Whumptober - Clint Barton style

by asamandra

Summary

I found the whumptober list on tumblr and I wanted to do that and so I'm gonna hurt my favorite archer again (yes, I know, I'm an evil person).

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
The life as a carnie wasn’t an easy life. You’re always on the road, relationships are almost impossible if you don’t want to have one with your co-workers, and it’s really, really hard work. You’re the star of the show? That doesn’t prevent you from having to do chores, to feed animals, to build up the big top, to shovel shit and all that.

But Clint loved it. He really loved it. Not only because the circus literally saved his life but also because he loved the people. Carson was a harsh, tough man but he was fair to his people and his wife was like the mom he always wanted. They took him and his brother in when they were desperate, they gave them a home, they gave them a goal in life and Clint learned to use the bow and got a place in the show.

Yes, Clint loved the circus life. And Barney hated it. He hated that his younger brother became one of the stars of the circus and he had to do the donkeywork. He hated that they earned peanuts for shitloads of work and the most he hated was that the circus guys hated him. Most of them were freaks and assholes, only Jacques and Buck were okay, mostly because they were like him.

Jacques Duquesne, also known as Swordsman, and Buck Chisholm, Trick Shot, were as greedy as Barney and they had their secondary business no one knew about. Wherever they were, whenever they would switch states, they robbed banks or jewelers and lined their own pockets. It was a profitable business and they got along but Jacques and Buck wanted more, way more, but they couldn’t do the job without a fourth man. And after long and heated discussions they decided to ask Clint. They were pretty sure that he would help his brother and the two guys who taught him to shoot and to fight.

Clint reluctantly agreed. He wasn’t happy, but Barney had said he wanted to leave the circus and he needed some capital to start a new life.

“Why do you want to leave the circus? They accepted us here and…”

“They accepted you, little brother, because you’re the talented golden child. And they let me stay because I’m your brother,” Barney said bitterly. “You’re one of the main acts and I sell hot dogs.”

“But… but… what about me?”

“Clint, you can stay if you want,” Barney shrugged. “You have a life here.”

Clint nodded and Barney smirked.

They did it a week later. At first the bank robbery was a cake walk, perfectly planned and everything went according to plan but then there was a guy in the bank who wanted to play hero and Barney just shot him. He could’ve injured him, but he killed him without missing a beat. Clint was shocked to the core and for a long moment he was literally stunned, couldn’t move and only Buck’s fast reflexes prevented him from getting shot by one of the arriving cops. But they lost their booty on the run. They got almost killed for nothing.

“You goddamn asshole!! You ruined everything! I wanted to start a new life with the money!” Barney yelled at Clint when they were back in their trailer that evening.

“You… you killed that man,” Clint said, still shocked. His brother just killed a man in cold blood.

“He should’ve stayed on the ground,” Barney said coldly and Clint made a step back.
“I’m outta here,” he said and turned around and wanted to leave, but Barney grabbed his shoulder.

“No, you’re not,” he hissed, his face taut with anger. And before Clint could react Barney punched him in the face. He stumbled back and Barney followed him, punched him again and again until he fell to the ground. “I’m gonna leave this fuckign freakshow with my share!” he snapped and went to the door.

Clint was silly from the blows and it took some time for him to get up again. He stumbled to the door, too, and opened it and saw Barney on his way to the Red Wagon, the wagon where Carson had the safe with the circus’ money.

“Barney!” he called after his brother, “Barney, stop!”

And Barney stopped, he turned around and saw Clint shouting the camp down. Lights went on in the trailers. He whirled around and came back, murder in his glance.

“Shut up! Shut up, you freak, shut the fuck up!” he pressed through his teeth and before Clint could react Barney grabbed the switchblade he always had in his pocket and stabbed him in his stomach.

Clint stared at him disbelievingly for a few moments before the pain hit him. He stared at his stomach and the knife, at the blood on his hand and his brother’s face, shocked for a second, before he turned away and ran to the Red Wagon. Clint fell to one knee, groaned in pain. The blood ran out of his body and it hurt, it hurt so much. He groaned again when his knees gave in and he fell onto his side.

“Barney!” he moaned and wrapped both hands around the handle of the knife, still sticking in his stomach. “Ba---Barney,” he whispered, slowly losing consciousness. “Please…”
“Nat! Get down!” Clint yelled… but it was too late. He saw the bullet hit her in the stomach and she fell. He ran over to her, shooting like a berzerk at the AIM guys. He also ignored the fact that they shot at him, too. He was just worried about Natasha.

“Clint!” Nat warned and Clint jumped forward, rolled over his shoulder and shot an arrow through the throat of the last AIM goon. But he didn’t wait and look, he ran over to Natasha and fell down to the ground beside her.

“Nat, oh god,” he breathed and let go of his bow. It was his fault that she got injured. He should’ve covered her, he was the backup, he should’ve taken care of the guy who shot her before he could shoot. But he failed.

Blood ran out of the gunshot wound and he tore off his shirt and pressed it onto the wound. She groaned painfully.

“How can you get up?” he asked and Nat shook her head. This time it was serious, really serious. He looked around, the AIM guys were all dead. So he just hoisted her up on his arms bridal style and ran to one of the AIM vans. It wasn’t locked and he placed Nat on the passenger’s seat.

“Hold the shirt in place,” he said and put her hands on it. Natasha winced in pain but she nodded and pressed the shirt on her stomach. It was soaked through already but it was the only thing he had at hand.

There was no key and he had to hot-wire the van but then he floored it and they left the facility. Clint drove as fast as possible and searched for a hospital.

“How can you get up?” he asked when she was unusual quiet but the only answer he got was a painful moan. “Nat, hold on, hold on, promise me to hold on.”

“Hurts,” she whispered and Clint almost rammed another car. Her voice sounded so weak, so fragile. Blood poured through her hands and Clint cursed silently. He had to drive faster.

“Hold on,” he said again and dodged a truck. And then he saw it, saw the sign that pointed out a hospital and he drifted around a corner and stepped on the gas. Nat lost consciousness beside him.

With squealing tires he stopped the van, jumped out of it and ran around it.

“Help!” he screamed. “I need help!” He took Natasha bridal style again and carried her to the entrance and tried to ignore all the blood. She was so pale, so, so pale.

Two nurses met him half-way with a stretcher and a doctor followed them on the heels. Clint placed Nat on the stretcher.

“Gunshot wound in the stomach. Blood type a positive and latex allergy,” he told them and one of them nodded and the three of them ran back into the hospital with her. Clint followed them but in front of the door to the operating theater he got stopped.

“You have to wait here,” the nurse said and reluctantly Clint agreed. “There’s a waiting room over there,” she said and pointed at a door. Clint stared at her for a long moment but then he nodded and went to the room and sat down. One of the nurses came and brought him a spare shirt since he only wore his tactical vest. Mechanically he put it on and saw blood stains at the hem of it appear. His
hands were still covered in Natasha’s blood.

He had no idea how long he sat there and stared at his bloody hands. He had lost sense of time. But then a shadow fell on them and he looked up. A doctor stood there and just removed the surgical mask.

“I’m sorry, sir,” she said. “We did all in our power but she had lost too much blood already.”

Tears ran along Clint’s face and he looked at his bloody hands again. All the blood he got on his hands and now he could add up his best friends, too.

“I’m really sorry,” the doctor said again and now Clint looked up.

“Yeah,” he said. “Me too.”
Insomnia

When Tony woke something felt wrong. He yawned and frowned at the alarm clock on his nightstand. It was short after three a.m. and his frown deepened. But when he moved a bit he found out what was wrong. He was alone in the bed.

“FRIDAY,” he mumbled, “where’s Clint?”

It was quiet for a second and then the AI answered, “He’s in the range.”

Tony sat up and glared at the clock again. “At o-dark thirty? What’s he doing there?”

“He’s shooting,” FRIDAY said sarcastically.

“No, that’s not…” He stopped, sighed and rose. “Fuck it, I’ll ask him myself,” he said and went to the door. Two minutes later he opened the door to the indoor range he had built in his house when Clint moved in.

Thump!

Tony stayed beside the door and looked for Clint.

Thump!

He was in the right lane, the one with the moving targets.

Thump!

Mechanically he moved, shot arrow after arrow and didn’t even notice that Tony was here.

Thump!

“Clint,” Tony said but didn’t move. One of the first things he had learned was not to get too close when Clint was armed and concentrated.

Thump!

“Clint,” Tony said again and this time he stopped but he still held his bow in his hand, his arrow nocked. He took a deep breath and Tony knew he could go to him now.

“What’s wrong, babe?” Tony asked and put a hand on his shoulder. Clint sighed and lowered the bow.

“Nothing,” he mumbled. He put the arrow back in the quiver and unstrung the bow before he put it in its case. “It’s just…”

“Can’t sleep again?” Tony asked worried and Clint nodded. Every fucking night the last two weeks he woke up in the middle of the night and left the bed to do… things.

“It’s getting worse,” Clint whispered and his voice sounded so small, so fragile. Tony had never heard him like that before. He turned around and Tony saw huge rings under his eyes. “When I’m awake,” he made air quotes with both hands, “I’m tired as fuck, it feels like walking through cotton candy all the time. I forget things, Tony. Yesterday I looked at Maria and couldn’t remember her name.”
Tony looked at him for a long moment before he wrapped his arms around him.

“And then, when I’m in bed, I cannot sleep. I toss and turn and…” he stopped and looked at Tony. “I don’t wanna wake you up, you need your sleep.”

“You need your sleep, too,” Tony said and pointed at the targets behind Clint. His arrows didn’t hit dead center like usual.

“Please, come with me to see a doctor,” he said then and Clint shook his head.

“They’re giving me pills and bench me,” he snorted. “I don’t…”

“Clint,” Tony put a finger under Clint’s chin and forced him to look at him. “Please. I worry about you.”

“Tony,” Clint started but Tony shook his head.

“Please,” he said again. “Let me help you.” He took Clint’s hand and saw that they shook slightly. “I don’t want to lose you.”

“You won’t,” Clint said quietly and let Tony pull him into a hug. And with Tony’s hands on the back of his head he closed his eyes.
Clint turned around when he heard a car. It was the first car in half an hour and he walked backwards and held his hand out, the thumb pointing upwards but the car passed him.

“Fuck you!” Clint called after him. He wiped the sweat off of his forehead and cursed the blaring sun, too. With a sigh he turned back and continued walking when he heard another car.

He turned back again and held his hand out. The car - an old Volkswagen Kübelwagen - slowed down a bit and then stopped at the side.

Clint started to grin and ran to the passenger’s door. The driver was a huge, blond guy with longish hair, tied to a man bun, and a beard. He smiled and opened the door for Clint.

“Thanks, man,” Clint sighed when he flopped down in the passenger’s seat.

“No problem,” the man said and started to drive again. He scrutinized Clint out of the corner of his eyes, Clint could see that, but he gave him a ride so he didn’t have to walk in the blazing sunlight.

They talked a bit and Clint learned that the guys name was Thor, like the norse god. But then - still in the middle of nowhere - Thor stopped the car and turned to him.

“Time to pay for your ride,” he said with a disturbing grin.

“Uh… okay,” Clint said and wanted to reach for his wallet when the guy grabbed his hand and stopped him.

“No, not with money,” he smirked and Clint’s mouth went dry.

“Sorry, dude,” Clint said and tried to free his hand from the iron grip. “I’m not…”

Thor reached over him and opened the passenger’s door before he gave him a shove and he landed in the sand beside the car. But when he saw the huge man get out of his car, palming his crotch, he got up and started to run. He didn’t even care that his bag was still on the backseat.

He ran and Thor followed him and despite his massive body he was fast, really fast. When he glanced over his shoulder he saw him way too close for his peace of mind and only a few seconds later he jumped and threw Clint to the ground. The air went out of his lungs and he got sand in his mouth.

“That’s not very nice from you to just run away,” Thor said. He grabbed his arm and twisted it on Clint’s back and with his other hand he grabbed his neck and forcefully steered him back to the car. When they were close, Thor pressed him against the hood and the spare wheel on it.

“Wait, no!” Clint tried to stop him. He struggled against his grip but Thor was as strong as he was huge. “No, please!”
Thor held him in place and reached around him, opened his pants with one hand and let it slide in. He grabbed Clint’s dick and rubbed it a bit.

“No, please! Don’t…” he pleaded when Thro ran his thumb over the head of his cock and dipped his finger in the slit. Clint tried to move back, but Thor’s body held him in place.

“Quiet,” the huge guy commanded and pressed against him again and Clint could feel his enormous hard-on through his pants. And he knew exactly what he planned to do.

“No, please! No! Stop!” Clint tried to struggle when Thor let go of his cock and pulled down his pants. He pressed his jeans-clad cock against Clint’s naked ass now and then he could hear a zipper.

“Why do you do that?” he panted and Thor chuckled.

“Because I want to,” he said. He spat in his hand and a moment later he pressed his dick against Clint’s hole.

“Please, don’t!” Clint pleaded… and then he screamed. Thor shoved his dick forcefully in Clint’s body and it hurt, it hurt so much. “Oh god!”

