Look into my eyes

by Arawynn

Summary

You work as cashier in a supermarket near Avengers Tower. What happens, when a certain soldier comes along?
Chapter 1

**Setting:** You recognize your Soulmate by looking in his/her eyes. Jobs that contain lots of contact with many people are the most desired because of the high chance to meet your Soulmate. Plays somewhere after Civil War but the Avengers are united again and Bucky is part of them.

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**Your Point of View:**

You were one of the happy ones to get hold of a job at a famous and well-attended supermarket. One of your colleagues had told you that it took less than two years in your occupation to meet your Soulmate.

Well…at least usually.

You were working there for whole four years and five months now and hadn’t met him yet. Every now and then you even doubted to have one. Until that one day he suddenly stood right in front of you. Completely unexpected.

The whole day had been anything but special. Neither extraordinary good nor bad. Your shift had started three hours ago and as usually there were lots of people. You looked every costumer in the eyes as it was supposed from everybody with client contact in the supermarket.

Many companies with lots of social interactions instructed their employees to do so as special service. Most members of the staff obeyed happily, since they hoped themselves to find their Soulmate.

When they found him or her, it wasn’t uncommon to leave everything behind to get to know your Soulmate – even when you had started working 5 minutes ago. There were always enough workers to take over the tasks that the lucky one just left. You had done so more times than you could count.

It was equally common to leave your job so somebody else got the chance to find their Soulmate.

You just wanted to leave your register to take a small break when the universe decided you didn’t get it yet by sending you the next costumer. It was a large man with broad shoulders and long brown hair. He avoided your gaze so you simply started to scan his purchase. You just knew this man was not in the right mood for Smalltalk.

The scanning took some time since his cart was filled to brimming. “That comes to…”, you started, but it was forgotten as soon as his eyes met yours. Incredible blue eyes that were filled with a wild mix of emotions. The most prominent were disbelief and adoration. You did not notice your moth dropping wide open. The storm of butterflies in your whole body and the irresistible urge to be as close as possible to him cut out everything else.

You did not realize you had moved until your hand slipped into his much larger one. It sent a wave of warmth through your whole body. No doubt, he was the one for you. Even without any actual conversation you already felt so much love for this man. *Your Soulmate.*

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**Buckys Point of View:**
Bucky cursed under his breath while he was in this damned supermarket. The other Avengers had left the Tower. Natasha and Wanda had gone on a shopping trip along with Vision. Stark, Banner and Rhodes were somewhere because of the latter’s still dysfunctional legs. Steve and Sam were on a mission but would be back soon.

The former Winter Soldier had been the only one to have nothing to do so Pepper had asked him to do a quick purchase. That is if you could it quick to need half an hour to grab all the things on purchase list. But the soldier knew better than to provoke Pepper Potts. She was not a fighter, but that women knew how to stand her ground. Otherwise she would not be the Soulmate of a man like Tony Stark.

He felt uneasy at the huge supermarket. Too many civilians who could easily get hurt during an attack. HYDRA was still after him. They wanted their most valuable asset back under their command. The remains of this once so powerful organisation needed him desperately. And desperate people had a disposition to take venturous risks. By appearing in the public he placed all these oblivious people in danger.

Bucky was soon surprised how little effort he needed not to be recognized. A glove for his left hand, a base cap and keeping his head low. Maybe the people didn’t expect superheroes do such banalities like simple grocery shopping. But still he wanted to finish this as fast as possible. There was a second danger in being at a public place like this – he could find his Soulmate.

Most people unconditionally wanted to find their Soulmate even if it was difficult. After all, you had to look this person straight in the eyes. Unlike anyone else the soldier was more than happy not to have found his Soulmate. She would be permanently in danger. Not only because of him being part of the Avengers – which was dangerous enough by itself.

James was by far more worried about how HYDRA would harm her. Those people were horrible creative when it came to torturing people. The former Winter Soldier had experienced it firsthand. He didn’t want anybody to endure anything similar and especially not his Soulmate.

