around by the arm for some time. He took great pride in showing you off and snuck covert glances at your chest and ass when he thought you weren’t looking. Eventually, you both mingled your way up to the fourth floor, where the minister had a string quartet and dance floor set up. The general asked you to dance and you accepted with a smile. Inside, you were less than thrilled. The man was such a bad dancer that it had been noted in your research on him.

The rumors were true. By the time the first dance was over he had stepped on your toes over a dozen times, muttering an apology each time it happened. You didn’t know how he could step on your feet–his eyes were downcast counting the steps under his breath the entire time. But his bumbling had given you time to look around the room without him watching you, so you counted it as worth the struggle.
You spotted a door guarded by a big burly man— one you knew well. It was one of the guards you had specifically sought out earlier for this exact purpose.

You excused yourself from the General’s company to “use the restroom.” He didn’t seem to want to let you out of his arms, though, so you whispered false promises of debauchery upon your return into his ear. He cleared his throat and readjusted his tie, letting you leave. For good measure, you winked suggestively at him as you sauntered away.

You went to the restroom and pulled off your long burgundy gown to reveal a short, form-fitting white dress with a black collar and bow. It perfectly matched the rest of the female servers’ at the party. You focused as you changed your appearance once again, making you nearly unrecognizable as Therese. You were Meghan now, a waitress who worked for a nice catering company that had met this specific guard by “coincidence” one night at his favorite bar.

“Commencing phase two,” you said into the comm after you ensured the bathroom was empty.

“I’ve set everything up. Awaiting your signal,” said the Winter Soldier.

“Understood,” you said, opening the door of your stall.

You shoved the burgundy gown into the trash bin on your way out and made your way towards your target. You saw the general across the room and smirked as he craned his neck, searching for you in the crowd.

You made your way over to the guard who looked surprised but ever so pleased to see you. You whispered a few choice words into his ear as you leaned up against him, shoving your chest against his. He gulped and looked up and down the hallway before quickly opening the door behind him with the keys on his belt. You sauntered in after him. He locked the door behind him and turned to you, a lust-filled look in his eyes.

He barely had time to register the foot flying towards his face before it connected with his temple, knocking him out cold. You ripped open the hidden pouch in your clutch and pulled out a syringe. It was tiny but was filled with concentrated tranquilizer. You pulled the cap off with your teeth and plunged the tiny needle into the man’s neck. He’d be asleep for a while.

You turned your back on him and to the room in front of you. It was the minister’s office, just like the blueprints and the gullible guard said it would be. You reached into the pouch in your clutch and pulled out a USB drive. You walked to the other side of the minister’s desk and connected it to his computer. While you waited for your program to crack the computer’s security codes and download the information you were looking for, you turned around and opened the large reinforced bullet-proof glass windows wide and took a deep breath of the cool city air. The program worked quickly— the USB flashed red as it finished.

“Information retrieved,” you said over the comms.

You pulled it out of the computer just as two men burst into the room, guns aimed at you. You simply stared them down as they yelled at you to put your hands up.

“Now,” said the voice in your ear, and you dropped to the ground between the desk and chair.
Before the men had time to react, they were taken out by two well-aimed shots to the head, grey matter painting the walls.

“There will be backup,” the Soldier said in your ear.

“There is always backup,” you said, glancing out the fourth story window. You saw the Soldier laying on a rooftop a few buildings down and nodded to him in thanks. Only your years of working with him allowed you to spot him.

“The minister will be moved after this incident. You need to leave,” he said, getting up from his sniper position.

“All according to plan,” you said, smirking. You paused, listening. “Scratch that. Think you could give me a hand? I think I may be a bit outgunned,” you said as you heard footsteps thundering down the hallway.

“I’m thirty seconds away,” he said. You could hear him running down some stairs.

“I guess I have my work cut out for me, then,” you said, moving behind the open door, grabbing one of the dead men’s guns as you went.

The first three men ran into the room. You grabbed the closest one- he was facing away from you-and wrapped an arm around his neck. You used him as a human shield and shot the other two before shooting him in the head and diving behind the desk. You could feel bullets hit the thick wood and sighed inwardly to yourself. You hated having to fight. The Soldat was much better at it. You rolled out from behind the desk, taking well-aimed shots at the two guards in the doorway, dropping them instantly. Another guard filled the gap they left and you quickly ducked behind a tacky, lumpy chair. You flinched as a bullet flew through the back of it, too close to your head for comfort.

“Any time now, Soldier,” you said impatiently into the comm.
“Do it now,” he ordered.

You ran out from behind the chair faster than the guard was prepared for. His shots trailed after you as you ran for the window. You jumped up, placed your right foot on the window sill, and vaulted out of the window. You turned your body midair to aim one last shot at the guard. You didn’t get to see if you hit him or not, but you knew you did. Then, you fell. Wind rushed past your ears as you began to fall four stories. All you could see was the sky and walls of the mansion rushing by. You closed your eyes shut tightly.

You were caught by a pair of strong arms. One was colder than the other. Your eyes opened and you saw The Soldier. The bottom half of his face was covered by his black mask. To your dismay, you fell a little further still. He was focused on the ground below you. A half second later, his feet hit the cement hard, knees bending slightly to take the force. You realized he must have intercepted you midair after climbing up the mansion’s wall. No wonder it had taken him so long.

He nodded once at you before setting you down with surprising gentleness. You smiled at him and nodded your thanks before you spotted movement over his shoulder.

“Your target’s getting away,” you said, nodding your head towards the minister. His guards swarmed around him like angry wasps as he exited the building.

“No, it’s not,” the Soldier said matter-of-factly. He removed a detonator from his belt and pressed the button.

Originally posted by snowtrooper

The car the minister had been heading towards went up in flames, as did a few more cars around
“Want some cover fire?” you asked, picking up the pistol you had dropped on your way out the window.

You swore you saw him roll his eyes before he turned on his heel, pulling his Milkor MGL off of his back as he walked.

“Get out of here,” he growled.

“Understood, Soldier,” you said, smiling, as you turned and made your way to your getaway car.

Behind you, you heard the sound of explosions and gunfire. You fought the urge to turn around and go help, but your orders from him were clear. Besides, the Soldier fought best alone and you would just become a liability in that firefight. No, the guards would be no match for the Winter Soldier.

Still, you couldn’t help but worry as you watched the flames and explosions in your rear-view mirror.

You made it to the safe house an hour ago. You’d showered and had just begun making food for yourself when you heard an engine approaching outside. You picked your pistol up from off of the counter and aimed it at the doorway. You waited. The engine stopped and suddenly it was so quiet you could hear the footsteps of the person approaching the door.

“Soviet winters are cold, wouldn’t you agree?” came a deep voice on the other side of the door.

You let out the breath you’d been holding and went to the door, but didn’t open it yet. That was just the first part of the code.

“Yes, but they’re survivable if you know what you’re doing,” you said, one hand on the lock, the other on your gun. Depending on his answer, he was either alone or compromised.

“I would be inclined to agree,” he said, giving you the code for the all clear. Your shoulders relaxed as you opened the door.

He was filthy and covered in blood. You stepped aside so he could enter, then quickly locked the door behind him.

“Any of that yours?” you asked him, eyeing him critically.

He raised an eyebrow at you.

“In my defense, by sheer theory of probability, it makes sense that at least some of that might be yours,” you said, rolling your eyes.

“Did you leave hot water?” he asked, ignoring your comments.

“No.” Yes.

He grunted, seeing easily through your halfhearted lie, and went to the bathroom to shower, setting his guns down on the dining room table as he went.

You went back to preparing your meal. He would be a while. He always took long showers.

By the time he’d finished showering, you’d finished cooking. A huge stack of banana pancakes sat
next to a huge stack of chocolate-chip-and-cinnamon ones. He opened the door, dripping wet, wearing only a towel low on his hips, and you threw his change of clothes at him, pointedly not looking at him even though you wanted to. He caught them easily and disappeared into the bathroom again, leaving the door slightly ajar.

“Forgetful old bastard,” you muttered as you grabbed syrup and whipped cream and placed them on the gun-laden table.

“I heard that,” he said as he exited the bathroom—fully clothed, this time.

You glanced at him as he walked over to the fridge and pulled out a small bottle of orange juice—his favorite. The black long-sleeved shirt stretched across his chest and arms nicely. The way the dark blue jeans hugged his curves made you force yourself to look elsewhere. He grabbed a bottle of cranberry juice and tossed it to you. You caught it easily. The sight of you sitting at the dining room table next to his guns with giant pancakes, whipped cream, and syrup seemed to amuse him. You watched as one of his rare smiles graced his features. It was small, but because it was on a face that was usually so impassive, it seemed huge.

“You could have made something besides breakfast food. Again,” he said gruffly, walking over, grabbing a plate on the way. “If you get syrup on my guns I’ll make you clean them until your hands bleed,” he said, reaching over to grab two banana pancakes and a cinnamon-chocolate one. He stacked them so the cinnamon-chocolate was in the middle of the banana ones.

“But I love breakfast food,” you said as you grabbed the last banana pancake and the two remaining chocolate-cinnamon ones, stacking them so the banana was sandwiched in the middle. “You’re welcome,” you said, smiling softly. You passed him the syrup that he was looking for. It was hidden behind one of his guns.

He took it from you, your fingertips touching briefly. Where his fingers touched, your skin tingled. He drowned his pancakes in syrup and after a moment he looked at you, and his small smile returned. “It looks delicious, кукла. Спасибо за еду,” he said with a sincerity that you almost never heard from him. It made your heart beat faster.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She’s decided to stay with the Avengers. Only a short while into her stay, a memory’s been triggered, courtesy of Bucky Barnes.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Language, violence/fighting, traumatic past (mentions of torture/experimentation), angst, slow burn
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кукла - doll
Спасибо за еду - thanks for the meal
Беспокойся о себе, Captain - Worry about yourself, Captain
проникнувший! Стоп! - Infiltrator! Stop!

Originally posted by imaginemarvelbae
Bucky’s POV

A strangled cry left your lips. For a split second Bucky thought it was because you were disgusted by or scared of his touch, but then you started falling off of your chair. His reflexes kicked in, grabbing your arm and pulling you to his chest as he stood. When it became clear to him you were unconscious, he picked you up, metal arm supporting your back, flesh one holding your legs behind the knee.

“What happened?” Steve said, hovering next to you and Bucky, concern etched on his face.

“I don’t know,” Bucky said, staring at you with growing dread in his stomach. “I touched her hand accidentally, and—” He stopped, blanching.

“What is it, Buck?” Steve asked, seeing the look on his friend’s face.

Bucky began walking quickly as he responded to Steve, clutching you closely to his chest. “I think I may have accidentally triggered her memories. I can’t be sure,” He said, glancing at Steve as they sped towards the medical ward for the second time in two days.

“Do you think Wanda could—?” Steve began.

“I’m not sure. Wouldn’t hurt, though, I don’t think. This didn’t happen with me,” Bucky said, mind reeling. “She might have something completely different wrong with her, instead,” he said, giving Steve a distraught look.

Steve hadn’t seen his friend this lost in years. “FRIDAY, let Medical know we’re coming with (Y/N), and ask Wanda to please meet us at Medical immediately.” He said before turning his attention back to his friend. “It’ll be alright, Buck,” Steve said as they arrived.

“I’ll believe that when she wakes up, Stevie,” Bucky replied, carrying you directly to the room with all of the advanced scanning machinery. He couldn’t stop the small voice in his mind from whispering if. If you woke up. He placed you delicately on the bed, as though you were made of glass. “What if she comes back as a brainwashed Hydra agent?” he asked, looking at you, panic mixing with fear.

“We’ll deal with that if it comes to it, Bucky,” Steve said. Bucky turned to his friend, face murderous. Steve held up his hands, trying to placate Bucky. “No, not like that, Buck. I just mean we’ll help her through that, too, if we need to. You’re living, breathing proof their brainwashing can be undone,” Steve said, clapping him on the shoulder. Bucky just nodded and turned back to watch you, brows creased.

“I’m going to find the doctors and Wanda. They’re taking too long,” Steve said, jogging out of the room.

As soon as he was out of sight, Bucky raised a hand to brush your hair out of your face, but stopped, unsure. What if touching you made it worse? He stared at your face, studying it. Your brows were ever so slightly scrunched together, your expression sour. Slowly, he reached his right hand out and gently soothed the angry lines of your brow with his thumb, and your expression softened marginally. Your skin was as soft as he remembered. He hadn’t even realized he’d forgotten. Ever since finding you again, he’d only touched you through fabric or leather. The sparks he felt whenever your skin touched his hadn’t faded. The sound of people hurrying down the hallway snapped him out of his reverie. He stepped away from you as doctors and nurses flooded into the room, giving them space to do their work.
A couple of times they tried to ask Bucky what happened, but he was so distracted they asked Steve instead, who told them everything he knew. Wanda arrived a few minutes after the doctors, panting.

“FRIDAY filled me in on most of what happened,” she said, staring at your unconscious form on the uncomfortable hospital bed. “What triggered it?”

“We can’t be sur-” Steve began, but Bucky cut him off.

“It was me,” he said, staring at you in anguish. “I didn’t think-” he began again, but choked on his words.

Steve looked between you and Bucky and suddenly put two and two together. “Could you give us a minute, Wanda?” he said apologetically. She looked at him incredulously, but gave the two of them space anyway.

“Alright, Bucky. I’m not blind. I can see they way you’ve been lookin’ at her. You left important information out when you told us about her. Spill it,” Steve said, staring at his friend.

Bucky looked away from you long enough to give Steve a pained, apologetic look. “I can’t, Steve. Not right now. Later, please?” he asked, his eyes pleading for his friend to let him keep you in his sights. The doctors were running various scans and minimally invasive tests on you, and he wanted to be by your side if anything happened.

Steve searched his friend’s face for a long moment. “You love her, don’t you?” he asked quietly.

Bucky stopped fidgeting and glanced at Steve out of the corner of his eye. He looked down at his feet, then back at you again. “Yeah, I do, Stevie,” he said, voice laced with so many emotions that Steve couldn’t even begin to place. His face twisted in anguish. “I didn’t know her brain would react like that. I thought-” he took a deep, shuttering breath, “I thought she’d get it back in bits and pieces like me. Flashes, y’know? Not-” he gestured helplessly at you. “Not this.”

“The doctors are doing everything they can to help her, Buck. And I know Wanda will do everything she can, too. Hell, I’ll go find Banner right now if you think it’ll help,” Steve said, placing a comforting hand on Bucky’s shoulder.

“Excuse me, Captain Rogers? Sergeant Barnes?” said one of the nurses, coming over to talk to them, clipboard in hand. Wanda came back over to hear whatever she had to say. Bucky and Steve straightened, attention focused on the small woman.

“Her entire brain is in a hyperactive state. Her scans show similarities to readings taken of people experiencing REM cycles,” the nurse said, handing them a clipboard with data neither of them really understood.

“So she’s dreaming?” Steve asked, looking up from the clipboard at the nurse.

The nurse frowned. “Yes and no. She lacks other key characteristics of REM cycles and the parts of her brain that are most active are the hippocampus and the amygdala- the parts of the brain responsible for fight or flight and associating traumatic events in memories.”

“So… she’s having a nightmare?” Wanda asked, looking over at you.

“Or remembering a threatening or stressful event, most likely, yes,” the nurse said, nodding to Wanda.

“If this continues, the stress on her brain could be detrimental to her health,” the nurse said
apologetically. “We’re hesitant to do anything to her- it’s likely she’ll wake up soon, but if we wake her early we might do more harm than good.”

“I can handle a few bad dreams,” Wanda said, glancing first at you, then turned to Bucky and Steve. “I can help her,” she said, not moving until they gave the okay.

Steve looked at Bucky, who stared at you for a moment, face unreadable, before nodding.

“Alright, do it,” Steve said.

Wanda nodded and walked over to your still form. The doctors and nurses moved out of the way- Steve and Bucky gave her a little room to work with, but stayed close. She stood at the head of your bed and placed her hands on either side of your forehead. A second later, red energy flowed through them. Wanda’s face twisted in concentration. She stood there for a few minutes, barely moving before she suddenly let go, gasping.

“Wanda, what-?” Steve began.

“Look out!” Wanda said, shoving Steve out of the way with her powers, pulling him out of the range of a well-aimed slash towards his jugular. In the space of a heartbeat you’d jumped off the bed, lunging for the Captain. Wanda protected the doctors and nurses as they ran for the door, eyes never leaving you, hands glowing- ready to protect herself or the medical team at a moment’s notice. Steve blocked all of your blows, grabbing the wrist that held the scalpel. You switched it to your other hand and jabbed it at his neck again, quicker than he could follow.