Thor started to move and it felt as if he would rip out his intestines. He moved slowly at first but soon he sped up and Clint bit his free arm to not scream anymore. Thor panted and groaned. He reached around Clint and took his cock in his hand again and started to jack him off.

Clint squeezed his eyes shut. His ass hurt like hell but Thor’s hand on his dick felt awesome and the bastard even managed to hit his prostate and Thor started to chuckle when Clint moaned.

“Oh, you like it,” he whispered in Clint’s ear while his hand moved along Clint’s cock relentlessly, forced him to the edge and with a few well-aimed hits onto his prostate he shoved him over it. Clint hissed while he spurted his load on Thor’s hand and then the big guy stopped, groaned and came.

Clint slumped down onto his knees when Thor pulled out of his body and let go of his arm. He panted and tried to get his pants but they dangled around his ankles and he couldn’t get it up. Thor came to him, his dick in his hand and he smeared the tip through Clint’s face with a chuckle before he tucked it away in his jeans.

“Get up,” he said then and grabbed Clint’s arm to hoist him up. “I want to drive on.”

Clint glared at him disbelievingly and Thor shrugged.

“Or you can wait for another car,” he said. Clint winced when he pulled his pants over his raw ass and reluctantly went to the passenger’s door. Thor slid behind the wheel and started the car.

He grinned the whole way and seemed pleased with himself and when they arrived in the next town he stopped the car beside Clint’s bike. He turned to him and cocked his head questioningly.

Clint leaned over to him, a smile on his lips and kissed him, long and passionately. “Thanks, babe,” he whispered. “That was awesome.”

“Thank you,” Thor murmured. “I’m glad you liked it.”

“Definitely,” Clint cupped Thor’s face and smiled. “We should do that again.”

“I am willing to oblige,” Thor said and kissed Clint again. “See you at home?”

“I love you, too.”
He should’ve listened to his instinct. Clint moaned when he opened his eyes. His head spun and he felt really dizzy. It was dark in the room but not pitch black and Clint could see silhouettes. This was definitely not his bedroom. It looked and smelled like a cheap hotel.

The bar! He’s been in a bar yesterday and… oh god! He sat up too fast and the world started to spin again. The guy he met there!

He and Steve had had a nasty fight and while Steve went to the gym to destroy punching bags went Clint to a bar to get smashed. He only wanted to drink in peace but then he had met a guy there and he had flirted with him. Clint had told him that he had a boyfriend, but the guy only laughed and said it’s not cheating to drink together… and had bought the next round.

He should’ve listened to his instinct and declined. But he had smiled and accepted the drink. And now he woke in a dirty bag and felt like shit. He supported himself against the wall while he rose and stumbled to the window. With shaky hands he opened the roll-down curtains and then he squinted his eyes painfully. The sun shone in his eyes and it hurt.

“Goddammit,” he muttered. “No more alcohol.”

He turned around and wanted to stumble to the door when he saw a piece of paper on the nightstand beside the bed he just lay in. Clint frowned but went back to the bed to open it.

“48 hours to kill Tony Stark and you will get the antidote!” it read.


But he was drunk before and he never felt like that, not even after the worst drinking sprees.

He checked his pants and found his phone in the back pocket, dialed the SHIELD HQ and told them they needed to track his call and send a car to get them. And then, after a moment of consideration, he asked for a team of doctors to be there when they brought him in.

Two hours later Steve, Tony, Nat, Bruce, Phil, Fury, Maria and he sat in a conference room and stared at the piece of paper.

“Okay, whom did you piss off?” Fury asked and threw the paper onto the table. He glared at Clint and he just raised a brow.

“Me? They want him dead! I’m just… I’m just the idiot who’s supposed to do it!”

“You’ve been unconscious for about eight hours from leaving the bar,” Tony pointed at the screen with the image of him with the guy he met and Clint blushed violently, “and your call. The examination took time, too, so we have thirty-eight hours to find a cure for you.”

“And if you don’t find it?” Steve asked carefully and took Clint’s hand under the table. Their fight was forgotten.

“Then you either kill him,” Nat said and pointed at Tony, “or you die.”

“No chance,” Clint said and shook his head. “None of these things are desirable, so, no thanks.”

“I will call a few of my colleagues,” Bruce said. “Dr. Cho, too, but I know a few really good
scientists who can probably help.”

“Probably?” Steve asked, his brows furrowed.

“Yeah,” Bruce nodded. And Clint closed his eyes. He couldn’t kill his friend but he really didn’t want to die either, so they had to find a solution.

“Okay, this is…” he started and rose, swayed a bit, tried to grab the table but failed and slumped down to one knee. On the way down he hit his head on the chair and cursed silently.

“Clint! Oh god…” Steve started.

“It’s okay,” he hissed. “I’m not dead yet!”

They brought him back to the infirmary and Bruce put on a serious look.

“It’s getting worse, Clint,” he said when he had checked his pulse.

“No shit, Sherlock?” Clint pressed through his teeth. He had a pain in his abdomen, something he never felt before. Almost as if someone tried to drag barb wire through his bowels. He pressed his hands on his stomach and groaned in pain.

“We could fake Tony’s death,” Bruce suggested but Clint shook his head.

“We won’t give in,” he moaned. “I believe in you, Bruce, you’ll find a cure.”

They drew more blood to make tests while Steve sat beside Clint’s bed.

“I wish I could help you,” he whispered. He held Clint’s hand and wiped the sweat off of his forehead with a cold washcloth.

“Stay with me,” Clint groaned. Bruce came every few minutes to look after him but his expression got more and more worried.

“Tony is on the guy’s track,” he said and Steve nodded. But when Clint cramped again he turned back to him, tears running over his face.

“Find him,” he said and Bruce nodded.

Clint was so pale and he lost consciousness only minutes after Bruce left. More doctors hurried around him, made all kinds of tests and their faces became more and more worried.

“Please, Clint,” he pleaded. “Please don’t leave me.”

He screamed and convulsed and then he collapsed.

“Bruce!” Steve screamed and Bruce hurried in.

“Oh god,” he muttered and checked his pulse. And then he frowned.

“Bruce, please!” Steve almost punched the man but when he looked up and saw his puzzled expression he stopped.

“His pulse, Steve,” Bruce said and shook his head. “It’s… I don’t know how to say this, but…”

“What, Bruce, what?”
“It returned to normal,” he said.

“Dr. Banner,” one of the other doctors hurried in and stopped dead in his tracks. “The poison… it…”

“I know,” Bruce said and pointed at Clint. His breathing slowed down and he looked almost peacefully. “It’s gone.”

“How?” Steve asked, mouth agape.

That moment they heard a mean cackle and the air glimmered green for a moment.

“Loki,” Bruce said and Steve nodded.

“It was just a joke?”

“Okay, Bruce,” Steve said, his expression turned to an angry mask. “You take care of Clint while I go and have to have a talk with a certain Asgardian asshole!”

And Clint mumbled, “Language.”
Clint was sixteen when SHIELD recruited him. Okay, recruited was maybe a bit much. He was in jail, about to be sentenced for a really, really long term when a black guy in a leather coat appeared and offered him a deal. He could work his time off at SHIELD instead of sitting in a small cell with loads of other killers and probably end as the prison bitch of a huge, burly guy.

Clint didn’t have to think twice, he agreed immediately and Nick Fury - that was the guy’s name - brought him to Washington DC, to SHIELD’s HQ. He was the youngest of the group of new recruits and at first the others didn’t really like him. They called him criminal and killer and they pushed him and beat him and bullied him. Clint knew it was because he was top in almost all classes, especially with weapons.

But then one of the older recruits came to him one day during lunch break. He just grinned and sat down opposite of him on his table in the back and started to eat. Clint stared at him for a long moment until the guy held his hand out for him to shake it.

“Brock,” he said. “Brock Rumlow. I’ve thought you could need a friend here.”

“And you want to be my friend?” Clint asked carefully but Brock only nodded and continued eating.

“Yeah,” he said. “Why not? And by the way, you seem to be cool,” he grinned.

“Cool,” Clint smiled, too. From that day on Brock and Clint ate together, they trained together, they spent some of their free time together and soon more recruits became friends with Clint and half a year later they had accepted him as one of theirs.

Clint was happy for Brock when he was promoted to become a member of STRIKE. And they celebrated when Clint was picked to join them, too. They went to a bar and with lots of alcohol in their systems they landed in the sack. It was awkward at first but they liked it and they became fuck buddies. Neither one of them wanted a relationship, it was enough to have fun together.

When Brock became team leader of his own STRIKE team he wanted to get Clint in his team, too, but Clint was in Coulson’s team and he liked it a lot. And so he declined.

“Why not?” Brock asked one night when they lay in Brock’s bed. Clint took a deep breath.

“Because I like that,” he said and pointed at himself, at Brock and the bed. “And I don’t think I should have sex with my team leader.”

Brock raised a brow.

“And,” Clint continued, “I don’t want the others think I receive preferential treatment because we’re friends.”

“I wouldn’t do that,” Brock said but Clint shook his head.

“No,” he said. “We can work together sometimes, but not as a regular member of your team.”

Brock wasn’t happy, but he accepted it. For now. He often asked Clint to come to him, but he still refused. And when Clint recruited Natasha, he was outright angry.
“You can’t trust her,” he said. “She’s dangerous. She will betray you, trust me!”

But Natasha didn’t betray him. She became his friend, too, even if Brock always insisted she would betray him one day.

STRIKE team Delta became legendary within SHIELD. He, Nat and Coulson were an awesome team but it seemed as if his friendship with Brock suffered lately. He and his team were sent on more and more classified missions and they couldn’t talk about it.

And then Loki happened and afterwards Clint was an Avenger, Captain America was back and he had a new goal in life. Nevertheless, Alexander Pierce still tried to convince him to get his own STRIKE team. Clint still declined.

When Cap asked for good men to help him on his SHIELD missions Clint suggested Brock’s team without hesitation. It was a bit selfish, too, he had to admit. That way he could work with him again and see him more often.

He had no idea everything would go down to hell in a handbasket because of his selfishness. If he just hadn’t suggested Brock, if he just had…

“Why?” he asked, an arrow nocked and it aimed at the face of the man he once called his friend. SHIELD had sent him on a solo mission and when he came back SHIELD was gone and it turned out many of them were actually HYDRA. He found him in Buenos Aires and was ready to kill him.

“Why?” Brock said and snorted. “Why not?”

“You betrayed everything we fought for,” he said. “You…”

“It was an order,” Brock hissed. “And it was about damn time!” His once attractive face was not only disfigured by burn scars. It was the sneer that was worse to look at.

“Brock, you…” Clint started but he interrupted him.

“You’ve been my mission!” he spat. “I was supposed to recruit you! And only the fact that you like it up the ass made it worthwhile! All your whining, ‘the others are so mean and nobody likes me’,” he disguised his voice, “I wanted to shoot myself! But Pierce insisted I continued pretending to be your ‘friend’!”

“What?” Clint lowered the bow a bit and stared disbelievingly.

“Do you really think someone likes you?” Brock hissed. “You’re good for only two things, shooting and sucking cocks!”

Clint opened his mouth and swallowed hard but couldn’t say a word. He just aimed at Brock and he couldn’t even move when the man cackled evilly and made a few steps back.

“Stop,” he whispered. He came to stop him and now… now he couldn’t move. But Brock moved, he fled.

“See you around, Barton!”
It was way too early for this shit. He should lie in his bed but no, he ran through the park. Clint sighed. It was part of his job to stay as fit as possible, but that doesn’t mean he has to like the early morning jogs. What he liked was to cuddle with the hottest woman on two planets and the thought of Sif let a smile flicker over his face.

“Help!” Someone called and Clint was alarmed immediately. He looked around and saw a woman lie on her side not far away. He made a step in her direction.

“Help, please,” she repeated when she saw him. “I think I broke my ankle.”

“Okay,” Clint went over to her and fumbled for his phone. “I’ll call an ambulance and until…”

He couldn’t finish his sentence because he sensed someone behind himself and whirled around but before he could react something hard hit his head and the lights went out.

“Wake up!” someone yelled and ice cold water was thrown in his face. Clint gasped and panted and tried to move away… but couldn’t. His hands were tied to the chair he sat on, his legs bound to the legs of it, too, and four men stood around him.

“Hey, guys,” Clint said and forced a grin on his face. “How you doin’?”

“Shut up!” One of them snarled. Clint winked and it seemed to enrage them even more. One of them wanted to punch him but the guy who had snarled at him stopped him.

“Tell us the code to Stark Tower,” he said then.

Clint raised a brow and cocked his head.

“Technical question, am I supposed to shut up or to tell you the codes now?”

“Shut up!” the guy snapped again, realized his mistake and backhanded Clint.

“You tell us the codes, asshole!”

“But I cannot tell you the codes when I shut up,” Clint said. Blood trickled down from the corner of his mouth and he tried to lick it away.

“Shut up!” the guy hissed and backhanded Clint again. His head snapped to the left and he felt one of his teeth come loose.

“Okay,” Clint said and tried to sit back but it wasn’t easy with his tied arms. But somehow he managed and looked at the guys.

“Tell us the codes!” the boss guy demanded again and Clint couldn’t help himself, he rolled his eyes.
“How about this, you decide if you want me to talk or to shut up and I’ll wait here,” he said and saw the boss guy press his lips together in anger.

