Summary

Date night with Bucky goes wrong when both of you are kidnapped by Hyrda.

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Stucky x Reader

Notes

This is the first one shot in the Finding Soul series!

It focuses mainly on Bucky, but don’t worry, Stevie is next!

You don't have to read Finding Soul to understand this.

“Are you angry at me?” Bucky asked.

“Why would I be angry at you?” You counted with fake sweetness, smiling sarcastically at him with your eyes narrowed. “Of course I’m angry at you!”
“Fair.”

Looking down, you stared at the soulmate mark on your forearm, three triangle outlines stacked on each other. The mark that connected you to both Bucky and Steve who had matching tattoos. The mark you would never change, you’d never want to get rid of the relationship you had with your boys.

You groaned and tried to move your hands again, frowning harder when the handcuff tightened. Bucky looked over at you from his seat, “stop pulling at the chain, you’re going to hurt yourself.”

“Why do you care?” You snapped back, your anger at the situation manifesting as anger towards him.

“Don’t be like that, Y/N, you know I care,” he replied. The utter sadness in his voice made you pause. You were being a bit silly, you knew that, it wasn’t fair on Bucky for you to blame him for this. He hadn’t planned on your date being hijacked by some men wearing black and he hadn’t planned on said men injecting him with something in the neck before he knew what was happening.

“Sorry, I-”

He smiled sadly at you, “don’t worry, doll. It’s okay. I’m sure Steve is coming to our rescue right now.”

“We’re damsels in distress.”

“Please don’t call me a damsel.”

“Why? It’s what you are.”

“I am not a damsel in distress, Y/N.”

You giggled slightly, looking at his pouty face. He was a super soldier, trained for extreme combat, and here he was. Pouting at you because you called him a damsel. “No, you’re my saviour.”

“You’re right, and I will save you once I figure out how to break this stupid arm holder,” he grunted. He pulled at the restraints around his metal arm. Every time he was close to breaking them they would charge with electricity and shock him. He pulled again, and then gritted his teeth in pain as electricity ran through his arm.

“Please, don’t hurt yourself,” you said, watching as he grunted in pain.

“I’m fine,” he muttered as he continued to pull.

Shaking your head you continued to try and pull at your handcuffs. As you were looking down you sighed, your poor was dress was dirty and ripped. It had been a present from Steve this morning. Bucky was taking you out while he had a meeting to attend to. The dress was amazing, he already knew your style perfectly, it was your favourite colour as well.

Bucky had taken you to an upscale restaurant, and before you had ordered a group of men had swarmed the table you were at and had stabbed a needle into Bucky’s neck. He had passed out almost instantly and then they had jabbed you as well. When you had woken up you had been sitting on the floor with your hands in handcuffs and chained to the wall. Bucky was chained to his chair, and was already awake when you had awoken and explained what happened.

In hindsight, it had been unfair, but you had gotten angry at the super soldier. You were 99% sure
the kidnappers hadn’t taken the two of you for you. It was because of Bucky or Steve (probably Bucky seeing as he was the ex-Hydra. It was stupid to blame them for what happened.

You looked around the room you were in. It was basically a cell, grey walls, no windows, one door. The chair Bucky was sitting on was against the war opposite your chain. The room wasn’t that big, if you stretched from where you were sitting you would be able to touch Bucky but the chain restricted you from moving.

“You’re going to hurt yourself,” you replied, watching as he continued to pull at the restraints on his arm. “Stop it.”

“So we’re stuck here?” He snapped.

“You can’t hurt yourself, Bucky.”

“I can’t let us die here, I’ve gotta get you out of here.”

“We can wait for Steve, right?”

As if sensing your fear, the desperation in your voice, he stopped. Nodding slightly before leaning his head back against the chair, “yeah, we can wait for, Steve. We’ll be okay.”

“You owe me a makeup date.”

“I’ll take you on another date, I promise.”

“Can we go back to the theatre, I liked that.”

“Sure, I’ll just make sure it’s not public knowledge this time,” he winked at you and you smiled. The last time you had gone to the theatre, protesters had arrived and it had been a mission in itself to get out. But, the night was a cherished memory in your eyes. Spending time with your boys was always a good time.

