Soulmates, Soulmarks, and Loki?

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/6617206.

Rating: General Audiences
Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: F/M, M/M
Fandom: The Avengers (Marvel Movies), The Avengers (Marvel) - All Media Types, Marvel Cinematic Universe, Marvel, Marvel (Movies)
Relationship: James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers, Clint Barton/Natasha Romanov, Pepper Potts/Tony Stark, Loki/Reader
Character: Nick Fury, Tony Stark, Bruce Banner, Clint Barton, Natasha Romanov, Loki (Marvel), Thor (Marvel), Reader, Odin (Marvel), Frigga (Marvel), Jarvis (Iron Man movies), James "Rhodey" Rhodes, Brock Rumlow, Sif (Marvel), Volstagg (Marvel), Hogun (Marvel), Fandral (Marvel), Alexander Pierce, Agent 13 (Marvel), Sharon Carter (Marvel), Pepper Potts, Steve Rogers, Jane Foster (Marvel), James "Bucky" Barnes, Happy Hogan, Eric Savin, Aldrich Killian, Maya Hansen, Sam Wilson (Marvel), Frank Castle, William Cross (Marvel), Wendy Conrad (Marvel), Elton Healey (Marvel), Wanda Maximoff, Vision (Marvel), Pietro Maximoff, Scott Lang

Series: Part 1 of Main Works
Stats: Published: 2016-04-21 Updated: 2019-07-01 Chapters: 41/? Words: 170356
(Y/N) Barton is a former SHIELD agent with the power to heal herself. In her world, everybody has a soulmate. When she first meets Loki, she discovers they are soulmates. After that, life is good, all the Avengers live together in harmony. Until she is captured by Hydra and made into the Assassin. After a year and a half, she is rescued, but nothing will ever be the same.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
He Said What?

Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. You think it's quite stupid, but everybody thinks it's stupid before they find their soulmate. You think no one could love you, with your healing powers and being a agent for a secret organization and all. Your brother Agent Clint Barton aka Hawkeye found his a while ago, Natasha Romanoff aka The Black Widow. They were the perfect match, complete opposites, but then again, "opposites attract." Only two people in the whole world know what your soulmark says-Clint and Natasha-, and it says "You dare attack me, you mewling quim!"

It was supposed to be a "normal" mission, well, as normal as a mission of a S.H.I.E.L.D. agent could be. It was supposed to be in and out, exterminate Andrea von Strucker, and then get out. Well that didn't happen. There you sit, in a dark, damp room, with your hands and legs tied to a chair.

"So, tell me (Y/N), what brings you to my humble abode?" asks Andrea, circling around your chair, "Surely not to kill me?"

Before you could answer your phone started ringing on the other side of the room. Andrea looked at it, walked over, and picked it up. "Hello?"

"Miss von Strucker, you are currently surrounded by over 50 agents, let Agent Barton go before we blow this place to the sky." The person on the other end then hangs up.

"Well, Miss Barton, it's your lucky day!" growls Andrea. She walks over to you and proceeds to untie your hands and legs from the chair. You stand up and bang your head against hers, she falls to the ground, looking up at you. "Right back at you." You then proceed to grab her head and bang against the concrete, knocking her out.

"Well, at least I accomplished something." You grumble as you walk out.

"You didn't have to do that Tasha." You state plainly as you walk into the jet. "I was doing fine"

"Says the person who was tied to a chair!" says Natasha with a laugh.

"I was coming up with a plan!" you cried

"Sure, whatever floats your boat."

Time Skip: 2 hours

"So why exactly are we going to the Helicarrier anyway?" you ask.

"Well, remember the Tesseract? Yeah, well some guy named Loki took it and me, you, Steve Rogers, Tony Stark, and Bruce Banner, along with some other people are going to retrieve it."

Answers Natasha

"What about Clint? He was guarding it wasn't he?"

"Clint..... well.... Um... I was kind of hoping you wouldn't ask about him."

"Nat, where is Clint?"

"He was compromised, Loki kind of took control of him and now we don't know we're he is..."
"Why the fuck didn't you tell me?! That should have been the first thing you told me, Tasha! Come on, he is my fucking brother! I like to know where he is and what happens to him!"

"Oh, look we've landed." Natasha states, then proceeds to walk off the jet. Leaving you to your thoughts.

You walk of the jet. "Hide your feelings (Y/N), they can be used against you." You kept repeating that to yourself. You were so engrossed in your thoughts that you ran into somebody. You look up about to apologizes, but then you see who you ran into. You had just run in to Steve freaking Rogers! "I'm uh, I'm really sorry about that! I wasn't paying attention to where I was going and….

"It's fine ma'am, no need to apologies, I wasn't looking where I was going," replies Steve.

"Don't call me ma'am, call me (Y/N)," you say confidently.

"(Y/N) Barton, by any chance?"

"Yup, in the flesh"

"Well, we seem to be working together. Fury said there was going to be a meeting in the main control room. I'm heading there now. Want to join me?"

"Sure!"

Time Skip: 3 hours

Loki and Steve were in battle, punches, magic, and shields were being thrown and it was getting nowhere. You decide to see if you could distract Loki to get Steve a good shot, so you jumped off the jet, and proceed to shoot Loki. The bullet bounces off a protective shield and hits you in the shoulder. Damn it. He turned around and looked at you in the eyes. Then he said the words that would change your life forever,"YOU DARE ATTACK ME, YOU MEWLING QUIM!"

The shock hadn't gotten to you yet, so you simply stated "I can do whatever the fuck I want, bitch" Then it hit you, he said your words, the words that have been on your right shoulder blade since birth. You dropped your gun, and just stood there with your mouth open, looking at him blankly.

P.O.V. Switch

Loki heard you say them, his words. The words written on his chest, the words he had wondered who would say them since he was a child. When he first heard what his mark said, he asked his "father" what the words "fuck" and "bitch" meant. His "father" said they were curse words from Earth. He always thought his mate would be a male because on Earth, at the time cursing was for men, not women. But there she was standing right in front of him-on the other side, the "good" side-there just starring at him. He decided to stop and give up, but not completely, just for now, to see what his mate would do and maybe to see if he could get her to go with him. He dropped his scepter and sat down and then looked up at the Captain of America and simply stated "I surrender."
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. You think it's quite stupid, but everybody thinks it's stupid before they find there soulmate. You think no one could love you, with your healing powers and being an agent. Your brother Agent Clint Barton aka Hawkeye found his a while ago, Natasha Romanoff aka The Black Widow. They were the perfect match, complete opposites, but then again "opposites attract." Only two people in the whole world know what your soulmark says, and it says "You dare attack me, you mewling quim!"

Steve and Tony—who had just shown up— got Loki secured and he was currently sitting on the jet with a blank look on his face. You on the other hand were standing up, walking from the cockpit to the hatch on the jet freaking out, mumbling "No this isn't happening!" Natasha was trying to get you to talking about what happened. Steve was looking at you worriedly.

"(Y/N) what happened?" asked Natasha

"I tell you what happened!" you scream, "Loki said my words, he said them! And now I don't know what to do!"

"He did?!"

"Yep, he said them, what am I supposed to do?!" you sit down with a huff and start panicking. "Tasha! I... I... I don't know anymore. My soulmate is a psychopath." Then, you start crying.

"I don't know either, I guess we'll just ask Fury, he'll know what to do. I hope."

"Okay, ask Fury. That sounds good." You start calming down. "Nat is my shoulder healed yet?" Nat walked over, looked, and shook her head. "Can you get the bullet out?"

Just as Natasha had gotten the bullet out of your shoulder, there was a rumble of thunder. Loki looked up worriedly. "What afraid of a little thunder?" asked Steve.

"No, I'm just not fond of what follows." Loki quietly replies. Then there was a thump on the roof. Tony opened the hatch to investigate. Just as the hatch opened, Thor flew in, Grabbed Loki and flew out. Yep, you knew Thor, you and Clint had been in New Mexico, so you had met him. Tony flew out after Thor, a few seconds later. Steve followed.

Time Skip: 20 minutes

You got Nat to land the jet. You stepped off and followed the sound of fighting. Thor and Tony were fighting, Steve was trying to separate them, it wasn't working. You walk over and then scream at the top of your lungs "STOP IT!" The men stop fighting and turn to look at you. Thor seams to recognize you.

"Lady Barton! I didn't know you were here! If I had know that I would not be fighting the Man of Iron!" exclaims Thor.

"Well, could you stop fighting and come with us?" you ask carefully.

"Yes! I shall stop! Should I bring Loki?"
"Yes, now come on."

Time Skip: 3 hours

Everybody was in the control room. They were deciding who should go talk to Loki.

"I should do it, I am his brother!" exclaims Thor

"Natasha should do it, she's the best a interrogation." says Bruce. There is a sound of agreement from everyone except Natasha and Thor.

"(Y/N) should do it." says Natasha

"And why is that Agent Romanoff?" asks Fury

"Because she is his soulmate."

"WHAT!?" Everybody around the table exclaimed. They turn to look at you. You look back at them and nod your head in confirmation.

"Are you sure?" asks Fury

"Yes" you reply, "I can prove it." You turn to Thor. "What do Loki's words say?"

"I would prefer to not say them, in front of a Lady, like yourself." says Thor

"Rock of Ages, say the damn words!" grumbles Tony

"Alright, it says 'I can do whatever the fuck I want, bitch.'

"She said that." adds Steve

"See!" you exclaim "He'll talk to me!"