“Bastard,” one of them growled and wanted to go to Clint to punch him, when they heard noise of battle from outside. People screamed and it sounded as if bullets landed on metal. Clint started to grin when he heard a guy scream in pain.

“Oh, my,” he sing-songed. “You have a real problem now.”

“Go! Check what happens there!” Boss guy snarled and two of the four men drew their guns and left the room.

“Who’s out there?” the man snapped and leaned to Clint, his face only inches away from Clint’s.

“Trouble!” Clint said and the grin broadened and only two seconds later the two guys who left flew in through the closed door. One of them missed an arm and screamed and the other one was held his stomach.

“Wha…” boss guy managed before Sif was on him. She was in full armor and grabbed his throat and hoisted him up from the ground and slammed him into the wall beside Clint. The guy was so shocked he lost his gun and struggled with his feet in the air. The last one of the evil guys yelped, let his gun drop and ran away.

“You’re late,” Sif said and looked at Clint.

“Yeah, uh… sorry, but I’ve been a little bit tied up,” he said while the guy Sif held wheezed and tried to get out of her grip.

“This is not funny,” she said. And then she turned to boss guy and glared at him. “You dared to lay hands on my man,” she growled and the guy managed to pale even more. “We had plans and you ruined them.”

“We were invited to brunch with Thor and Jane,” Clint said.

“And you got yourself kidnapped by amateurs,” Sif added. Clint blushed. It was true, it was a rookie mistake, but in his defense, it was too early to think straight.

“I’m sorry, honey,” he said and eventually Sif let go of the guy, who slumped down and gasped for air. Sif went to him and cut the ropes with her sword. She had Clint’s phone in her armor and gave it to him.

“Here, call someone to fetch them,” she said before she went close to him to kiss him passionately. “And then let’s go home, fighting always turns me on,” she purred in his ear.

“Yeah,” Clint said and cleared his throat. “Sounds like a great idea.”
Fever

Bruce sat in the kitchen and read when he heard someone sneeze quite often. He looked up and closed his book. He knew only one person who sneezed like that. Clint.

And only a few moments later he shuffled into the kitchen, a blanket wrapped around his shoulders, scarf around his neck and woolen hat on his head. He looked around confused and bleary-eyed.

“Oh god, Clint,” he breathed and rose. Clint looked like shit and he definitely shouldn’t be out of bed at the moment. “What are you doing here?”

“Thirsty,” Clint rasped and wanted to shuffle to the coffee maker.

“Oh, no!” Bruce stopped him with a hand on his chest and he could literally feel his rasping breath. “No coffee for you,” he commanded.

“But Bruuuuce,” Clint whined. “I’m so thirsty,” he said before he got the next sneezing attack. His whole body shook and Bruce could hear his teeth chatter.

“I know,” Bruce said. “And that’s why you go back to bed and I’ll bring you tea.”

Clint looked at him as if he’d lost his mind. “Tea?” he asked wide-eyed. “I don’t like tea.” He started to cough and wrapped the blanket closer around his body.

“You’re sick,” he said and placed a hand on Clint’s forehead when he couldn’t stop chattering with his teeth. “And you’re burning hot! Fuck!”

“Pleeease,” Clint tried his best puppy eyes on him. “Just a tiny cup of coffee.”

“Nope,” Bruce said and grabbed Clint’s shoulders to turn him around. “Back to bed, I’ll bring you tea.”

He followed him with his eyes until he was out of the room and then sighed. That damn idiot. He should’ve asked JARVIS to call him, Bruce, but no, the idiot ran through the house with a fever and then he wanted coffee!

Bruce opened the cupboard and searched for one of his homemade tea blends and grumbled silently under his breath. With a jug of tea and a mug in his hands he went to their bedroom, where he found Clint lying in the bed, all the blankets thrown over himself and shivering violently. Bruce cursed again and sat down beside him, put a hand on his forehead and cursed a bit more.

“You’re burning,” he said worriedly.

“J-j-just a little cold,” Clint mumbled and Bruce poured some of the tea in the mug and gave it to Clint but his hands shook too much.

“Come on,” Bruce said gently and helped him sit up. He held the mug and Clint drank but winced.

“Uargh,” he moaned but drank it nevertheless greedily.

Bruce went to the bathroom to get the thermometer. He took Clint’s temperature and cursed again. “105 degrees,” he said. “It was a dumb idea to get out of bed,” he grumbled. He went back to the bathroom, wetted a washcloth and wiped Clint’s face with it. The archer moaned thankfully.
“Shouldn’t’ve jumped in the river in November,” Clint mumbled. Two days ago - when he was on his morning jog - he saw a man walking his dog. The dog jumped around happily but came too close to the river and slid in and Clint - idiot that he is sometimes - jumped in to pull it out.

“Oh, baby,” Bruce sighed and kissed his forehead. “You’re an idiot sometimes,” he said and stroked wet hair out of Clint’s face, “but you’re my idiot and I love you for it.”
“Aww, bike!!” Clint sighed when he looked at his totaled bike. In hindsight, it wasn’t a good idea to pick this secluded mountain road for his first ride. Two years! It took him two years and an obscene amount of money to restore the 1938 Crocker and on his first ride with her he slid on some loose gravel on the road. The bike was smashed on the trees and Clint slid down the hill, scraped up his knees and hands and hit his head on a rock.

He lost consciousness for some time and when he came around again it was dim already. He climbed up the hill and saw the remains of his bike.

“Fuck!” he cursed. The bike was in an even worse state than two years ago when he found it on a junk yard. He reached in his pocket to call for help but his phone was gone.

“Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding me!”

The phone was in his pocket but he must’ve lost it falling down the goddamn hill. And it was too dim to search for it. So, he had no phone, no ride and was on a godforsaken road on a mountain in a godforsaken area, just because it had the perfect serpentines for a motorcycle ride.

He rode for an hour before he destroyed his bike and his car with the motorcycle trailer was parked at the base of the mountain. He was stranded.

“Goddammit,” he cursed and started to walk. His knees hurt, his hands were bloody and he felt dizzy. And it started to get cold. It was a pretty Indian Summer afternoon when he started his ride but it cooled down pretty fast as soon as the sun disappeared.

“Fuck this shit,” he grumbled and cursed and walked. It was difficult because he couldn’t see the road without light and he often stumbled and one time he really slid down the hill again to the next part of the road.

“Fuck!” He yelped when he rose again because this time he had sprained his ankle and it hurt like a motherfucker when he tried to walk. He glared up in the sky where he could see the stars.

“Why?” He asked no one in particular. “Why always me?”

Still, no one answered and Clint had to move on, had to get to his car. He fumbled around and found a branch thick enough to use as a makeshift crutch.

Cursing, wincing and sometimes a bit whining he hobbled down the road, carefully not to fall again. He had no idea how long he walked already but two times he had to sit down to rest his ankle and he was thirsty and hungry. But he had nothing with him. It was supposed to be a short ride and not a road trip.

The sun started to rise already when he eventually saw the place where he had parked his car. He was tired and everything hurt, his injured ankle was twice the size of his uninjured one but he could see the end of his torture and he braced himself and hobbled on.

But when he arrived his car and thankfully slumped down beside it he discovered the next problem. The key to his car was on the same ring as the key to the bike… and both were up that goddamn mountain.

“Why!” He yelled and shook his fist at the sky as if it was its fault. So he clenched his teeth and rose again. He had to hobble a few more miles to the next state road where he hoped to get a ride.
He was bone tired and hadn’t had water in hours and could feel it already, his head spun and he saw stars. The sun was too warm, too. He sweated like a pig but continued hobbling and cursing.

And then he saw something and almost cried. A dark green pick up came in his direction and Clint stopped and waved his hand and the driver actually stopped beside him. He could read the gamekeeper logo on the side.

“Oh my god,” the driver, a cute guy with longish brown hair, blurted and hurried out of his Dodge.

“What happened?”

“I had an accident with my bike,” he said and pointed at the mountain behind him and the guy’s eyes went wide.

“You’re lucky I came along,” the man said and helped Clint onto the passenger’s seat. “Not many people use it anymore since we have the tunnel on the other side.” He climbed behind the wheel, turned the car and started to drive.

“I know,” Clint sighed. “That’s why I wanted to test my new bike here.”

“And?” the guy asked and Clint sighed again.

“Totaled. Two years of work, all for nothing,” he said.

“At least you’re alive,” the guy said and looked at Clint out of the corner of his eye. “I’m Bucky, by the way.”

“Clint,” Clint said. “Thanks for saving me.”

Bucky smiled. “It’d be a shame if you got lost out there,” he said and Clint cocked his head.

“Is that so?” He asked and Bucky scratched the back of his neck. “Okay, when my ankle is okay again, how about going for a drink? To thank you?”

“That…” Bucky licked his lips and nodded. “Yeah, I’d like that.”

“That’s a date then,” Clint grinned.

“It’s a date.”
“Where is he?” Steve sighed when he heard that Clint was back from his mission with Natasha but didn’t come with her back to the HQ. He found her on her way to her rooms and pressed an ice pack onto her left eye.

“Infirmary,” she said. And when she saw Steve’s expression she added, “Nothing serious, Coulson insisted.”

Steve nodded and went to the elevator. Two minutes later he stood in front of the door to Clint’s room and knocked. He didn’t wait for an answer, he just went in.

“Oh my,” he said when he saw him lying in a bed, his left leg and his right arm in casts and a bandage around his head. “I thought Natasha said it’s nothing serious.”

“Heeey, Steve!” Clint grinned and Steve raised a brow. They had given him painkillers, the good ones. “Heeeyy!” he waved with his uninjured hand.

“What happened?” He asked the doctor who had seen him and came over to him.

“Broken ankle, broken wrist, contused ribs and lots of cuts and bruises,” she said. “The usual as far as it concerns Agent Barton.”

“Unfortunately,” Steve muttered and went to the bed and sat down beside Clint. The doctor nodded sympathetic and patted his shoulder when she left.

“Oh baby,” Steve sighed and cupped Clint’s face.

“It’s nothing, just a few scratches,” Clint said with a grin and Steve shook his head smiling.

“Wanna tell me how that happened?” He asked and Clint shrugged apologetically.

“Sorry, classified,” Clint said. Steve raised a brow.

“Classified? I’m Captain America and…”

Clint stopped him with a kiss. It was fast and apparently painful because he groaned afterwards but Steve was quiet and took a deep breath.

“I understand,” he said then and looked at him again. He took Clint’s uninjured hand and smiled.

“So, what can I do to help you?” Steve asked and stroked Clint’s hand with his thumb.

“Stay?” Clint asked and Steve nodded. Clint slid to the side a bit and gestured at the spot beside him and Steve lay down beside him. He kissed Clint’s temple.

“I will stay as long as you need me,” he murmured and Clint chuckled.
“Well, that will be forever then,” he said and Steve kissed the bruise on Clint’s shoulder. And then he kissed bruise after bruise, slowly, gently and very thoroughly and Clint literally started to purr.

“You have to be more careful, Clint,” he whispered when he caressed Clint’s cheek with his thumb.

“You’re just giving me an excuse to have more bruises for you to kiss,” he said and Steve looked at him with his stern Captain America glare.

“That’s not funny,” he said and then - gentler - he added, “I worry about you, babe. You’re…”

“... just an ordinary human?” Clint finished his sentence and he looked hurt and Steve felt like an ass now.

“I’m sorry, but… I don’t want to lose you, you know? I can’t… I don’t want to live without you,” he whispered.

“You don’t have to,” Clint said, “I don’t plan to die so you’re stuck with me for the next like four hundred years, give or take.”

“Really? Four hundred years?” Steve said with a broad grin now.

“Give or take,” Clint shrugged and then he turned to him. “I love you, Steve, and I promise to be more careful as long as I still get loads of kisses.”

Steve burst out laughing. “Of course you will,” he said and then he kissed him. “I love you, too.”
Hypothermia

Winter in New York wasn’t like the winters back home in Iowa, but one thing they had in common. Clint hated them. He hated the snow, he hated the cold and he hated that he had to wear lots of clothes to not freeze to death.

Tony on the other hand seemed to love them even if he stated otherwise. He said he didn’t like the winters but then, it was him who suggested to go out into the park, it was him who initiated a snowball fight with a group of children, it was him who helped them build a snowman and Clint smiled happily when he saw his man playing in the snow like a child. And he would’ve suggested to go ice skating on the small pond nearby but the ice was still too thin. Tony laughed and all the worry lines in his face were gone and he was so beautiful to look at at the moment.

“Hey, grumpy pants,” he called and jogged over to him, “I could need your help. They are winning.” Tony grinned and pointed at the group of boys just making more snowballs.

“Nah,” Clint smiled and shook his head. “That’d be unfair.”

“Oh, come on,” Tony took his hand and tried to pull him to the kids. “Help!”

“Tell you what,” Clint said. “There’s a coffee shop over there,” he pointed over his shoulder with his thumb, “and I’ll get us some coffee. I guess you should’ve defeated your dangerous enemies by then.”

“Party pooper,” Tony grinned but before he went back to the kids he stole a quick kiss from Clint.