Back in the 40s he had imagined how it would be. How much he would love her. Bucky still loved her, despite not knowing who she might be. Enough to be contend with never finding her so she would be safe. Safer than by his side. However, the brunette had not entered fate into the equation. A coefficient not to be underestimated.

Bucky was already at the checkstand when it happened. The cashier was about to tell him the total prize. He instinctively lifted his head. Y/E/C eyes that went wide with surprise as soon as they met his. Everything besides this woman was irrelevant in an instance. The purchase. HYDRA. The option of being recognized. His entire being just wanted to have this angel as close as possible.

The soldier barely noticed the cashier leaving her place. He was too absorbed in memorising her appearance. Already after the first few seconds Bucky knew she was gorgeous. They had barely met but the brunette had fallen head over heels in love with this angel. His Soulmate.

Feeling her small hand in his made Bucky smile genuine. He had never felt such gentle warmth. “Sir?” suddenly the assassin was snapped back into reality. A second cashier looked at him with a slightly amused, but benevolent smile. She pointed towards the shopping bags with his shopping. He had completely forgotten it. “We could deliver them if you give me your address.”, she suggested.

Bucky barely managed to nod and write down the address of Avengers Tower. His Soulmate’s presence was far too distracting at that moment. He simply wanted to be alone with her. Get to know this angel that was destined to be his. Hold her in his arms. They left the supermarket in
comfortable silence.

“I…I have to place a coffee. Can I ask you out for a call? I mean…”, Bucky felt silent, deeply embarrassed. He had mixed it up. His angel had to think he was a complete moron. Steve would have had his fun – seeing a ladies’ man like himself not being able to construct proper sentences anymore. “Place your call. And then you can ask me out for a coffee.”, his Soulmate said with a sweet smile.

The soldier returned a thankful smile. He went a few steps to call Pepper and tell her that the purchase would be delivered. She was making a phone call herself so Bucky left a message on the answering machine. It was cut short when a black SUV peeled out of the car park.

Bucky knew at once what just happened. His Soulmate had been abducted while he literally stood next to her. Red hot anger boiled up inside of him. How dare they do something like this! He knew his Soulmate less than half an hour. But she was already a target of his enemies.

At the same time, the brunette felt terrible guilty. This people who had abducted her were his enemies. Not hers. It was his fault. He had not paid enough attention. And now she would pay the price. Trying to follow them would already be a waste of time. They were too far ahead. Despite everything Bucky was capable of, he might not be able to find you in time. He needed help. The soldier loathed asking for help, but this was not about him. It was about his Soulmate. And he would be damned if she got hurt because of false pride.
You work as cashier in a supermarket near Avengers Tower. What happens, when a certain soldier comes along?

Setting: You recognize your Soulmate by looking in his/her eyes. Jobs that contain lots of contact with many people are the most desired because of the high chance to meet your Soulmate. Plays somewhere after Civil War but the Avengers are united again and Bucky is part of them.

Your Point of View:

You were startled when one of your colleagues approached your Soulmate. You had been totally wrapped up in his incredible handsomeness. The shoulder-length chestnut hair seemed to be unbelievable soft. You simply wanted to let your hands run through it.

The few seconds it took him to scribble down his address stretched into minutes and hours. You wanted to have him all to yourself. When he took her hand again, the wonderful warmth returned at once. You had always imagined how it would be to find your Soulmate but now…it was exactly the same and yet completely different. Far more intense but without any uproar. As if you had known him your whole life. It felt completely artless.

At the car park your Soulmate started talking. His voice was deep and soft. Hearing it for the first time made your knees week. When he felt silent obviously deeply embarrassed you hat to bite into your lower lip or else you would have laughed about how cute it was to hear such a mountain of a man mixing up two sentences.

If it had not already been, you would have helplessly fallen for him at least now. “Place your call. And then you can ask me out for a coffee.”, you said with a smile. The genuine smile you gained from him made your heart beat fast enough to easily overtake a Porsche. It made his handsome appearance shine with happiness.