"Fine" says Fury "But we are going to watch you with the camera's."

Time Skip: 30 Minutes

"Hello?" you say

"Hello love." says Loki "I assume you are here to pretend to be my friend and then get me to tell you information."

"Not exactly. I'm here to get to know my soulmate, as well as get information. Look, we just want to know why your doing this."

"I'm doing this, not because I want to. If I don't do this, I will be killed." says Loki

"Please explain."

"Well, after I fell from the rainbow bridge, I was captured by Thanos. Then tortured, told to do what they say and if I didn't I would be killed."

"So, you don't want to do this?"

"No"
"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Your not lying at all?"

"Why would I lie to you, love?"

"Okay, then, I have a plan, it involves you, and the Avengers. I am going to let you out, but you have to promise not to escape or hurt anyone unless I tell you to. Can you do that?"

"Anything for you, love."

"Okay." You let him out and then handcuff him. You speak in to your intercom. "Everybody meet in Banner's lab ASAP." You turn to Loki, "Follow me."

Time Skip: 10 minutes

Everybody was in the Lab when you and Loki walked in. Natasha and Fury drew there guns, Thor picked up his hammer, Steve picked up his shield, and Tony and Bruce stepped back.

"Guys, it's fine. Loki won't hurt anyone unless I tell him to." you say. Everybody hesitantly put there things down. "I know you were listening, so you know I have a plan. So, we are going to let Loki..." Once you finished you looked around for signs of agreement. Everybody looked okay with the plan.

"Oh, I forgot to mention there is a rescue mission coming. If you want this to look normal, let them take me. Then, our plan will happen in New York." says Loki. Just as he finished the engine got hit and the floor gave out. You, Natasha, and Bruce fell. Bruce started to look green, you tried to get away, but your arm, which was broken, was stuck under a pole. Natasha saw that and pushed the pole off. "Go hide, now!" she exclaimed. You ran off just as Bruce went turned into the other guy.

You had been running for about 10 minutes, your arm had healed. Over the intercom, Fury said Clint was here and someone had to stop him. "Agent Barton here, I am going after Clint." You walk around until you saw Clint walking on the catwalk. You walked up and tapped Clint on the shoulder. Clint spun around and pushed you against the wall. You kicked his knee. He fell back and then you tried to punch him in the gut, he blocked it and twisted your arm. There was a snap, He broke your arm, the same arm you had just broken, you cry out in pain. You then pull your gun out of the holster and tried to shoot him, he knocked the gun out of your hand. You were throwing punches, that he kept blocking them, Finally, he pinned you against the wall. "Clint, please, it's me, (Y/N), your little sister." Clint pulled out a dagger and stabbed your arm, the one that was broken. That caused you to scream, when your mouth was open, Clint pulled out a container, filled with powder, he poured it in your mouth. You started choking, you realized it was poison. One of your only weaknesses, even with healing powers, you had some weaknesses. You couldn't get stabbed in the heart, ingest poison, or get blown up. Any of those things would kill you. You always told anyone you worked with what your weaknesses were, so they would know, and so they could look out for you. Clint was one of the people you had told, and he had just used that knowledge against you, so now you were dying. Just then, you saw Natasha hit Clint twice, once to get him on the ground, the second to knock him out. The last thing you saw was Natasha's face with her lips moving, probably, telling you to stay awake or maybe to call medical, you couldn't tell. You knew it was no use, you knew you were going to die.

Time Skip: 1 Hour
When you woke up, well, first you were surprised. You were alive! The second thing you noticed was Clint screaming and saying he killed you and that they should just kill him or throw him in prison, he didn't care which. You got out of bed and followed the sound. You walked about half way down the hallway and then stopped at a door. You opened the door and saw Nat sitting there trying and failing to calm down Clint. You cleared your throat and both of them looked up. Nat didn't look surprised, but Clint did. He jumped up and ran over. He touched your arm to make sure you were real and then pulled you into a hug, whispering "I thought I killed you, I thought you were dead, I... I... I am so so sorry." You pushed him away and looked at him. He looked at you, you knew he was thinking that you hated him, you knew that he thought that you would never talk to him again. You then said to him "Clint, I forgive you. That wasn't you."

Chapter End Notes

Well, that ends chapter two. This one was quite long but it was worth it. Keep reading to find out what your plan is and to find out if you and Loki ever get together.
Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers or Loki, they are property of Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. You think it's quite stupid, but everybody thinks it's stupid before they find there soulmate. You think no one could love you, with your healing powers and being an agent. Your brother Agent Clint Barton aka Hawkeye found his a while ago, Natasha Romanoff aka The Black Widow. They were the perfect match, complete opposites, but then again "opposites attract." Only two people in the whole world know what your soulmark says, and it says "You dare attack me, you mewling quim!"

After both you and Clint were released from the infirmary, Fury called a meeting in the control room. You and Clint were the last people at the meeting. Clint was looking nervous.

"Hey," you grabbed Clint's hand and gave it a squeeze, "It will be okay, Nat already told everybody about what happened. They know you didn't hurt me on purpose."

"Yeah, I know. But I still hurt you, (Y/N), I don't want anybody else to get hurt because of me." replied Clint.

"Nobody will get hurt, you are back to normal."

You and Clint sit at the table and everybody looked up in surprise, I guess Nat didn't tell them, you thought.

"Lady Barton! We thought you had been killed!" exclaimed Thor.

"Nope, alive as ever, just a arm that was broken, twice, a stab wound and a nasty headache." You reply.

"How are you still alive?" asks Steve "And whose this guy?" Steve points to Clint.

"This is Clint, my brother. And before you say anything, yes, he was the one who attacked me, and no, he's not evil, Loki took control of him." you say "Second, I'm still alive because I have healing powers. Except, there are three exceptions. If I get stabbed in the heart, ingest poison, or get blown up/lose a limb, I need medical attention, I can't heal myself."

"Well, that's cool as hell!" says Tony

"Thanks?" you reply

"Shouldn't we tell Clint, about our plan?" Asks Steve.

"Probably, but first." You turn to Clint, "Um, how do I put this. Okay, Um, Clint?"

"Yeah?" Clint looks at you worriedly

"Um, well, Loki... well, he's, my, um, soulmate..." you say nervously.

Clint's face turns from worried, to confused, to angry in about 10 seconds. "That bastard! First he turns me evil, forces me to try and kill my sister, then he becomes her soulmate! Why, I ought to..."

"Clint! Calm down! We are using this to our advantage! Loki doesn't even want to take over
Earth!” You cry.

"I doubt that..." Clint grumbles

"Clint, listen to (Y/N)!” says Natasha, sternly.

"As I was saying..." you turn to look at Clint, "All of us and Loki came up with a plan. We are going to have a battle in New York, but Loki says he won't get involved. We have to fight the aliens, then while we are doing that, Loki, Thor, and Tasha are going to shut the portal after about 1/2 an hour, just so it doesn't look suspicious. Then Thor is going to take the Tesseract back to Asgard, explain to his father about what happened. And then if it all works out, all of us are going to move into Stark Tower, including Loki and Thor, and then, we keep saving the world." You finish your plan and look at Clint.

"Well, it's a good plan, and I will go with it, but that doesn't mean I like it." says Clint

"Yay!" you exclaim.

"Well, we should suit up." says Steve. "We will meet back here in 10."

Everybody leaves to go get ready. You walk to your private quarters on the ship. You open the door and walk over to the very small closet. You pull a catsuit off the hanger, you and Natasha have matching catsuits, except instead of her symbol on your belt buckle, you have the S.H.I.E.L.D. eagle on yours. You zip it up and put the guns in there holsters, you put extra bullets in your belt, attach 2 daggers to the arm holsters and add a medical pouch. You look in the mirror and decide to do something with your (Y/H/L) (Y/H/C) hair. Once you do that you walk out and return to the meeting room, everybody is there, except Tony. Tony walks in a minute later, and gives you a once over. "Damn, you clean up nice, Junior G-man!"

"Hey! That's my sister you're talking to Iron Ass!" exclaims Clint.

"Hey, just informing (Y/N) she looks amazing!"

You roll your eyes and sigh. "Can we just leave already?"

"Yes, we can. Also, Tony, leave (Y/N) alone," says Steve

"Whatever you say, Capsicle" reply's Tony

Time Skip: 1 Hour

It had taken you half an hour to get to New York. You were currently in the middle of the battle. You and Steve were currently on 5th Avenue, fighting a small group of Chitarui. You had managed to grab one of their weapons and were currently shooting at them with it. Steve was throwing his shield towards a group of four of the Chitarui, it hit them and they all fell down. You were so busy watching Steve, you didn't see one of them come up behind you, it grabbed you by the throat and was trying to choke you to death, it wouldn't kill you, but you were about to pass out. Suddenly the alien fell limp and you untangled yourself from it's grip. You turned around to see who had saved you, but you saw all of the Chitarui had fallen limp. You turned to Steve and shouted "WE WON!" You ran over to hug him, but one of the Chitarui, somehow, hadn't died yet, so it grabbed you by the ankle and you fell, it almost stabbed you in the heart but then, Loki appeared and stabbed it with his scepter. You stood up and looked at Loki, this was the first time you had seen him since he had left the Helicarrier. You walked over, and grabbed his hand, still looking at him in the eyes, you whispered "Thank you," before you leaned up to kiss him. You could quite reach him so he bent down and whispered "Your welcome (Y/N)," before he kissed
you. It was nice, sweet, even. When you finally had to come up for air, the rest of the Avengers were standing there, watching, Steve's face was red as a tomato, Natasha was looking at you proudly, Clint looked extremely embarrassed, or upset, you couldn't tell which. Thor was looking at his brother with glee, Bruce was looking indifferent. And Tony, he, being an idiot, says "Where's my smooch, Junior G-man?"