Clint walked over to the coffee shop and groaned when he saw the line but he joined the end of the queue and kept watching Tony playing with the kids under the watchful eyes of their moms or nannies. But then his eyes were drawn to a young woman, walking in the park with a leash in her hand and calling someone, probably her dog. She seemed worried, Clint could see that even if she was far away. There was a reason why he got called Hawkeye.

But then it was his turn and he bought two coffees and two cookies and left the shop. He wanted to go back to Tony when the woman come up to him.

“Sir, have you seen my dog?” she asked and Clint looked around. Maybe he could spot the dog but it was nowhere to be seen.

“No, sorry,” he said and shrugged apologetically.

“Damn,” the woman said and walked away. Clint turned to go back to Tony when he passed the small pond. In summer there were ducks and frogs but now there was ice on it… or should be. Because right now there was a hole and Clint could see the water underneath moving.

“Aww, dog, no,” he cursed when he saw the tail of a dog for a second. And without a thought he put the coffee and the cookies down on a bench and went to the pond, tried to lie down on the ice and to rob to the hole but - still - the ice was too thin and he fell through, too.

From one moment to the next it felt as if his breath froze in his lungs and he gasped for air, his thick jacket was soaked through in an instant. Fortunately the pond wasn’t too deep, just to his waist so at least he didn’t have to swim.

He found the dog, who was weakly struggling by now and Clint grabbed it and pulled it out of the
water.

“Oh my god,” he could hear the woman from behind him. “Dodger! You found him!”

Clint’s teeth chattered and he went back but thanks to the struggling dog he slid and fell on his knee and the ice cold water hit his chin. With a curse on his lips he rose and managed to get out of the pond and he put the dog down.

“Thank you!” the woman breathed and wrapped it in her jacket. “Thank you, thank you, thank you!” She hurried away and Clint fell down on his knees. He felt dizzy and really, really tired. He wasn’t too long in the water but it’s been so cold. He wrapped his arms around himself.

“Fuck,” he slurred and tried to rise but his knees refused to work properly. The woman was hurried away and had left him sitting beside the pond. He looked around and saw Tony in the distance, building a snow castle with the kids.

“Tony,” he whispered. His teeth clattered so badly now and he crawled on his knees to the bench.

“Oh my god, Clint!” Tony had finally seen him and came over. He grabbed his arm and helped him up. “Clint, what happened?” He removed his glove and put a hand on his cheek. “You’re ice cold! What happened?”

“D-dog… w-w-water,” Clint pressed through his teeth, shivering violently.

Tony reached in his pocket, took his phone and called for one of his suits. It was faster than an ambulance.

“Clint,” he whispered and put his arm around his shoulders. “Clint, are you with me?”

“Huh?” Clint looked up but couldn’t see Tony properly.

“Damn,” Tony cursed but then his suit appeared, opened and Tony climbed in, put Clint on his arms and flew him back to the tower. He brought him to their bedroom and got out of the suit.

“Come on, get out of the wet clothes,” he said and pulled at the zipper of his jacket. Clint shivered and his teeth clattered and he could barely stand. Tony cursed silently and removed bit after bit of his wet clothing. “Come on,” he said and helped Clint into the bathroom and shoved him into the shower and turned on the water.

“Uhhh,” Clint groaned when the hot water hit his skin and Tony slipped out of his clothes, too, and went with him to hold him upright. “Okay, Clint? Are you okay?”

“Y-y-yeah…” Clint nodded after a long moment. Tony dragged him to the bedroom and shoved him in the bed, wrapped lots of blankets around him.

“S-s-stay?” he said when Tony wanted to leave. Tony deliberated for a moment, he just wanted to get Bruce. “P-p-please!”

“All right,” he said and lay down beside Clint and wrapped his arm around him. He could feel him shiver under all the blankets. “I’ll be here,” he said and kissed Clint’s forehead. “My hero.”

“L-l-love y-y-you,” Clint mumbled and Tony caressed his head.

“Love you, too.”
Electrocution

One of the reasons why Clint joined SHIELD was that HYDRA had tried to recruit him first. But he never told anyone, the memory was too painful. And the only person who knew this was Phil Coulson.

He was seventeen and on his own. His brother has abandoned him and the circus kicked him to the curb because Barney tried to rob it. To earn his living he worked as a hitman and sometimes - when he couldn’t get a job - as a hooker.

It was a cold October night and he didn’t have a job for a while but he was hungry and he needed a place to sleep. That’s why he stood on the street with the other hookers. When a car stopped beside him he sauntered over and leaned down to the window of the passenger’s door. A guy sat behind the wheel and Clint could literally feel his eyes on him.

“Get in,” the guy said and showed him a wad of cash. “I know a place.”

In hindsight, he should’ve looked at the backseat. But he didn’t and the moment he had closed the door a needle pierced his skin at his neck and Clint lost his consciousness.

He woke in a cell without window. His captors had taken all his clothes save for his boxers. Clint shivered and was confused. He had no idea where he was and why he was here when the guy who drove the car came to him.

“Barton, Clinton Francis, also known as ‘The Amazing Hawkeye’,” he said and folded his arms over his chest in front of the cell. “My name is Baron Wolfgang von Strucker and I want you to work for us.”

“You could’ve hired me,” Clint said. He looked around his cell and tried to find a way to get out but there was none.

“No, you don’t understand, we want you to work exclusively for us,” von Strucker said.

“You could’ve asked nicely,” Clint said and von Strucker startet to laugh.

“That’s what I’m just doing,” he chuckled. Clint licked his lips nervously. This guy was creepy and really, really odd and so he shook his head.

“Sorry,” he said, “But… I… uh… I work solo.”

“That’s not an option, Mr. Barton,” he said. “But don’t worry, we will convince you.”

Clint was seventeen when he got tortured for the first time in his life. Not just the occasional beatings from his dad, from his brother or from Buck, no this was serious. Waterboarding, cold cell, white cell, the Syrian Box or whipping with a cat o’ nine tails, they tried a few things but surprisingly Clint managed to refuse.

“What are we doing today?” Clint asked when they had brought him out of his cell and tied his hands with a chain to the ceiling. He could barely reach the ground with his feet. Everything hurt from the tortures before but he wouldn’t give in. if they wanted him so badly to kill for them then something was really wrong with them and Clint wanted to decide himself about the jobs he took.

But when he saw the things they brought in he paled, a car battery with electrodes on it. The guy
who was torturing him - he had never told him his name - attached the electrodes to Clint’s body, to his toes, his nipples and his balls. They didn’t attach them to his hands or fingers because they wanted him to be able to shoot but with a grin the last electrode was attached to his tongue. They had even put in a spider gag so that he couldn’t close his mouth or get rid of the electrode.

And the next thing Clint did was screaming. The pain was the worst he had to endure so far. It felt as if his whole body was on fire. He lost the control of his bladder and peed at the ground below him and the guards laughed at him.

“So, what do you say now?” The guy asked and Clint weakly shook his head. The pain came back and Clint screamed again. His balls wanted to crawl up in his body and his tongue felt twice as thick.

Clint shook his head and they started the electricity again. And again. And again. Clint felt so weak and hung from his hands when he heard something like gunshots.

Someone ran in, whispered in the torturer guy’s ear and then man cursed in a language Clint couldn’t understand, probably German.

“Okay, finish him,” he said and the other guy turned on the electricity again, turned it up and Clint screamed again, screamed, screamed, screamed and screamed until the pain disappeared… and then there was darkness.

He gasped for air when something pressed on his chest, he tore his eyes open… and saw someone leaning over him.

“He’s back, sir,” someone else said and the man above him smiled. They had removed the electrodes and the spider gag and Clint groaned and worked his jaw.

“Welcome back in the land of the living, Mr. Barton,” the man said. “My name is Agent Phil Coulson.”
Clint stared at the alarm clock beside the bed. It would start to ring in two minutes and he sighed, reached over and switched it off. It was o-dark-thirty in the morning and he should get up. Steve had asked him to visit an orphanage with him. Clint usually loved those dates but today was a chilly morning and to remove the sheet, to get away from Thor was undesirable, to put it mildly.

It was early November and usually he slept under lots of warm sheets but since he was with Thor a thin sheet was enough. Thor was like a space heater and he loved to lie beside him, cuddled to his broad chest. Thor’s soft dick lay against his crack and Clint moved his back a bit only to feel him stir.

He looked at the alarm clock again and sighed. He should get up now. With a yawn Clint turned on the bedside lamp, moved out of Thor’s arms and slid to the edge of the bed but when he wanted to remove the sheet a hand grabbed his and he turned to look into the bluest eyes ever.

“Stay,” Thor said. His voice was raspy from sleep… and maybe a bit from groaning a lot tonight. Clint licked his lips, leaned over to him to kiss him.

“Can’t,” he said. “I promised Steve to accompany him.”

“But it’s cold outside,” Thor said and Clint raised a brow.

“I know,” he said and Thor grinned at him.

“Then stay,” he said again. He still held Clint’s hand.

“Aww, come on, that’s unfair,” Clint grouched. “Don’t use your puppy eyes on me like that.”

“What?” he asked innocently and Clint leaned back for a moment.

“I really have to go,” he said. “You know, orphans… and Steve!”

Steve’s puppy eyes were even worse than Thor’s but the worst was his ‘I’m disappointed in you’ glance and Clint definitely wouldn’t want to be at the receiving end of this one.

“Five minutes,” Thor said and Clint moaned when he let his hand trail from his neck over his chest and his stomach to his legs, deliberately not touching his nipples or his dick.

“Okay, but only five minutes,” Clint agreed. Thor’s smile broadened and he pulled him back in his embrace. “God, you’re so warm,” Clint sighed as soon as he lay pressed against the Asgardian.

“And you like that, am I right?” Thor whispered in his ear.

“Of course I do,” Clint said. He let his hand run over Thor’s thigh and turned his head to kiss him again.

Two minutes later Clint wasn’t shivering anymore, quite the contrary. He was riding Thor’s dick while the Asgardian held his hips and moved him up and down his shaft. Clint moaned hoarsely and rubbed his own cock vigorously. Thor had thrown his head back but he watched Clint under his leashes. It wasn’t gentle. Clint slammed in Thor’s lap repeatedly, his thick cock hitting his prostate constantly and Thor’s hands left bruises on his hips but he couldn’t care less. All he cared about was his pleasure and the pleasure he could give Thor. They both groaned and then Clint shot his
load on Thor’s chest and only a moment later Thor followed him over the edge and he threw his head back again and groaned.

Clint breathed hard and leaned forward to kiss him desperately.

“God, I really don’t wanna go,” he whispered and Thor kissed his temple and stroked his breath. “You’re so warm.”

“I don’t want you to go either,” Thor murmured. “But I think Steve would scold me if I would keep you here with me.”

“I need a shower,” Clint smiled. “You coming?”

“With pleasure,” Thor grinned and together they went to the bathroom.

Half an hour later Steve knocked at their door and Clint, dressed and properly caffeinated, went with him.

“Are you okay?” Steve asked on their way to the elevator.

“Sure,” Clint said and frowned. “Why do you ask?”

“You… uh… you walk a little…” he started but when he looked at Clint he blushed violently. “I… uh…”

“Let’s go, Steve, the kids are waiting.”
Torture

“Come on, lil’ bro,” Danny sighed. “Stop stalling, we’re on a schedule.”

“Fuck you,” Clint cursed. He was on his morning run and had stitches in the side. His foster brother laughed when bent over double. “If I wanted to get laughed at I’d be on the run with my idiot brother.”

“Young brother ran away to the circus and you’re going to get an archery scholarship but only if you’re fit enough to...”

Danny couldn’t finish his sentence because that moment a dark van stopped beside them, a few guys jumped out, grabbed Clint, threw him into the car and sped away. Clint was shocked for a moment but then he started struggling and two men grabbed his arms and legs and the third one tied them. He bound his legs together and pulled them up to tie them to the wrists behind his back. And then they gagged him and pulled a hood over his head.

He had no idea how long they drove, he tried to struggle, tried to scream. But when one of the men touched him he startled. And he screamed even more in his gag when they started to cut off his clothes.

He shivered and wanted to get away from them but he couldn’t. And then the van stopped. Someone opened the side door, rough hands grabbed him and pulled him out, his feet still connected to his hands. The guys carried him out of the van and into a building where they just dropped him. Clint fell onto his stomach and dick and yelped in pain.

The hood over his head got removed and Clint saw that he was in a basement room, filled with all kinds of torture equipment. The windows were barred and blacked out. And there were men, lots of men. They all wore masks and gloves. Clint wanted to rob away but strong hands grabbed him and pulled him up.

“Our subject today is a seventeen years old, straight orphan,” one of the men who held him said. “The first bid is 2000 dollars.” And to Clint’s horror the guys started to call numbers. They stopped at 6900 dollars and the guy who held him pointed at one of the men in a fox mask. “What do you want?” He asked.

“What do you think?” the guy laughed and added, “Take his cherry of course.”

“All right,” the man who held him said, “but you know you’re last, right?”

“Sure, man,” the guy laughed and stepped back.

“Second bid,” the man who held him said, “1500 dollars.”

They called till 4800 dollars and the auctioneer asked what the man in a wolf mask wanted.