You took advantage of his short absence for the phone call by taking in his appearance. He was tall, broad and incredible handsome. Adding his gentleness into that mix made this man absolutely irresistible to you. The deeply happy smile did not once falter. You were delighted about the prospect of spending time with him. Becoming acquainted with this man.

In consequence of being so happy, you didn’t pay much attention to your surroundings. Suddenly, you were grabbed around the waist and a hand muffled your surprised yelp. Within a few moments you were dragged into a huge black car. Your kidnaper confined you in the car boot and slammed the hatchback shut. It happened faster than you could comprehend what was happening. You were caught completely off-guard.

Buckys Point of View:

The brown-haired man muttered Russian curses under his breath. His mind was racing a mile a
Bucky simply had to save his Soulmate – the sooner the better. His instinct told him that HYDRA had to be behind this. The ambush had been too well-timed for ordinary criminals. And who did not know his abilities exactly could not come this close near him – at least without him noticing them.

The soldier knew he had to act fast. If HYDRA was involved, she was in great danger. They would use her as bait to decoy him, definitely. He was their most valued asset and even more so since the death of the five Winter Soldiers. HYDRA wanted him back under their mastery. As completely submissive slave. But Bucky was not really worried about this.

What he was afraid of were all those possibilities how his Soulmate could be hurt. They might torture her. Wipe her memory. Attempt to kill her as soon as he got close. The brunette wasn’t sure what would be worse to him – her not recognizing him anymore or being forced to see her die. Hell, they could even try to turn him into the Winter Soldier and make him kill her with his own hands! Another curse left his mouth. He was utterly screwed. Bucky didn’t dare to do this alone. The stakes could not be higher.

The soldier didn’t look at the number he picked on speed dial. It contained only the Avengers. Despite being a team, Bucky hated to ask for help. But he had to swallow his pride. This wasn’t about himself. “You must be really desperate to call me out of all people, Frosty.”, said the voice of Tony Stark. He sounded almost inappropriate cheerful.

The brunette groaned quietly. Why did it have to be the billionaire who hated him like poison? “Drop it Stark. In fact I am desperate.”, he snarled. “Well, then go for it.”, answered Stark by far more serious. Bucky was sure to hear a hint of shock but ignored it. These private fights had to wait until his Soulmate was safe. The soldier sighed silently.

“My Soulmate has just been kidnapped. I need your help to track them down.”, he admitted. Long seconds passed in silence. “You have a Soulmate?”, Stark asked dumbfounded. “Just met her at the supermarket Pepper sent me. I placed a call and suddenly a black SUV left the car park. I haven’t noticed them. They are not run-of-the-mill criminals. HYDRA is probably involved in this.”, Barnes committed.

“Get back to the Tower. I’ll call everyone in. F.R.I.D.A.Y. is already tracking them down. If it’s HYDRA you will need any possible help. By the way…what’s her name?”, the billionaire asked completely serious. It caught Bucky off-guard. A deep crimson blush claimed his cheeks. “I…I didn’t ask her. We barely talked. It was a huge surprise for the two of us.”, the soldier conceded.

Within an hour the Avengers were assembled in the Tower. Tony had only told them it was an emergency and everyone was needed. Probably badly needed. “What’s this fuss about, Stark?”, Sam demanded to know when they were in a conference room that was used for mission briefings. “My Soulmate was kidnapped. Quite likely by HYDRA.” Bucky answered short. Except for Stark everyone’s chins fell literally to the ground.

“Since when have you got a Soulmate?”, Natasha asked. “About twenty minutes prior to the kidnapping. Ask later, we mustn’t waste time. If it’s actually HYDRA, they will set up a trap. Try to turn me into the Winter Soldier again. Or they could wipe her memory.” Bucky knew he was irrational and rambling. But he couldn’t stop it. His Soulmate was probably held captive by very dangerous people who had no moral code.