“(Y/N)!” Bucky yelled. You didn’t seem to hear him. Red energy stopped your hand in its track, scalpel blade a millimeter from the Captain’s neck.

“I really don’t wanna hurt you, (Y/N),” Steve said, dodging a kick you aimed at his stomach.

“Беспокойся о себе, Captain,” you spat, sneering at him.

Bucky’s felt his stomach plummet and blood run cold. Short of you dying, this was the worst outcome he could have imagined. Steve blocked more of your punches and kicks. Wanda stopped would-be dangerous or deadly hits with her powers.
“проникнувший! Стоп!” Bucky yelled, and you froze on the spot. Slowly, you turned to him. Your eyes locked with his and Bucky shuddered at what he saw: nothing. Your eyes were empty. As cold as they were the first day he’d met The Infiltrator.

But then you blinked and the light behind your eyes returned.

Suddenly, the word swam into view around you. You were standing and Bucky was looking at you as though he’d just seen a ghost.

“Bucky?” you asked, confused. He didn’t respond as you look around. “Wanda?” you said, spotting her next to the door, hands glowing. You swiveled, hearing someone move behind you. “Steve- Oh
god, Steve! What happened to your face?” You said in alarm as you reached up to wipe the trail of blood from a shallow cut below his eye off his cheek. He grabbed your wrist before you could make contact. His grip was like iron. You looked at him, brows knitting in confusion. He stared at you as though he was searching for something. It was then that you noticed you were holding something in your other hand. You looked down and you felt your heart stop for a few beats.

A scalpel. A scalpel with blood on it.

It dropped from your hand and fell to the ground with a clatter.

“What happened?” You asked, eyes locked on the scalpel on the floor.

“You don’t remember?” Steve asked, without lessening his grip on your wrist.

“The last thing I remember is—” you thought about it. Hard. “Sitting down at the kitchen island and—” you paused, trying to remember. “—getting pancakes. I reached for the syrup. And then… nothing,” you said, finally looking up at the Captain. He was still searching your face for something. He looked at Bucky over your head. You turned, too. Bucky was staring at you, searching your face. His features were screwed up in what you realized was regret and fear. He feared you? He looked at Steve, shook his head almost imperceptibly, and gave him a look that clearly said he had no idea what was happening. Steve turned to Wanda, who was also studying you closely, head tilted slightly, as though you were a particularly interesting puzzle.

“Could you check her?” Steve asked Wanda, who nodded and walked over to the two of you.


“It’s going to be okay. You didn’t hurt anyone except Steve. And that tiny cut is the extent of it,” Wanda said, placing a hand on your shoulder. “May I?” she asked kindly, raising her hands to either side of your head. You nodded your consent.

She closed her eyes and you saw the red mist leave her hands and fought the urge to pull away. You could feel her in your head. Barely, but it was there. It felt like someone was moving through your thoughts like a physical thing. It was an uncomfortable pressure in your head and you felt as though your brain was moving at half its normal speed.

Then she removed her hands and everything returned to normal. “She really doesn’t remember attacking us. And while I can tell she’s unlocked a memory, I don’t think she can consciously recall it. I can’t even see it,” Wanda said. “Whatever hold the Hydra brainwashing had over her is gone for now, though.”

Steve let your wrist go and you rubbed it tenderly— it would probably bruise. Without his grip holding you up, your knees gave out. You sank to the floor and pulled your knees to your chest. “Why can’t I remember?” you asked to no one in particular.

“It could be your mind trying to protect you,” Wanda said as she sat down next to you.

Steve squatted down and rested his elbows on his knees. “It’s gonna be alright, (Y/N),” he said.

“I could snap at any moment and hurt someone,” you said, fighting back tears. It was so unfair. What did you do to deserve this? You paused, thinking for a moment. “Wait, how did you stop me— bring me back?” You said, looking between them.
“It… wasn’t us,” Steve said, looking over your shoulder. It was then you realized Bucky hadn’t come closer to you.

“He told you to stop in Russian,” Wanda said. “He called you-”

“Don’t,” Bucky said, speaking up finally.

“But-” Wanda began.

“It wasn’t her I was talking to, not really. It was the Hydra agent. I called her by her Asset name. I don’t want to risk bringing that part of her back right now,” he explained, still not budging from his spot a good ten feet away from you. For some inexplicable reason, his distance hurt you. “The Asset only listened because she recognized me as the Soldat,” he finished.

“So you can stop me if I snap again?” You asked, staring at him, almost not daring to hope.

He refused to meet your eyes. “I can’t know for sure. This time might have been a fluke,” he said, eyes downcast. You felt yourself deflate slightly.

“I shouldn’t have agreed to this,” you said, standing suddenly. “I need to leave,” you said, turning towards the door.

You heard Wanda and Steve protest behind you, but you didn’t stop. You passed by Bucky- he didn’t so much as twitch as you walked past him. The sight made your eyes prickle as they threatened to start tearing up. It made you angry. But why did it make you angry? Why were you reacting this way to Barnes?

A shadow blocking the doorway brought you back to the present.

“I’m sorry but I can’t let you just walk out of here and back into the world, (Y/N),” Sam Wilson said, blocking the doorway with a sad smile on his face.

“Move, please, Sam,” you said, eyes pleading. “This is best for everyone. I’m a danger to everyone here.”

“And what happens if you snap out in the middle of New York? On a case in DC? You think some civilians are any match for a highly trained Hydra spy? No, Cuttlefish, this is the best place for you. We’re also the only people who have any sort of experience with your type of situation… and possibly the only way to bring you back if things go to shit,” he said, crossing his arms over his chest.

You bit your lip, considering. You knew he was right, but every cell in your body told you to get away before you hurt any of them. Before you hurt Bucky.

“He’s right. You belong here,” Wanda said. You turned to face her, not quite meeting her eyes. “And I’m not worried about you hurting me,” she smiled. “No offense,” she added, giving you a wry grin as she searched your face, eyes pleading for you to stay.

“Yeah, he is right,” you said, looking past her to the Captain. “You wouldn’t let me leave now even if I wanted to, would you?” you asked.

He looked apologetic. “No, we wouldn’t. But I hope it won’t come to that. The reason you’re here hasn’t changed. We still want to help you,” he said, giving you a small, friendly smile.

You nodded in understanding. His smile faded and was replaced by an apologetic look that made
your stomach turn in grim anticipation.

“We… don’t know when another memory might trigger and what the fallout of it will be, so I think it’s best if you sleep in the holding room for the time being, until we get a better grasp of the situation,” he said, the sorrow in his voice getting more pronounced with each word as he watched your face change.

“Please, no. No more cells,” you said, backing away from Steve and into Sam. He placed a hand on your shoulder in an attempt to comfort you, but you jumped out of his grasp. Steve, Wanda, and Sam all took a step toward you, faces etched in concern. Bucky’s expression made you feel ten times worse than theirs- it was filled with pity. “No cells!” You yelled angrily. They froze, unsure. “Not again,” you said so quietly they barely heard you.

Steve sighed deeply, watching you closely, as though you were a frightened animal that was about to spook. “Alright, (Y/N), alright. No cells. We’ll figure something else out,” he said, taking a cautious step towards you.

You stared at him, looking for any tells, but saw none. “Alright, Steve,” you said, relaxing ever so slightly.

“Would you like to go get cleaned up, (Y/N)?” Wanda asked, stepping forward slowly.

“Yeah, that would be nice.” you said, smiling slightly. With that, most of the tension in the room dissipated.

“Alright. You can use my room,” Wanda said, extending her hand to you.

You looked at it for a moment before taking it. Wanda beamed at you as she led you out of the examination room, out of the medical ward and to her room, one floor up.

The boys watched you leave- Bucky still refused to meet your eyes.

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**Bucky’s POV**

Bucky didn’t want to look at you. If he got close to you again, he didn’t know would happen to you. You might not be so lucky next time your memories came back like that. It was safer if he kept his distance, no matter how much it hurt him.

“Allright, Buck. Tell me what’s going on. Straight up,” Steve said, staring at his best friend.

*Originally posted by stevesupallnighttogetbucky*

Bucky threw a dirty look at Sam who shrugged it off and left the room, closing the door behind him.
They both heard him mutter something that sounded suspiciously like “Damn stupid tin man.” They could see him standing guard outside, though, ensuring their privacy.

Bucky inhaled deeply, finally letting the tension of the last half hour roll off of his shoulders. “Alright, Stevie. Take a seat, this might be a while.”
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She has decided to stay with the Avengers in the hopes they can help her retrieve lost memories.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Language, violence/fighting, traumatic past (mentions of torture/experimentation), angst, slow burn, fluff
A/N: This man is a sin. I love him so much. Please send help.
Also, WE HAVE SOME FLUFF, PEOPLE. I REPEAT, WE HAVE SOME FLUFF
Sorry this chapter is so short. I didn’t want to try to lengthen it and risk ruining what I wrote. I promise the next one will be longer.

Originally posted by srogersxbbarnes

The shower had been heavenly. You realized it’d been about two days since your last one and cringed internally. When you finished getting changed and got out, Wanda was sitting on her bed, waiting for you with a conspicuous amount of pillows and blankets.

“Wanna watch a movie and pig out on popcorn?” She asked you, grinning broadly.
“Hell yes,” you responded, needing the distraction.

She laughed and picked up the mountain of blankets. “Grab the pillows?” she asked, pointing to the pile with her foot. You could barely see her behind the pile of blankets.

“Sure,” you said, chuckling. You picked up the mound of pillows, crushing them to your chest just so that they’d squish down enough for you to carry them all. You followed her out of her room and through the halls, trying your best to not trip over anything you couldn’t see due to the pillows obstructing your vision. After a pretty short walk, you arrived at a large living space. In the center was a huge, comfortable looking couch. Other comfortable-looking but smaller couches were placed strategically nearby it. A TV taller than you was mounted on the other side of the room.

“Wow,” you said, jaw dropping.

“Yeah, it’s a bit much, but it’s great for movie night,” Wanda said, throwing the blankets down on the couch with a huff. You tossed the pillows down next to them, still gawking at the room. Expensive-looking speakers were placed carefully, guaranteeing fantastic surround sound quality.

Wanda laughed at your expression and snapped her fingers near your face. “Earth to nerd. Come in, nerd,” she said, smiling when you focused your attention on her. “Do you want to pick the movie or choose the snacks?” She asked you.

Your stomach rumbled. You’d never gotten to eat your pancakes. “Snacks,” you said without hesitation. You could grab some food from the kitchen while you waited for the popcorn to pop and gathered junk food.

“Alright. Kitchen is down that hall. Right at the first intersection. Go straight and it’ll be on your left a little farther down. Can’t miss it,” she said as she walked over to the expanse of shelves lined with everything from VHS’s to Laser Discs to DVD’s. It was a truly impressive collection- you’d have to look at it later.

Wanda’s directions had been accurate and easy to follow, so you returned a short while later, stomach full of a sandwich you’d made yourself from the ingredients in the fridge and arms laden with snacks and drinks.

Wanda laughed when she saw you. “What, are we feeding a small army?” she said, gesturing to the food in your arms.

“Hey, I like having options… and I don’t know what you like yet,” you said defensively.

“Uh huh, likely story,” she said, plucking one of the bags of freshly popped popcorn from your arms. You rolled your eyes and unceremoniously dumped the snacks on the coffee table in front of the couch. “I think you’ll like the movie I picked out,” she said, smirking.

“Oh god, what did you choose?” you asked, glaring at the screen as though it had just called you a dirty name.

“You’ll find out,” she said, cocooning herself in blankets and pillows. You did the same, getting comfortable.

“Shit, we forgot the remote,” you said, glaring at it on the opposite edge of the coffee table from your spot in your perfect blanket cocoon on the couch.

“Oh no, whatever shall we do. It truly is the end of the world,” she said, grinning smugly at you as
the remote gently levitated off of the coffee table and into her hand.

“Right, yeah. I forgot,” you said, grabbing the water you had placed close to yourself for ease of access. Wanda rolled her eyes at you and pressed play.

“\[Image\]

I haven’t lived a good life. I’ve been bad. Worse than you could know.

Originally posted by nitratediva

Turns out she chose The Maltese Falcon- the 1941 version. She said it was for the purpose of irony. You rolled your eyes at her and threw a handful of popcorn her way. She froze it midair and sent it pelting back at you at twice the speed. You squawked indignantly, calling a party foul. Powered popcorn throwing shouldn’t be allowed on movie night. A couple kernels had made their way down the shirt she’d lent you.

You were in the middle of digging them out of your bra when Steve and Bucky walked in.

“Oh man, I love this movie,” Steve said, too distracted by the screen to notice your inelegant position.

Bucky did, though, and hid a smirk behind his hand. You felt heat creep up your cheeks from the embarrassment and flipped him off, which only made him smile wider. His hand was unable to hide the way his smile made his eyes crinkle at the corners.

“I missed all of it the first time I tried to watch it, though. Some creep was talkin’ during the Army Recruitment promotion. I told him to shut up so he took me out to the back of the theater and beat the crap out of me,” Steve said, grimacing at the memory.

“That sounds like you,” Wanda said. “Minus the being beaten up part.”

“I remember that,” Bucky said suddenly, turning his attention away from you to look at Steve, smirk still plastered on his face. “Didn’t I show up just in time to save your sorry ass?”

“I had him on the ropes,” Steve said, indignant.

“Sure you did, punk,” Bucky said, punching Steve’s arm good-naturedly.
“Mind if we join you? I haven’t seen this movie in 76 years,” Steve said, practically batting his eyelashes at the both you.

“Of course, Steve,” Wanda said, patting the spot beside her. He sank happily down on the couch next to Wanda and reached for her bag of popcorn. She slapped his hand away, only to relent when he gave her a sad, lost-puppy look.

You were surprised to feel the couch move next to you. You looked to your left; sure enough, Bucky had taken the open spot next to you. He was close. Wanda and you had opted to sit on one of the smaller couches because you thought it would only be the two of you- the big couch was ridiculously huge for two people.

Even though he was close, he seemed careful not to touch you.

“I actually never saw this,” Bucky said suddenly. He was quiet enough that only you could hear. “I was deployed before I could see it,” he said, eyes on the screen.

Well, he was talking to you again. It was an improvement. You wondered what had happened between the medical ward debacle and now. To your right, Steve tried to stifle a laugh at a joke Wanda had made.

Ah, right. Steve. Steve probably happened. You thought to yourself.

“I always forget how old you two are,” you said, watching P.I. Sam Spade get grilled by Polhaus and Dundy.

He snorted softly. “I would fight you on that, but you’re right. We’re practically fossils,” he said, giving you a sideways grin.

Pretty attractive for a fossil.

What. Where did that thought even come from? Well, it wasn’t wrong. Bucky was attractive. So was Steve. Any person with eyes could see that. But why did you even have that thought? You panicked silently, eyes glued to the screen.

You all watched the movie in silence for a while- it was uncomfortable for you, but companionable for the other three.

Eventually, though, you relaxed back into the couch and enjoyed the movie. Bucky and Wanda were the perfect audience- gasping at the surprising parts, crying out their shock and anger when there were betrayals, and coming up with wilder and wilder guesses on who the culprit was. Steve grinned at them knowingly as they watched, having already seen it. To his credit, he kept his mouth shut and didn’t spoil anything. You suspected it was because he watched it 76 years ago and had forgotten most of it, but you kept that opinion to yourself.

You were so exhausted from the day and so completely comfortable on the couch, snuggled in your blankets and pillows, that you drifted off to sleep.

You’d been having an odd dream. You were a P.I. like usual, but everyone spoke with a terrible Brooklyn accent. Everything was in black in white, including your very attractive, muscular male client who never wore a shirt. Also, everyone was wearing a hat. It was weird.

You awoke slowly. The first thing that came back to you was your sense of smell. You inhaled deeply. It smelted like sandalwood, metal, and something else you couldn’t quite place. Mostly,
though, it smelled familiar. Then your sense of touch returned. Your hand twitched as your body did the biological version of a system check, and your fingers clenched around thin fabric. Clothing?
You brain registered that your face was resting on something hard and warm, and that your left thigh was pressed up against something that didn’t feel like the blankets and pillows you were under. Then, you realized, it was moving. Finally, your sense of hearing came back.

“C’mon, sweetheart. Time to wake up. Movie’s over,” said a voice very, very close to your ear.

Your eyes snapped open and you looked up at the source. Bucky looked down at you, smiling faintly. You’d fallen asleep on his shoulder and had ended up snuggling against him while you slept. Your right hand was holding onto his shirt.