“Whip him,” he said.

“Twenty-five lashes,” the auctioneer said and the man nodded.

Two men came to him, untied his feet and dragged him to a beam, tied his wrists to it above his head and stepped back. The man who won the bid went to a shelf, picked a cat o’nine tails and came to Clint.
Clint shook his head, tried to get away but the chains were solid. And then the whip hit his back and he screamed in his gag. It hurt like hell and Clint had no idea why those guys did that to him. He was just a student at the local high school. The whip hit his back again and again and again, Clint screamed in his gag, tears ran over his face and he tried to get away but he couldn’t move.

Wolf mask guy stopped, went to him and let his hands run over his back. It hurt like hell. Clint hung in his chains and cried. He had no idea what was going on here. But then wolf mask guy stepped back and put the whip back in the shelf.

“Third bid,” the auctioneer said. “1000 dollars.”

The men yelled their numbers and it stopped at 4100 dollars.

“I want to use the clamps,” a guy with a hawk mask said and came up to Clint.

He went to the shelf, picked a box and went over to Clint. His eyes went wide when he saw the alligator clamps. Clint shook his head and tried to beg him to stop, but he couldn’t, the gag prevented it. Hawk mask guy took the first clamp out of the box, let his hand run over Clint’s chest and attached it to his left nipple. Clint threw his head back and screamed. The guy attached more clamps to his right nipple, to his chest, to his stomach, to his cock and balls, his legs and every single one hurt like hell. They bit in his skin and Clint saw drops of blood running over it. The clamps had lugs in the back and hawk mask guy threaded a cord through it, grinned and stepped back.

Clint shook his head again and pleaded in his gag but with a hard yank he ripped all of them off at the same time. He screamed and cried but the men here just cheered and clapped their hands.

The auctioneer came back to Clint. “Looks good, doesn’t he?” he let his hands run over Clint’s body and smeared the blood all over him.

“Next bid, 500 dollars,” he said and the men started to yell again. And Clint closed his eyes.

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He had no idea how long they had him but he was more dead than alive when they let him go. They took him in the morning but when they threw him out in an alley it was night. He lay behind dumpsters and trash bags, bleeding, crying.

He startled when a door went open to trash in the dumpster and Clint managed to move his leg. The someone - a woman - started to scream and soon people came to him, talked to him in a language he didn’t understand and one of them put a hand on him.

Clint cried even more, “I want my mom.”
Three lifetime sentences. That’s what Clint got when he left the court. Two guards held his arms and led him to the prison van. He had a chain around his waist, his wrists were tied to it and his ankles, too. He could only shuffle slowly and he was still numb from the sentence. Three lifetime sentences meant he would never see the outside of a prison without bars again. He was twenty-two and he would die in there.

The guards shoved him when he was too slow and they grabbed his head and bowed it down when they shoved him in the van. His ankles got chained to the floor and the chain around his waist was attached to the wall behind him. He couldn’t move that much anymore and he knew they had to drive four hours to the prison.

Clint looked at his hands. He should’ve killed his brother when he had the chance but he spared him and now… now he would go to prison for murders his brother had committed. Five years ago - when he was still with the army - Barney faked his death and since then he worked as a contract killer. And when the cops found his dump they found DNA and Clint’s was close enough.

Clint was an archery instructor at the local range and his brother had killed some of his victims with arrows, the cops put two and two together and voila, they had the perfect suspect. They didn’t believe him when he told them his brother was still alive and his court-appointed lawyer - fresh out of law school - was plain and simple overchallenged with the complexity of his case.

When the driver led the van onto the road Clint leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Four hours and twenty minutes later they arrived at the prison and Clint licked his lips nervously. It was huge and threatening and all the fences with barbed wire and the guard towers and walls were intimidating. His bladder was full but that was not the reason why Clint had to concentrate not to pee himself. He was scared to death.

The van stopped, the doors went open and the guards came in, undid the chains and grabbed his arms again. They pulled him out of the vehicle and to a big door. Clint could’ve walked himself but they wanted to make sure that he didn’t waste time. Another guard opened the door, and the two who held him shoved him through it and he stumbled a bit. Clint could feel his heart beat like a sledgehammer.

Inside they still didn’t let go of him, they dragged him in a room and one of the guards undid the cuffs and removed the chain around him.

“Undress,” they said. He saw a stack of prison clothes, probably his new gear but his mouth was dry. “Come on, come on, princess, we don’t have all day.”

Reluctantly Clint undressed but he kept on his undies. One of the guards raised a brow and pointed at them. “Shy, princess?”

They all laughed and Clint felt the heat in his cheeks but he removed them, too. One of the guards put gloves on and went to him. He grabbed Clint’s shoulder and turned him around.

“Hands on the wall,” the guard commanded and when Clint didn’t move fast enough he shoved him. Clint shivered in fear when the man started to search him. He let his hands run through Clint’s hair, checked every square inch of skin, his ears, his mouth, his armpits, the soles of his feet, he lifted Clint’s balls, shoved back his foreskin and spread his cheeks. Clint squeezed his eyes
shut when the man shoved a finger in his channel and fumbled around a bit. And when he brushed his prostate Clint’s dick twitched.

“Careful, Lance, the fag likes it,” one of the guards chuckled.

“Do you like it, fag?” The guard named Lance hissed in Clint’s ear and shoved him against the wall. “Do you like that?”

“Don’t worry, you’ll find lots of friends soon,” the other guard laughed. Lance grabbed Clint’s arm and dragged him away from the wall and shoved him over to the stack of prison clothes.

“Get dressed, fag,” he growled. “Your new friends are waiting for you, princess.”

Clint pressed his teeth together and swallowed hard but he put on the orange prison jumpsuit. Two guards accompanied him to the cell block, stopped in front of one of the doors, one of them gestured at the camera and the door went open. And then they shoved him in.

“Welcome to your new home, princess.”
“Honey, I’m home,” Bucky called through the house as soon as he had opened the front door. He knew how much Clint hated not to know who came in. He went to the kitchen to put the two grocery bags onto the counter when he heard a sound behind himself. He turned to see Lucky in the doorway, looking at him with his one eye and then shuffling over to him to get petted. Bucky hunkered down to caress the dog’s head and his back.

“Hey, buddy,” he whispered. “Have you been a good boy?” He asked and the dog started to wag his tail. Bucky rose and went to the shelf, opened the jar with the dog biscuits and gave one to Lucky who chewed happily.

Bucky went to the sink, washed his hands and dried them thoroughly before he went to the living room and to the door to the former office. He took some of the disinfectant out of the dispenser beside the door and rubbed it in his hands before he opened the slide door and went in. Clint lay in the bed, his eyes wide open and the blanket struggled away, his legs still restlessly fidgeting around.

“Oh, babe,” Bucky said quietly and went to him. He was sweaty from head to toe and Bucky swallowed hard but he went to him and caressed his cheek. He leaned down to kiss his cheek and Clint calmed down a bit. “I’m here, babe,” he said. “I’m here.”

Clint seemed to look at him, seemed to notice him but Bucky wasn’t sure how much he really could see. “I got the scented candle you like so much,” he told him while he started to undress him. It wasn’t much, just a hospital gown but it was clammy and he didn’t want Clint to get pneumonia. In his state it could kill him. He took one of the washcloths and washed Clint’s body before he dried him thoroughly and put on a new hospital gown. He checked the stomach tube and the tracheostoma before he put the blanket over him, just to his hips and placed his arms on it. He swallowed hard when he saw the thin arms and remembered them before it had happened.

“I’m so sorry,” he whispered and the man in the bed started to breath harder and Bucky knew he shouldn’t say thing like that, it always upset him.

One year, two months and eleven days ago he and Clint were out on a date. They ate pasta in an italian restaurant and on their way home they decided to stop at their favorite bar. Steve, the bar owner, was a good friend of them and he waved when he saw them enter. They drank a beer or two and talked but then one of the guys in the back searched for someone to beat him at darts. He called himself the ‘Invincible Marty’ and said no one could beat him. Clint shared a glance with Bucky, Bucky rolled his eyes, Clint grinned and a few minutes later the ‘Invincible Marty’ was the ‘Defeated Marty’. Clint counted the money he won, threw it onto the counter and bought a round for everyone in the bar.

But later, when they had left the bar and wanted to go home, the former ‘Invincible Marty’ and his friends waited for them, they had baseball bats and crowbars and ambushed them as soon as they passed them.

They were six, Bucky and Clint were two and they were unarmed. They stood no chance. But while Bucky got away with bruises and a broken arm, one of the guys had hit Clint really hard with the baseball bat on the head. He fell down, heavily bleeding and even the guys realized that this was
no joke. They ran away and left Bucky to deal with Clint.

He had called an ambulance and in the hospital Clint went to emergency surgery immediately. The doctors said they did their best but they had to put him in an artificial coma. They treated his arm and from that moment on Bucky sat beside his bed until they tried to wake him up. But he didn’t wake up.

“Sir,” one of the doctors said and seemed miserable. “He’s in a persistent vegetative state. He may appear awake, but…” he shook his head apologetically. “I’m sorry, sir.”

“See, babe, the candle,” Bucky said and put the scented candle on the nightstand. He lit it and waved a bit so the smell would waft over to him faster. “Can you smell it?”

Clint’s fidgeting slowed a bit and his breathing calmed down. Lucky came in and lay down beside the bed, too, when Bucky took the book he has been reading to Clint.

“So, where have we been?” He opened the book ‘Good Omens’ and started to read. “Heaven has no taste...”

Chapter End Notes

I have to admit, this chapter was a little traumatic to write. My mom was in a PVS for a long time. But somehow I had to do it like that...
Drugged

Clint was a star. Not like the football players here at this college, he was in the archery team. But he was a freshman with three Olympic gold medals, so yes, he was a star. Lots of people on campus recognized him, wanted to take pictures with him to post on their Facebook or Instagram and when there was a party he always was invited. And that despite the fact that he was openly gay. People just seemed to like him.

So it was nothing unusual that he was invited to a party in Sigma Theta Delta frat house this Saturday. He had laughed when he heard that. STD. It was quite funny.

“Hey, Barton!” Brock Rumlow, an older student and frat president, greeted him. It was him who had invited Clint. “Where’s your boyfriend?”

“I… uh… we split up,” Clint said and scratched the back of his neck. The moment he realized Tommy was only with him for the momentaneous fame he dumped him.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Brock said but Clint knew he wasn’t. But he followed him in nevertheless and it didn’t take him much time to throw himself into the fray. The music was loud, the alcohol was free and some of the guys were really cute.

“Here, Barton,” Brock came over to him, pressed a red plastic cup in his hand and clinked it to his own. And Clint drank with him.

“Whoa,” he said a few minutes later. “That was strong?” He realized that he slurred.

“Too strong for you?” Brock laughed and patted his shoulder and Clint almost keeled over.

“I… I don’t…” his tongue was like lead. “I… I should…”

“… go and get some air?” Brock asked and Clint nodded. “Come on, let’s go.”

“You’dn’hav’ta,” he slurred and barged against Brock.

“Oh, I think I should come with you,” he said and took Clint’s arm. But instead of leading Clint out of the frat house he brought him to the kitchen and opened the door to the basement.

“Whr’w’goin?” Clint mumbled and tried to get back but Brock’s grip was strong.

“Don’t worry, there’s something I want to show you,” he said and took Clint’s arm. But instead of leading Clint out of the frat house he brought him to the kitchen and opened the door to the basement.

“M’so’tired,” Clint mumbled and he could barely keep his eyes open. Brock led him to the laundry room and shoved him against the dryer. Clint felt his hands sliding under his shirt and wanted to move away. “No,” he slurred. “Don’t…”

“Don’t worry, Barton,” Brock chuckled in his ear. “Tomorrow you won’t remember and now let’s have some fun…”
Sometimes, Clint thought, there are days you better stayed in bed. Today was one of those days. It started when his alarm clock started to ring. He tried to find it with his eyes still closed but managed to throw it off of his nightstand and then it lay on the floor ringing. And Clint wasn’t sure if it sounded so accusingly because he threw it down or because he didn’t get up. But when the damn ringing became too annoying he cursed, stepped out of bed and into something wet and disgusting. Bucky’s cat had puked beside the bed again.

He hobbled into the bathroom to not dirty up the rest of the floor and cleaned his foot, showered, got dressed and went to the kitchen, where he found a thermos jug full of coffee and a piece of paper leaning against it. Bucky was out on a jog and he reminded Clint that he had to go to the bank today. They wanted to buy a house together and he wanted ask about the conditions for a credit.

When he left the apartment and was in the elevator it stopped and Clint had to wait half an hour for the janitor to get him out of it. And out on the streets he realized he forgot his phone.

“Goddammit!” he cursed but he couldn’t go back, he was late already. And so he hurried to the bank a few blocks away from their apartment.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized to the guy from the bank when he sat down with the guy. “It’s one of these days.”

“I know what you mean, Mr. Barton,” the man smiled and he just started to explain the conditions of the credit when it happened. Five guys with machine guns and mask ran in, shot in the ceiling and yelled around.