“Sir, I found Mr. Barnes’ Soulmate. Apparently HYDRA is holding her captive.”, interrupted F.R.I.D.A.Y. suddenly. On the table appeared a map and a surveillance video from inside a building. A woman was confined to a chair. Internally Bucky was almost grateful. They had found his Soulmate. And that chair was not the machine HYDRA had used to wipe his memory. “That’s
her.”, he said relieved. “Let’s go and get her. Everyone suit up.”, Steve commanded and stood up.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

You work as cashier in a supermarket near Avengers Tower. What happens, when a certain soldier comes along?

Your Point of View:

The first thing you noticed was an evenly, high-pitched beeping. It took you a few seconds to recognize it as the sound of a heart monitor. Which was strange since in your last memory, you had been tied to a chair and a man with heavy Russian accent had bashed you. You didn’t give him credit to take you to a hospital. The man had interrogated you, but your mind was too foggy to give you the reason.

“Hey Doll.”, said a deep voice gently. Your mind needed a few moments to remember whom it belonged. Your Soulmate. His hand touched yours gently. The already familiar warmth educed a smile from you. For a few seconds you simply wanted to bury yourself in his warmness. “How are you, doll?” your Soulmate asked. He still had not told you his name.

“Tired and sore.”, you answered and heard yourself, how groggy your voice sounded. Whatever had happened, it had been bad. Really bad. But still, your mind refused to give you any further information. it felt as if someone had stuffed a cloud into your head. “What happened? I remember almost anything.”, you added.

Your Soulmate bit down into his bottom lip and avoided your gaze. When he lifted his head, you could see sadness and guilt in his blue orbs. “HYDRA kidnapped you. They wanted to set up a trap to get me back.”, the brunette said. His whole body was tense. “Why would they want to have you back? Who are you?”, you asked confused.

“According to HYDRA… I am the Winter Soldier.”, he said bluntly. It gave you a start. During the last two years you had lost your interest in the news. There were way too many happy couples for your liking. You had heard about HYDRA and the famous Winter Soldier but you had never seen a picture of him. The few things you knew about the Winter Soldier were hideous. A cold blooded, cruel, merciless assassin. A monster that had killed dozens of innocent people.

Your gaze roamed towards his left arm. The distinctive feature of the Winter Soldier was his metal arm. Your counterpart raised his arm. It was out of shimmering silver metal. You gulped. Until now you had refused to believe that of all people your Soulmate could be… that. He had been so gentle and friendly when you had met. Not even once did you think that he could be anything the costumers and your colleagues made him out to be.

You backed away from him. Terrified that he might hurt or even kill you. A part of you still refused to believe this. “You…you can’t…you can’t be an assassin.”, you stuttered. “Yes I am. I killed all the people inside that facility who got in my way. And I don’t regret any of it.”, the Soldier told you the brutal truth.

Within a few seconds you were on your feet and run. Out of the room. Away from this man who had killed without remorse. Your heartbeat was the only thing you could hear. Did he follow you?
With the intent to kill you? Not really paying attention where you were running, you bumped into someone. It sent you falling on your butt. The person you had bumped into managed to stay on her feet.

Looking up at the person, you recognized the famous Pepper Pots. You stared at her slack-jawed. The woman in front of you was the CEO of Stark Industries. “Y/N, right? Why aren’t you in your sickroom?”, she asked slightly worried. “I…i couldn’t stay there.”, you answered and glanced back where you came from. At least it seemed as if nobody was following you. Miss Potts nodded thoughtful when she observed you.

“You found out about James’ past, didn’t you?”, she asked softly. “Who?”, you answered confused. The redhead sighed. “Your Soulmate. His real name is James Barnes.” You felt your face fall. You knew the name James Barnes as well. The best friend of America’s national hero Captain America. “I…I can’t be the Soulmate of an assassin. How is this supposed to work?”, you asked crestfallen. “Oh my…”, Miss Potts muttered. “May I explain you a few things?”, she asked gently.