“Steve said he's taking me on a date as well,” you replied.

He smirked, “I’ll have to crash it.”

“No fair, you got dates with Steve before, it’s my turn.”

“Is that why you said yes tonight?”

You smirked this time, “nah, I was bored.”

“Mean.”

You smiled at him, and he smiled back. For a moment you weren’t in a Hydra cell, you were just together.

Then the door swung open and three men came in. They were the same men that had lead the attack against you at the restaurant. Three men, dressed in leather jackets and black pants, the only difference between them was their hair, the one in the middle was bald while the men flanking him had brown and blonde hair respectively. They stood in the doorway and glared at you for a moment before staring at Bucky.

“Soldier.”
“My name’s Bucky.”

“We don’t care. You’re here for a reason, and you know the reason,” the same man said, the bald man. His gaze flickered over to you before going to Bucky. “You can do it the hard way, or the easy way.”

Bucky glared at him, not saying a word. The glare made you shrink back slightly, and it wasn’t even directed at you. The two men that were flanking the main man flinched back and subverted their gazes but the man who had spoken continued to glare at Bucky.

“Fine. The hard way it is,” he growled out. He turned and stalked towards you, getting out his keys. “Your decision.”

“Don’t you touch her!” Bucky yelled, struggling in the chair, electricity was surging through his arm as he pulled but it didn’t seem to be registering in his mind. “Leave her alone.”

He was about to change his mind, you could tell, he was about to let them do whatever they wanted to him so long as they left him alone. You had seen the footage of Bucky as the Winter Soldier, seen what it did to him. You couldn’t, you wouldn’t, let that happen to him again. He was about to speak when you caught his eye and shook your head. Silently pleading for him to let them take you.

After what seemed like an eternity he broke your gaze and looked down. It was the hardest decision he’d ever made. “Don’t hurt her.”

“You made your choice,” the man said as he unlocked the chain but kept the handcuffs intact.

God, you knew this wasn’t going to be fun, but the way the man spoke scared you to your core. He wasn’t messing around, and for a scary moment, you didn’t know if you would make it out of this base alive.

Bucky stopped yelling at the men for a moment, he looked over at you, making eye contact, and said “don’t worry. It’ll be okay. You’ll be okay.”

The man pulled you up, your legs had gone limp over the hours sitting in one place, so he held you up and all put carried you out of the room. Leaving a screaming, and very angry, Bucky behind.

You tried to fight as he dragged you from the room and down the hallway. The hallway itself was scary. Men stood at intervals across the grey walls, guns strapped across their chests, and their steely gazes on you. You tried to pull away for a while until you realized what would happen if you managed to get out of his grip.

They took you to another room, it had the exact same layout as the first room but there was no chair. They chained you up silently, and with a condescending pat on the head, they left you alone. You were freaking out, at least before you had Bucky with you, and that had managed to calm you down, but now you were alone. Alone, in a cell, captured by Hydra.

Taking a deep breath you tried to think what the other Avengers would do in the situation. You weren’t a genius like Tony, you weren’t a super soldier like Bucky or Steve, you weren’t a trained agent like Clint or Natasha, you weren’t an avenger. All you had was a dirty dress and a fancy hairdo.

A gasp escaped your lips. A fancy updo. Full of bobby pins.

It took some maneuvering to get your hand in your hair, and some more to take out a pin. It was lucky that you had watched a TV show on the documentary channel about how to escape situations
like this, as quickly as possible you bent the bobby pin into the correct shape and unlocked yourself.

“Damn, I should be a spy.”

Now you just had to open the locked door, escape down the hallway full of armed guards, then find your way to Bucky, and then escape with him.

“Easy, peasy,” you muttered.

Or you could wait in your cell, hope that Steve and the other Avengers arrive, and hope that they rescue you and Bucky before the Hydra agents decided to use the guns they were carrying.

“Well, fuck.”

Both options seemed like a bad idea.

“Okay, count to 100 and then make the decision,” you said and started counting out loud. It was something you had learnt years ago, when making a difficult choice count for while. Clear your head before deciding what to do.