Originally posted by gliceria

“Good morning, Sleeping Beauty,” he said, moving some of your hair out of your face gently with his metal hand.

The touch left electricity in its wake and you flew backwards away from him, across the couch. You saw his smile falter for a moment, but he quickly coached it back into something resembling neutrality.

“We’re good, guys,” he said loudly. Steve and Wanda poked their heads around the corner and eyed you up and down. Satisfied that you weren’t a murderous Hydra sleeper agent, they walked into the room.

Something about the way Steve was smiling set you on edge. You yawned before addressing him. “What is it, Steve? You have a terrible poker face,” you said as you hugged a pillow to your chest and set your chin on top of it.

Steve sighed. “Well, we think we’ve come up with a solution to your sleep situation. See, the
problem is that we have personal rooms that lock from the inside and cells that lock from the outside. We don’t have personal rooms that lock only from the outside. At least, not yet. I’ve already tasked FRIDAY with helping to build one for you, but it’ll be a little while, and you’ve made your stance on the holding room very clear. So, short of throwing you in a room and creating a huge fire hazard and death trap by blockading it, we’ve come up with a solution. We just… aren’t sure you’ll buy it,” he said, watching you warily.

“Well, lay it on me. I can’t decide until I hear it,” you said, liking this conversation less and less the longer it lasted.

“You’ll stay in my room, with me” said Bucky from the other side of the couch.

You were sure you hadn’t heard that right. You looked from Bucky to Steve who gave you a grimace, to Wanda who gave you a half shrug-half nod of encouragement, and then back to Bucky, who raised an eyebrow at you expectantly.

“What the fuck, guys.”
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Female!Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She has decided to stay with the Avengers in the hopes they can help her retrieve lost memories.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Language, violence/fighting, traumatic past (mentions of torture/experimentation), angst, slow burn
A/N: Thank you so much for taking the time to read my writing! You guys are the best.

Originally posted by buckybarnesaddicted

You stared at them all incredulously.

Wanda rolled her eyes. “I told you she would react this way,” she said to Steve and Bucky.

“Well, of course! What kind of half-assed solution is that?” you asked them all angrily.

“Alright, hear us out, (Y/N),” Steve said beseechingly. “First off, putting you with one of us lessens your chances of hurting others. We’re the most capable people in the base of stopping you if you regress… But Bucky has the best chance of keeping you from hurting yourself. The Infiltrator listens to him- He can stop an incident before it really begins, if it comes to that,” Steve said, willing you to consider the proposal.
You stared past Steve to the wall, thinking about it. Per usual, the Captain was right… but you didn’t want to agree. Something about being near Bucky seemed to flip your entire world on its head. You were scared about what would happen if you spent more time around him—maybe that you would turn into a Hydra agent and never turn back.

“Trust us. Please,” Bucky said, bringing you out of your dark thoughts. You turned to look at him. He was staring at you evenly, but something in his eyes made you nod your head slowly, almost without realizing it.

Steve sighed in relief and you saw Wanda relax out of the corner of your eye. Bucky’s lips turned up ever so slightly at the corners, unable to completely hide how he felt about your agreement.

“Thanks, (Y/N). We’ve already set up a cot in Bucky’s room. If you’re worried about losing control, FRIDAY’s been ordered to thoroughly survey the door to your room and the surrounding hallway, just in case. If anything happens, she’ll let us know,” Steve said as he began gathering up the pillows and blankets.

“Thanks, Steve,” you said, throwing him a small, genuine smile. Wanda rushed over and snagged the pillows and blankets out of his arms and levitated what she couldn’t carry in her arm next to her, instead.

“I can handle this. Would you like to handle the mess we’ve made of the snacks so that they can go get her moved into her new room?” Wanda asked, giving you a sly wink as the men exchanged glances. You raised an eyebrow at her. She rolled her eyes at you again. She gave you a look that said your slowness annoyed her.

“Sure thing,” Steve said, gathering up the mass of half-eaten chips, candy, and drinks.

You turned to Bucky. He motioned to the hall behind him with a tilt of his head. You swallowed. Here went nothing.

As it turned out, most of the personal rooms were near each other. You saw name plates on each, recognizing Wanda’s by sight as you passed them. However, Bucky’s seemed to be slightly separate from the rest. You wondered why that was. Steve didn’t make it sound like they’d moved him on account of you. He punched a code into the number pad on the door and, with a click, it slowly swung open automatically.

Bucky’s room was sparsely decorated. The king-sized bed barely looked used. The surfaces were spotless. The dark hardwood floors didn’t have a single scratch. Display shelves lined one of the walls. They stood suspiciously empty. Bucky saw you eyeing it.

“I kept my guns and knives on that wall. They thought it might be best to move them to another location for now,” he explained, looking at your back as you studied the room.

“Because of me,” you said sadly. You spotted the cot next to the bed. As far as cots went, it looked comfortable, you supposed. There were pillows and blankets folded neatly on top of it.

“Yeah,” he said, unable to see the way your face twisted in shame.

“Sorry,” you said quietly.

To your surprise, he let out a small laugh. “Don’t be. I needed to update the setup anyway. You actually did me a favor. Wanda had them moved out in minutes,” he said. “So, what do you think?” he asked, motioning to the room.
“I expected more black,” you said, turning your head to smirk at him.

“Ah, how you wound me,” he said, smiling as he clutched his chest for dramatic effect. He smiled at you before walking into the bathroom. “Hey, they got you a toothbrush,” he said, waving it at you from the doorway. He glanced back into the bathroom. “And it looks like FRIDAY had someone deliver some shower supplies, along with more towels,” he informed you.

“Thanks, FRIDAY,” you said. To your surprise, her Irish brogue didn’t respond.

“Oh, yeah. FRIDAY isn’t allowed to access my room without my express permission,” he said, appearing in the doorway.

“Why?” you asked. Wouldn’t it make sense to have you supervised?

“I like my privacy,” was all he said, leaning against the frame of the bathroom door.

You shrugged and turned to examine the rest of the room. You spotted a large bookcase with neatly shelved books- the sight of which made you clap a hand over your forehead.

“Shit, I forgot Wanda’s blanket and books in the cell,” you said, remembering how you’d run out without a second look back, leaving the books abandoned. You turned on your heels and walked quickly towards the door. Bucky shouted the security code at you just before you turned the handle. “Got it! Be back in a minute.” It didn’t even occur to you that he trusted you enough to let you go alone.

You dropped Wanda’s blanket and books off to her, promising you’d come talk to her about them when you wanted to borrow one, and marched back to Bucky’s room. You’d thought about taking the books back to his room with you, but didn’t want to risk it. You had a feeling Bucky would tease you mercilessly if he found out. You punched the security code into the pad and walked in after it opened. To your surprise, Bucky was sitting down on the cot, bed made neatly under him. You noticed he was writing in a book. So those were journals on the shelves, after all.

“I thought the cot was for me?” you asked, walking over to sit on the bed. You wanted to ask him what he was writing about, but knew better.

“The bed’s too comfortable. I never use it. I usually sleep on the floor, instead,” he said, turning a page as he looked up at you through his long lashes.

Your heart fluttered and you threw yourself back on the bed to avoid his gaze. You weren’t sure, but you thought you heard him chuckle.

“Is that a military thing?” you asked, staring up at the ceiling.

“Hmm,” he said, thinking about it for a second. “Yeah, I ‘spose. I think it’s also from my time as the Soldat,” he said. He sounded as though his thoughts were miles away. They probably were. It was so quiet you could hear his pen scratch against the journal’s paper.

“It took me five months to get used to being in a normal bed again… after Hydra,” you said. His pen stilled. “Saved me some money at first, though. The ground’s a lot cheaper than all the parts of a bed,” you said, trying to make light of the situation.

“Hey, the ground’s a five star hotel compared to Hydra,” he said, the unmistakable smile in his voice making the joking tone even more apparent.
You chuckled softly. *It's nice to know someone else who understands,* you thought.

You heard him close the journal. A second later, he appeared in your periphery as he stood up.

“Alright, sweetheart, bed time,” he said, walking to the bathroom. “Get changed out here while I brush my teeth and change in the bathroom,” he said. He pointed to the dresser on the other side of the bed. “Your new clothes are in there.” Without another word, he shut the bathroom door.

You scooted across the bed, threw your legs over the side, and pulled open the dresser drawers. It was filled with generic clothing. You grimaced at the underwear. You’d have to go online shopping as soon as possible- these were a travesty. Looking up, you spotted another dresser against the wall- on top of which was a set of neatly folded pajamas. You got up and walked over to it. Lifting up the shirt, your suspicions were confirmed. It was definitely Bucky-sized. You rolled your eyes and picked up the rest of the clothing, determinedly ignoring the boxers you definitely saw between the folds of the loose pajama pants. You were about to knock on the bathroom when it opened a crack.

“Hey, (Y/N)-” he stopped, startled, when he saw you standing there. He was shirtless and you saw the scarring where his metal arm met flesh for the first time. It looked painful. Something bubbled up in your chest. Anger? Where had that come from?

He saw where you were looking and closed the door a little more. You snapped your attention to his face and held the clothes up to the door.

“Thanks,” he said, smile tight.

“Forgetful old bastard,” you grumbled, turning away.

You didn’t see the way his eyes widened at what you’d said- you’d already turned away to rummage through your drawers and pulled out a change of clothes.

He came out of the bathroom a few minutes later and tossed his dirty clothes into a hamper by the door.

You walked into the bathroom. You skipped a shower- you’d had one earlier- so you quickly brushed your teeth and changed into your pajamas- a black tank and a pair of loose, soft short shorts. You walked out of the bathroom and threw your dirty clothes into the basket by the door from all the way across the room and by some sort of miracle, they actually made it into the hamper.

You turned to Bucky, excited and ready to brag about your achievement, but the look he was giving you made the words die in your throat. You saw his eyes flick back up to your face almost guiltily.
You felt your cheeks heat and turned away, refusing to look at him. Your heart beat erratically in your chest.

*What was with that look? It was... intense, to say the least,* you thought to yourself. You dared a peek over your shoulder, but Bucky had rolled over and was facing away from you.

You relaxed a little, but you felt… disappointed?

You sighed at your own confused thoughts and walked around to the side of the bed without the cot next to it and crawled under the blankets. Even though he said he didn’t use it, the bed smelled undeniably like Bucky. Instead of setting you on edge like you thought it would, it actually calmed you.

“Goodnight, Bucky,” you said quietly.

He didn’t answer for a few minutes, and you assumed he fell asleep.

You were well on your way to unconsciousness when he responded. “Goodnight, (Y/N),” he said softly. You tried to ignore the way your heart fluttered when he said your name.

In the days that followed, you had a couple memories trigger. Apparently, the first one you triggered had paved the way for the others to return less violently. You still couldn’t remember the first, though. All of the memories that returned had been of your life before Hydra. You’d remembered a fluffy brown dog, a black-haired little girl you assumed was your best friend as a child, the faces of your parents, and others. Sadly, little of the information told you about yourself personally. You didn’t get a name or any idea of what you liked or how you acted. It was all detached, as though you were watching it through someone else’s eyes. Still, memories were returning. It was progress.

Wanda was excited whenever you remembered something and checked your mind often to make sure all was well. She also quickly became your best friend. You’d never gotten attached to people in your years in New York. It was too risky for both them and you. Besides, how could you make friends when you changed your appearance like most people changed clothes? But Wanda, being powered as she was, didn’t care about yours. You had a surprising amount of things in common, too.

One day, your possessions from your apartment arrived. Agents had to be sure the area was clear before they could risk retrieving your things. Everything had been thoroughly checked for bugs and tracking devices before you were allowed to have it. You proudly showed off your book collection to Wanda, who, bless her heart, agreed to keep all of them in her room. You knew she was mostly doing it for herself- your collection was vast- but you were glad it wouldn’t have to be kept in Bucky’s room. If Wanda’s books would have embarrassed you, your own collection would shame you beyond redemption.

You were happy to have your own clothing back. You threw the underwear they gave you into the trash shoot unceremoniously. Sam caught you doing this and said he’d blackmail you with it one day. You promised if he tried you’d dig up everything about him until you knew more about him than he did. He backtracked, trying to say it was a joke, but you stared him down. He began to sweat a little bit under the pressure until you broke out into laughter. He’d groaned and given you a friendly punch on the shoulder when he’d realized he’d been had.

You saw Bucky less than you thought you would. He seemed to be avoiding you again. It hurt you more than you’d care to admit.

You were getting back from a jog with Steve (he’d slowed down *a lot* so you could keep up, bless
You opened the door to your and Bucky’s room. A quick glance around told you he wasn’t in. You stripped down on your way to the shower, tossing your clothes into the basket as you went. After a quick shower, you returned, flopping down on the bed in exhaustion. You let out a deep sigh. You’d be feeling that run tomorrow. You turned your head to look around the room and spotted something you’d never seen in the room before sitting on the bedside table. A tablet? It was a small one. You shot a cautionary glance at the door before reaching over to pick it up.

You propped your head up on your elbow and tapped the screen, which lit up. It wasn’t a tablet- at least not one that held personal information. You raised an eyebrow- it was music. According to the screen, it controlled the speakers in the room. You shrugged. Music might be nice while you relaxed. You pressed the play button, continuing whatever Bucky had been playing last.

A mellow jazz track played loudly over the speakers and the pain the likes of which you’d only ever felt one other time in your life exploded inside your brain.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Female!Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She has decided to stay with the Avengers in the hopes they can help her retrieve lost memories.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Language, violence/fighting, traumatic past (mentions of torture/experimentation), angst, slow burn, implied smut
A/N: Guys, I’m so excited! I’ve been waiting to write this chapter since I started the series. I hope you enjoy it.
Ah, yes. Murder. So romantic. PLEASE click the youtube link and read while you listen. It’s worth it, I promise.
Once again, the Russian is in “quotes and italics”

You groaned in frustration, hitting the pause button on your phone. You fought the urge to kick something. The dance you’d been practicing for hours had to be memorized by tomorrow and you just couldn’t learn the steps no matter how hard you tried. You stalked back and forth in the small room, rolling your shoulders in an attempt to relieve some tension. You regretted being stuck in the
safe house. You couldn’t even leave to get some fresh air.

The politician you were after was eccentric. He was throwing a ball. An actual ball. A masquerade, in fact. You needed to get close to the man during the dancing—when he was minimally guarded—but faced one huge problem: for the life of you, you couldn’t learn the damn dance. You were fine with a simple two step at the minister’s gala almost a year ago, but this was far more complicated.

You slumped to the ground, momentarily defeated.

“This wouldn’t be a problem if you’d been trained in the Red Room,” said a voice from the doorway.

You turned and glared at the Soldier. “Yes, and if ‘ifs’ were poppies we’d both be dreaming,” you seethed, standing. Your self-pity-induced break was over and you needed to get back to the grueling task of learning the complicated waltz. You restarted the song, going through every motion, starting from the curtsy to your invisible partner. You made it all the way through the first ten steps before you forgot what to do next. It was a new record.

“You suck at this,” the Soldier said mockingly from his position at the kitchen table.

You were about to rip him a new one, but then an idea struck you. You knew what would make this easier.

A partner.

“Come here,” you said suddenly.

“I don’t take orders from you,” he said coldly.

“It wasn’t an order, it was a request,” you said, biting back your temper. Recently his behavior around you had been odd—colder. The progress you’d made in getting to know him seemed as though it had all but evaporated. “I need to learn this choreography and it’ll go much faster if I have a partner to practice with,” you said, taking a step closer to him.

“I refuse,” he said, tensing up.

“Then I will fail my mission,” you said, voice shaking ever-so-slightly. The tremor in your voice seemed to get his attention. He looked at you, face unreadable.

“Fine, have it your way,” he said, standing suddenly. Before you could react he’d grabbed your hand and dragged you into the open space you’d cleared in the living room. He turned suddenly and grabbed your phone out of your other hand and pressed play before throwing it on the couch. He placed his metal hand on your waist and tugged you closer so that your chest was nearly flush with his. “Straighten your back,” he said, running his metal fingers up the curve of your spine. Your thin shirt couldn’t protect you from the coolness of his metal fingers. You shivered, arching your back slightly against his touch.

You looked up into his eyes—had they always been such a striking blue?

“You know how to dance?” you asked as the song played its intro. Normally he’d be bowing to you and you’d curtsy back.

“Who knows?” he said evasively, handing returning to your waist. The music started in earnest and the Soldier took the lead.
He definitely knew how to dance. He led you around the room slowly in time with the music. Pressure on your hand or waist told you where you needed to step a second before you moved.

“When did you learn the choreography?” you asked, distraught. You’d been practicing for hours but you only knew what the next step was thanks to his unspoken directions.