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**Buckys Point of View:**

Bucky had refused to let her leave his arms while they returned to the Tower. This was possibly his last chance to have his Soulmate this close. She would blame him for everything that had happened to her. The brunette was not in the mood for talking and the others respected it. His mind was still a wild mix of the most recent events.

How they had entered the base she was held captive.

His rage towards the HYDRA soldiers that tried to stop them.

Himself who killed each and every one of them without effort and mercy.

The moment he entered the room where his Soulmate was tied to the chair.

Her completely beaten up body that seemed so small.

The way he killed her last kidnapper – strangling him slowly with his metal arm.

Bucky sighed. The soldier had lost every bit of self-control the moment he had set a foot into that damned facility. He could remember everything, but it had been as if he was remote-controlled. As if the Winter Soldier had taken over the control. Bucky had kind of come back to his right senses when his Soulmate had passed out. Worry and guilt had washed over him.

Back at the Tower Bucky had allowed Dr. Cho and Bruce reluctantly to take his Soulmate away from him to take care of her wounds. She had not woken up despite their return had taken almost a full hour. When Banner approached the soldier, he was immediately on his feet. “She has only minor injuries. Bruises and some cuts that needed a few stitches. No fractures. She’s asleep right now but you can see her.”, the doctor told him without questions.

Bucky silently thanked whoever had protected his Soulmate from worse. “Her name is Y/N, by the way. Tony ordered F.R.I.D.A.Y. to run a background check on her but nobody mentioned it yet.” The soldier nodded to the doctor grateful. He had not thought about it either. “It might not matter after this…she saw my worse side. I wouldn’t be surprised if she refuses me.”, Bucky said gloomy and left his counterpart without giving him the chance to answer.

*The soldier waited a whole night for his Soulmate to wake up. When she had started moving he had been filled with both joy and fear. The joy to finally get her back. His terrible fear to lose her*
because she deemed him a monster. It had taken less than a quarter of an hour to make his nightmare come true. His Soulmate was utterly terrified of him. She had even run away. Bucky had not had the heart to follow her. Instead, he had gone to the common area where Stark kept his booze. Of course nothing but the expensive stuff with high % of alcohol by volume. He just wanted to drink away his sorrow.

About an hour had passed since that. Bucky had drunk off two and a half bottles of the strongest vodka he had found. Suddenly, Stark entered the room – energetic as always. “Get lost.”, the soldier said with a snarl. The billionaire ignored him and went straight behind the bar. “I have to admit I’m impressed. Drinking that by myself I would already be unable to walk. And you are drinking it like water.”

“I’d love to swap.”, Bucky answered crestfallen. Stark eyed him suspiciously. Without saying a word he turned around and opened a part of the wall of cupboard. When the genius turned towards Bucky again, he held a strange bottle in his hand. It had no label and contained an amber liquid. Stark poured the soldier some of it.

“What’s that?”, the former assassin asked wary. “Some asgardien alcohol Thor had left. I kept it for...let’s call it desperate situations. And if you really try to get drunk you are really desperate. I just can’t tell you how it will take hold. Giving this to normal humans I deemed everything but prudent.”, Tony answered casually. For about fifteen seconds Bucky was unable to say a word.

“I thought you still hate me.”, he said bewildered. The black-haired simply shrugged his shoulders. “Maybe I’m doing this simply to know how this stuff takes hold on somebody. Or I hope for alcohol poisoning so you die either of that or to get a chance to kill you myself.”, he answered still completely casual. The soldier was not sure if he meant it serious or if this was some kind of joke. The billionaire sighed. “Maybe this is just one of the very rare occasions I don’t act like an ignorant idiot and simply try to help.”, he added.

Bucky was even more surprised now. Obviously he had misjudged this man completely. “I know what it is like to lose your Soulmate...well, kind of. It was my own fault, I was an idiot and she wanted to have a break. Make me prioritise. The first few days I burrowed myself in work and drowned in alc. It didn’t help but I needed it back then.”, Stark admitted with a sigh. “Y/N is terrified of me. She run away.”, Bucky answered when he grabbed the glass. “Oh.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

You work as cashier in a supermarket near Avengers Tower. What happens, when a certain soldier comes along?