Loki turned around slowly to look at Tony. Tony, realizing his mistake, tried to run away, but Natasha grabbed him and turned him around. Loki walked up to Tony and took off his helmet. "What did you just say to my mate?" asks Loki, in a creepy, quiet tone.

"I... um... nothing, nothing at all!" exclaims Tony.

"No, I believe you said, 'Where is my smooch, Junior G-man?"" says Loki, his tone getting louder.

You decide to step in, you touch Loki's arm and say, "It's okay Loki, he didn't mean anything by it."

Loki turns to look at you he lets Tony go and growls "Your lucky she's here to stop me, or you would have been dead by now." He takes your hand and you both turn to complete the circle everybody was standing in.

"Well, now what?" asks Clint

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter three. The next few chapters should be quite peaceful. Like Loki and (Y/N)'s first date and moving in to the tower, things like that. After that, something big is coming, so be on the look out! Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers or Loki, they are property of Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience

It had been about two weeks since the Battle of New York, and man, had it been a long two weeks. Tony, being the arrogant guy he is, told the press about the Avengers moving in to the tower. He also told them that you and Loki were soulmates. Every time you left your house you were bombarded with fans and paparazzi. Hopefully it would get a little better after moving into the tower.

Today was the day. You were moving into the tower. You were in front of the tower wondering if you should call Steve or Clint. Just after you decided to call Clint, you heard someone yell "(Y/N)!" When you turned around to see who had yelled your name, you saw a small hoard of fans running towards you. Well, calling Clint would have to wait. After twenty minutes of selfies, and autographs, everybody who had wanted to see you had gotten what they wanted. You were about to pull your phone out of your back pocket when you saw Steve, Clint, and Tony walk out of the building. Just before they got swarmed with fans, you had run over and tapped Clint on the shoulder. He turned around, flashing that winning smile of his, he was probably expecting a fan or something, but when he saw it was you, his already huge smile got bigger. He pulled you into a big bear hug. When he let go, Tony pulled you into a hug. Then when you had struggled your way out of that, you saw Steve smiling at you. He reached out to shake your hand, but you pulled him into a hug. When you let go, Steve's face was as red as a tomato. When Clint and Tony saw that, they burst out laughing, you soon followed.

After you had managed to stop laughing, you turned to the guys and said "Well, since your here, you could help me unload." With that you turned around and walked back over to the moving van. You turned your head slightly to make sure they were following you, they were. Once you reached the van, you pulled up the trunk and grabbed three boxes. Clint followed your suit and grabbed another three, just as soon as he picked them up, he almost dropped them.

"What the hell are in these?" He exclaimed.

"Books!" You replied

Clint shifted his weight and then turned, mumbling something that sounded a bit like "How the hell are we related?"

Tony gaffed at Clint and proceeded to grab four boxes, when he moved out of the way, Steve grabbed the rest, which was about six more. Then you shut the door and all of you walked back to the tower. Once inside, the elevator opened.

"What floor, Mr. Stark?" asked a vaguely British sounding voice.

"(Y/N)'s floor," answers Tony. Before you could ask anything, Tony said "That's J.A.R.V.I.S., he's my AI system."
The elevator started to move up. A few seconds later, there was a ding and the doors opened.

You gasped. "This is my floor?" you exclaim. It was huge, there was a living room, dining room, a small kitchen, and two hallways leading off into two different directions.

"Well, you share this floor," said Tony.

"With who? Clint? Natasha?" you ask

"No, Loki." replied Tony

"Um, why exactly?"

"Because soulmates should live together!"

"Please tell me there is more than one bedroom?"

Time Skip: 2 Hours

You had finished putting your things away in your room. Tony had made sure it fit your style. It was painted (Y/F/C) and had furniture that matched perfectly. There was a big bookshelf and a walk-in-closet. There also was posters from (Y/F/TV/S) and (Y/F/M). Finally there was a huge bathroom with a Jacuzzi tub and a shower. There were three other rooms that you still hadn't looked at. First, you looked at the other one in the same hallway as your bedroom. When you opened the door you could immediately tell this room was for Loki, it had a black, green and gold color scheme and it was extremely grand and fancy. You closed that door and walked through the living room to get to the other hallway. You opened the first door and gasped. It was a huge library, with more books than you could count. There was even a large selection of music and DVD's. There was a daybed in the center with and chair and desk right next to it, there was a computer on the desk that you assumed was had the list of books, movies, and music available. You walked back out and went to the last room, you tried to open the door but it wouldn't budge, you tried again and it still didn't move. Strange, you thought. You were about to ask J.A.R.V.I.S. why it wouldn't open, when Loki suddenly spoke: "I already ask Anthony, he said it would open once we started to court and became official."

You jumped when he spoke, but then turned to face him. "I guess it's probably a master bedroom or something."

Loki noticed you jump and his face filled with concern, "Are you alright, love?"

"Fine," you replied, "You just scared me when you spoke, I didn't know you were there. But, anyway. Did you see the library?"

"Yes, I didn't know you enjoyed reading." replied Loki

"Reading is amazing! It transports you into a different world!"

"Yes, reading is a most enjoyable past time. I think my favorite book would have to be the play Romeo and Juliet By Shakespeare."

"My favorite would have to be Harry Potter."

"Harry Potter?"

"Yeah, it's a book about a misunderstood boy who learns he's a wizard so then he goes to school
and has a ton of adventures."

"That sounds fascinating, I think I would enjoy reading it."

"I have all of them. Do you want to borrow the first one?"

"If it isn't too much trouble."

"It's not, I'm reading (B/Y/C/R), so it wouldn't bother me."

Loki was about to thank you but then J.A.R.V.I.S. interrupted "I am sorry to interrupt, but Mr. Stark would like to inform you that dinner is here."

"Thanks J.A.R.V.I.S.," you turn your attention back to Loki, "Do you want to head down?"

"Yes, let's," replies Loki. He holds out his hand and you take it.

You both walk towards the elevator and step in. It starts moving and then it stops, the door opens and you both step out. You see everyone sitting at the table eating. They look up when the hear the elevator open.

"Ah, Lady Barton, Brother! Please, join us in this meal of 'pizza'" exclaims Thor, his mouth half full.

"Brother, do finish chewing before you speak, it is most disgusting," sighs Loki

You and Loki make your way to the table and you both sit down, you next to Steve and Natasha, Loki in between Thor and Clint and across from you. Clint gives Loki a weird glance and then continues to stuff his face with pizza. You grab a slice and happily start eating pizza. Loki watches you in amusement before grabbing a slice of his own. Tony and Bruce were deep in conversation, Steve and Thor were talking about war stories, and you and Natasha were talking about your floors. Loki took this as a perfect opportunity to turn to Clint and ask him a question:

"So, Clint," says Loki.

"What?" grumbles Clint avoiding Loki's eyes

"What is (Y/N)'s favorite food?" asks Loki

"Um, either pizza or cheeseburgers, why?" answers Clint.

"No reason, just wondering," Loki turns away from Clint and looks thoughtfully into the distance.

You had heard the conversation and gave Clint a questioning look. Clint answered your look with a shrug. You rolled your eyes and turned back to your conversation with Natasha, "So, as I was saying..."

Time Skip: 30 minutes

"So what movie do you guys want to watch?" asks Tony

"Star Wars!" you and Clint cry, at the same time.

"Okay, Red? Any opinions?" Tony turns towards Natasha

"The Irony of Fate," replies Natasha coolly.
"Um, weird choice, but okay. Capsicle? What movie?"


"Okay, Rock of Ages?"

"This 'Star Wars' sounds quite fascinating!" yells Thor

"Great choice! Reindeer Games?"

"The Wizard of Oz sounds quite good." says Loki

"Great choice, and last, Banner?"

"I'm up for Star Wars." replies Bruce

"Okay, Star Wars it is! J.A.R.V.I.S.! Roll the clip!"

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...

Time Skip: 2 long hours later

You had fallen asleep about half-way through the movie, your head in Loki's lap and feet in Clint's. You were actually quite happy to fall asleep. Thor had been asking a ton of questions, like "What is that black robot thing? and "What is that big furry thing?" Loki, on the other hand, had stayed silent until you fell asleep. Then he started making snarky comments like, "That old man is going to die." or "Luke and Leia are obviously siblings."

Clint had gotten so tired of Loki that he eventually yelled "Loki. SHUT THE HELL UP!"

This had woken you up, you lifted your head out of Loki's lap and turned to look and Clint, sleep filling your eyes, "Why are you screaming?"

"Because your boyfriend over there, won't stop making comments!"

You looked at Steve, and then asked "Is that true?"

"Yes ma'am, Loki has been spoiling the movie for the rest of us."

"Loki..." you sighed

"I'm sorry, my love." said Loki

"It's okay. While, I'm going to bed." You got up and gave Clint a hug, "Night big bro." You turned and walked over to the elevator. It opened and you stepped in and gave a small wave to everyone.

P.O.V. Switch

Once (Y/N) had went to bed and the movie was over, Loki went to ask Tony a question. "Anthony? I have a questions regarding the Midgardian courting process."

"Alright, shoot," replies Tony

"What do women here enjoy on a 'date'?"