“I learned it while you were in here bumbling,” he said and spun you out gently, then reeled you back in. You twirled into his chest. Now you were both facing the same direction. He took your free hand in his and you moved together for a few steps in that position. “Now, focus on what you’re doing,” he whispered into your ear.

You fought back a shiver as he spun you back out again. You both stepped forward and met in the middle, returning to the normal waltz position. “I do not bumble,” you said indignantly.

Suddenly you world went sideways as he dipped you low, metal hand gripping your thigh as his flesh arm supported your back. You tried to ignore the way heat pooled between your thighs on account of the position you were in and the look he was giving you.

“Yes, you do,” he said, eyes boring into yours. The emotion in his eyes- you usually only ever saw it in flashes. This was something new. He pulled you back up gracefully and took a step away before giving you a shallow bow. He took your left hand gently in his metal one and brought it to his lips, brushing them over your knuckles softly. The entire time, his eyes never left yours.

Your heart was trying to beat out of your chest.

“Thank you for the dance,” he said, straightening. He dropped your hand and walked away, leaving you a mess of emotions.

You performed flawlessly, even with the giant black costume dress you had to wear impeding your every move. By the end of the dance, every pair of masked eyes were on you and Senator Bradley, the eccentric host of the party. If everyone else was charmed by you, then the Senator was enthralled. To no one’s surprise, he asked for you to join him upstairs the second he’d finished greeting everyone his secretary deemed mandatory. You smiled disarmingly at him and accepted his outstretched arm.

You took the private elevator up two levels to his private floor. He was kissing you messily, your masks bumping together, before the doors even opened. You fought the urge to punch him in the throat.

“Wait, wait. I want to put on a show for you,” you said silkily, kissing his neck as your hands roamed down his chest. You’d have to go through a whole bottle of mouth wash later. The doors opened and the two of you spilled out of the elevator. “Where’s your bathroom? I need to… freshen up,” you simpered, winking at him suggestively.

“Down the hall on the left, sweet thing,” he said as he looked you up and down, clearly undressing you with his mind.

“I’ll be right back, naughty boy. Be ready,” you said, swinging your hips as you walked away. The bathroom was where he said it was. You locked the door behind you and pushed the plug down in the drain and let it fill with water. While you waited for it to fill, you stripped off your elegant ball gown, giving it a dirty look. You left the black mask on, however. It perfectly complemented the tight leather suit you had on. You pulled out a small vial and threw it and the ball gown into the tub where they both began dissolving immediately, turning into acidic black sludge. You smirked. Hydra
gave you all the best toys. You pulled off the caps of your boots’ tall heels to reveal long, sharp black spikes. You turned the water off and smiled. Let the games begin.

Distracted by your clothing as he was, the Senator hadn’t seen you coming. Nor had he seen the steel spiked heel until it was in his jugular. You carried the body to the tub, trying your best to avoid getting blood on yourself. You placed Bradley in the tub slowly, careful to avoid splashing yourself. The skin and clothing hissed when it hit the acid. You stepped back and admired your handiwork once you’d finished. The tub would erode eventually, but not until after the Senator became a chunky acidic soup. You left the room and made your way to the balcony.

You looked up and groaned. Climbing the wall was the easiest way to the roof, which was where your extraction team was waiting for you. But that thought didn’t make scaling the wall any more appealing. If you fell this time, the Soldier wouldn’t be there to catch you. Your heart twisted at the thought. This was your first solo mission in a while and you realized you missed having him on assignments with you.

It took you a few minutes to get to the top of the wall. You didn’t dare look down. You yelped as someone reached over the edge and pulled you up and onto the flat roof. You prepared yourself for a fight but the clouds shifted and revealed the Soldier.

"Soldat, what are you doing here?" you asked, looking around for any threats.

He held a finger to your lips, shook his head, and took your hand, walking backwards as he led you away from the edge of the rooftop. The intensity in his eyes… you’d never seen this much emotion in them before. You stopped when he did, trapped by his gaze, eyes locked on his as he took your right hand in his metal one and snaked an arm around your waist, pulling you close to him- just close enough that your chest brushed his. Faintly, music began playing downstairs. It escaped through the windows and drifted softly up to you on the roof. He began spinning the both of you slowly, eyes never leaving yours.

"This is one of my favorite songs," he said quietly as you spun on the spot.

It took a second for the weight of that statement to sink in. "Soldat, your memories are returning?" you asked, eyes widening.

He nodded, face twisting in sadness. "Please don’t call me that. Not today, Doll," he said, cupping
your face with his right hand.

“They’ll know,” you said, heart filling with fear for him.

He smiled sadly. “Yes, they’ll find out eventually.”

“I’ll lose you to their brainwashing,” you said, distraught.

“Hey, hey. Don’t panic yet, Doll. It might not completely stick, like yours didn’t,” he said, stroking your cheek with his thumb.

Your eyes widened. “How did-”

“I suspected from the moment I met you as the Soldier, but something about you intrigued me, even then. I think it’s thanks to you that this is happening. I’ve been getting memories back slowly whenever I’m around you. You spark something deep inside of me, Doll,” he said, smiling so sweetly at you that you could feel your heart break then and there. “I’m sorry for treatin’ you so bad recently. I was afraid of what was happening to me, and what it could mean for you,” he said, eyes apologetic.

You ignored the sense of dread settling in your stomach, threw caution to the wind, and stood up on your toes.

He met you halfway, lips crashing against yours. You pulled away enough to look him in the eyes. You both searched each other’s faces before you reached up, tangled your fingers in his hair, and pulled him back down into the kiss. He pulled you against him with his right arm. His metal arm grabbed you by the thigh and pulled you up. Your legs wrapped around his waist and he held you securely against him. Your arms snaked around his neck, fingers buried in his hair as you devoured each other’s lips.

You broke the kiss, panting slightly. “What do I call you, if not Soldat?” you asked, kissing him on the neck between every couple of words.

“Bucky. Call me Bucky,” he said, gasping as you bit hard on his neck then soothed it with a lick.

“Bucky, then,” you said, smiling at him before lazily claiming his lips with your own again. You stayed like that, wrapped in each other’s arms and lost in each other’s kisses for what felt like a small eternity.

“I hate to ruin the moment, but I think our dance is over,” he said. Over the blood pounding in your ears, you heard people floors below you screaming.

You sighed softly when he kissed your neck before setting you down. “I hate it when you’re right,” you said, pecking him on the lips. “Please tell me you have a way out of here,” you said, glancing over the edge of the rooftop at the mayhem below.

“Of course, (Y/N). I’d never let my best girl get hurt,” he said, grinning at you.

You smiled sadly back at him. You both knew it was a promise he couldn’t keep.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Female!Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She has decided to stay with the Avengers in the hopes they can help her retrieve lost memories.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Language, violence/fighting, traumatic past (mentions of torture/experimentation), angst, more angst, slow burn
A/N: Did someone say angst? I’m pretty sure I heard “angst.” It’s only going to get worse. Sorry not sorry.. Except about the delay. I am sorry about that.
Translations:
sestra - sister
You were late. You always made breakfast at the same time every day. It was one of the few habits you’d developed in your time at the base. Bucky glanced at the digital clock on the wall. It flashed “9:32” at him in bright neon blue letters. Thirty-two minutes late.

He’d been avoiding you but still kept a close eye on you. He would always worry about you, but his feelings for you were only growing and you had no idea what there had once been between you. He had to distance himself before he ruined your relationship by making a move on you while you were confused and vulnerable. He’d never take advantage of you like that.

A sense of dread wormed its way into his stomach. He got up from his spot at the dining room table and headed to the room you shared. He knocked on the door quietly. There was no response. He knocked a little louder. FRIDAY had said you had entered and not come out yet. Trying not to panic, he quickly entered the pass code.

She was probably showering. That had to be it. That’s why she didn’t respond. He thought to himself. He shoved the door open and let out a deep sigh of relief when he saw you sitting on the bed, cross-legged.

“Good, you’re alright. You could have answered the door, y’know,” he said, eyes adjusting to the low light.

“Bucky,” you said. Something in your voice made his stomach clench with dread.
“(Y/N)?” he asked tentatively, taking a step into the room. The door shut with a deep, foreboding clack.

Your POV

You held the tablet in your hands, staring down at it. Tears trailed down your cheeks in an unaltering torrent. Instead of answering Bucky, who had been inching closer to the bed, you pressed the play button. The sound of Glenn Miller and his orchestra’s Moonlight Serenade filled the room with the romantic melody. Bucky froze as soon as the first chord of the song rang out.

Finally, you looked up at him. He was staring at you, pale, eyes wide in shock as he finally realized you were crying.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” you asked, voice cracking, hiccuping between choked sobs.

“You remember? Everything?” he asked.

Something inside of you snapped. “I don’t know, Bucky!” you screamed, standing on the bed. “But I know we were dancing on a rooftop! And I know how I felt about you. And I saw it in your eyes. You felt the same! You broke through the Hydra brainwashing! Because of me! For me!” you said, glaring down at him. “Why didn’t you tell me?” you asked, unable to hide the hurt in your voice at way your heart was breaking.

“You wouldn’t’ve believed me,” he said quietly, voice strangled. His eyes searched yours. “And even if by some miracle you did, I still wouldn’t be with you,” he said, eyes flicking to the ground as he spoke.

“Liar,” you hissed, heart shattering.

“Never, Doll. Not about this,” he said, refusing to look you in the eyes.

“Don’t call me that,” you spat. “I’m not your doll.” You tried to ignore the way your legs threatened to give out.

You clambered down off of the bed and stormed up to him. He stared determinedly at the ground.

“Last chance, Bucky. Tell me everything. Give me an explanation I can understand. Fix this now, or I’m never going to speak to you again,” you said, your tone deadly. It would hurt to much to be around you and not be with you, you thought, chest constricting painfully.

He was a silent for a moment before he spoke. “I think that’s for the best,” he said, voice completely devoid of all emotion.

The tiny spark of hope you’d carried until then was smothered by his words. You raised a hand and pulled it back to slap him, but froze. No, you wouldn’t let this turn you into something you weren’t. Instead, you grabbed his shirt, the fabric balled in your fists. You tugged hard on it, forcing him to look you in the eyes. “You’re a fucking liar, James Buchanan Barnes,” you raged, giving him a slight shove before you walked past him and out of the door to his room, slamming it behind you.

You made it ten feet out of the door before you started sobbing. You couldn’t even make it to Wanda’s room before your legs gave out. You dropped like a sack of potatoes and curled into a ball. Something in your mind told you that, and you had to agree. A simple night of kissing wouldn’t hurt this badly. One of the most unfair parts about the entire situation was that you didn’t even know why it hurt so much. Sobs racked your body and you
didn’t notice right away when a pair of arms lifted you up and held you bridal style.

Through your tears you managed to see Sam, looking at you worriedly.

“What happened, (Y/N)?” he asked, concern clear in his voice.

You shook your head violently and buried your head in his shoulder, muffling your sobs.

“Want me to take you to Wanda?” he asked quietly. You nodded, unable to speak. “Alright, Cuttlefish. Let’s go,” he said. He carried you down the hallway to Wanda’s room. When you arrived, she was already at the door. She looked from you to Sam and back in alarm.

“What happened? Was it another memory? Where’s Bucky?” she asked, opening the door so Sam could carry you into her room. You whimpered at the sound of his name.

Sam placed you gently on the bed and shrugged helplessly to Wanda. “I’ve got no idea. I was on my way back to my room when I found her crying in the hallway. You know about as much as I do,” he said, sharing a worried look with Wanda.

“Thanks for bringing her to me. I’ve got it from here… I hope,” she said, giving Sam a bracing smile. He didn’t look entirely convinced, but exited the room anyway, shutting the door behind him.

“What happened, sestra?” Wanda asked as she sat down next to you on her bed. She grabbed blankets and pillows and half buried you under them. You welcomed them. They made you feel just a tiny bit safer.

“Duh wah tahk bou ih“ you said between gasping breaths, voice muffled blankets.

“… If you’d prefer, I could look into your mind, instead? You look a mess… Something horrible must have happened. I’d like to help you, if I can,” she said, giving you a small, warm smile.

You thought about it for a moment, hiccuping quietly. “-Kay,” you croaked, nodding your head. She placed her hands gently on your head and you took a deep, shaky breath, preparing yourself as best you could.

A second later, she invaded your thoughts. You thought you were used to her doing it by now, but this was some sort of personal hell. You only caught glimpses of it, but she was looking at your memories of being The Infiltrator with The Soldier. She watched your most recently acquired memory: the murder of the Senator and the events afterwards, including your fight with Bucky after regaining consciousness. Reliving it all sent you into sobs all over again. You’d finally remembered what you’d seen when you’d passed out the first time. You didn’t think remembering would be this painful.

Suddenly, her hands left, along with her presence in your mind. Then she was hugging you, crushing you to her chest. “I’m so sorry, (Y/N). I thought it was the memories, but- If you want, I can kill him. Or maim him. Or give him horrific visions. It’s up to you, really,” she said as she rubbed circles on your back.

The thought managed to lift your spirits a little and the corners of your mouth turned up slightly as a fresh wave of tears ran down your cheeks. You shook your head against her shoulder and blew some of her hair out of your face.

“No worth it. ’Preciate it, though,” you muttered, giving her a gentle pat on the back. You tried to wrangle in your emotions. It sort of worked. You were crying a little less now.
“Do you want ice cream?” she asked, leaning back enough to peer at your face.

You thought about it and wiped your tears away with your sleeve. “Can I hit things first? Then ice cream after?” you croaked, voice hoarse from crying.

She beamed at you. “I like that idea. Let’s do that.”

Turned out hitting things and eating ice cream made you feel a little better. While you were out with Wanda, Sam and Steve had moved most of your things into your brand new room. It had been ready for a day or two now, but you’d put off moving. Until now, you hadn’t wanted to move out of Bucky’s room.

The last step was moving all of your books into your room. You and Wanda joined Steve in moving them, but you’d asked Sam to go grab drinks for the group. You didn’t want to risk him seeing your collection. You could imagine all of the jokes he’d make until you were all old and wrinkly and suppressed a shudder of horror.

You set your final box down and flopped backwards onto your huge new bed, exhausted, and stared at the ceiling. Wanda joined you a moment later, hitting the mattress just as hard as you had and joined you in your tired staring contest with the ceiling. Something huge flew past you and you yelped in shock as your mattress flew a few inches in the air. Steve had taken a running leap and launched himself onto the bed next to you. He’d caused enough force for the bed to convulse under you.

You turned your head to look at him. He smiled at you sheepishly. “Sorry, the bed looked perfect for that. and I have to say, I was right. That was amazing,” he said, giving you a thumbs up.

You snorted, and on your other side you heard Wanda giggling.

“The Falcon’s coming in for a landing!” was all the warning you got from Sam before he ran at the bed.

“Sam, no!” Steve said.

“Don’t you da-” you began.

“No no no no no no n-!” Wanda exclaimed.

But Sam had already jumped, landing on top of the three of you. You sat up and glared at him as he laid across your knees. Steve and Wanda weren’t as lucky. Sam was laying across Wanda’s stomach, and Steve’s head was in Sam’s armpit. Sam made a valiant attempt to keep the Super Soldier in the prone position, but Steve shoved him off, then gasped for air.

“I brought drinks,” Sam said, grabbing the bottles off of the bed. “Threw ‘em before I jumped. For dramatic effect, of course,” he said, handing all of you your orders.

“Sam, get up,” Wanda said, wheezing under his weight.

“What’s the magic word?” Sam said tauntingly.

“Whatever I want it to be,” she said dangerously. Her eyes began to glow.

“Shit,” was all Sam was able to get out before Wanda launched him across the room. He landed in your dirty laundry basket, ass first. You all broke into laughter at his predicament.
“Haha, yes. Very funny. Now please help me. I think I’m stuck,” he said, trying and failing to wiggle his way out of the basket.

“Did you hear something, Steve?” You asked him.

“No. Did you, Wanda?” Steve asked her.

“Nope, not a thing,” she said, smirking.

“Oh, that’s cold,” Sam said, causing you all to begin laughing again.

Eventually, Steve went over and helped him out. But not before you all took verbal potshots at him, getting revenge for his unannounced dive bomb earlier.

You were having so much fun with your friends that you were almost able to ignore the gaping hole Bucky left in your heart.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Female!Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She has decided to stay with the Avengers in the hopes they can help her retrieve lost memories. Remembering a particularly intimate memory of Bucky leads to a fight between the two.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Language, violence/fighting, traumatic past, torture/experimentation, angst, more angst, slow burn
A/N: Russian in “quotes and italics.” You know the drill :) Yeesh, this is a long one. Buckle up, bois, and bring tissues.