“Everybody freeze! This is a robbery!” one of them commanded and the guys herded all the customers and the bank employees up in a corner. They asked for the bank manager and when she raised her hand they grabbed her and forced her to give them the money while the other guys aimed their weapons at all of them. Clint knew he could’ve taken one or two out unarmed but they were five and it would’ve put the other people in danger. So he just waited with the other customers.

Unfortunately the bank manager set off the silent alarm and while three of the robbers aimed their guns at the customers, police cars appeared outside.

“Did you set the alarm off?” one of the guys yelled at the bank manager and at first she tried to deny it but when the man placed the muzzle of his machine gun at her temple she finally nodded, tears in her eyes. “Damn bitch!” he cursed and backhanded her so hard she hit her head on the desk behind her and started to bleed.

“All right, ladies and gentlemen,” one of the robbers said mockingly. “It seems we have a hostage situation now.”

The telephone rang and the guy who seemed to be the boss went to it and took the receiver. He talked to someone - apparently the cops - and then went to one of the other robbers and whispered in his ear.

“Get up! All of you!” Boss guy snarled and waved with his gun. “Over to the windows!” Clint watched the other customers and they got up and obeyed. He went with them and placed himself in
front of one of the windows, just like all the other hostages. He saw a few police cars and many cops outside, he saw snipers ready to shoot at the robbers. But he also saw out of the corner of his eyes two of the guys - boss guy and another one - grab the bank manager and drag her away, probably to open the vault. And get the money. That meant, only three of them were left. It was risky, but one of them just stared at the door to the vault and the other two… amateurs. That’s what they were. All of them and they were definitely overchallenged with the situation. He needed a moment of surprise.

The phone rang again, two of the guys turned their heads to look at it and Clint moved. He grabbed a flower pot from the window sill and threw it. It hit the one guy, who didn’t look at the phone, in the face and he fell like a cut down tree. But Clint already ran over to the other two. The first one realized that someone moved and turned around but Clint was on him. He needed two well-placed hits and a kick and the guy was on the ground, too. The third one raised his weapon, Clint ducked, hit him in the stomach, grabbed the gun and used the handle to break his jaw.

The other hostages started to move, some of them wanted to scream but Clint shushed them. “You have to keep quiet and I’ll bring all of you out of here but please, please, please, keep quiet.”

Clint sneaked to the door to the vault, glanced around the corner, saw one of the guys, the guy saw him, raised his gun and Clint rolled over his shoulder, kicked the guy in the knee and broke it. He screamed and Clint cursed silently but he grabbed the gun, hit him in the face and he stopped screaming. He rose and went to the vault where the last one stood, his arm around the bank manager’s throat and the muzzle of his gun at her temple.

“Put the gun away,” he snarled and Clint raised a brow.

“Sorry, man, cannot do that,” Clint said. He aimed at him, too.

“You can’t shoot me or she’s dead as well,” the boss guy snapped.

“Ah, well,” Clint said and a smile appeared on his lips. “I don’t think so. My name is Hawkeye.”

That took the guy by surprise and he moved his arm a tiny bit but enough for Clint. He pressed the trigger and a moment later his brain splattered against the wall behind him. The bank manager screamed in a full blown panic attack and Clint put the stolen gun down and went to her.

“Are you okay?” he asked her and saw blood in her hair. She still screamed. “I’m an Avenger,” he said. “You’re safe now.”

Somehow he managed to get her up the stairs and to the other hostages, went to the phone, looked up number of the last caller and dialed it.

“Do not shoot,” he said when a cop answered. “The hostages are coming out.”

The police officers aimed their guns at them but when they realized that it was true they came to help them. A few of them ran in to arrest the surviving robbers.

“And you are?” the officer in charge asked him.

“I’m an Avenger,” Clint said and the officer cocked his head.

“Really? And who are you? Iron Fist?”

“Seriously?”
One of these days.
Exhaustion

Six weeks. The mission took six weeks. It was supposed to be a ‘go in - kill the evil guy - go home’ kind of mission but then everything went down the drain and it took him six damn weeks to find the guy and take him out.

He leaned in the elevator, his bag at his feet and yawned. He could barely keep his eyes open and so he didn’t realize that the elevator stopped and the doors went open.

“Oh god, Clint!” Someone said and Clint startled. Tony stood in front of him and seemed worried. Clint yawned again and he could barely look up at Tony. But he could feel his hand on his cheek and then on his forehead.

“No,” he said. “You’re not sick.”

“Jus’ tired,” Clint mumbled. Tony took his hand and kissed his forehead.

“You look like something the cat dragged in,” he smiled. Clint tried to slap his arm but he missed him and hit the wall. “Yeah, quod erat demonstrandum.”

“What?” Clint asked and almost fell on his knees when the elevator stopped. He was so damn tired.

“Come with me,” Tony said and helped Clint to the bedroom. He ignored the bag, he could fetch it later, it wasn’t important right now.

“Here, sit down,” he said and led him to the bed. Clint fell on it and Tony helped him remove his shoes, his pants and his shirt. “Lie back,” he said then and Clint obeyed.

Tony put the blanket over him and moved around the bed.

“Stay?” Clint asked and tried to open his eyes but failed. Tony sat down on the other side of the bed, removed his shoes and slid close to Clint, pulled the blanket over him, too, and wrapped his arm around Clint’s waist. When he was really exhausted Clint loved to be the little spoon.

“FRIDAY,” he murmured quietly, “cancel all my appointments for today and tomorrow.”

“Yes, sir,” the AI confirmed and Tony kissed Clint’s temple.


“I love you, too,” he said. But Clint couldn’t hear it anymore, he was asleep already.
“What happened?” Natasha asked when she came in the infirmary. She saw Clint sitting on a bed and Dr. Miller in front of him, applying band-aids on all kinds of scratches. He seemed a bit dizzy as far as Nat could tell. This morning he went out for a jog and it with him stopping and armed robbery. But one of the robbers managed to hit him hard before Clint could take them down.

“He has a concussion,” Dr. Miller said and turned around to look at her for a moment. “A few scratches and contusions, too, but that’s not serious,” she added.

Natasha nodded. “Does he have to stay?”

“He should stay, yes, but…” Dr. Miller started.

“… he doesn’t want to,” Nat finished her sentence.

“Unfortunately,” she said.

“Hey! I’m right here!” Clint protested and both women turned to gave him the look. He turned from Nat to Dr. Miller and back and mumbled something unintelligible.

“You can take him home, Agent Romanov, but you have to observe him if you do,” she said. Nat nodded again and looked at Clint. It was nothing new, they had done that before.

“I know,” she said. “Check for 24 hours that the symptoms aren’t worsening and if he falls asleep to wake him regularly to make sure he can awake normally, right?”

“Yes, that’s right,” Dr. Miller smiled. “And no physical exertion or…”

“I would never…” Clint tried to throw in but again both women looked at him like that and he closed his mouth again.

“No physical exertion,” the doctor repeated, “no TV, video games but also no paperwork.”

“Oh, at least one ray of hope,” Clint said.

“Agent Barton,” Dr. Miller turned to him and glared at him, “that’s not a joke. That’s the third concussion in two years. And your brain is not supposed to be thrown around in your skull all the time.”

“I’m just one person,” Clint looked up now. “If I can save hundreds of people I will not hesitate to do it again. The lives of the many…”

“Do not quote Spock on me,” Dr. Miller growled and Nat grinned inwardly. She turned around and looked at her now.

“Take him with you, but keep an eye on him. If it gets worse you call me, okay?”


“Good,” Dr. Miller nodded and then looked at Clint. “And you listen to her or I ground your ass till you retire, got me?”

Clint looked at her horrified but then he carefully nodded, “Yes, ma’am.”
He slid off of the bed and had to hold himself on the wall to not fall over. Nat went to him, took his arm and placed it over her shoulder. “Let’s get you outta here,” she sighed and Clint followed her to the door. But when they were outside and on their way to Nat’s car she looked at Clint.

“You have to be more careful, Clint,” she said quietly. “I… I don’t want to lose you.”

“I’m sorry,” he said quietly. He turned to look at her, too. “I love you, Nat.”

“I love you, too,” she smiled and then she added, “and if you’re a good boy we’ll have pizza for dinner.”

“Awesome!”
Clint was twenty-one when he joined the army. He broke with his brother because he had robbed the circus but Carson threw him out, too. He said he can't trust him anymore and Clint could understand him.

So he joined the army and when they realized what he could do with weapons he became indispensable really fast. Specialist Barton was the one guy they could send on impossible missions and he got them done.

And when recon found proof that Sheik Mohammed ibn Shahul al Bashir, the third most wanted man in the world, was on his way to a trainings camp in the Sistan Basin in Afghanistan there was no doubt that they would send Clint to take him out.

Together with his spotter Specialist Jensen he was brought to Afghanistan and then they got a Humvee and then they were on their own.

The only chance to take the sheik out was when he was inside of the camp. They knew he would arrive in an armored car and there was no chance to kill him in it. No, they had to get to a perch on a rock formation in close proximity. They arrived at night, hid the car with a camo net and Clint and Jensen put on their ghillie suits. And then they had to wait.

“Are you sure you can shoot him from this distance?” Jensen asked when he looked through his rangefinder.

“Yep,” Clint said. He lay in position and didn’t move a muscle, the rifle at the ready.

“I mean, that’s quite a distance and…” Jensen said again. It was the first time they worked together.

“The sun will rise in a few minutes,” Jensen said.

“Okay,” Clint confirmed. He could see the camp, could see guards and recruits and wished he could shoot all of them. Everyone was a terrorist or going to be one but he had to wait for the sheik and no one was supposed to know that they were even here. That’s why it was a sniper mission and not one for a SEAL team.

The sun rose and it didn’t take too long until Clint felt the heat on his back. The Sistan Basin was one of the hottest, driest regions on earth and Clint couldn’t move in a shadowy place because then he wouldn’t be able to see the camp. And so he and Jensen lay in the blistering heat and waited. At first he sweat like a pig but after a few hours there was no sweat left anymore. His lips were dry and he could feel the skin split open. His head hurt like hell and he felt dizzy but he still didn’t move. Jensen brought him water regularly, he held the package and Clint drank through a straw so he didn’t have to move his hands away from the rifle. He had a buzzing in his ears and felt nauseous.

“Did you see that?” Jensen suddenly asked and Clint blinked one time.

“No,” Clint said. Jensen pointed in a direction and Clint moved his eyes. But there was nothing to see.

“They’re coming,” Jensen said. Clint looked again but he only saw the shimmering of the heat.
“No,” Clint said again. “Go and sit awhile in the shadow.”

“But…” Jensen started but Clint shooed him away. “Leave some water and go to the shadow.”

Jensen nodded and crawled away but Clint stayed in position. The sun shone on him, it was hot as fuck and he puked in his ghillie suit two times but there was no sheik, no cars arriving and the terrorists hid in their tents and huts. A few times he was sure that he saw something but when he blinked it disappeared. The nausea worsened and his mouth was so, so dry.

“Only two hours till sunset,” Jensen said. He was back at Clint’s side and just held the bag with water out for him. Clint drank a few sips. “What if they’re not coming?”

“We wait,” Clint said. He lay in position, smelled his own vomit and his head hurt like a motherfucker.

But then, an hour and later they finally saw a car in the distance. Clint tried to lick his dry lips but there was no saliva left in his mouth. The car arrived at the trainings camp and a few men got out. They all wore keffiyehs and sunglasses but Clint recognized his mark immediately. He was the one guy with the gray beard and the scarred right side of his face.

“That’s him,” Jensen whispered but Clint already aimed at the guy. Sheik Mohammed ibn Shahul al Bashir walked around the car, walked up to one of the guys who’s been in the camp the whole day with open arms. And Clint pulled the trigger.

One moment the sheik stood there to greet the guy, the next moment he fell to the ground, a huge hole in his head. All hell broke loose in the camp and Clint and Jensen stumbled down the rocks and Jensen had to help Clint or he would’ve fallen down.

He slumped in the passenger’s seat and reached for the plastic bag with water. “Get us home, Jensen.”
Friendly-fire

Clint loved Bucky. He really did. There was no doubt. But right now he really hated him because it was his fault Clint had a hole in his thigh. Okay, he didn’t really hate him, he could never hate him. But he was angry. Okay, angry sounded right.

He lay in the infirmary on a bed, a bandage around his leg and waited for Dr. Haskell to patch him up when Bucky came in. He scratched the back of his neck and blushed violently when he saw Clint’s injured leg.

“Hey,” he said and licked his lips nervously.

This morning there was an alarm…

Clint and Bucky slept when the alarm went off. They struggled to get rid of the sheets and jumped in their clothes. And then, when they ran in the armory, Steve raised a brow when he saw them. And Clint realized that he wore Bucky’s shirt and Bucky wore his.

“Suit up,” Steve commanded and they all did. Clint flew them to the site where an alien race just landed. They were armed and had no interest in peaceful relations, they had already killed the people of a small town and were on their way to the next town when the Avengers arrived.

Apparently the aliens - as hostile as they were - overestimated themselves by far. They were so many more than the Avengers, but the team fought hard… and they won. But just as Clint aimed at one of the fighters they used to attack them from above he felt something hitting his leg and he slumped down.