"Well, like fancy dinners and maybe a walk in the park or something. But assuming you are asking this question regarding (Y/N), she would probably like a causal dinner and a movie night, or
something like that. I mean, she might like a romantic fancy dinner, but I don't know."

"Alright. What do men usually wear to these events?"

"Um, depends. A fancy dinner or something like that would be a suit. A casual affair would be a t-shirt and jeans or something like that."

"Thank you for your help Anthony."

"Sure, anything for you, Reindeer Games."

Time Skip: Next Night

Loki, you assume, had left a note on your door that said 'Meet me on the roof tonight at 7:00. Wear something fancy.' You smiled and pulled the note off the door. You opened your door and looked at the time. The clock read 6:00. Perfect, you thought. You spent the 50 minutes getting ready, once you had finished you looked at yourself in the mirror. You had a sea foam green dress with white lace trimming at the top, you had put on gold earrings, a gold necklace, and a few gold bracelets. You had parred the dress with sea foam green heels. You had done a fancier style with your (Y/H/C) hair. You decided you were presentable. You made your way to the elevator, fixing your hair in the elevator doors. The door opened and you stepped in. A few seconds later the elevator had taken you to the roof, you stepped out and looked around. You spotted a small table with two chairs, there was a small candle on the table, and the railings on the roof were covered in fairy lights. You saw a figure step forward. It was Loki. In a tuxedo, the same one he wore in Germany.


"You don't look too bad yourself," you teased

"Thank you. Please sit," Loki pulled out a chair and you sat down. He lifted the lid from the platter in front of you, and you had a look of shock on your face. On the platter was a cheeseburger with fries? Loki chuckled at your surprise, "I was told by your brother that these things called 'cheeseburgers' were your favorite food."

"It is," you replied smiling. You picked the cheeseburger up, "Shall we?"

"We shall."

Chapter End Notes

That's chapter four. This one is the longest yet, but full of detail. Next chapter is going to have a mission and a party, I think. Reviews are always appreciated. Thanks!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers or J.A.R.V.I.S., they are owned by Marvel. I don't own the titles of any of the movies or books mentioned. The only thing I own is the character (Y/N).

(Y/F/TV/S) = Your Favorite TV Show

(Y/F/M) = Your Favorite Movie
(B/Y/C/R) = Book Your Currently Reading
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

You woke up in your bed, and sat up with a smile on your face. Your date with Loki last night was a success, in your opinion. After you had eaten dinner you at Loki had gotten up from the table and went over to the railing to look at the lights. You talked for what felt like hours, it really was only about an hour. Loki had walked you to your room and kissed you on the cheek and said, "I had a wonderful time, (Y/N), we should do this again." Then he went down the hallway to his room, and opened the door. Just before he closed it, he gave you a little wave and smile. You had proceed to go into your room and get ready for bed, you had fallen asleep with a smile on your face.

You got out of bed and proceed to get ready for the day. You walked over to your nightstand and grabbed the (B/Y/C/R) and Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone. You exited your room and walked over to the elevator.

"What floor Miss Barton?" asked the AI.

"Um, the floor with the kitchen," you said, not sure what to call the floor where you and the Avengers' spent most of your time.

The elevator started to move and soon you reached the floor you needed. The door opened and you were greeted with Bruce standing there. "Oh, hello, (Y/N). How are you?"

"Doing great! How about you?" you answered cheerfully.

"Good, thanks," Bruce stepped into the elevator, "Oh yeah, watch out for Tony, he's will want to know everything about your date."

"Um, Thanks, I guess," you stepped out of the elevator and walked to the kitchen. You were greeted by Steve cooking pancakes.

"Hey, (Y/N)! Want some pancakes?" asked Steve.

"Sure! If it's not to much work," you replied.

"No trouble at all!" said Steve

You placed the two books you had been carrying down on the counter and then, you walked over to the cupboard and grabbed a mug. You filled it with water and put it in the microwave, you then started to search the other cupboards for some green tea.

"Looking for something?" inquired Steve.

"Yeah, do you happen to know where the tea is?" you asked.

"Yeah, uh, that cupboard right above your head," answered Steve.
You grabbed the tea just as the timer on the microwave went off. You walked back over and pulled the mug out. You placed the tea bag in the mug and turned back around to face Steve. "Is anyone else up?"

"Tony, should be up in about 20 minutes, Natasha and Clint are in the gym, sparring, I think, and Thor went to Asgard to check up on some things," answered Steve.

"What about Loki?"

"I'm right here, love," said Loki

You turned to look at the door and smiled, "Hi!"

"Hello."

You turned to fix your tea, and then grabbed the Harry Potter book you had brought down. "Here's that book I was telling you about," you handed the book to him. He opened it and then walked back through the door to the living room.

"Here's your pancakes, (Y/N)," said Steve.

You smiled at him and took the plate from his hands, you set it down at the island in the kitchen, you then grabbed your tea and the other book you brought down. You sat down and opened your book. Today was going to be a nice, relaxing day.

After about half an hour of Tony questioning you. You had left to go to the living room. You started to watch Supernatural. Loki had put down his book and started to watch with you. After about 4 or 5 episodes, your phone started to ring. You picked it up without looking at the Caller I.D., "Hello?"

"Agent Barton, get your brother, Agent Romanoff, and Loki, and then report to headquarters. You have 1 hour," said Fury

"Yes, sir," you answered. You hang up and looked at Loki, "We got a mission. I'm gonna go grab Clint and Tasha, then suit up. Meet us back here in 15 minutes." You got up and walked over to the elevator.

Time Skip: 1 Hour, Place: S.H.I.E.L.D. Headquarters in D.C.

You, Natasha, Clint, and Loki were sitting in Director Fury's office waiting for him to arrive. You and Natasha were talking about your date with Loki and past dates she had with Clint. Loki was listening in on your conversation, smirking when you were talking about your date with him. Clint was glaring at Loki. You looked up at the boys for a second to see Clint giving Loki the death stare. You were about to say something but then, Director Fury walked in. You, Natasha, and Clint stood up. Loki was still sitting, you kicked his leg and then motioned for him to stand up. He reluctantly stood up. Once Fury sat down, the rest of you sat down.

"I bet you are wondering why I disrupted your peaceful Saturday," said Fury plainly, "Well, we have a mission for you. It wasn't big enough for all the Avengers, so the people whose skills we need to complete the mission are here. You need to eliminate Imus Champion."

"Isn't he, like, the fifth richest person in the world?" asks Clint

"Correct, but we have had some informants telling us Mr. Champion has been acquiring items that he shouldn't have access to," states Fury
"Why can't you just send some people in to confiscate those items? Why do we have to kill him?" you ask.

"Because, is trying to master and collect as much things as possible and we see him as a potential threat," answers Fury

"Do we need to collect the items?" asks Natasha

"Yes, you need to collect three extremely important items. I don't trust anyone but you three with them..." He was about to continue but then you interrupted him.

"But sir, there are four of us here,"

"Yes, I'm aware of that Agent Barton, I can do simple math. As I was saying, you need to collect three items. A prototype of the Nth Projector, the staff of Seth, and the Star-blaster. Here's what they look like," Fury slides a folder over to you. You open it and the others come stand by you to look. "You need to bring these items to me immediately after you leave."

"Where is Imus's current location?" asks Clint

"He is located in a base in Marin County, outside Sausalito, across the bay from San Francisco, California," answers Fury, "There is a jet outside waiting to take you there. You leave now." Fury gets up and leaves the room.

"You heard him, lets go," you say.

Time Skip: 2 Hours

"So here's the game plan, Me and Clint our going to go find, and kill Imus. (Y/N) and Loki are going to go find and collect the three items," says Natasha "Everyone agree?"

There was a chorus of yeses. Then the pilot told everyone they were landing. As soon as the jet landed all of you were out of the jet. Right before you and Loki went inside, you say Nat and Clint give each other a hug and kiss, they always did that, just in case. You always thought it was sweet. You wondered if you could ever get Loki to do that. Just after you thought that, Loki turned around and pulled you into a hug and then he gave you a peck on the lips. "Just so you know," he whispered, "I can read peoples minds." He then let you go and turned to walk into the building, you were still standing there with a look of shock on your face. After a few more seconds, you pulled yourself out of it and followed Loki in. The first thing you were greeted with was three unconscious guards surrounding Loki.

"No fair, " you whined, "save some for me!"

Loki chuckled and continued down the hallway there were about six more guards along the way, but they were either shot by you or knocked unconscious by Loki. You finally reached the door that you suspected the items to be and opened the door. You saw a guard standing there and just before you shot your gun, the guard shot at you. The bullet hit your shoulder and you cried out in pain. Just because you had healing powers, didn't mean it still didn't hurt. Loki came in the room and unnecessarily killed the guard. You looked at your shoulder and saw it had already started to heal and also saw there was an entrance and exit wound, so you were okay. You looked back up to see Loki walking towards you.

"Do you need healed, love?" asked Loki with a extremely concerned look on his face.

"I can manage that myself," you said.
Loki looked at your shoulder and saw no evidence of you being shot. "You have powers?"

"Oh, yeah, I forgot to mention that. I still can die though. I can't be poisoned, my heart can't be touched in anyway, and I can't be blown up or lose a limb. My body can't heal any of that." you said.

"Oh," said Loki. He turned and started to look through boxes. You followed his suit and opened a box.

After about 20 minutes of both of you looking, you had located all of the objects. You spoke into your intercom "All objects located. What is the status on Imus?"