Originally posted by ohmystucky

In the weeks that followed your fight with Bucky, you stood by your word. You saw him rarely and
didn’t speak to him. Your emotional and physical distance wasn’t enough to stop the ache in your chest you felt every time you saw him, though. In the rare moments you had to be in the same room as him for more than a few moments, you never looked at him. You could always feel his stare, though, and saw it out of the corner of your eye.

Today, you were making a light breakfast at your normal time. You had training with Wanda today. You’d agreed to go back out into the field in the name of SHIELD. You’d seen firsthand the good the revitalized organization was trying to do and decided to lend them your skills.

You made yourself a bowl of oatmeal. While you worked, you could feel Bucky gazing at you from his spot at the dining room table. You ignored him and grabbed a spoon from the drawer and decided to take your breakfast to go, heading to the gym a floor below.

You arrived at the gym five minutes later, oatmeal heartily devoured. Wanda was already waiting for you, so you threw the bowl in your locker, grabbed your water bottle, and went out to meet her.

A few agents were working out but they gave you and Wanda a wide berth. Whether it was out of respect, kindness, or fear you didn’t know. Nor did you particularly care.

You both agreed to spar, no powers. Pinning for at least three seconds was a point. First to five points won. You were already exhausted from running with Steve that morning which meant that Wanda had a better chance than usual at beating you. Even without your memories completely returned, a lot of your fighting instincts had stayed intact. You won your matches more often than not. You wondered how much better your fighting prowess would be if you remembered the rest of your time as The Infiltrator.

As it turned out, remembering your time as a highly trained spy did, in fact, increase your combat capabilities. The Captain had been training Wanda in hand-to-hand combat. He said he didn’t want her to rely too much on her powers and she agreed.

But today, you were a force of nature. You performed moves you’d forgotten and analyzed Wanda’s style easily. You’d racked up four points by the time she got her first pin on you.

You groaned in frustration, struggling under her grip. She stretched your arm out farther, causing you to gasp in pain. If you didn’t get up immediately, she would-

You were too slow. Sure enough, with a shift of her weight she pinned you, your face squished into the sparring mat.

“Give up, before this gets messy” she said with mock bravado.

You screamed in agony as pressure spiked painfully in the base of your skull.

Wanda quickly released you. You curled up into a ball, clutching your head. Your nails dug deeply into your scalp, but you didn’t even feel it.

Distantly, you knew Wanda was asking you what was wrong, but you barely heard her.

To your surprise, you didn’t black out. Instead, the pain gradually lessened until you could once again see straight. You didn’t know how much time had passed, but by the time you were able to focus, agents had gathered around you, fidgeting, unsure of what to do. Wanda was sitting next to you, eyes wide. She seemed startled when you turned to look at her.

“(Y/N)? What happened?” she asked quietly. Her voice grated on your ear drums and you winced.
“Dunno. Head hurts,” you managed to get out, hissing at the pain you felt when you turned your head slightly to look at her.

“Was it a memory?” she asked hesitantly.

“Don’t think so. Just pain,” you said, trying to control your breathing. Your head throbbed with pain in time with your heartbeats.

“Do you need help?” Wanda asked, hands hovering above you, unsure.

“No, no,” you said, grimacing in pain as you sat up. “I can handle this,” you said, leaning forwards onto your hands and knees. You could feel your oatmeal trying to work its way back up. Your body protested moving. You ignored it and forced yourself to stand, swaying slightly. Wanda popped up and held her hands out, ready to catch you if need be.

“Are you sure?” she asked, clearly not believing you. Anyone who could see you could tell you probably weren’t okay.

“Never better. Think I’m gonna call it here for today, though,” you said, turning away from her and stumbling towards the door.

You heard her huff in exasperation behind you. She trotted up to you and grabbed your arm just in time to keep you from falling over. She threw it over her shoulder. “You’re going to hurt yourself. At least let me help you to your room,” she said, staring at you obstinately, jaw set. Not wanting to be anywhere that wasn’t your bed for even a moment longer, you agreed to her help.

Together you managed to get you into your room. With one last concerned look at you, curled in a ball on your bed, she left and closed the door quietly behind her. You reached into the top drawer of your bedside table and pulled out a few Advil and washed them down with some water from the pitcher and cups on your table, hoping against hope it’d soothe some of the aching throbbing in your head. It felt like Thor himself was hitting your head with Mjolnir.

You weren’t sure if it was because of the Advil or just because your brain had finished trying to scramble itself, but eventually the pain began to fade. You were so exhausted from everything that happened that, as soon as the pain allowed, you fell asleep on top of your sheets, still in your workout clothes.

You awoke to the sound of screaming. You sat bolt upright, vision swimming from the sudden change of position and dull throb in the back of your skull. Luckily for you, you’d fallen asleep in your workout clothes.

“What’s going on, FRIDAY?” you asked the VI. The screaming continued, muffled by the thick walls between you and its origin.

“I can’t be sure, Miss (Y/L/N),” FRIDAY responded. “The source of the noise seems to be Sargent Barnes’ room. I can’t access his room without his express permission, so I don’t know what the situation is. I would notify the Avengers, but they’re out on assignment. It is still early enough that your door hasn’t locked for the night. You are capable of assisting the Sargent if he’s in trouble,” FRIDAY told you.

You were out of bed and running out the door practically before she finished speaking. You wished they’d allowed you weapons, but that was a big leap of faith in someone prone to inexplicably turning into a practically undetectable Hydra agent. Bucky’s room was only a few doors down, a fact you usually hated as it increased your chances of having to see him. His screams compelled you to
move faster, on edge. He sounded like he was in pain. You were surprised to see that his door was intact, but quickly punched the security code into the panel and breathed a sigh of relief when it swung open. You ran in, prepared to fight whatever threat met you.

But the room was empty except for Bucky, who was laying on the floor, tangled in blankets, screaming bloody murder.

“Bucky!” You ran up to him and realized he was asleep, eyes closed tightly, oblivious to the waking world. He was drenched in sweat and was tossing and turning violently.

“Bucky, wake up!” you said, shaking him.

“No, not her! Stop” he yelled. You barely dodged his fist as he flailed in his sleep, missing your head by inches. The pain the back of your skull spiked back up uncomfortably.

“Bucky, you have to wake up! It’s a dream!” you said, shaking him harder, your own pain growing.

“-my fault! Take me! Don’t touch her!” he bellowed, face twisting in agony in his sleep.

You looked up and searched his room for- aha. Your vision swam slightly from the pain. There it was. You jumped up and grabbed his water bottle from the bedside table and came back to kneel beside him. You unscrewed the cap and unceremoniously dumped the water on his face.

The chilly liquid made him wake suddenly, eyes bugging for a moment. Something was off, though. He swiveled, grabbing your arm with his metal hand and sat up in one smooth motion. It dug into your flesh uncomfortably. He peered at you in the dim room, eyes hard.

But then he seemed to notice who he was holding. His eyes still had a faraway look to them, but his features softened when he recognized you. To your shock, he pulled you to his chest, crushing you against him. You were about to yell at him and pull away when you realized he was crying. He ran his fingers through your hair gently, other arm clutching you to his chest.

He’s not completely awake yet, you thought to yourself.

“You’re safe. Thank goodness you’re safe. I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you, Doll. Please forgive me. I love you. I won’t let them break me,” he murmured into your hair as he kissed the top of your head.

And, for the third time in your life, pain sundered the world around you until there was only blackness.
You clutched at your left arm, blood seeping out between your fingers. There weren’t supposed to have been this many hostiles. Your intel was wrong. Your intel was never wrong.

You gritted your teeth when two more soldiers appeared in the doorway. You raised your left arm, which held your gun, and aimed shakily at the guards. Your first shot hit one of the soldiers true, but your second hit the other’s body armor. He aimed his semi-automatic rifle at your head and you quickly ducked behind the wall behind you, narrowly avoiding getting torn to shreds by the bullets.

“Report, Doll,” Bucky said into your comms.

“The intel on this complex was shit. There are triple the amount of men there were supposed to be. I’m out-gunned and I’m hit,” you said over the gunfire. There was a lull in the barrage of bullets. You rolled out of cover and shot the soldier dead before he knew what was happening. It was a small victory. There were forty more men in the complex. You were a gifted fighter, but you were only one woman against highly trained, well-geared soldiers, and all you had was a pistol. You knew you probably weren’t making it out of this one. You set your jaw in grim determination. If you weren’t going to survive, you’d give Bucky the biggest distraction you could so that he’d have an easier time taking out his target.

“I’m coming,” he spoke over the comm.

“You’ve completed your mission?” you asked incredulously. Their plan had gone sideways from moment one when your ticket in had turned out to be a setup. They had known you were coming and had prepared accordingly. It seemed impossible that Bucky had managed to assassinate his target with the defenses their enemies had set in place.
“No,” he said simply. You could hear gunfire over the comms. You heard boots thundering down the hallway which meant you had company, too.

“But, the mission-” you began. This had been a rare opportunity for you to take a reclusive, rich, and well-guarded enemy of Hydra.

“You’re more important than the mission,” he growled, voice muffled by his mask. “I made you a promise,” he said. You heard the sickening thwack of his metal fist meeting bones.

“They will find out. Please, Bucky, complete the mission. They’ll wipe your mind,” you said frantically.

“I’m not leaving you behind, Doll,” he said, the sounds of fighting still filling the comms. “You would do the same for me,” he said, more softly.

You wanted to fight him about it more, but you knew it was true. Also, more soldiers had appeared and you had to focus on killing them before they killed you. It was getting more difficult as you lost more and more blood.

“This is a terrible idea,” you grumbled, ducking behind an overturned table as more soldiers appeared.

“I heard that,” Bucky said, grunting as he fought against the tide of men.

“Well it is,” you hissed. You took careful aim at one of the soldiers and pulled the trigger. He dropped like a rock and you ducked back behind the table as his fellows peppered it with bullets. “…but thank you,” you said softly. “I only have one bullet left,” you said, glaring at the gun.

“You’re welcome, princess. Almost there,” he said. You strained your ears, listening. Sure enough, you could hear him working his way towards you down the hallway.

“Four in the room in front of you. They have me pinned behind the table,” you informed him, peeking out from behind the table. A spray of bullets aimed at your head make you take cover quickly again.

“I think you mean three,” he said just as one of the soldiers flew over you and into the wall, knocking him unconscious on impact. You shot him in the head before he could rouse.

“Showoff,” you muttered, grabbing the dead man’s gun. You stood up, clutching the semi-automatic, gunning for any of the soldiers.

Bucky was leaning against the door frame, soldiers dead around him, looking smug. You knew he was smirking under his mask. “I heard that, too. Do you even know how comms work?” he asked teasingly. You raised the gun and aimed at his head and he raised an eyebrow at you. “Oh, come on, Doll. I’m only kidding.”

“Duck,” you said. He dropped without a second thought and you shot the soldier that had been sneaking up on him right between the eyes.

He turned to look at the dead man before he turned back to you. “Thanks, Doll,” he said, walking over to you. He cupped your cheek in his hand and rubbed it gently with his thumb before taking a look at your arm. Blood still trailed down your arm from the wound. He holstered his gun and looked around for a moment before he walked over to a set of delicate window curtains and ripped a long, thin strip off of it. He wrapped it around your arm and over the wound. Your face twisted in distaste. It stung like a bitch. “Sorry, sweetheart. Gotta bandage that before you bleed out on me,” he
“Don’t worry about it. No pain no gain. Thanks, Bucky,” you said, standing on your toes to plant a kiss on his masked lips. His eyes twinkled and you knew he was smiling.

“Let’s get out of here before more show up, shall we?” he asked, pulling the Skorpion off of the back of his vest.

You nodded. “Your bike nearby?” you asked as you followed him through the halls.

“Close enough,” he said, scanning the halls cautiously.

You made it through the mansion with relative ease. Between you and Bucky, the soldiers didn’t stand a chance. It became clear very quickly, though, that the target of the mission had fled, likely going underground. You were heading towards where Bucky had stashed his bike when he spoke up. You’d both already thrown out your comms and any other equipment that Hydra might be able to track.

“We can’t go back to Hydra,” he said, looking over at you as you ran.

“What about my arm? I can’t go to the hospital, Bucky. I could list the reasons why, but we’d be here for hours,” you said. Your vision was starting to get blurry and your blood had soaked through the temporary bandage.

He stayed quiet for a moment, thinking. “I think I know somewhere we can get some help,” he said as you arrived at the tiny broken down carport Bucky had stashed his bike in.

“And where would that be?” you asked. He pulled the camouflage tarp off of it, pulled it out of the shed, and hopped on.

“Ever been to New York?” he asked, glancing at you over his shoulder as you hopped on. You shook your head. Most of your work had been in D.C. The black Harley roared beneath you as he started it. “Well, it’s time to go see an old friend,” he yelled over the engine before he peeled off down the road.

You hadn’t gotten more than ten miles before Hydra found you. You were speeding down the freeway when you felt Bucky tense up. You looked around, confused. Following you (and gaining fast) were a horde of black SUV’s. “Why is it always black SUV’s?” you muttered to yourself, and held onto Bucky even more tightly. He must have spotted them in his mirrors. He sped up, but slammed on the brakes. There was a blockade up ahead.

“Hydra,” you heard him hiss over the rumble of the Harley’s engine. “Hold on, Doll. We hafta ditch the bike. It’s too conspicuous,” he said. You didn’t need to be told twice. He took off again, weaving in and out of swerving cars. Luckily, you didn’t have to sit in terror too long. He pulled off at the first exit, speeding down the exit ramp and into the busy city. The SUV’s would be delayed by the traffic… or so you thought. Even more pursuers came screeching down the road and blockaded the bottom of the exit ramp.

You were going fast. Too fast to stop before you ran into the closest of the vehicles. Bucky had noticed, too. Suddenly, you were in his arms as he jumped off the bike. It went sideways, skidding into and under the first car. Somehow, he managed to land on his feet, stumbling only slightly as he took off running with you in his arms, away from the Hydra agents. He jumped over the guardrail, and made it five steps before he froze. Waiting for you at the bottom of the grassy, trash-infested hill
were at least twenty Hydra agents, guns trained on the both of you. You peered over Bucky’s shoulder. The agents from the highway chase had finally arrived, blocking off your retreat. The ones that had blocked the off ramp joined the others, guns aimed at you and Bucky.

“Give up, before this gets messy,” said one of the agents at the bottom of the hill.

“I’m sorry, Doll,” he said, realizing exactly how impossible it was for both of you to make it out of this alive and free.

“I see that look in your eyes, Bucky. Don’t you dare try to sacrifice yourself so I can escape. I can barely stand, much less run. I wouldn’t want you doing that even if I was in a good condition, though,” you said, reaching up to brush some of his hair from his face. It fell right back and you smiled. “I love you, James Buchanan Barnes, and I don’t blame you one bit,” you whispered.

A second later, something stung your arm. You looked down. A tranquilizer dart. You heard Bucky hiss as he was hit with at least three. He fell to his knees, setting you down gently next to him, before he fell backwards. You laid your head on his chest, fingers lacing with his, just before everything went black.

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Pain. Pain was all you felt.

It pervaded every movement; every breath.

Some of your fingers were swollen, ending in a bloody mess; exposed flesh where nails had been. They’d been careful to stop your bleeding. You’d lost a lot of blood before you’d even arrived. Most of their other torture had been blunt force or psychological. They brought you in front of Bucky while they beat you, his pleading screams mixing with yours as they broke your bones one at a time. He was strapped to his brainwashing chair and forced to watch.

“No, not her!” he screamed at your torturers. “Stop, please, it’s my fault! I’m the one who failed the mission!” he yelled, watching in horror as they punched you until your face was nearly unrecognizable. “Take me, instead! Please! Please, don’t touch her! She’s suffered too much already! She’s going to die!” he yelled, tugging against his restraints until his wrists bled. Tears were running down your face. You wanted to tell him how much you loved him, but your voice had given out hours ago.

“Why do you think we’re torturing her? Make no mistake, she deserves a punishment, too, but this is yours. We’ve known how much you cared about her for a long time now, but you seemed so motivated. You did everything we asked, trying to keep her safe from our wrath. But then you just had to go and fail then run away, didn’t you?” the man said, grinning wickedly at the look of horror and shame that crossed Bucky’s features.