Your Point of View:

Miss Potts had led you into some kind of bureau or meeting room. She gave you a glass of water and sat down opposite you. “First of all, why are you so terrified of James?”, she asked gently. “He killed who knows how many innocents! I can’t even imagine how he might harm me.”, you answered afraid, but somehow embarrassed at the same time.

“James was forced to kill those people. By an organisation called HYDRA who kidnapped you by the way. They wiped his memory and tortured him to make him their puppet. For 70 years. Since James joined the Avengers, he fought tooth and nail against HYDRA and everything that is related to them. I’ve never seen him display so much worry like at the moment he told us about your abduction.

He knew that HYDRA would set up a trap to get him back under their control. But James didn’t care about it. He just wanted to pretend you from incurring the same torture as him.”, the strawberry-blonde said steady. Suddenly a memory appeared in your head. James who strangled the man who had interrogated you with his left arm. The anger on his face, right before you had passed out.

“I saw him in that facility…he was so furious. The Winter Soldier…James…he killed this man right in front of me before I passed out.”, you murmured thoughtful. “Steve told me that James was even to him almost a stranger as soon as they set a foot into the HYDRA facility. He hated them since his recovery but it had never been that bad.

But most important is he did it for you. To save you from any kind of torture HYDRA might put you under. James would rather let himself being captured by HYDRA again than allowing them to harm you.” Hearing all of this from a woman like Miss Potts made your heart ache. For your Soulmate who had been forced to become the most famous and deadly assassin in history. At the same time you felt shame bubbling up in your chest.

James had treated you with respect and gentleness, despite the few minutes you had been able to share. You recollected the first eye contact with him. The sincere adoration in his eyes. You saw your Soulmate in a different light. He hadn’t had a choice if he wanted to become an assassin, but he had chosen to lead a civilian live. And he had chosen to risk literally everything in order to save her.

“I screwed it up, didn’t I?”, you asked sighing. “I understand why you were frightened by the Winter Soldier. And I won’t deny that your rejection hurt him probably. But I’m sure he would be happy to start your relationship at the scratch. Everything you have to do is talk to him.”, the strawberry-blonde assured you gently.

“Could you…accompany me? I’d never find him in this tower. Plus I could need some backup.”,
you asked shyly. “Of cause. F.R.I.D.A.Y. , where is Barnes at the moment?” Miss Potts said. “At the common area at this stage. Mr. Stark is there as well. And if I may add, Mr. Barnes seems to pretty miserable.”, a voice said out of nowhere. It startled you for a moment. “That’s only F.R.I.D.A.Y. , Tony’s AI. You’ll adapt to it quickly.”

Buckys Point of View:

“James?”, a female voice asked carefully when he was about to take a first sip of that asgardian drink. Bucky knew immediately that it was her. His Soulmate Y/N. But why would she approach him willingly after running away? Surprised he set his glass down and turned around. She stood indeed in the door, only a couple meters away. Pepper stood behind her, a reassuring smile on her lips.

The soldier took in the appearance of his Soulmate almost instinctively. She wore proper, but comfort clothes, not that nightdress she had worn during her night in the sickroom. Y/N seemed to have calmed down, though her hands were playing with the hem of her clothes. “What do you want, Doll?”, he asked after a few seconds.

Bucky watched his Soulmate blushing and biting her bottom lip, while she stayed silent. It made him want to kiss those beautiful lips. But that would be the worst thing he could do right now. The soldier did not want to scare her away. Again. And since he did not know how much of her fear was still there, he kept sitting on the barstool. It took every bit of his self-command, but the brunette accomplished it.

“I…I wanted to beg your pardon. I have been a prejudging fool who didn’t question what others said about you. It was anything but fair to you. And I…”. She stopped as tears started running down her face. Bucky couldn’t stop himself from standing up and striding towards you. He hesitated a moment if or if not he could touch you, but a soft sob made the soldier pull her into his chest.