You had reached 100, and decided to try and leave. Best case, you take down all twenty of the armed guards by yourself, rescue Bucky and make it out of the base. Worst case is you dead on the floor. It was better than staying in this cell. Already the soulmate bond was affecting you, you needed to get to Bucky.

A guard was standing outside your door, facing the hallway. You couldn’t sneak past him, for a moment you were reminded of a book from your childhood. “I can’t sneak over him, I can’t sneak around him, so I have to hit him!” You sang in your head before doing a move Steve had taught you. Did you know the name of the move, no, you had been paying attention to Bucky at the punching bag when Steve was talking, but you did know how to do it.

Amazingly he went down as you hit him in the throat. You really hadn’t been expecting that to work.

“What the fuck,” you whispered, staring at the man lying in front of you. “Oh! Idea,” you continued to talk to yourself before dragging the man into the cell. You stripped of his pants and jacket, put them on, and took his helmet as well. You were about to leave when you stopped, turned and picked up the gun.

You were not going to use it. That was a guarantee. You just had to look the part.

Apparently, your luck had turned because none of the other guards seemed to realise that you had knocked out the guard and stolen his clothes. Which was stupid because the uniform did not fit you, at all. You also didn’t know how to carry the gun, it wasn’t a little thing, it was something that would be under lock and key in the compound. Unlike the little guns that were stashed everywhere if you knew where to look. (You did, Clint had shown you where everyone kept their guns to the annoyance of everyone else.)

Bucky’s room was easy enough to find, you could hear him yelling, mainly about you which you thought was cute, all you had to do was push open the door. He was still strapped to the chair, and he glared at you when you entered. You couldn’t help but wonder if these men saw how ill-fitting your uniform was compared to the others.

“Where is Y/N?” He snapped, his voice scaring you ever so slightly. (It also turned you on ever so slightly, you didn’t know how to respond to that.) “If you hurt her, I swear.”
You were about to reach up and take your helmet off, to show your soulmate that it was you, not a Hydra agent, when the cell door burst open. Shrieking, you moved back as quickly as possible, towards Bucky. You relaxed when you saw Steve standing there, flanked by Nat and Sam, and then you tensed back up when you saw the guns pointed at you.

It only got worse, the power went off, so the room was plunged into darkness, but that also meant that Bucky was able to rip the restraints off his arm and get up. Seeing as he thought you were the enemy he pulled your arm so he could wrap his metal hand around your neck.

“Hey, Stevie,” he said. He wasn’t applying to much pressure, but you could feel it.

“Bucky,” his face morphed into a smile (your favourite Steve smile, it was soft and full of love. He only used it when talking to you or Bucky). “Where’s Y/N?”

“They took her a few minutes ago.”

You raised your hand, the three at the door tensed and Bucky’s hand tightened.

“What?” Steve snapped.

“Um-hi?”

Instantly, Bucky’s hand was off your neck and Steve was by your side, taking the helmet, as gently as he could, off. You smiled at them both. They smiled back but it was full of confusion.

“Y/N?” Bucky asked, “why are you wearing that?”

“I needed to escape.”

“How did you get out?” Steve asked.

“Bobby pin, I unlocked my handcuffs and the door.”

“And how did you get the uniform?” Bucky asked.

“I knocked out the guard.”

“How?” Steve asked.

“That move you showed me.”

“The throat strike?”

“Probably.”

“And then you got changed?” Bucky continued.

“I couldn’t just walk out.”

“Could you not have waited?” Steve asked. By now both of them looked tired, as if you had done something wrong.

“I didn’t know if you were coming.”

Both of them stilled, stopping their sentences before they started. They sighed, in sync, and pulled you into a hug. Squishing you in between them. It felt nice, more than nice, you didn’t know how to
explain it. Being with them, it felt right. Like the world was finally spinning again once you were with them. It wasn’t just nice, it was necessary. You couldn’t live without them, and you knew that, and they knew that.

“We’ll always come find you,” Steve murmured into your hair.

“Y/N, if you ever want a new job, you’re welcome to work with me,” Natasha said after you had pulled away from the hug. “What you just did was impressive.”

Bucky and Steve didn’t even pause before answering, “no.”

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