“Fuck!” he cursed. One of the aliens had hit Bucky’s rifle while he just shot at one of the fighters… and the bullet went through Clint’s leg. He slumped down but he managed to destroy the fighter he aimed at. And a moment later Bucky was at his side.

“Hey,” Clint said, his expression earnest and he scrutinized Bucky, who seemed to shrink a bit.

“So… uhm… how do you feel?” he asked.

“What do you think?” Clint asked back. Bucky rubbed the back of his neck again. “I guess you know what that means?”

“We break up?” Bucky asked quietly, barely audible. Clint furrowed his brows and cocked his head.

“What? Are you nuts? No!” he shook his head and when Bucky looked up a smirk appeared on his lips. “It means I’m the best shot ever. Now we have proof.” Clint pointed at the hole in his leg.

“What?” Bucky blurted now and Clint’s grin broadened.

“You didn’t really think I would break up with you because of a tiny hole in my leg, did you?”

“You’re impossible,” Bucky shook his head but he came closer when Clint held his hand out.

“I love you, runner-up,” he smiled and cupped Bucky’s cheek to kiss him.

“I love you, too.”
“How long?” Clint asked the doctor. He reached for Phil’s hand and squeezed it slightly.

“Untreated? A month, maybe six weeks. But it’s highly treatable and with the therapy we have an estimated probability of more than eighty per cent for you to recover, Mr. Coulson,” the doctor said. He leaned back in his seat, folded his hands over his stomach and looked at the two of them.

“But… our health insurance doesn’t cover this therapy. Isn’t there an alternative?” Clint asked and squeezed Phil’s hand again.

“There are cheaper therapies, Mr. Barton-Coulson,” he said and looked at Clint now. “But…” the doctor stopped and shook his head.

“We… uh… we need to talk about it,” Phil said and rose. “Thank you for your time, Dr. Everett.”

“The sooner we start with the therapy the better are your chances, Mr. Coulson. You know that,” the doctor said and rose, too.

“I know,” Phil said, smiled, shook his hand and left the office together with Clint.

***

“Clint,” Phil said quietly when they were back at home. They sat on their couch in the living room. “Whatever we do, we can’t afford it. The therapy is by far too expensive for us. And since I’m terminally ill we can’t go to a bank and ask for a loan. No one right in their mind would give it to us.”

“We can sell the house and the cars and I can find another job and…” Clint said, tears in his eyes.

“Clint,” Phil interrupted him. He cupped his cheek and took his hand with the other one. “I love you and I would really, really love to grow old with you. But fate decided otherwise.”

“Phil, no! We find a way and…”

“You’re young and you’re so talented. You will continue your life without me and you will find someone else soon. Move on and…”

“No!” Clint shook his head. “No, you… I want you and no one else.”


Clint cried.

***

Phil had no idea where he was. He had told him he would go and buy groceries. Phil had nodded and said he would take a nap.

“Mr. Barton-Coulson,” the woman who sat behind the desk said. He looked up and she smiled. “Mr. Stark has time to see you now.”

Tony Stark sat behind a desk and rose when Clint came in. He smiled and held his hand out for him to shake it.
“Pleasure to see you again,” he said and pointed at the chair in front of the desk and Clint sat down. Stark took the folder on the desk and shoved it over to Clint.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Barton-Coulson,” he said then when Clint sat, “But Stark International doesn’t acquire indentured servants. It’s…”

“That’s why the offer is not for Stark International,” Clint interrupted him. Stark furrowed his brows, took the folder, opened it, read it and his brows hit his hairline.

“For me?” Stark asked and Clint nodded. “Why?”

“When I was here for my internship you asked me for a date, remember?” Clint asked.

“Yes, I remember, but you declined because you were already engaged,” Stark said. “What happened?”

“We married,” Clint said and looked at his hands. “But my husband is terminally ill. There’s a therapy with an eighty per cent probability to save his life but it’s too expensive for us and our insurance doesn’t cover it.”

“So you want to sell yourself to save your husband?” Stark asked. He opened the folder again, looked at the offer and licked his lips.

“Yes,” Clint whispered. “It’s the only chance he has.”

“Why me?” Stark asked and leaned back again. He scrutinized Clint intently.

“Because you seem to be… fair,” Clint said carefully.

“Okay,” Stark said slowly. “If I accept this,” he held up the folder, “you have to understand that you will not see your husband as long as the contract lasts.”

“I understand,” Clint said. Stark raised an eyebrow questioningly and Clint nodded. “And I accept that,” he added quietly.

“Let me get this straight,” Stark asked once more, “you’re willing to give up ten years of your life and not be able to see your husband in the time… to save him?”

“I would do everything for Phil,” he said. “Everything. As long as he gets a chance to recover, it doesn’t matter what happens to me.”

Stark scrutinized him again and then he nodded slowly. “Okay,” he said. “Here’s the deal. It’s not a small amount of money and so I would take you in for ten years. In this time you’d be my property, not Stark International’s. You do what I say, when I say it without discussion, no matter what. Okay?”

“Okay,” Clint said. “I accept.”

Stark nodded, opened the drawer of his desk and took out a stack of papers. He shoved it over to Clint, a pen lying on top of it. Clint swallowed hard, licked his lips but then he took the pen and signed it.

“The contract starts in a week,” Stark said. “Enough time to settle your affairs.”

“Thank you, Mr. Stark,” Clint said. This was the easy part. Now… now he had to tell Phil.
Drowning

Clint loved to be at the beach at night. It was quiet even if the city was right behind him. He could see it out of the corner of his eyes, the lights, the buildings and he could hear it. Faint, as if it was miles away. The sound of the ocean was calming and he sat in the sand, barefoot, and the water touched his feet every few seconds.

The first thing he did when he hung up his bow and moved to LA was to go to the ocean and sit in the sand. He learned to surf and got a job as a lifeguard and he really enjoyed the sunny weather.

And even if he spent all his time at the beach now, he still loved to sit in the sand and watch the ocean. It was calming in a way Clint never knew before when he was on tour with the circus. It was the best decision in his life. Only god knew what would’ve happened to him if he stayed with the circus.

Clint blinked when he heard a sound, he rose and looked around. And then he frowned. Not far away on his right side lay something in the sand. He went over and saw clothes. Dress pants and shirt, a jacket and shoes and all of it seemed of really good quality.

He frowned. In the dress pants were the keys of an expensive car and a wallet.

“Oh god,” he murmured when he saw the footsteps leading into the ocean but no one swam around. Clint searched the water surface with his eyes and then he cursed, “Goddammit.”

He literally jumped out of his clothes, threw his shoes away and ran, only in boxers, into the water. Clint swam as fast as possible and only thanks to his extraordinary eyes he could see the man floating in the water. He arrived him only moments later and cursed even more. The man’s head was underwater. Clint grabbed him, turned him around and saw that he was unconscious, but he would do his best to rescue him nevertheless.

He put his arm around the man’s chest and swam as fast as possible. As soon as he could walk he rose and dragged the unconscious man out of the water. He didn’t breathe and Clint cursed under his breath.

“You’re not gonna die here,” he grumbled and felt for his pulse. Nothing. Clint started to press his hands on his chest rhythmically and breathed in his mouth. “Come on, come on,” Clint encouraged the unconscious man. And after an excruciating long moment he gasped, spat water out of his mouth and started to cough.

Clint sat back and sighed relieved. “Welcome back, buddy,” he said and the man blinked a few times.

“Am I dead?” he asked and Clint smiled and shook his head.

“No,” he said, “but it was a close call.”

“I just wondered… because I see an angel right now,” he grinned. Clint raised his brows. He could smell alcohol. The guy was drunk as hell.

“Okay, dude,” he started but the guy interrupted him.

“Call me Tony,” he said. “After all, you kissed me moments ago, so…”
“First, I didn’t kiss you, I reanimated you and second, why on earth were you in the ocean?”

“Uh…” the man said and Clint could smell alcohol again. “I thought it was a good idea.”

“Okay, let’s get you to a hospital,” Clint said and helped the man sit up. He put on his own clothes, took the man’s and together they staggered over the beach. His car was parked outside where he called an ambulance and then he waited with the guy. The EMTs brought him in their van and Clint wanted to leave when the man called out for him again.

“Hey, guardian angel,” he slurred. “What’s your name?”

“Clint,” he said and smiled. “Clint Barton.” The man nodded, grinned and waved when the EMTs closed the doors and drove him away.

Two days later someone knocked at Clint’s door. He shuffled over, only in his pajama pants, and opened it. The first thing he saw was a huge flower bouquet and then a few beautiful eyes.

“Hi,” Tony, the guy he had pulled out of the water, said and grinned at him. And when he let his eyes roam over Clint’s naked chest the grin broadened. “I’m here to thank you for rescuing me.”

Clint cocked his head, deliberated for a moment and then opened the door a bit more.

“You want some coffee?”
Restraints

They had tried everything they could but Clint didn’t give up informations. Two weeks ago HYDRA managed to capture him on a mission. It wasn’t his fault. The man he should meet was a trusted informant for many years. No one doubted him. No one expected him to betray SHIELD for money. But he did.

Two weeks Clint sat in a cell and every day a guy came to interrogate him and because he refused to talk they tortured him but Clint still refused.

“Well,” the other man said. Clint lay in his cell, his whole body hurt like hell he was dead tired but they didn’t let him sleep. “It seems he’s not of use as source of information. Either he doesn’t know anything or he’s too strong to give up. Anyway, he’s of no use.”

“What are we going to do now?” his interrogator asked. “Kill him?”

“No,” the other man shook his head. “I have a better idea. Let’s bring him to the omega facility.”

“Are you sure?” his interrogator asked and his brows hit his hairline. “I can try to…”

“No,” the other man said again. “Our scientists will have a use for him.”

“Yes, maybe you’re right.”

Clint tried to protest but he was too tired and he could only struggle weakly when two guards came into his cell and put him in a straitjacket. He wore only sweatpants and the fabric of the straitjacket chafed his skin. They dragged him out of the cell and to a van where he was thrown into the back.

One of the guards attached a chain to the straitjacket and Clint couldn’t move anymore, he was bound to the floor of the vehicle.

They drove a while and then two other guards came to fetch him. But this time Clint fought. He could rest in the van and he wanted to get away. Only god knew what they had in store for him.

But the straitjacket was tricky and he couldn’t move his hands an inch, only his feet. He landed a kick on the knee of one of the guys and received a blow to his head.

“Stop,” a man in a white lab coat hissed. Clint hadn’t seen him but now his heart started to pound and his breathing sped up. Guys in lab coats never bodes well. “I want him undamaged. Bring him to the lab.”

Dread settled in Clint’s stomach and he struggled even more when they dragged him in. The damn straitjacket impeded him more than he would care for.

“No,” he cursed and used his legs to kick at the guys again but they grabbed them and he wriggled in their grip. And when he saw the lab he struggled even more. The guards dragged him to a lab table and threw him on it. Clint tried to sit up but the guards pressed him back, held him while the guy in the lab coat reached for Clint’s ankle.

“No!” he screamed and kicked at him and another guard hurried over to them to hold Clint’s leg. He arched his back and struggled but only moments later his other leg was shackled bound as well. A leather strap was fastened over his stomach and the guards attached chains to the shoulders of the straitjacket and then to the table. All of the guards stepped back while Clint tried to get rid of his restraints but it was futile.
The man in the lab coat looked at him with a scary smile. “We’re going to have lots of fun, Agent Barton,” he said. He reached in his pocket, took out a syringe, filled it with some liquid and injected it in Clint’s thigh. “Lots and lots of fun.”

‘Guys, some help please!’ was the last thing Clint thought before he lost consciousness.
Broken ribs

Scott wasn’t overly popular in school. Not like the football jocks or the cheerleader chicks who couldn’t take a piss without their entourage. He was intelligent but no nerd and so the bullies left him alone most of the time. He had a few good friends, good grades and a crush on the archery guy who came to their school last year.

Rumor said the new guy was an orphan and lived in a foster family. But as cute as he was, he kept to himself most of the time. Only when the archery team trained he seemed to smile and talk to his few team mates. Scott watched them sometimes because the new kid was really awesome. He never missed. Not once. The coach was absolutely delighted.

For years their school’s archery team was a joke. It existed only because the coach liked it a lot. And the students in the team were below average and they never won a competition before. Until Clint came to their school, realized that there was an archery team and asked if he could join.

Since then the team won not only all the tournaments against other schools but also the national championship and the other students started to notice him. He still kept most of the time to himself but nowadays people talked to him, invited him to their table in the cafeteria and stuff like that. And the tiny, dark thingy in Scott’s intestines started to growl whenever someone, talked to him, touched him casually or made him laugh. And it growled even more when girls flirted with him and Clint smiled at them.

But Clint was not interested in him. He didn’t even talk to him and so Scott pined from afar.

Today the archery team had had training and of course Scott hung around the training ground to watch them. He had a free hour and nowhere to be right now. But the coach saw him and shooed him away, he said they didn’t need distractions and he should leave. Reluctantly Scott obeyed.

He hung around in the cafeteria for a while and then went to his next class. It was his last class for the day. He was on his way to his locker when he heard a pained groan. Scott frowned and walked around the corner when he saw someone leaning against the row with lockers. The guy held his side and his shirt was bloody and torn.