It’s not your fault. Don’t listen to him, you wanted to tell him, but your damn voice wouldn’t work. Through your swollen eyelids, you could just make out Bucky’s expression. Your heart broke. He was crying. He thought all of this was his fault. He blamed himself for not being able to protect you.
No, please, love. Don’t cry, you wanted to tell him. The man torturing you pulled out a small electrical device. You recognized it from your training. He planned to torture you with electricity. He tightened the straps that held you to the chair by your wrists and ankles. He moved your hair out of your face in an almost intimate way and you didn’t even have the energy to pull away from his slimy touch. “There, now, have to ensure your Bucky can see your face, no?” he asked, putrid breath wafting in your face. He looked over his shoulder at Bucky. “Make no mistake, Soldier. This is your fault,” he said, turning the machine on its lowest setting. “Don’t worry, though. I’ll make sure not to kill her. Can’t have your punishment ending too early,” he said, placing the positive and negative clamps on the legs of the chair.

You met his eyes. The physical distance between you seemed more vast than the ocean. You tried to tell him with your eyes how much you felt for him. How you didn’t blame him. While the doctor adjusted the machine you mouthed “I love you” to him. He choked back a sob.

The last thing you remembered was the torturer saying, “Alright, my dear. Let us begin.”

You were finally able to focus. You had no idea how long you were out for. Minutes? Hours? Days? Time had no meaning in the torture chamber. You realized suddenly you weren’t tied up. You tried to sit up, but your body wouldn’t budge. You barely had the energy to keep your eyes open. You managed to turn your head enough to find Bucky. He was still in the chair and although he was looking at you, his mind was thousands of miles away.
“Bucky,” you managed, words coming out in a hiss. His attention snapped to your face. You could see the relief flood his face, only to be quickly replaced by terror. He looked from you to the door quickly. You realized you must be alone for now.

“I’m sorry, Doll. I’m so sorry. I couldn’t protect you. And now this is happening to you because of me. Damnit. I’m so sorry,” he whispered, distraught.

“Bucky-” you began, but were cut off by the loud bang of the door opening. In walked the torturer, whose name you still didn’t know. It seemed odd that you didn’t know the name of the man killing you even though you’d been in his company for hours- if not days- already.

“Ah, yes, the lovely lady awakens. I think we’re ready to finish this game, then, yes?” he asked, looking between the two of you.

“Don’t touch her,” Bucky said, menace lacing his voice.

“Oh, I don’t plan to. Not anymore, anyway,” he said, smiling venomously at Bucky. The sight sent a shiver down your spine. “No, Soldier, that will be your job,” he hissed, pressing a button that put Bucky in a slightly reclined position.

“No! No, shit, no!” he yelled, struggling against the restraints when he realized what the man was planning. The straps held fast, holding him in place. The man shoved a mouth guard into Bucky’s mouth. He didn’t have time to spit it out.

The metal contraption came down and covered most of his face. You could still see his eyes, though.

“Bucky,” you whispered.

His eyes locked with yours.

And then the machine turned on and he convulsed, eyes widening, unable to focus past the pain. Tears escaped your eyes, but your body didn’t even have the energy left to sob. You watched in horror as the torturer read out the Soldier’s activation words.


The machine stopped, and the machine’s arm lifted away from Bucky’s face. What you saw made your heart break. It was no longer your Bucky. It was the Winter Soldier.

“Soldier?” asked the torturer.

“Ready to comply,” the Soldier responded, emotionless.

Satisfied, the man removed the restraints from the Soldier.

“Kill that woman,” he ordered, motioning to you over his shoulder.

The Soldier looked at you and your entire body froze in fear. There was no spark of recognition in his eyes. “Understood,” he said, standing mechanically.

He walked over to you slowly. You tried to turn your head to look up at him, but couldn’t find the energy. All you could see were his boots and the bottom of his pants. Suddenly, his metal hand came into view-

-and his fingers wrapped around your neck, lifting you up. He picked you up easily and walked you backwards until your back hit a cold cement wall. Your feet barely touched the ground.
You looked into his eyes. There was nothing left of your Bucky… but perhaps there would be again one day. You didn’t want him to blame himself.

Using the last of your strength, you lifted a hand to his face and gently caressed his cheek. Black spots swam in your vision.

“I don’t blame you, Bucky,” you rasped, eyes locked to his. “I… love… you…” you managed to get out before the blackness overtook your vision completely and you lost consciousness.

You woke up in a small, cold, grimy cement cell. You looked around, confused, and took in your surroundings. There was a tiny lumpy mattress to your left. A small dingy light bulb hung from the ceiling. Behind you, at the top of the cell- which you guessed was about twelve feet high- was a tiny window. Freezing air drifted in through it, turning your cell into a veritable refrigerator. It was then you noticed that you were covered in bandages and casts. You gasped in horror when you saw your fingernails- about half of them were missing. You whipped your head around to look at the door and groaned in pain. Your neck was killing you. You reached up to rub it but ripped your hand away in alarm the second you touched it, nearly crying out. You tried again, ghosting your fingertips over it, and winced. You couldn’t see, but you had to guess there was a enormous, ugly bruise there.

“Where the hell am I?” you whispered, voice cracking. Your throat was sore and as dry as desert. You stood up, grimacing at how painful it was to work around all of your injuries to do so, and went up to the door. As you approached, you realized the noise you were hearing was actually a cacophony of screams and machinery. You stumbled away from the door in horror, tripping over your own feet and landing hard on your thin mattress. Your eyes watered in pain. You’d definitely aggravated some of your other injuries with that fall.

Why am I here… and how did I get here? What happened to me? You thought to yourself. You tried to think about what you were doing before you woke up here, and balked in horror when you realized you couldn’t remember- You couldn’t remember anything. You knew two things: Your name, and that you inexplicably felt a sense of loss that overpowered everything else, including your current fear and confusion.

Thus began the worst five years of your life.
Chapter Summary

Female!Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. She has decided to stay with the Avengers in the hopes they can help her retrieve lost memories. She’s now recovered all of her memories which have revealed all of her history with Bucky.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Language, violence/fighting, traumatic past, torture/experimentation, angst, slow burn, FLUFF
A/N: We’re approaching the end, friends. There will be an epilogue that’s filled with various one shots from the immediate future, before the events of Infinity War take place. There will be some NSFW parts, so I’ll post an 18+ version and a minor-friendly version.

The Present

Your eyes opened suddenly, consciousness returning to you all at once. To your surprise, you weren’t in the med ward. No, you were still next to Bucky. In fact, he had his arms wrapped tightly around you as he slept. It seemed as though you hadn’t roused him from his nightmare before your
memory triggered. You knew, even after everything that had happened between you weeks before, he worried about you deeply and would want to ensure your health and safety; he would definitely have taken you to the med ward.

With your final memories in place, his behavior finally made sense to you. He still felt guilty over what happened to you.

“Fool,” you muttered, smiling at him. To your shock, his eyes opened wide, suddenly on high alert.

He blinked a couple of times, brows knitted together, as though he didn’t believe his eyes. He squeezed you slightly as if to confirm that he was not, in fact, going crazy and that you were indeed lying in his arms. Apparently, he decided you were actually there. One second there was a Bucky in front of you and the next he was five feet away from you, hand over his mouth, eyes widened in shock.

“All right, let’s clear some things up before you start flipping your shit,” you said, propping your elbow up, holding your head in your hand. “No, we didn’t do anything. At least, I don’t think we did. I was unconscious until about two minutes ago. I came in here to try to wake you up because you were having a nightmare. I, apparently, failed in that regard. But what you said during your nightmare triggered a memory… my last memory before Hydra wiped my mind and starting using me as a test subject. When I regained consciousness we were lying here like we were when you woke up,” you explained. “You seemed to be sleeping pretty damn nicely, too,” you said, throwing him a mischievous smirk.

“You remember?” he asked, voice filled with dread.

You sighed. He was going to make this difficult, wasn’t he? “Yes, Bucky. I remember,” you said, standing up and walking over to him. You stretched as you walked, sore from lying on the ground.

“Why are you so casual about this? How can you be making jokes? I failed you, (Y/N),” he said incredulously.

“Do you remember the last two things I said to you back then?” you asked, staring him dead in the eyes.

He looked away. “Yes, but-”

“No buts,” you said forcefully.

He stared at you as though you were dense. “I tried to kill you! I would have if Royton hadn’t called me off!” he said, anguish clear in his voice. “This is why I kept my distance. I didn’t want to accidentally trigger that memory. I didn’t want you to remember- remember that pain- remember that I failed at the one thing-”

“Bucky!” you said loudly, cutting him off. You grabbed his right hand and placed it palm-down onto your chest, directly over your heart. “I’m alive. I’m alive thanks to you. I would have died in the mansion on that last mission if you hadn’t come back to save me. Even if I had been killed in the Hydra base after, it would have been The Winter Soldier and Hydra that did it, not you. Not Bucky Barnes. Not the man who kissed me on the rooftop while we danced. Not the man who caught me as I fell from a fourth story window. Not the man who made love to me after we returned from particularly difficult missions that we both needed to unwind from. Not the man who loves to share stacks of banana and chocolate-cinnamon pancakes with me. Not the man I fell in love with,” you said, rubbing the back of his hand with your thumb.
His eyes flicked between his hand on your chest and your eyes, as though he was trying to figure out if you were telling the truth or not. Slowly, he reached up with his metal hand to cup your face. You closed your eyes, leaning into the touch as he gently caressed your cheek with his thumb, the cold metal causing goosebumps to rise on your arms.

“I love you too,” he said quietly. Your eyes opened and you stared at him in surprise. He smiled faintly at the look on your face. “And I’ll spend every day trying to prove that I deserve you,” he said reverently.

“You’re an idiot,” you said. His face fell and you rolled your eyes. You reached up and pulled his head down and claimed his lips with yours. He tasted just like you remembered. You smiled into the kiss. Remembering is wonderful sometimes, you thought happily. He wrapped his arms around your waist, pulling you closer to him.

You kissed him deeply, putting every feeling you had towards him into the kiss. He matched your intensity. After a minute you broke away, both panting slightly.

“You have nothing to prove,” you said seriously. “Not to me. Never to me,” you said, staring him down.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said, finally gracing you with his dazzling smile. The sight made your breath catch in your throat.

Suddenly, your vision swam and you were glad he was holding onto you. You clutched at his loose black pajama shirt tightly, willing the world to right itself.

“(Y/N)?” he asked, concerned. Even with the world spinning around you, you smiled at the sound of your name on his lips.

“I think I need to lie down,” you said as you rested your head against his chest.

“Alright, I’ll carry you back to your roo-”

“No,” you said, looking up at him through your eyelashes.

“No?” he asked, raising an eyebrow at you.

“I want to stay here with you. I always slept better next to you,” you said, smiling slightly at the memories. “And if possible, I’d prefer we use the bed, not the floor.”

“I suppose that could be arranged,” he said, grinning broadly as he lifted you up bridal style and carried you the short distance to the bed. Instead of throwing you down playfully like you expected him to, he set you down gently. He grabbed his pillow and blanket from the floor and tossed it over you and onto his side.

“Could I borrow something to sleep in? I don’t want to wear these stupid gym clothes even a second longer but I also don’t want to walk all the way back to my room to get something to change into. Not that I think I could make that trip right now without falling and giving myself a concussion anyway,” you said.

He smiled down at you. “Of course, Doll,” he said, turning to go rummage through his drawers. For the first time since you re-met him, your heart fluttered happily at the nickname and you didn’t have to question why. He turned back around a moment later, throwing a plain, soft t-shirt to you. Well, at you. It hit you square in the face and you heard him chuckle.
“I was gonna let you watch me change, too,” you said, glaring at him as you removed the shirt from your face.

“Oh, that’s not fair,” he grumbled, pouting. A grown man, pouting.

“I guess you’ll have to think about that next time you consider assaulting me with a t-shirt,” you said, smiling. “Now, turn,” you said, making the turn-around motion with your pointer finger. He rolled his eyes at you, but turned around anyway. You thought about getting off of the bed to change but thought better of it as your vision was still spinning. You quickly peeled off your shorts before yanking off your top. You slid Bucky’s shirt over your head and pulled it down as far as it would go. It skirted your thighs. You took a deep breath- it smelled just like him. Sandalwood, metal, and earthy tones you could never quite place.

“Alright, it’s clear. You can look,” you said, pulling the comforter and sheet back so you could slip under the blankets. “You joinin’ me or what?” you asked teasingly, looking up at him. He hadn’t moved.

The look in his eyes made you freeze. His gaze roamed from your face to your exposed thighs and everything in between. The heat of it warmed you, too, your cheeks warming up.

“Take a picture. It’ll last longer,” you said, not as snarkily as you’d intended.

He bit his lower lip, giving you one last look-over. “You’re killin’ me here, Doll,” he said, voice husky.

“James Buchanan Barnes. It’s 3:00 am and I can barely see straight. Please just get in the bed and cuddle with me already,” you said, exasperated. “Debauchery can happen another night.”

He chuckled at you. “Alright, alright,” he said as he pulled his shirt off. You gulped. He smirked at you as he tossed it into the laundry basket without looking. It made it in, of course. Your gaze roamed over his chest, greedily admiring his chest and arms.
“Take a picture. It'll last longer,” he mocked. He crawled into bed and under the blankets next to you, smiling at the sour face you were making at him for using your own jab against you. “C’mere,” he said, pulling you closely to him. You crossed your arms and pouted halfheartedly against him until he started planting soft, loving kisses all over you. Eventually, you smiled and relented and wrapped your arms around him, turning to face him. After a moment he stopped, placing one last kiss into your hair. He stayed there, rubbing smooth circles into your back with his metal hand. “I thought I’d lost you. When you weren’t in that Hydra base that year and a half ago,” he said solemnly.

“Youfaith in me is inspiring,” you said sarcastically. Then, more seriously, “You can’t blame yourself if anything happens to me. I know you’d never hurt me. If anything happens, you have to remember: I’m a grown woman who makes her own decisions. I know it’s not going to be easy, but you’ve got to stop blaming yourself if and when things happen to me;” you beseeched him. You gently brushed his hair out of his face, scratching his scalp gently.

He closed his eyes, sighing happily into your touch. After a moment, he opened his eyes, face serious. “I know, Doll. But I’m always going to try to protect you,” he said, kissing your forehead.

“If either of us needs the protecting here, it’s you, babe,” you said, chuckling at him. “I don’t fight against killer robots or demigods or whatever it is you guys do nowadays,” you teased, kissing his neck softly.

He chuckled at you, chest rumbling. “Alright, how about we agree to do our best to protect each other, then?”

“Now that, Sergeant Barnes, I can agree to.”
Epilogue (NSFW Version)

Chapter Summary

Female!Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. Some time has passed since she and Bucky reconciled and she’s regained all of her memories as the infiltrator and most of her life before Hydra meddling.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Language, violence/fighting, traumatic past, torture/experimentation, angst, slow burn, FLUFF, smut 18+
A/N: Alright, friends. I hope you enjoyed the ride. This is the NSFW, 18+ version. I ask that if you’re under 18 you read this version.
Sorry for the delay, I’ve been painting my friend’s birthday gift. It’s kept me quite busy.
(Y/Full/N) = your full name

Originally posted by gothicclownqueen

One month after the events of Chapter 12

“Cloaking tech working well, then?” you asked, leaning against the doorway to the gym, watching Bucky and Steve spar.
They paused their practice, both smiling when they saw you. You noticed that most of the women and some of the men in the room had been watching the pair go at it with rapt attention. You couldn’t blame them. At some point they had deemed it necessary to take their shirts off. You were surprised Steve’s modesty allowed for it.

“Workin’ great,” Bucky said, beaming at you. Tony had come by earlier that day to outfit Bucky with tech that would cloak his cybernetic arm. It was an enormous show of good faith after the events following the Sokovia accords. You’d missed it, though— you’d had an important mission across the country. Now, to the naked eye, Bucky appeared to have two completely normal, fleshy human arms. “We were just stress testing it. Wanted to see if it could hold out against a pummeling,” he explained to you.

“Are you sure you two don’t just like to beat the crap out of each other?” you asked, smirking at them.

They exchanged a quick glance. “Well I suppose there is also that,” Bucky said, punching Steve in the arm, shit-eating grin plastered on his face.

Steve punched him back good-naturedly. “All in good fun, though, of course,” he said, smiling at you.

“Your definition of fun scares me, Stevie,” you said, chuckling at their antics. He ducked his head sheepishly which only made you laugh harder. After a moment, you sobered. “Can you turn it off?” you asked Bucky, biting your lip nervously.

He gave you a knowing smirk. Without doing anything you could see, the tech flickered off and you could once again see the metal arm underneath. “Of course,” he said, eyes darkening at the look on your face.

“Alright, so, I’m gonna go now,” Steve said awkwardly, reading the sexual tension between you. He walked away, shaking his head, and smiled. You made his best friend happy, which is what mattered most to him.