"Alive" replied a gruff voice that didn't sound like Natasha or Clint. It must have been Imus himself.

"Shit," you said, "Imus has Nat and Clint." We need to go help them.

"Alright," says Loki, "Take my hand." Loki held his hand out and you took it. A second later, your surroundings had changed. Instead of being in a dark storage room. You were in a living room. You saw Nat and Clint tied together sitting on the floor. You ran over to untie them.

"(Y/N)," Loki cried, "Look out!"

You turned around to see a gigantic man behind you. He raised his hand to punch you, but before he could, you kicked one of his knees. He stumbled back a bit, allowing you to grab one of your daggers off of your arm. You threw it, aiming for his eye. Before it reached it's target, it was knocked aside. Then, before you could pull the other dagger off your arm, you were knocked to the ground.

"Ah, the famous Agent Barton," said Imus.

You looked around for Loki, but saw that he was nowhere in sight.

Imus noticed you looking for him and said, "Looking for your boyfriend? He disappeared right after you fell. I guess you three are on your own."

Clint had been knocked out and had just woken up. He saw you on the floor by his feet and looked up to see Imus towering above you. "Hey!" yelled Clint, "Leave her alone!"

"I wasn't going to do anything to your beloved sister, Barton," said Imus, "Oh, wait, that's a lie." He picked up the dagger you had thrown at him. "You see, I know all about her weaknesses, so I could kill her, right here at your feet. And I think I might."

Right before the dagger hit your chest, Imus was pushed to the ground. You looked up to see who did it. It was Thor! You got up and saw Loki had gotten the rest of the Avengers. Tony, Thor, and Steve were fighting Imus. Loki was rushing over to you, and Bruce was untying Clint and Natasha. When Loki had reached you, he pulled you into a hug. When he let go, he asked "Are you all right, love?"

"As okay as I can be when I just almost died and was knocked to the ground by a giant guy." you replied

Loki chuckled at your response. You turned your head to see that Natasha had pulled Clint into a hug. You turned again to see the boys still trying to bring down Imus. You looked around for Clint's bow and quiver and saw it resting on the couch. You sprinted over to it and picked it up.
You notched an arrow on the bow. You pulled it back and aimed for Imus. You weren't the best
with a bow and arrow, but, you could manage. When you had a clear shot, you released the string,
letting the arrow fly. The arrow hit the intended target. Imus look down at the arrow that had
pierced his chest and then look back up. He then crashed back to the floor. Steve, Tony, and Thor
turned around, expecting to see that Clint had shot the arrow, but instead they saw it was you. You
couldn't see Tony's reaction, he was still wearing his helmet. Steve looked surprised and Thor
looked impressed. You decided to break the silence and said "That was way much more trouble
than it was worth."

Clint and Natasha mumbled an agreement.

Then, Tony took off his helmet and said "I think there is a celebratory party in order!"

You just realized your head was still pounding from hitting the concrete floor really hard. "Maybe
after I wake up." you said. Tony gave you a weird look. Steve had a look of realization and came
sprinting towards you. The last thing you saw was Steve catching you before you fell to the

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter five. Imus Champion is a villain from the comics, all of the things that
were said about him were true. Also the three objects mentioned were in the comics
too. The Nth projector is a device capable of allowing interdenominational travel. The
staff of Seth is a staff that can summon animate beings out of the four elements. Last,
the Star Blaster is a device that can kill everyone in an entire city that was born under a
specific zodiac sign.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Loki, Imus Champion, or Director Fury,
they are owned by Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

When you woke up, you saw that you were in your bed. I guess someone carried me here, you thought. You got out of bed and saw that you were in a pair of sweatpants and a pajama top. I really hope Nat was the one to do this. You opened your door and walked down the hallway to the small kitchen. You opened one of the cupboards and grabbed a glass.

"How are you feeling?" asked Loki

Loki had scared you, so you dropped the glass on the floor and it shattered, sending shards of glass everywhere. A few of them cut your foot, but it healed a few seconds later. "Goddamn it!" you turned to Loki, "Do you know where the broom is? And I feel fine."

"Here," Loki made a broom appear out of thin air, then he handed it to you, "Did I startle you?"

"Yeah, I'm used to living alone, so when a voice starts talking..." you trail off, "Can you make a dustpan, too?"

Loki waved his hand and a dustpan appeared, he again, handed it to you. You started to clean, but then you heard a burst of loud music. "What's that?"

"Anthony decided to ignore your request of waiting until you woke up, so there is currently a party going on downstairs."

"Oh, then why are you here?"

"I prefer the company of books."

"Well, then, too bad," you start to walk out of the kitchen, "Because your coming with me!"

Time Skip: 30 minutes

You were back in the living room, waiting for Loki. You told him he should change into something other than battle armor. He finally walked out of his room. He was just wearing his regular clothes, just without the armor.

"It took you that long just to get rid of some armor?" you said

"I may have had a debate with myself deciding whether or not I should actually go with you. As you see, I decided to come with you." replied Loki, then he added, "You look quite beautiful, love."

"Thank you." You were wearing a red dress that ended at your mid-thigh. The top of the dress was covered in glitter, while the bottom had none. You had paired the dress with silver shoes and jewelry. "You look quite dashing yourself."

"Thank you. Shall we?" he asked
"We shall!" you replied, smiling.

You and Loki had reached the floor that the party was on and immediately you were greeted by a drunk Tony. "Hey, it's Junior G-man and Reindeer Games! You finally decided to join us!"

"Well, if you had started the party after I had woken up, we would have been here earlier." you replied

"Ah, well details, details. Come, join us! Eat, drink, and be merry!" Tony then wandered off, probably to drink more scotch.

"Well, like Tony said, let's go get some food and something to drink!" you excitedly say. You start walking over to the bar, Loki reluctantly trailing behind you. You finally reached the bar and got the attention of the bartender, "Can I have some hard apple cider?" A few second later you have a bottle in your hand. "Do you want something Loki? I recommend beer or whiskey."

"I shall have what you are having," replies Loki

"Okay, can I have another hard cider?" The bartender complies and hands you another drink, which you hand over to Loki "Cheers!" You and Loki both take a swig.

"This is not very strong," states Loki

"It's not supposed to be. If you want something strong, get some Scotch." you reply

"This will do for now," says Loki

"Okay. Hey look, there's Steve and Thor! Steve! Thor!" you cry, once they looked up you waved at them. They both smile at you and walk over.

"Lady (Y/N)! Are you feeling well?" asks Thor.

"Doing much better! Thanks for asking!" you then notice Steve and Thor drinking something that doesn't look like anything you've ever seen before, "What are you drinking?"

"Asgardian mead! You shouldn't have any though, it will not do you any good," says Thor. He then offers some to Loki. He accepts and takes a drink.

"This is what alcohol is supposed to taste like," says Loki

"Come on let me try some! I have found it is very hard to get drunk. It might have to do with my powers. Please!" you say to Thor.

"Alright, if anything happens to you it is your fault." says Thor. He hands you the bottle. You open it and take a swig. Once you finish, you hand it back to Thor.

"What's the big deal? It just tastes like really sweet, and really strong beer," you state

"Brother! I am liking your soulmate even more! Women who can handle there mead are quite rare!" exclaims Thor.

Loki gives Thor a look. Then he and Thor start talking about Thor's recent trip to Asgard. That leaves you and Steve to have a conversation.

"So..." you say, "Are you enjoying the party?"
"Yeah, actually! I thought I would hate it. I haven't been to a party like this a a long time." replies Steve.

"That's good! Thanks for coming and saving us by the way. A second later and I probably wouldn't be here to thank you."

"It's no trouble really! We are a team after all and we are supposed to save each other."

"Yeah, I have never really been on a team before, it's usually just me or me and Clint or even me, Clint, and Tasha. How are they doing, by the way?"

"There doing good! Both of them should be around here somewhere."

"Great! They usually are up and about quite fast, but I wanted to make sure!"

You and Steve continue your conversation. At one point you burst out laughing. Loki looks over to see what or who you are laughing at and see that it's Steve. Loki scowls in displeasure. He excuses himself from his conversation with Thor and walks over to you. When he gets closer he here's what you and Steve are talking about.

"And then," says Steve, "Then, Bucky is laying on the floor, he doesn't try to get up or anything. I go over to see if he's okay, ya know, just to make sure he didn't die or something. Then, I see he passed out. And I'm thinking 'How am I, a skinny 95 pound kid, supposed to get him out of there' So, then I have to find a phone to call his ma. When his dad gets there he is really mad. And I'm just standing there laughing when Bucky wakes up to see his pa standing there. His face goes pale and just before his dad could say anything, he passes out again!" Steve and you burst out laughing again. When you stop laughing, you see Loki standing next to you.

"Hey! I was wondering if you were ever coming back!" you saw that Loki's drink was empty, "Do you want another cider?"

"Yes, could you be a dear and go get it for me?"asks Loki

"Sure!" you turn around and walk over to the bar.

Loki turns around to face Steve, "How did you get her to laugh?"

"Huh?" Steve looks surprised, he was not expecting that.

"You heard me, how did you get her to laugh?"

"Um, I just told her a story about me and one of my friends from the 40's."

Just as Steve finished, you returned with two new bottles of cider, you handed one to Loki, and took a swig of another. "Have you guys noticed that we are like the only people left?"

Steve and Loki both look around and see that besides them the only other people there are Thor, Clint, Natasha, and Tony. Well, Tony wasn't really there, he was passed out on the couch.