“Oh god, what happened to…” he started and went to him. But when he walked around the guy so he could see him he realized it was Clint. His beautiful face was bloody, his lip split, he had shiners around the eyes and he held his side and moaned. “What happened?” Scott asked.

“Had a little argument with a few guys from the football team,” Clint said. He leaned his back against the lockers and squeezed his eyes shut.


“Apparently they were pissed because their cheerleader girlfriends flirted with me.”

The tiny thing in Scott’s intestines started to growl again.

“Let me see this,” he said instead and ignored the growling thing. Clint looked at him for a moment and then he moved his hand away. Scott carefully touched his side. Clint winced and sucked air through his teeth. “I think they are broken.”

“No shit, Sherlock?” Clint groaned.
“Come on, I’ll bring you to the school nurse,” Scott said and wanted to grab his arm but Clint started to chuckle, interrupted by pained moans.

“Do you want to hear something funny?” he asked and Scott raised his brow and nodded.

“Sure,” he said and helped him walk to Nurse Mary’s office.

“I’m not even interested in girls,” he said and tried to laugh again. “They beat me up and broke my damn ribs because I told the cheerleaders I’m gay.”

“You’re gay?” Scott blurted and stared at him.

“What? You want to beat me up, too?”

“No,” he said. “But can I ask you for a date?”

“Really? Right now?” Clint asked and Scott shrugged.

“I’m not sure if I can work up the nerve to ask you tomorrow,” he admitted. They arrived at the office and Nurse Mary, who had seen them, came out to help Clint into her room. She told Scott she would take over now and he should wait outside while she would take a loot at Clint.

“Hey, Scott,” Clint said before he entered with her and the thingy in Scott’s intestines jumped because Clint knew his name. “I’d love to go out with you.”
"I can't walk."

It was hot. Late August and no evil guys for weeks. Maybe it was too hot for them, too. In the end, he should’ve stayed on his couch. But Clint thought it was a good idea to repair the dormer of Phil’s office. He couldn’t open the window anymore and it was too hot for him to work there and so his paperwork was scattered all over the house.

Phil wasn’t at home at the moment and he wanted to surprise him. So he went to the garage to fetch the ladder. At first he assessed the damage. Then he drove to the hardware store to buy everything he needed. And as usual he stayed there much longer than absolutely necessary but he loved to walk through the aisles to get inspired.

Four hours later he left the store with the things he needed to repair the dormer, with a new pendulum saw, new tiles for the guest bathroom, a new lamp for his workshop and new garden chairs. Phil would give him that look again but in the end he loved what he did with the house.

Clint put away the stuff he had bought before he went up the ladder again. To get to the dormer he had to step onto the roof. And he was so concentrated on the damage that he didn’t look at the roof tile he stepped on. If he would’ve looked he’d seen that it was damaged, too. But Clint just stepped on it, it broke and slipped away, Clint was taken by surprise, lost his balance and fell.

“Uufff,” he made when he landed on his back. Pain flared through his body and he stared in the sky. “Fuck.”

Clint tried to sit up but the pain was everywhere and he couldn’t move. “Fuck,” he said again. He patted the pockets of his pants but his phone wasn’t there. When he moved his head he could see it lying in the grass but out of his reach. Once again he tried to move and this time he managed to slide to the side a bit.

“Aargh!” he yelped. It hurt like hell. But at least he could get to his phone now. He hoped it wasn’t broken. But it worked. He dialed Phil’s number.

“Hey,” Phil answered the call and Clint could hear the smile in his voice. “Bored already?”

“Phil,” Clint groaned. “Help. I can’t walk.”


“I fell from the roof,” Clint said.

“I’m on my way,” Phil said. “Don’t try to move, I’ll send an ambulance.”

“I don’t need an ambulance, I need…”

“Don’t move, I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

The call ended and Clint stared at the screen for a moment. But it was dark.

“Fuck,” he cursed and tried to move once more, but again pain shot through his body. So he just stayed where he was, lying in the grass and staring in the sky.

He had no idea how much time passed but then he could hear the siren of the ambulance and a few moments later a man and a woman came into his view.
“What happened, sir?” the man asked and Clint pointed at the ladder.

“I fell,” he admitted. “And now my back hurts and I can’t move.”

“Oh, okay,” the woman said. “We’ll get you to the hospital. Don’t try to move, I’ll get the stretcher.”

It hurt like a motherfucker till he lay on the stretcher but just before they could shove him into the ambulance a red Chevrolet Corvette appeared and Phil ran over to him.

“Clint,” he gasped and his usual unfazed expression was gone, he was so worried. “What happened?”

“I wanted to repair your window,” Clint said. “The roof tiles need to replacement, too. I broke some.”

“Oh Clint,” Phil sighed. “Before you plan what you can repair next, let’s check your back in the hospital, okay?”

“Okay,” Clint nodded. “Are you coming with me?”

“Of course,” Phil said. He looked at the EMTs and the woman nodded. And Phil followed Clint into the ambulance.
Severe illness

Clint sat on a chair, his elbows on his knees and looked at his hands. It was quiet in the room. Almost quiet. Only an old looking grandfather clock ticked. The doctor sat opposite of him and watched him. She waited for him to say something. He licked his lips and looked up.

“I… I always had lots of bruises, you know. I mean, it’s… it’s part of the job.”

“I understand,” she said. The clock ticked and ticked.

“I mean… sure, I was a little tired lately but…” he looked up.

“It’s part of the job,” she said.

“And what happens now?” Clint asked. His mouth was so painfully dry and he licked his lips.

“What can I do?”

“T-cell prolymphocytic leukemia is difficult to treat, Agent Barton,” the doctor said.

Clint ran his hands over his face.

“It does not respond to most available chemotherapeutic drugs,” the doctor continued. “We can…”

“How long?” Clint interrupted her.

“Agent Barton, we still…” she tried again but Clint interrupted her again.

“How long, Dr. Melendez?”

“Three months,” she said quietly. “Maybe half a year.”

Clint swallowed hard and licked his lips again. He nodded slowly before he rose.

“Thank you,” he said and wanted to go to the door.

“Agent Barton, you can’t…”

“I can,” he said. “Thank you for your time.”

He would ask Natasha if she wanted to fly with him to Hawaii. He had always wanted to see Hawaii and now was the best moment to do it. Now or never.
Odin wasn’t overly excited when Thor told him he would bring one of his friends from Midgard to the solstice celebrations. He was even more disappointed that it was a man and when he realized it wasn’t even the mighty Captain America but only one of his inferiors he was outraged. He yelled at Thor for more than an hour but Thor didn’t give a flying fuck. He told his father he would bring Clint and there was nothing he could do.

On the one hand Loki was delighted to see his so called brother to get dressing-down by his father but on the other hand he was jealous that Thor dared to lay hand on his Hawk. However, solstice came up and Thro brought Clint to Asgard. Loki disguised himself as one of the guards and followed them and at the moment he really hated his brother. They looked so disgustingly happy and canoodled around in the gardens.

“No,” Loki growled and the other guard, who was with him, looked at him funnily. He waved his hand and the guard slumped down. His spear clattered on the marble and Loki sighed. But then he saw a Sorrow Moth in the bushes and a grin appeared on his face. He used his magic to cast a spell on the small animal, it started to fly and flew over to Thor and his Hawk and it landed on Clint's shoulder. Loki moved his hand, grinned and the moth stung him in his neck. His Hawk flinched and moved his hand to his neck and then looked at the dead moth in his hand. He frowned, Thor saw the bug, paled and jumped up while the Hawk tilted backwards. His arms and hands started to jerk uncontrollable. Thor fell onto his knees beside him, reached for his arms and tried to hold them but the jerking became more and more frantic.

“I need help,” Thor called and looked around, looked in his direction and waved at him. Loki realized he still looked like a guard. He sighed and hurried over to him.

“What can I do?” he asked and Thor looked at him. His brows furrowed a tiny bit but then he gestured at Clint.

“Go, get a healer,” Thor said and held the Hawk in his arms. He had foam at his mouth and jerked violently, could barely breathe and inwardly Loki chuckled.

He nodded and hurried away but as soon as he was out of sight he changed back to himself, dusted off his robe, sighed and went to his rooms. He would drink a cup of wine now and maybe he would condole to his brother later, when the Hawk was suffocated. Or maybe not. Who knew?
Caregiver

Clint was human. Plain and simple. He was no demigod, he didn’t have a serum or something else, he was just an ordinary human. And when he had to jump from the roof of a building and no one was around… he fell… and broke his spine.

“Hey, babe,” Steve said when he entered the living room. He went over to Clint, who sat in his wheelchair and looked out of the window. He didn’t answer and Steve frowned and went over to him. “Hey,” he said again. “Is everything okay?”

Clint moved his head and looked at him, a brow raised.

“Everything is peachy,” he said, the sarcasm almost palpable. He turned back to stare out of the window. Steve placed a hand on his shoulder, squeezed it a bit.

“Do you want coffee?” he asked and Clint grunted something unintelligible. Steve looked at him for a long moment before he turned around and went to the kitchen and started the coffee maker. He put a little milk in the cup and brought it back to Clint. He put a straw in it and held it to his lips. Clint glared at him for a long moment but then he took a sip. Steve turned the wheelchair around and shoved him to the couch.

“Do you want to watch dog cops?” Steve asked and Clint glared again.

“No,” he said and sounded bitter. He stared at his hands. Steve had the remote in his hand and put it down onto the table again.

“Clint, talk to me,” Steve said and sat down on the couch beside the wheelchair.

“What do you want me to say?” Clint asked and Steve reached for his hand. It was cold and Clint didn’t react, couldn’t react, he just glared at Steve.

“I’m here to help you,” Steve said quietly.

“You don’t have to,” Clint muttered and pressed his lips together. “Go, find someone who can…”

“Clint!” Steve snapped. “How often do we have to have this talk again?”

“Till I can move again or till I’m dead,” Clint mumbled.

“I love you, but sometimes you don’t make it easy for us,” he said and Clint looked up, his lips pressed together tightly.

“You should’ve let me die,” Clint said.

“Clint,” Steve said and ran his hand through his hair. “It doesn’t matter to me that you’re paraplegic. I’m not gonna…”

“But it matters to me!” Clint snapped. “It matters to me that I’m just a lump of meat, that the only thing I can do nowadays is to metabolize and crap in my diapers! I cannot even move a finger!”

Steve closed his eyes for a moment and pinched the bridge of his nose. And after a moment he rose.

“Where are you going?” Clint asked when he went to the door and Steve stopped.
“To Tony,” he said. “To talk about your condition.”

Clint was quiet till Steve had opened the door.

“Steve,” he said and when he turned around Clint licked his lips. “I’m sorry. I love you.”

“It’s okay,” Steve said and then he smiled. “I love you, too.”
Showdown

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It rained. Not just a bit, some people said it rained cats and dogs. Clint was soaked to the bones and his fingers hurt. He had nocked an arrow and held the string beside his ear for a while now.

He had to come. It was the only way out, he had to come this way. And then he saw him.

Clint swallowed, blinked away a few drops and then released the arrow. It landed only a few inches in front of his feet. He stopped, looked at the arrow, and then searched the roofs around the street and a grin appeared on his lips.

“Hey, little brother,” Barney said and moved his whole body so he could face Clint. He stepped out of the shadow and moved to the fire ladder, a new arrow nocked already.

“This has to stop now!” Clint snapped.

Barney cocked his head and put the bag he had over his shoulder down on the ground. “What do you mean?” he asked and folded his arms over his chest. But Clint knew that he had more than one gun.

“You know exactly what I mean,” Clint snarled. He made another step onto the fire ladder.

“Really? Do I?” Barney asked and started to chuckle.

“Yes, you do,” Clint said. “And now it’s enough.”

“And what are you gonna do about it?” Barney cocked his head the other way now.

“Everything necessary,” Clint hissed. “You robbed the circus, you almost killed Carson and now…” He slowly went down the first flight of stairs but didn’t stop aiming the arrow at Barney’s face.

“Now what?” Barney asked and moved his arms.

“I’m gonna stop you.” Clint jumped down from the last landing and wanted to go to him when something hit his back. He stumbled and fell onto one knee. He lost his balance and his aim.

“Clint, Clint, Clint,” another voice with a french accent said and two men appeared.

“You forgot to look over your shoulder again,” the other man chuckled and kicked the arrow out of Clint’s reach.

“Buck and Jacques,” Clint hissed and wanted to move but now Barney was here, too, and the three men stopped talking and started to beat him up. Clint fought hard but they were three and he was alone. Blows landed on his arms, his torso, his legs, his head. He managed to hit them, too, but soon he lay on the ground.

“You’ve always been a pain in the ass,” Barney said when Clint was so battered he couldn’t move a finger. He drew a knife, grinned at his two companions and let the blade run over Clint’s chest. “And now it’s time to say goodbye, brother.”
Pain exploded in Clint’s stomach and the three men chuckled and walked away. Clint moved his arm and tried to remove the knife but the pain was excruciating.

And then he heard another voice and saw a man hunker down beside him.

“Hello, Mr. Barton,” he said and looked at the knife for a second. “My name is Phil Coulson, Agent of SHIELD…”