When Y/N stiffened Bucky feared he had been too rash with his embrace. But only a second later his Soulmate snuggled deeper into his body. Returned the embrace. “It’s okay, Doll. Some of the blame is mine. I challenged your rejection by telling you everything that bluntly. It’s just…I feared you would spurn me one way or another so it wouldn’t make any difference how I told you who I was.”, he said quietly.

The soldier combed carefully with his flesh hand through the hair of his Soulmate. First it was rather an instinct than a choice, but he realized very fast that it calmed her down. Her sobs ceased surprisingly fast. “I accept your apology. And…if that’s not too much at once…may I ask you for a second chance?”, Bucky murmured finally. Y/N answered with a shy nod.

A little but very playful smile appeared on his lips. “Can I place a coffee and ask you out for a call?”, the brunette asked smirking. His Soulmate’s laugh was still a little shaky, but it was there. “Yes, definitely. How about now?”, she answered and brushed away the last tears. “Sounds great, Doll. But please call me Bucky.”, he said with a soft smile. He knew now that they would be fine now.

Your Point of View:

You were glad to have Miss Potts – Pepper, as she insisted on being called – to back you up. Without her you would have retired at least three times. But the strawberry blonde reminded you every time that you wouldn’t make anything better by running away. And to be precise you wanted to be with James and be happy at his side. But there was this damn fear he might reject you.
Because you had broken his heart.

At the common area Pepper had almost to push you forward, despite the pull you felt. The pull towards your Soulmate. He sat at the bar and really didn’t look well. Two empty bottles of strong alcohol stood beside him but the brunette was not at all swaying. You were too nervous to hear what James and Tony Stark – he himself stood behind the bar – talked about. The hammering of your heart was much too loud.

“James?”, you asked highly nervous. Pepper had helped you to clothe your thoughts in words but… now your mind was simply blank. All those laborious formulated words and sentences had simply abandoned you. When the dark-haired man turned around, he was surprised, but you could see the hope in his eyes. Maybe the strawberry blonde CEO had been right and he would forgive you.

Despite these encouraging thoughts you needed some time to re-remember at least some of the words you wanted to say. The intense stare of your Soulmate was not helping at all. It only made you even more nervous. “What do you want, Doll?”, he asked eventually. His voice was quiet and gentle – a good sign. You opened your mouth and the words started to flow.

You were rambling. And talking about your behaviour didn’t help to suppress the tears. At some time you weren’t able to talk anymore. Your sob wasn’t only because of sadness, but also because you were mad at yourself. At your own ignorance. When somebody pulled you in a warm embrace, you stiffened instinctively. But the warmth beneath this touch meant it was your Soulmate.

You didn’t think before snuggling deeper into this embrace. It was warmth and comfort and oh so right. Staying like this for quite some time wouldn’t be bad at all. When James told you that he blamed his very own behaviour to be part of the reason you ran, you felt indescribable relieved. He wasn’t mad at you.

His gentle combing through your hair calmed you faster down than you had ever gone through. You simply didn’t calm down from having been a sobbing mess within less than 10 minutes. It usually lasted for fifteen or twenty minutes at least. Your tops was round about forty-five minutes non-stop.

You gladly gave James a second chance. The warmth of his embrace had lulled you in a state between happy bliss and somewhere so comfortable you could almost sleep then and there. Despite your still tear-stained cheeks. “Can I place a coffee and ask you out for a call?”, the brunette asked suddenly.

You couldn’t stop yourself from laughing. It was almost his first two sentences he had said to you. But this time without the stuttering. You knew he had said it by purpose to make you laugh but you were thankful. You raised his head from his chest and tried your best to wipe away the remnants of your tears.

You agreed to go to this date. The thought made warm bubbling happiness appear in your belly. You would finally have a real date with your Soulmate. He was not mad at you and you had overcome your mindless terror. Everything would be fine. The two of you were destined to be the second half of each other.

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