“See ya,” you both said distractedly to him. Bucky sauntered over and pulled you into his arms, placing a tender kiss on your forehead.

“Welcome back, (Y/N). Things go well?” he asked, pulling back enough for you to look up into his eyes.

“Of course,” you said, smiling. You looked him up and down, admiring him. He was truly a work of art, your Bucky. Cybernetics and scars included.
“See something you like, Doll?” he asked, smirking down at you.

“Ah, damn. Did the obvious staring give it away?” you asked, laughing.

“Something like that,” he said as he leaned down to kiss you. It was hot and rough, his adrenaline still going from his spar with Steve. Heat pooled between your legs and you kissed back hungrily.

You’d missed him. It’d been a week since you saw him last.

Without warning he lifted you up and tossed you over his left shoulder, metal arm keeping you secured by holding onto you behind your knees, and walked out of the gym.

“Bucky, what—” you began indignantly, but he silenced you with a quick slap to your rear with his free hand. You hissed. The sting felt good. You were facing the wrong way, but you could tell you were headed back towards your shared room.

“I can walk, you know,” you said, rolling your eyes. Your lip earned you another swift slap to the ass. You gasped softly, heat creeping up your neck and intensifying between your legs.

He nearly ran to your room. You waved bashfully to people you passed. The sight of you thrown over Bucky’s shoulder earned a wolf whistle from Sam. You flipped him off and stuck your tongue out at him. Bucky turned the corner before Sam could escalate the interaction. You tapped his back in mock impatience, pretending to check a watch for good measure. He threw you a dirty but sultry look over his shoulder. You pantomimed zipping your lips shut and shrugged helplessly.

“You’re ridiculous,” he growled, slapping you hard on your ass once more. You gasped a little too loudly at the mingled pain and pleasure. You’d probably have bruises tomorrow.

Finally, he turned to the door of your shared room and punched in the combination. He marched into the room. You had just watched the door click closed before the world spun. When it righted itself, you were laying face up on the bed. You glimpsed the ceiling for only a moment before Bucky filled your view.

“I missed you,” he said huskily, crawling on top of you, legs between yours.

“I missed you, too,” you whispered. He leaned down and crushed his lips against yours, kissing you greedily. His metal hand slipped under your shirt. The cold metal against your skin made you shiver.
You moaned, but it was swallowed by the kiss.

He broke the kiss long enough to smirk down at you and whisper, “I love the noises you make, Doll.”

Then he went back to kissing you. He licked your bottom lip in asking and you opened your mouth, allowing him entrance. Your tongues danced together, breathing growing heavier as you both got more excited by each other’s touch. He pressed himself against you, thigh parting your legs as he ground his leg against your core, causing you to moan lewdly into the kiss. His hand snuck under your bra and rolled one of your hard buds between his fingers, causing your back to arch in surprise and pleasure. He let out a low groan when you ground against the erection straining his pants.

His lips left yours to trail hot kisses down your neck, nipping and licking as he went. He bit the junction between your neck and shoulder particularly hard, making you gasp, before he soothed it with a lick. When he got to the hem of your shirt he growled his displeasure. He lifted you up enough to yank your shirt off of you and throw it over his head. After a brief moment it was followed by your bra, his deft hands working to quickly free you of its confines. Before your lust-hazed brain could catch up, his kisses trailed down to your breasts. He licked around one of your nipples, flicking and teasing the other with his hand. He popped a nipple into his mouth, tongue grazing over the bud tantalizingly before he bit down gently.

“Oh, god, Bucky-” you moaned, tangling your fingers into his hair. You gave a sharp tug and he groaned into your chest. He gave one torturous, slow grind of his hips against your core. You could easily feel him through his pants. “Bucky, please,” you moaned, hands moving to his back, nails digging into the broad expanse. He hissed in pleasure and moved his free hand down between the two of you. Your stomach coiled in anticipation. A second later, his fingers slipped experimentally over your shorts, caressing your folds through the fabric. You bucked up into his hand, searching for friction. He smirked and, with a wet pop, released your nipple from his mouth. He kissed your neck and jaw before claiming your lips with his. As he moved, he found your clit with his fingers and massaged the sensitive bud gently, causing you to moan lewdly into the kiss.

“Please what?” he asked, pulling back from the kiss. His voice was husky and his eyes were dark with lust. His finger danced expertly on your clit, causing you to buck against him, body needing more.

“I need you. Please,” you whined, sitting up to plant needy kisses on his neck and lips.

“Be more specific. I want to hear you say it, (Y/N),” he breathed, breath tickling your ear, causing you to shiver.

“Please, Bucky, I want you to fuck me with your mouth and fingers,” you pleaded, too turned on by the man you loved to even consider being ashamed of your begging.

Without another word, Bucky moved back on the bed, quickly pulling off your shorts and underwear. They got tossed to the wayside as Bucky admired the view laid out before him. He ran a single finger up your slit, making you shiver and whimper. He leaned down, planting light kisses up your inner thigh. The occasional nip made you gasp, and you could feel his smirk on your skin. His stubble only added to the sensations. He took a moment to admire your soaking pussy. “So wet for me, Doll,” he whispered reverently. His hot breath on your sex gave you goosebumps. He licked one long stripe up your folds and your hips bucked involuntarily when his tongue grazed over your clit. He wrapped an arm around your leg, keeping you in place as his tongue began to dance in your folds.

Needing more friction, you tangled your fingers into his hair and pulled him closer, silently begging
for more. He obliged, tongue spearing into your depths. “Oh, fuck, Bucky. Yes,” you moaned, fingernails scratching his scalp, which earned a low groan from him. Wordlessly, he switched a metal finger with his tongue, moving his tongue up to lick gentle circles around your clit. He pumped his finger in and out of you slowly, admiring how you writhed under his ministrations. He knew how much being touched and fucked by his metal arm turned you on. He added another finger and began sucking lightly on your clit. You moaned loudly, fingers clenching in his hair. Heat coiled low in your belly- you were getting close. His fingers curled up inside of you, stroking your g-spot slowly, and it was all you could do to keep yourself from coming undone then and there. “Bucky, I’m- I’m gonna-” you whimpered. He must have sensed it, because he pulled his fingers out before you even finished saying his name, mouth almost reluctantly leaving your clit behind as he trailed kisses up your body.

He quickly stripped his pants and boxers off, letting you drink in the sight of him standing at attention. You licked your lips hungrily as you watched him move over you, his thick cock rock hard, swaying between his legs. He leaned down, kisses trailing from your cheek to your ear, and whispered “What do you want, Doll?” He bit your earlobe, pain and pleasure spiking through your system. “You, Bucky. I want you to fuck me with your cock.” As you finished the words, his lips were on yours, muffling your cries as he carefully lined himself up with your entrance and thrust forward, slowly burying himself inside you.

You both groaned as he bottomed out inside of you. He was still for a moment, letting you adjust to his size, before he pulled nearly all the way out and thrust back in again. The brief pause between him working you with his mouth and now had been enough to bring you off the edge, but you were fast approaching it again. After a few experimental thrusts, he set a steady pace. You pulled him down and kissed him deeply, both of you moaning into the kiss. He hooked an arm under one of your legs, pulling it up, allowing him to thrust deeper into you. You moaned loudly; the new angle let him penetrate you deeper than before. But it still wasn’t enough. You wrapped your other leg around his back, pulling him closer while you angled yourself up. He found your sweet spot, ramming into it with every thrust.

“Fuck, Bucky. That’s it. I’m so close- fuck,” you moaned out. His pace increased, his own orgasm closing in.

“Me, too. Come for me, (Y/N),” he groaned into your ear. His free hand reached between you and rubbed circles into your clit, sending you over the edge.

“James, I’m- oh fuck, I’m coming,” Your walls clenched around him as you screamed your orgasm, calling his name, unable to form proper sentences. Between your pussy clenching around his throbbing cock and the use of his real name, Bucky couldn’t hold out any longer. His hips stuttered, pace growing erratic as his own orgasm overtook him. He buried his head in your neck as you rode out the throes of your orgasm on the waves of his. His hips slammed hard against you, burying himself inside of you until, at last, he came deep inside of you, coating your walls with his release. He groaned, collapsing after a moment.

“Hell, Doll, you’re gonna be the death of me,” he mumbled, smiling into your skin. You simply smiled and ran your fingers through his hair, other hand absentmindedly tracing the scarring along his cybernetic arm. After a moment he pulled out, both of you gasping slightly, mourning the loss of him inside of you.

“You’re amazing, Bucky,” you said, placing a kiss on his forehead. He smiled almost shyly at the compliment before kissing you sweetly on the lips.
“So are you, (Y/N),” he said as he cupped your face and ran a thumb along your cheek. He smiled down at you before kissing you once more on the lips. “Now, let’s go get you cleaned up.”

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**Some time later (months)**

According to the clock on the bedside table, it was 3:14 in the morning when the door to your and Bucky’s room opened, Bucky stumbling inside.

“Hey, babe, how did the mission go?” you asked, sleep making your voice deep and hoarse. He didn’t respond, so you were immediately concerned. “Bucky?” you asked, a little more alert. You sat up against the headboard, looking at him in the gloom as he approached. He didn’t respond again, instead crawling into bed next to you. He rested his head on your chest and you wrapped your arms around his shoulders, holding him close. You placed a kiss on his head as he pulled you into a tight hug. “Is everyone okay?” you asked. A tight nod. Good, so no one was hurt. The mission seemed to have gone south, though. “Do you wanna talk about it?” you asked quietly.

He shook his head. “Tomorrow,” he said softly, planting a kiss on your neck. It must have been bad if he wasn’t even willing to talk about it yet. He usually liked to talk the missions out with you if they went south.

“Allright, sweetheart. Get some rest,” you said, scooting the both of you down so you wouldn’t have to sleep sitting up.

“Mm, yeah. Love you,” he said sleepily, already drifting off in the safety of your arms.

You smiled down at him. “Love you, too,” you whispered, kissing him between his brows. You watched him and half dozed while you waited. If it was as bad as you thought, then-

Sure enough, the door to your room opened again a short time later. You glanced over your shoulder at Steve who was standing in the doorway, looking a little unsure.

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*Originally posted by sincerelysaraahh*

“Come on in, Stevie,” you said just loud enough for him to hear you. Bucky stirred beside you, but didn’t wake. Steve’s shoulders relaxed a little in relief as he entered the room. He walked over to the bed, taking off his shoes as he went. He was already in his pajamas. With a little difficulty, you
pulled an arm out of Bucky’s vice-like grip on you. You laid on your back and pulled the blankets up on the other side of you. “Hurry up, then. I’m letting all the heat out,” you said, smiling up at him.

He returned the smile sheepishly and crawled into the bed beside you. “Thanks,” he said cuddling up next to you, mirroring Bucky’s position by resting his head on your shoulder. “You were expecting me, huh?” he asked, blue eyes bright in the darkness.

You nodded. “Bucky’s attitude gave it away. Figured I’d see you in here sooner rather than later,” you whispered, reaching over to pet his hair. He closed his eyes against the touch, throwing his arms over you and Bucky both.

You didn’t know when this particular arrangement came to be. It had just happened one day after an extremely brutal mission went awry. Steve hadn’t wanted to be alone, so you all passed out on your and Bucky’s huge mattress together. Since then, whenever they went on a particularly bad mission, you’d find yourself with an extra Steve in your bed at night.

“Sorry for intruding,” Steve said quietly.

“It’s no trouble at all, Stevie,” you said, smiling at him.

“That depends on if he keeps talkin’ all night or not,” came Bucky’s groggy and slightly miffed voice from your other side.

“The lady said it wasn’t any trouble, jerk,” said Steve wearily, his light-hearted, joking tone falling flat due to exhaustion.

“Get your own girl to cuddle with, punk,” Bucky said, pulling you closer to himself.

“Both of you go to sleep right now before I make you regret it,” you said, giving the both of them light smacks against their heads.

“Yes, ma’am,” they said in unison. You smiled at them both absentmindedly, rubbing circles into their shoulders with your thumbs. Before long their breathing evened out, and it was only a few more minutes before you followed them into blissful sleep.


Some time later (months)

You paced the bathroom in Wanda’s room, mind going a thousand directions at once. When was the last time you took it? How could you forget? Between missions and training, you supposed it wasn’t that surprising that you’d forgotten somewhere along the line. But then you realized one day that you hadn’t had your period in a while. The longer you thought about it, the longer you’d realized it had been. You’d gone discreetly out to the closest town from the base, picking up a few boxes of pregnancy tests. Wanda had caught you coming back and sensed your trepidation before you’d even said hello and immediately asked you what was wrong. You spilled everything to the woman, and she immediately whisked you away to her room.

“Everything alright in there?” she asked through the door, worry lacing her tone.

“That depends on your definition of okay,” you said, stopping your pacing to stare down at the test on the sink. A single, accusatory line stared up at you and you renewed your frantic pacing. Two
other tests with the same result laid in the trash can already.

“Are you decent?” Wanda asked through the door.

“Yeah, why-”

She bursts through the door, eyes immediately latching onto the test on the sink. “So?” she asked, looking expectantly from you to the test.

You weren’t sure if you wanted to say the words out loud. Saying them out loud would make them all the more real. After a moment you huffed out a sigh. “Positive,” was all you said.

Wanda squealed, pulling you into a huge hug. “Do you have any idea how far along?” she asked, pulling away to look at your stomach.

You felt heat creep into your cheeks. “I think maybe two months? But I can’t be sure…” you said, thinking back once again on when the last time your period was. “I suppose that explains why I thought I had the flu, but didn’t have any of the other symptoms… God, I’m dense sometimes,” you said, grumbling at your own obliviousness.

Wanda looked at you seriously. “You have to tell Bucky… assuming it’s his, that is. I am assuming it is,” she said, almost asking you to confirm.

“Of course it’s his, Wanda,” you said, rolling your eyes. She beamed at you.

“Oh alright then, you have things to do! Namely, telling your boyfriend you’re pregnant with his kid!” she said much too happily as she shoved the test into your hand and practically threw you out the door.

You spun to yell at her, but the door shut in your face before you could get a word in.

“So much for solidarity between sisters. Didn’t even give me any advice on how to say it,” you grumbled loudly and angrily at the door.

“What?” asked a voice behind you.

You spun, hiding the test behind your back.

“Bucky,” you said, eyes widening. “Uh, fancy meeting you here.”

“Well, I do live three doors down. With you,” he said, eyeing you suspiciously. “What’s up, Doll?” he asked, reading the tension rolling off of you like he would read a book.

“Nothing,” you said a little too quickly. He raised an eyebrow at you.

“Nothing?” he asked, disbelief clear in his tone.

“Yup, nothing,” you said, cursing Wanda for throwing you out and Bucky for his timing; you’d had no time to prepare at all.

He sighed heavily, eyes searching yours. “Look, Doll, if you don’t want to tell me, I won’t pry it out of you. When you want to talk about whatever’s making you act like a paranoid squirrel on coffee, I’ll be there for you,” he said kindly, leaning forward to place a kiss on your forehead before turning to walk towards your room.

All at once you made up your mind. You sprinted forwards, grabbed his hand, and dragged him into
“What’s that?” he asked, spotting the test in your hand as you punched in the code to your door.

Without responding, you flung him inside, running in after him and slamming the door behind you.

He turned and looked at you, confusion and concern lining his face. Wordlessly, you held out the test to him. He raised an eyebrow at you as he took it from your outstretched hand. He looked down at it, brows furrowing deeper each time you saw his eyes flick from “pregnant” and “not pregnant” to the little indicator that clearly indicated you were in fact, pregnant.

“This… is yours?” he asked dumbly, still staring at the test, brain struggling to process the information.

“Yes,” you breathed. This was the moment of truth.

“I’m reading this right? You’re pregnant?” he asked, finally looking up at you.

You nodded, tension mounting, barely daring to breathe. “Yes. It’s yours,” you said, needlessly specifying, wanting him to know for sure he’s the father. You hadn’t been with anyone but him in years.

“How long?” he asked, glancing between you and the test, feelings unreadable.

“I think about two months,” you said, voice almost apologetic. “I didn’t know until today,” you said quickly, motioning to the test. “About fifteen minutes ago, in fact.” You studied him closely, trying to get a read on what he was thinking.

Without warning, his legs seemed to give out. He landed on his butt on the floor with a thud, sitting up and staring at the test in his hands, then at you. You rushed over to him, kneeling down next to him.

“Bucky?” you asked, unsure.