Loki turns back to look at you, "Do you want to go back up to our floor?"

"Yes, please," you turn to Steve "Could you tell everyone goodnight for me? Oh, and thanks for talking, you tell the best stories!" and with that you turned around and grabbed Loki's hand. This time, he was leading you away.
Chapter End Notes

There's chapter 6! This one was kind of a filler chapter but something interesting is going to happen next. Hint: it has to do with animals.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers or Loki, they belong to Marvel. The only character I own I'd (Y/N).
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

It had been about a week since Tony's party and your nightmares had decided to come back. You hadn't had any since you had met Loki, maybe it has to do with the whole soulmate thing, but you weren't sure. This particular nightmare was a bad one, it was the one where you couldn't save that little girl. You were on a mission with Clint, Natasha, and a younger group of superheroes that S.H.I.E.L.D. was training, The Amazing Amigos, is what they called themselves.

You were in a Middle Eastern country, you were currently tailing a guy in all black. Then, it all went bad, he saw you, and then he grabbed a small girl, who was about 8. Then he pointed a gun at her head. Apparently that was happening to everybody, because there was suddenly a huge wave of talking on the intercoms.

"The guy I'm tailing just grabbed a kid! No, wait don't shoot!" you heard one of the Amigos say, you think it was Howler.

"No, please don't shoot, I won't move." There was a gun shot, "No!" Then, there was another gun shot. "There's a kid down, Awesome-Sauce, I need your help!" That was Four Seasons.

"I'm on my way."

"I'm trying to get into their minds, but they have some kind of block on them!" said Mistress Mentalist

Your attention went back to the child and man in front of you "Ne marchez pas tout pres! Si vous le faites, je vais tirer! Ne pas demander de l'aide, non plus!"

Luckily, you knew French, so you knew he was saying 'Don't step any closer! If you do I'll shoot! Don't call for help, either' You had no idea what to do, you knew you shouldn't call for help but you had to. "Таща! Мне нужно резервное копирование! Как прямо сейчас!" You really hoped the guy couldn't speak Russian.

But, of course he could, "Est-ce que vous appelez pour la sauvegarde?" he asked

"Non!" you cried, "S'il vous plaît! Ne pas tirer sur elle!" Then, there was a gunshot. The small girl fell limp in his arms. He dropped her and ran off. Then, you screamed.

You woke up, screaming and sweating. You sat up and tried to calm yourself down. 'That wasn't your fault! There was nothing you could have done!' you told yourself. You grabbed the glass of water that was sitting on your nightstand. You really hoped no one heard that. The last thing you need was Clint or Nat coming in, you told them the nightmares had gone away. Then, your door opened.

"(Y/N)? I heard you scream. Are you alright?" asked a voice
You looked to see what time it was and saw it was 8:00 in the morning. Great, everyone heard that.
"I'm fine," you replied.

"No, your not," you heard another voice, "We're coming in!" And with that, in came your brother and Loki.

"What happened? Love, please tell us," says Loki

"I...I had another nightmare," you said.

"I thought you said they went away?" said Clint. At the same time Loki said, "Another one?"

"I thought they did! I don't know! They came back two days ago!" you responded

"What was it about?" asks Loki

"The one with the little girl..." you said quietly

"That wasn't your fault, (Y/N). You know that," says Clint.

"I know! But, I could of stopped it!" you start crying softly.

"Hey, (Y/N), don't cry. It's okay," Loki pulled you into a hug. You accepted the hug and tucked your head into his chest.

"I'm going to go tell the guys your okay. They got really worried when they heard you scream. Steve wanted to suit up and charge into your room." says Clint, he then leaves the room.

After about five minutes of you and Loki just sitting there, J.A.R.V.I.S. spoke, "Miss Barton, Master Loki, I do hate to interrupt, but Mr. Barton requests that both of you come down to the common room. You don't need to get dressed in proper attire, your nightclothes are fine."

You uncurl yourself from Loki, "Well, let's go," you wipe your eyes and head to the elevator

The first thing that was said to you was by Tony, who obviously didn't hear your scream, he was probably in the lab. "Hey, Junior G-man! Why the sad face?"

Immediately after he said that, he was met by shaking heads and death glares. "What? I just asked a question!" said Tony

You ignored Tony and sat in between Clint and Natasha, resting your head on Nat's shoulder. "Is anyone going to tell me what's going on?" asked Tony.

"Well," says Bruce, "From (Y/N)\'s symptoms, it would seem she had a very bad nightmare."

Tony's face immediately fell, "(Y/N), I'm sorry, I didn't know."

"Well that's a first," remarks Clint, "He's never apologized to anyone before, " he turned to you, "You must be special."

You mumble something inaudible and bury you head deeper into Nat\'s shoulder. Natasha puts an arm around you and pulls you into a hug, "Все в порядке, дорогая. Это не твоя вина."

"We have a proposition to make," says Steve.

"Who's we?" asks Tony
"Me, Clint, Nat, and Thor," replies Steve, "We think, based on (Y/N)'s nightmares and Clint's suggestion. That anyone in the tower should be able to get a pet. Like maybe a dog, or a cat, or something like that. They might help remind people of home, or help with nightmares."

You lifted your head from Natasha's shoulder and look at Steve.

Tony immediately cried out "Absolutely not! I don't want wild animals running around my tower!"

You turn to look at Tony and give him a pouty face and puppy dog eyes. "Please!"

Tony's face softens a little, but he still refuses, "No! They will disrupt our work! Right, Bruce!" Bruce stays silent, "Bruce?"

"I kind of want a fish..." replies Bruce.

"Am I the only one who thinks this idea is stupid?" asks Tony. The room stays silent. "Fine! But if something gets destroyed it's your fault!"

You jump up a run over to Tony. You pull him into a big hug. At first he has no idea what to do, so he looks at Clint. Clint motions for him to hug you back. So, Tony slowly wraps his arms around you. You pull out of the hug and look up at Tony with a big smile on your face, "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" You then run over to the elevator and then tell J.A.R.V.I.S. to go to your floor.

"Where is she going?" asks Thor.

"To get dressed. I say we have about 20 minutes until we have to leave, clothes or not," says Clint, "So, get your asses off the couch and get moving!" Clint gets off the couch and walks to the kitchen, "I don't hear moving!"

Time Skip: 20 Minutes

Clint was right, 20 minutes later, you were in the living room. Everybody but Thor was in the living room. "Where is he?! I want to get my dog!" you cry, impatiently. Finally, Thor walks out of the elevator. "Okay! Let's go!"

"Wait! (Y/N)! We have to set some ground rules," said Steve, "Okay! So, how many of you want a dog or cat?" Everybody but Bruce and Tony raised there hand, "Bruce, what do you want?"

"I want a fish," replied Bruce

"Tony, what do you want?" asks Steve

"Not a damn thing!" replies Tony

"Okay, so we have to go to the shelter and then the pet store. First, Tony has to agree with whatever animal you pick, since he is paying for it. Second, the animal must get along with the other animals or at least coexist with the other them. Last, the animal must like or coexist with everybody else in the tower. Do we have an agreement?"

"Yes!" you cry, "Now let's go!" you run towards the elevator.

"Today is going to be a looong day..." sighs Tony

Time Skip: One Hour
All of you were currently looking around at the shelter, you, Clint, Steve, and Thor were looking at the dogs, Natasha, and Loki were looking at the cats, and Tony, and Bruce were in the lobby. You were currently sitting in front of a cage with a black and white husky with blue eyes in it. The tag read 'Storm.'

"Hey, girlie! How are you? You're such a pretty girl!" you coo, you switch back to your normal voice, "Hey! Steve! Could you get Tony in here?!"

"Sure!" replies Steve. You here the door open and close. A few minutes later you here Steve coming back with Tony, "(Y/N) wanted to show you a dog."

Tony and Steve walk over to you and you look at them, "This is Storm! Say hi!"

Steve behinds down and lets the dog sniff his hand. The dog sniffs, and then looks up at Steve and starts wagging her tail. "She seems friendly enough. What about other dogs?"

"There is another dog in her cage. A golden retriever. Her name is Peggy, I think." just as you said that, a golden retriever came out from the back of the cage and ran up to the door. Steve hadn't pulled his hand back yet, so Peggy inspected his hand and then started to wag her tail.

"Well! I like both of them, they have the Stark stamp of approval!" says Tony.

"Brother Anthony! I need your approval!" calls Thor

"Coming! (Y/N), Steve, care to join me?" asks Tony

"Sure!" you say.

"I'll join you in a minute..." mutters Steve.

You and Tony walk to where Thor's voice was coming from. You found him in front of a cage with a German Shephard colored dog that had poofy fur, like a husky.

"What is it?" you ask in awe

"This beast is a Norwegian Elk hound. My people use them for hunting. They make a good companion and get along well with other dogs!" answers Thor

"This dog has the Stark stamp of approval!" cry's Tony, "Onward! We must find Clint!" Tony then walks off.

"What are you going to name him?" you ask.

"His name is going to be Gunnar! It means fighter in Norse!" says Thor.

"That's cool! Sorry, but I have to go make sure Tony doesn't approve a stupid dog." you say, and then you walk off, following Tony.

You find Tony and Clint in front of a cage with a bloodhound in it. The name on the cage read Max. You went over to them, "Didn't we have a beagle named Max?" you ask Clint.

"Yeah, but this is a freaking bloodhound! They are amazing!" replies Clint.

"Huskies are better," you reply.

"Yeah, whatever!"
"This dog has been given the Stark stamp of approval!" cries Tony. "On to the cats!" Tony walks out the kennel door, you and Clint trailing after. As you walk past Storm and Peggy's cage you see Steve getting out the dogs.

"Steve! Could you get Max the bloodhound out of his cage? Or tell Thor to?" you ask.

"Sure!" he replies.

You then run to catch up with Tony and Clint. Then, all three of you walk into the cat area and you are greeted by Natasha.

"Hey! I was just coming to get you! I found the cat I want," Natasha leads you over to a cage with a Siamese cat in it, "This is Addie! But if we get her, I'm going to change her name to Aglaij (pronounced a-g-lie), it means beauty in Russian."

"Well, whatever her name is, has the Stark stamp of approval!" says Tony.

"Where's Loki?" you ask.

"He's in the back," replies Natasha.

You walk to the back with Clint and Tony following you. In the very back you see Loki holding a black kitten with a small patch of white fur on his chest. You walk over to him. Loki and the cat both look up at you. "Oh, hello love! Meet Tollak!" says Loki.

"Is that his real name, or did you give him that name?" you ask.

"I gave him that name, but he doesn't seem to respond as well, compared to his original name," answers Loki.

"What was his original name?"

"Onyx."

"Why'd you change it? Onyx fits him perfectly!"

"I didn't like it that much." 

"Really? I think it's cute!"

"Then, I guess I shall keep it."

"I give Onyx the Stark stamp of approval!" cry's Tony.

"Well, I guess that's everybody! We just need to get supplies and get Bruce a fish," you say, "I think Tony, Clint, and Steve should go get supplies. Thor, me, Nat, and Loki can handle the animals!"

"Sounds good!" says Tony

Time Skip: 2 Hours

In hindsight, 4 people handling four dogs and two cats was not the brightest idea you had ever had, but all of you had managed it. All of the Avengers and their new pets were lying on the couch watching the next Star Wars. Storm was lying next to you and Onyx was curled up on top of her. They seemed to get along the best compared to everyone else. Loki was sitting next to you, his arm...
resting on your shoulders. Next to Loki was Natasha, Aglaïj was lying on her stomach. Nat was resting her head in Clint's lap. Max was also lying his head in Clint's lap. Gunnar was lying next to Max, Gunnar had his head in Thor's lap. Steve was sitting next to Thor, Peg, Peggy's new nickname, had her head in Steve's lap. Last, Tony and Bruce were sitting on the two ends on the couch, Bruce next to Storm and Onyx, Tony next to Peg. You look around and smiled, you were going to be extremely happy with the new arrangements.

Chapter End Notes

"Таша! Мне нужно резервное копирование! Как прямо сейчас!" = Tasha! I need backup! Like now!

"Est-ce que vous appelez pour la sauvegarde?" = Did you just call for backup?

"Non!" = No!

"S'il vous plaît! Ne pas tirer sur elle!" = Please! Don't shoot her!

Все в порядке, дорогая. Это не твоя вина. = It's okay, sweetheart. It wasn't your fault.

There's chapter 7. I think I matched the pets with there owner's quite well. The Amazing Amigos, who were mentioned in the beginning, is just a thing me and my friend's made up, they are like our personal superhero group. But, anyway, the next chapter is going to involve a beginning of Steve and reader's friendship. Thanks for reading!
The New Found Friendship

Chapter Notes

Trigger Warning: Past Abuse Mentioned, The paragraph containing it will be marked with an asterisk at the beginning.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

This past month had been peaceful for all of you, no missions, no world saving, just relaxation. But that peace had ended today for some of the Avengers. Thor, Gunnar, Loki, and Onyx had to go to Asgard for official business and their father's birthday. Tony and Bruce went to a science convention, and Clint and Nat had been called on a mission, something about a 'Soulsword.' That left you, Steve, George (Bruce's fish), Max, Aglaij, Storm, and Peg at the tower. Your nightmares had gone away since you had got Storm. She has become very protective of you, and didn't like it when anyone touched you. Onyx, has also gotten very protective of you, you suspect Loki has something to do with it. You had been getting a reasonable amount of sleep for a while now, today was no different. You woke up in your room with Storm on one side of you and Max on the other, Clint had probably put him in there. Once you got out of bed and put on your lazy day clothes, a pair of joggers and a big t-shirt, you saw there were two notes on your nightstand. The first one was from Clint, it read "Fury called me and Nat on a mission. Should be back in a few days. You and Cap better stay out of trouble while your away. If something happens, call me," at the bottom was the initials C.B. You picked up the other note, this one was from Steve, "Went out for a jog with Peggy. Should be back by 10." You looked at the clock and saw it was 9:30, you could whip up a quick breakfast for both of you. You left your room and walked into the elevator.

"J.A.R.V.I.S.? Could you let Max and Storm off at the backyard? And then let me off at the kitchen?" The backyard was everybody's nickname for the floor that Tony had turned into a "yard" for the dogs to do their business. There were litter boxes for the cats scattered around the tower. The elevator stopped at the two floors, you got off at your floor. You walked over to the kitchen and started to make classic breakfast, scrambled eggs, bacon, and toast. You had turned on the radio and were currently humming along to "Carry on Wayward Son." You had just finished when Steve, the three dogs, and cat, got off the elevator.

"How was your jog?" you ask, over the music.

"Good!" replies Steve, "What are you listening to?"

"Carry on Wayward Son," you reply, "It's by a band called Kansas."

"Oh, well it's good," states Steve

"Order up!" you cry as you place a plate filled with bacon, toast, and eggs. You then grab yourself a plate and sit at the island next to Steve, "So, what do you want to do today?"

"We could watch a movie, or spar, or just talk," Steve suggests.
"We could do all three!" you reply.

"Sounds good to me."

"First, let's finish breakfast!"

Time Skip: 3 Hours

After you and Steve had finished breakfast, you watched The Sound of Music. Steve was very confused by the singing Nazi's. One of his comments was, "I hope that they know this isn't accurate, because it isn't."

When you finally finished the movie, Steve was still very confused, and you were trying to explain it to him, but in the end, you just gave up, he would never get it.

"Do you just want to go spar?" you ask.

"That would be great," Steve replies, a little too enthusiastically.

You laugh and then say, "I'll meet you in the gym, I have to go change into workout clothes." With that you headed over to the elevator.

About 20 minutes later, you where in the gym. Steve had gotten you both water and was setting up mats. "You are not going to go easy on me, are you Steve?"

"I was planing on it, but if you don't want me to, I won't," he replies.

"Okay! Let's go!" As soon as those words came out of your mouth, Steve came sprinting at you, but you moved to the side, just before you got tackled, "Remember, me and Tasha have very similar fighting styles."

Steve turned around and turned to face you, he wasn't moving so you walked over to him. You pretend that you were going to headbutt his stomach, so he went down to protect his stomach, exposing his neck to you, bad move. You jumped over him and grabbed his neck and used your momentum and his weight to pull him backwards. Once he was on the floor, you sat on his chest, your legs on both sides of his chest. "Are you sure your not going easy on me? Because those were some rookie mistakes you made,"

"I might have been letting you win..." Steve trails off. You get off of him and he stands back up, "Do you really want me to go all out on you?"

"Yes, I do, you know you can't hurt me that bad, and I can't hurt you so..."

"Fine, but prepare to lose."

"You are starting to sound like Tony," you remark. Steve gives you a weird look, but then gets into battle stance.

"Common (Y/N), show me what you got!" You smile at him and copy his pose, this was going to be fun.

Time Skip: 1 Hour

You and Steve had been at it for about an hour. You had won maybe, 3 or 4 times. Steve had won the rest of them, you couldn't even remember. You think you might have broken a few fingers, but who knew, if you did, there fine now. You and Steve decided to do one more spar, but weapons
were allowed this time, not real ones, but they could still hurt you. You had two fake daggers, and
two guns that fired bi-bi's. Steve was using a replica shield, this one was made of iron or steel, you
couldn't remember which. But, now was not the time to worry about what the shield was made of,
you had to worry about your attack plan. You and Steve were on opposite sides of the mat, he with
his shield on his arm, you with the daggers attached to your arm and guns in holsters on your legs.
"5, 4, 3, 2, 1, GO!" you cried. Immediately you pulled one of your guns out of the holster. You
started to fire at him, but Steve just blocked it with his shield. You abandoned that idea and put
the gun back and pulled the plastic knife out of the strap on your arm. You charged at Steve, who met
you halfway. You tried to 'stab' him in the gut, but he grabbed your arm a twisted it behind your
back. You kicked your leg behind you, and hit him in the gut. He grunted but didn't let go, so, you
kept kicking him. After about 10 kicks to the gut, he let you go, you spun around and punched him
in the jaw. He took his shield off his back and threw it at you. You ducked just in time, it flew over
your head. Before it could get back to Steve, you grabbed it out of the air and placed it on your
arm. You gave him a 'now what are you gonna do?' look. He grabbed the knife you had dropped
and ran at you. You put the shield up to protect your face, but Steve grabbed it off your arm. He
had abandoned the dagger and put the shield on his back. You, knowing you couldn't win, pulled
the guns, and remaining dagger out of the holster's and put them on the ground. Steve understood
what you were doing so he took the shield off and put it next to the weapons on the floor.

"One more or do you want to be done?" asks Steve.

"I want to go shower, and then eat an extremely late lunch, or really early dinner," you replied.