“Originally posted by itsjustmycrazyvibe

“I’m gonna be a dad?” he asked, eyes wide with wonder, searching yours.
Tears sprung up in your eyes- stupid hormones- and you nodded your head vigorously.

In the space of a heartbeat, he pulled you into his arms, crushing you against his chest, test forgotten on the floor.

“You’re not… upset?” you asked, voice muffled against his chest.

“No, Doll! Never! I’m ecstatic,” he whispered, peppering your hair and face with kisses. His enthusiasm had you smiling, hugging him close. When he released you, you noticed a couple tears had escaped his eyes. The sight nearly sent you into tears again.

“Damn hormones,” you said, blinking them back as best you could. He chuckled, kissing you softly on the lips.

“I love you,” he said, cupping your face in his metal hand.

You smiled at him. The moment was perfect- everything you’d hoped it would be. He wasn’t only accepting of the situation, he was happy. He’d long since gotten past the insecurities of his past as the Winter Soldier around you- he’d learned early on that blaming himself for the actions he committed while brainwashed wouldn’t be tolerated with you. Still, you’d thought that something as delicate as this might bring up those old bad habits. Raising a baby and being an Avenger as well as a wanted man didn’t go hand in hand. However, he made no notion that he was worried about that. His confidence boosted yours.

“I love you, too,” you said happily, kissing him softly on the lips. He smiled into the kiss and ran his fingers through your hair before breaking it.

“Look, this was supposed to be a surprise-” he said, seeming almost… embarrassed? “-and it was gonna be a huge thing. The whole team was in on it- but now seems like the right time, and-” he dug around in his pockets for something. You quirked an eyebrow at him questioningly. “-deep down I’m just a boy from Brooklyn in an era long past, but some of those values have weight-” you leaned back now, giving him more room to search as you stared at him in confusion. What on earth was he talking about?

At last he seemed to find what he was looking for. He pulled it out with an “Aha!” and you swore you stopped breathing. It was a tiny black velvet box.

His eyes locked onto yours. His expression to open and vulnerable and earnest it made your heart ache. He opened the tiny box, revealing a simple yet beautiful diamond ring. “(Y/Full/N), would you do me the honor of becoming my wife?” he asked, love for you clear in his voice.

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“Yes,” you said breathlessly.

“Yes?” he asked, almost as if he didn’t believe his ears.

“Yes, Bucky! Yes yes yes!” you said, each yes punctuated by a frenzied kiss to the lips. “Yes, I’ll marry you,” you said, grinning broadly down at him.

It was like his time as the Soldier never happened. It was like James Buchanan Barnes had never gone to war. He looked like the kid from Brooklyn again. His face was bright- brighter than you’d ever seen it.
“I love you,” he said, smiling up at you. He slid the delicate ring onto your finger.

You smiled at it then leaned down to kiss him tenderly. “I love you too.”
Epilogue: (SFW Version)

Chapter Summary

Female!Reader is a mutant who was experimented on by HYDRA. Due to her unique powers, she escaped a year and a half ago without being seen when the Avengers attacked the Hydra compound she was kept in for 5 years of her life. Her mutations and Hydra experiments allow her to blend in with her surroundings (like a chameleon/cuttlefish/octopus) and change her appearance in minor ways (such as hair, skin, and eye color), though the changes are only temporary. Some time has passed since she and Bucky reconciled and she’s regained all of her memories as the infiltrator and most of her life before Hydra meddling.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Language, violence/fighting, traumatic past, torture/experimentation, angst, slow burn, FLUFF
A/N: Alright, friends. I hope you enjoyed the ride.
Sorry for the delay, I’ve been painting my friend’s birthday gift. It’s kept me quite busy.
(Y/Full/N) = your full name
This is the sfw/minor version. If you’re above 18, you can read the nsfw version here.
A VERY HAPPY 35TH BIRTHDAY TO SEBASTIAN STAN (August 13th, 1982)

Some time later (months)

According to the clock on the bedside table, it was 3:14 in the morning when the door to your and
Bucky’s room opened, Bucky stumbling inside.

“Hey, babe, how did the mission go?” you asked, sleep making your voice deep and hoarse. He didn’t respond, so you were immediately concerned. “Bucky?” you asked, a little more alert. You sat up against the headboard, looking at him in the gloom as he approached. He didn’t respond again, instead crawling into bed next to you. He rested his head on your chest and you wrapped your arms around his shoulders, holding him close. You placed a kiss on his head as he pulled you into a tight hug. “Is everyone okay?” you asked. A tight nod. Good, so no one was hurt. The mission seemed to have gone south, though. “Do you wanna talk about it?” you asked quietly.

He shook his head. “Tomorrow,” he said softly, planting a kiss on your neck. It must have been bad if he wasn’t even willing to talk about it yet. He usually liked to talk the missions out with you if they went south.

“Alright, sweetheart. Get some rest,” you said, scooting the both of you down so you wouldn’t have to sleep sitting up.

“Mm, yeah. Love you,” he said sleepily, already drifting off in the safety of your arms.

You smiled down at him. “Love you, too,” you whispered, kissing him between his brows. You watched him and half dozed while you waited. If it was as bad as you thought, then-

Sure enough, the door to your room opened again a short time later. You glanced over your shoulder at Steve who was standing in the doorway, looking a little unsure.

“Come on in, Stevie,” you said just loud enough for him to hear you. Bucky stirred beside you, but didn’t wake. Steve’s shoulders relaxed a little in relief as he entered the room. He walked over to the bed, taking off his shoes as he went. He was already in his pajamas. With a little difficulty, you pulled an arm out of Bucky’s vice-like grip on you. You laid on your back and pulled the blankets up on the other side of you. “Hurry up, then. I’m letting all the heat out,” you said, smiling up at him.

He returned the smile sheepishly and crawled into the bed beside you. “Thanks,” he said cuddling up next to you, mirroring Bucky’s position by resting his head on your shoulder. “You were expecting me, huh?” he asked, blue eyes bright in the darkness.

You nodded. “Bucky’s attitude gave it away. Figured I’d see you in here sooner rather than later,” you whispered, reaching over to pet his hair. He closed his eyes against the touch, throwing his arms
over you and Bucky both.

You didn’t know when this particular arrangement came to be. It had just happened one day after an extremely brutal mission went awry. Steve hadn’t wanted to be alone, so you all passed out on your and Bucky’s huge mattress together. Since then, whenever they went on a particularly bad mission, you’d find yourself with an extra Steve in your bed at night.

“Sorry for intruding,” Steve said quietly.

“It’s no trouble at all, Stevie,” you said, smiling at him.

“That depends on if he keeps talkin’ all night or not,” came Bucky’s groggy and slightly miffed voice from your other side.

“The lady said it wasn’t any trouble, jerk,” said Steve wearily, his light-hearted, joking tone falling flat due to exhaustion.

“Get your own girl to cuddle with, punk,” Bucky said, pulling you closer to himself.

“Both of you go to sleep right now before I make you regret it,” you said, giving the both of them light smacks against their heads.

“Yes, ma’am,” they said in unison. You smiled at them both absentmindedly, rubbing circles into their shoulders with your thumbs. Before long their breathing evened out, and it was only a few more minutes before you followed them into blissful sleep.

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Some time later (months)

You paced the bathroom in Wanda’s room, mind going a thousand directions at once. When was the last time you took it? How could you forget? Between missions and training, you supposed it wasn’t that surprising that you’d forgotten somewhere along the line. But then you realized one day that you hadn’t had your period in a while. The longer you thought about it, the longer you’d realized it had been. You’d gone discreetly out to the closest town from the base, picking up a few boxes of pregnancy tests. Wanda had caught you coming back and sensed your trepidation before you’d even said hello and immediately asked you what was wrong. You spilled everything to the woman, and she immediately whisked you away to her room.

“Everything alright in there?” she asked through the door, worry lacing her tone.

“That depends on your definition of okay,” you said, stopping your pacing to stare down at the test on the sink. A single, accusatory line stared up at you and you renewed your frantic pacing. Two other tests with the same result laid in the trash can already.

“Are you decent?” Wanda asked through the door.

“Yeah, why-”

She bursts through the door, eyes immediately latching onto the test on the sink. “So?” she asked, looking expectantly from you to the test.
You weren’t sure if you wanted to say the words out loud. Saying them out loud would make them all the more real. After a moment you huffed out a sigh. “Positive,” was all you said.

Wanda squealed, pulling you into a huge hug. “Do you have any idea how far along?” she asked, pulling away to look at your stomach.

You felt heat creep into your cheeks. “I think maybe two months? But I can’t be sure…” you said, thinking back once again on when the last time your period was. “I suppose that explains why I thought I had the flu, but didn’t have any of the other symptoms… God, I’m dense sometimes,” you said, grumbling at your own obliviousness.

Wanda looked at you seriously. “You have to tell Bucky… assuming it’s his, that is. I am assuming it is,” she said, almost asking you to confirm.

“Of course it’s his, Wanda,” you said, rolling your eyes. She beamed at you.

“Alright then, you have things to do! Namely, telling your boyfriend you’re pregnant with his kid!” she said much too happily as she shoved the test into your hand and practically threw you out the door.

You spun to yell at her, but the door shut in your face before you could get a word in.

“So much for solidarity between sisters. Didn’t even give me any advice on how to say it,” you grumbled loudly and angrily at the door.

“Say what?” asked a voice behind you.

You spun, hiding the test behind your back.

“Bucky,” you said, eyes widening. “Uh, fancy meeting you here.”

“Well, I do live three doors down. With you,” he said, eyeing you suspiciously. “What’s up, Doll?” he asked, reading the tension rolling off of you like he would read a book.

“Nothing,” you said a little too quickly. He raised an eyebrow at you.

“Nothing?” he asked, disbelief clear in his tone.

“Yup, nothing,” you said, cursing Wanda for throwing you out and Bucky for his timing; you’d had no time to prepare at all.

He sighed heavily, eyes searching yours. “Look, Doll, if you don’t want to tell me, I won’t pry it out of you. When you want to talk about whatever’s making you act like a paranoid squirrel on coffee, I’ll be there for you,” he said kindly, leaning forward to place a kiss on your forehead before turning to walk towards your room.

All at once you made up your mind. You sprinted forwards, grabbed his hand, and dragged him into your room.

“What’s that?” he asked, spotting the test in your hand as you punched in the code to your door.

Without responding, you flung him inside, running in after him and slamming the door behind you.

He turned and looked at you, confusion and concern lining his face. Wordlessly, you held out the test to him. He raised an eyebrow at you as he took it from your outstretched hand. He looked down at it, brows furrowing deeper each time you saw his eyes flick from “pregnant” and “not pregnant” to the
little indicator that clearly indicated you were in fact, pregnant.

“This… is yours?” he asked dumbly, still staring at the test, brain struggling to process the information.

“Yes,” you breathed. This was the moment of truth.

“I’m reading this right? You’re pregnant?” he asked, finally looking up at you.

You nodded, tension mounting, barely daring to breathe. “Yes. It’s yours,” you said, needlessly specifying, wanting him to know for sure he’s the father. You hadn’t been with anyone but him in years.

“How long?” he asked, glancing between you and the test, feelings unreadable.

“I think about two months,” you said, voice almost apologetic. “I didn’t know until today,” you said quickly, motioning to the test. “About fifteen minutes ago, in fact.” You studied him closely, trying to get a read on what he was thinking.

Without warning, his legs seemed to give out. He landed on his butt on the floor with a thud, sitting up and staring at the test in his hands, then at you. You rushed over to him, kneeling down next to him.

“Bucky?” you asked, unsure.

Tears sprung up in your eyes- stupid hormones- and you nodded your head vigorously.

In the space of a heartbeat, he pulled you into his arms, crushing you against his chest, test forgotten on the floor.

“You’re not… upset?” you asked, voice muffled against his chest.

“No, Doll! Never! I’m ecstatic,” he whispered, peppering your hair and face with kisses. His enthusiasm had you smiling, hugging him close. When he released you, you noticed a couple tears
had escaped his eyes. The sight nearly sent you into tears again.

“Damn hormones,” you said, blinking them back as best you could. He chuckled, kissing you softly on the lips.

“I love you,” he said, cupping your face in his metal hand.

You smiled at him. The moment was perfect—everything you’d hoped it would be. He wasn’t only accepting of the situation, he was happy. He’d long since gotten past the insecurities of his past as the Winter Soldier around you—he’d learned early on that blaming himself for the actions he committed while brainwashed wouldn’t be tolerated with you. Still, you’d thought that something as delicate as this might bring up those old bad habits. Raising a baby and being an Avenger as well as a wanted man didn’t go hand in hand. However, he made no notion that he was worried about that. His confidence boosted yours.

“I love you, too,” you said happily, kissing him softly on the lips. He smiled into the kiss and ran his fingers through your hair before breaking it.

“Look, this was supposed to be a surprise—” he said, seeming almost… embarrassed? “—and it was gonna be a huge thing. The whole team was in on it— but now seems like the right time, and—” he dug around in his pockets for something. You quirked an eyebrow at him questioningly. “—deep down I’m just a boy from Brooklyn in an era long past, but some of those values have weight—” you leaned back now, giving him more room to search as you stared at him in confusion. What on earth was he talking about?

At last he seemed to find what he was looking for. He pulled it out with an “Aha!” and you swore you stopped breathing. It was a tiny black velvet box.

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Drabble

Chapter Notes

Just a short drabble from a larger post I did for a follower celebration

You groaned in frustration. You were a highly trained, skilled secret agent. You could topple the government of a small country single-handedly if need be, or break into the highest security buildings in the world without breaking a sweat. For fuck’s sake, you could turn practically invisible. You were basically an Avenger at this point!

Why the hell couldn’t you learn a few dance moves?

You paused the music and collapsed heavily onto the living room couch. It was Bucky’s birthday soon and you wanted to surprise him with something special. You’d already gotten him a gift, but you were determined to learn how to swing dance. It was something you knew he enjoyed back before… everything that had happened to him happened. You’d asked Steve for help learning initially, but he bashfully admitted he wasn’t a particularly good dancer.

“What on earth are you doin’? And was that Benny Goodman?” Bucky asked suddenly.

You jumped, startled, and spun on the couch to look at him. He was standing in the doorway, curious smile on his lips. He still managed to sneak up on you, even after all this time.

“What, I can’t listen to good music?” you asked defensively. “I thought you were out with Steve,” you said evasively. Steve was supposed to keep him out of the house for an hour or so while you practiced. Damn traitor.

“Yeah… that was hours ago, Doll,” he said, leaning against the door frame.

You glanced at the clock and groaned. He was right. You’d been practicing for hours and could still barely manage the basic steps of the dance.

He pushed gently off of the door frame and walked over to where you sat, crouching down in front of you.

“What’s goin’ on, (Y/N)?” he asked, concern lacing his voice. You supposed you probably did look a mess. You were exhausted from hours of fruitless practicing.

You shoved your face in your hands, feeling bad that you’d made him worry over something like this. “Iunnalernowtasingdansfurbirthdy,” you mumbled guiltily.

He chuckled and gently pried your hands from your face, taking them in his own. His metal hand felt especially nice against your burning skin. “What was that, sweetheart?” he asked, looking up at you through his lashes.

You let out a depressed sigh. “I… wanted to surprise you for your birthday… by learning how to swing dance,” you said, pouting slightly. You didn’t want to have to ruin the surprise, but you just couldn’t lie to him when he was so concerned about you.
To your surprise, he burst out laughing. You pouted, not entirely sure why he was laughing at you, but you were completely aware he was laughing at your expense. He yanked you off the couch and into his arms, cradling you gently in his embrace. He was able to stop chuckling long enough to give you a loving kiss on the lips.

“Doll, you suck at learnin’ how to dance,” he said, happy smile still on his lips.

“Oi, rude,” you said, trying not to smile back at him. This unusually delighted attitude was infectious.

He laughed hard at that, hugging you close to his chest.

“What’s got you all happy?” you asked, unamused.

“Thinking about swing dancin’ with you, of course,” he said, beaming down at you. “After I teach you how, mind you. Can’t have you steppin’ on my toes on my birthday now, huh?” he asked cheekily.

“But, Buck, it was supposed to be a surprise! Kinda takes the fun out of it if you’re the one teaching me,” you grumbled.

“Nah, it’s way more fun this way. I get to spend time with the gal I love doin’ somethin’ I love. Nothin’s better than that,” he said as he stood, picking you up as he went. He set you down on your feet gently. “Got a few more rounds of practice in ya?” he asked, picking up your phone, which was hooked up to the sound system.

You took a deep breath and nodded.

“Alright, Doll. Let’s see what you got so far,” he said as he pressed the play button. Benny Goodman and his band filled the house with sound a moment later.

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