"That sounds good to me. I'm going to shower and then order food. What do you want?"

"Pizza!"

Steve smiles at you, "You always want pizza. How about Italian?"

"Get me some pizza from that place and then you can get pasta or whatever you like!" you say.

"That works."

"I know it does!" you walked out of the gym and saw Storm lying in front of the door. Everybody
had decide no animals in the gym after Storm had attacked Steve when you were sparring once.
And when Storm also attacked Thor... and Nat... and Clint. She was extremely protective. When
she saw you she got up and ran over to you, you pat her head and headed to the elevator, Storm
followed you. "J.A.R.V.I.S.? My floor, please!"

"As you wish, Miss Barton." reply's the AI system.

You spent about twenty minutes showering and were putting on the joggers, sports bra, and t-shirt
you were wearing earlier. You went down to the kitchen to see Steve feeding the animals, Storm
bounded off to join the heard of hungry animals. "Miss Barton, Mr. Rogers, your food is down
stairs."

"I'll get it!" you tell Steve. The elevator takes you to the lobby where a delivery boy is waiting. He
is looking around in awe. You giggle at his reaction, but them walk over to him, "How much?"
The boy looks up at you, "Uh, $25," he hands you the bags and you in turn hand him one of Tony's
credit cards. He hands the card back.

"Thanks!" you reply, "Have a good day!" You walk towards the elevator, when you turn around,
you see him looking at you in awe. The door shuts at you head up. You step out when the elevator
reaches the floor you were just on. You see that Steve had set the table and gotten you both drinks. The dogs and cat were happily eating there dinner. You set the boxes down, and grab the pizza box, you open it to see Steve had gotten a (Y/F/T) pizza. Steve sat down across from you and grabbed the other box, he opened it, there was spaghetti with meatballs in his box.

"So," starts Steve, "You know all about my past, but I don't know anything about your's or Clint's past. Why don't you fix that."

"You don't want to hear about my childhood, it's boring..." you say.

"Please, it can't be that bad," Steve pulls his puppy eyes.

*"Fine," you sigh, you look down at your pizza, "As you know, Clint is my older brother, he's about 2 years older than me. I also have one more older brother, Barney, he's about 6 years older than me. When I was about, 2 and a half, I started to show signs of my powers, like, once I fell out of my high chair and broke my arm, and then within 10 minutes, I didn't have a broken arm. My father thought I was some kind of monster, my father also drunk a lot and was abusive. So, every time he got drunk, first he would go after Barney, saying stuff like, "You should be more accomplished in life," and stuff like that, even though he was 8. Then he would go after Clint, saying he shouldn't like me as much as he did, because I was a "freak." Then, he would fall on me, even though I was 2, he still was just as harsh, saying "you shouldn't even be alive," or, "if it was up to me and not your mother, I would have put you up for adoption." He also hit us a lot of the time. This went on until I was 4, then my father and mother died in a car crash. We were put in the foster care system. We spent about 6 years in the system, I was about 10 when we ran away to Carson Carnival of Traveling Wonders to work as roustabouts. One of the acts, a sword-player, named Swordsman, asked Clint to be his new assistant, he accepted the offer. After that, he started to become distant, we used to be super close, but then he just slowly drifted away. Barney was getting jealous, so he was no help. I was 14 and alone, basically. A while later when Clint found Swordsman counting money he stole from the carnival, and when Swordsman offered Clint to join him and he declined, Clint got severely hurt. Barney had, had enough of the carnival, he went to go join the army, he wanted Clint to join him, but Clint declined. Clint and I became closer and then we both became Trickshot's apprentices. Then, when I was 18 and Clint was 20, Trickshot asked us to join his criminal group called Marko. We both declined and Clint hit one of Trickshot's guards with an arrow, I sliced one's neck. When Clint saw that he shot our brother, he was devastated. When Clint and me weren't looking, Trickshot hit both of us with an arrow. I immediately pulled it out of my back, and I pulled the other one out of Clint's back. Let's just say, that night was filled with lot's of blood. Then, Barney went on another mission, turns out he was working for the FBI. When we saw Tony admitting he was Iron Man, we decided we wanted to do that. So, we joined S.H.I.E.L.D., at that time, I was now 20 and he was 22. One of our first missions after we had completed enough training, even though we were already quite good at fighting, was to kill the elusive Black Widow, as you can see, that didn't happen. The, about 2 months before the battle of New York, Barney came to S.H.I.E.L.D. to tell them about Egghead. We were put on the mission with Barney and succeed in killing Egghead, but Barney didn't make it. And then the Battle of New York happened and now I'm here."

"Wow," said Steve, "And I thought my childhood was bad. If I my ask, how old are you and Clint now?"

"I'm going to be 24 in August, Clint turned 26 earlier this month," you reply.

"How come Clint didn't tell any of us?" Steve asks.

"He doesn't like big celebrations."
"Oh, well, thanks for telling me that. I know it must have been hard."

"Consider yourself lucky, you are the third person on the team to know about this. Clint and Natasha are the others."

You finished eating your meal in silence. When you both finished, you went to the kitchen to do the dishes. After you finished, Steve stopped you before you could go upstairs to go to bed. "I really do appreciate you telling me, I like knowing about my team. I never will be able to get what you went thorough, but I can try."

You smiled at him and gave him a friendly hug, "It kind of feels good to let it out. Thanks for having me tell you."

Steve returned you smile, you released him from the hug. You went to the elevator, Storm trailing behind you, "Hey (Y/N)!" called Steve.

"What?" you reply.

"We should have days like this more often, it was fun."

"I agree. You might be considered a close friend to me Steve, and that is a rare position to get." The elevator shut and you were sent to your floor. You got ready for bed and then climbed in. Then you drifted off to sleep.

P.O.V. Switch

Steve watched as the elevator doors closed on (Y/N) and Storm. He stood there for a few seconds and then turned around to go into the living room. He turned on the TV, not really paying attention to what was on. He was deep in thought, Maybe (Y/N) can help me get over Bucky. Have a new best friend, someone to talk to. I think Buck would be glad.

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter 8. I think I got Clint's backstory right, I just added (Y/N). I think in the next one, Loki and Thor are going to take everyone to Asgard.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Bucky, Loki, or Barney, they are owned by Marvel. The only person I own is (
Asgard: Part 1

Chapter Summary

Ах слава Богу! Я думал, вы умерли или что-то = Oh, thank God! I thought you had died or something!

 Ну я не умер! Вы беспокоиться слишком много! = Well, I'm not dead! You worry too much!

 Почему я должен? Я мог бы назвать вам сука, и вы не знаете. = Why should I? I could call you a bitch and you wouldn't know.

 There's chapter 9. The next chapter will follow the rest of the Avenger's stay at Asgard.

 Disclaimer: I don't own the Avengers, Loki, Heimdall, Odin, or Frigga, they are owned by Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N).

Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

 You and Steve had spent the next 5 days alone at the tower, Natasha and Clint had come back from the mission. Two more days after that, Tony and Bruce came back. Then, two weeks after that, Loki and Thor showed up, but, they were one week early. When Loki and Thor came back, all of you were in the living room watching Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows Part Two. They popped up right in front of the TV.

 "Jesus!" yelled Tony.

 "Goddamn it, Thor!" yelled Clint.

 Natasha, Steve, and Bruce had jumped but didn't make a noise. You, on the other hand had screamed.

 "I am sorry to startle you, my friends. We have some news to share!" exclaimed Thor, "Our father..."

 "Your father," adds Loki.

 Thor ignores Loki and continues, "Has wished for us to invite the mighty Avengers to Asgard! You have twenty minutes to get everything you need!"

 "You don't need to pack any clothes, those will be provide for you." adds Loki.

 Everyone was still staring at them in silence, until you jumped up and exclaimed "I don't know about you guys, but I'm gonna go pack!"
You left the living room, Storm bounding happily behind you. When you reached your floor, you walked to your room and pulled a small carry-on bag out of the closet. You grabbed the essentials from the bathroom, a few books, your phone charger, some pj's, two t-shirt's, and a pair of joggers. Once you were satisfied with what you packed, you decided to change, seeing as you were wearing an old t-shirt, and some pajama pants. You grabbed a formal, floor-length, dark red, dress out of your closet. You then did a quick formal hairstyle with your hair, put on some make-up, grabbed a pair of gold heels, and some gold jewelry. You grabbed your bag and left the room. You and Storm were the last people downstairs. Steve had put on a semi-formal shirt, slacks, and dress shoes. Natasha was wearing a black dress, Clint was wearing basically the same thing Steve was wearing. Tony had put on an outfit that he normally wears to one of his party's, and Bruce was wearing what he normally wears. Everyone had a small bag and there pets.

Loki had moved to stand beside you, "You look absolutely divine, (Y/N)."

"Thank you," you reply, a small blush forming on your checks.

"Is everyone ready?" asks Thor, everybody nodded, Thor lifted up his hammer, "Heimdall!"

Suddenly, you were pulled up by an unseen force. When your feet were touching the ground, you looked around. You were in a circular room, with a man standing in the center.

"Everyone! This is Heimdall, the gatekeeper of Asgard!" says Thor, he directs his attention to Heimdall, "Are there horses waiting to carry us to the palace?"

"Yes, but, I do believe there is not enough for all of them." says Heimdall.

"That is fine, some of us will just pair up! Everyone, follow me!" Everyone follows Thor.

You run to the front, which was quite hard to do, seeing as you were wearing 4 inch heels, you slow to a stride once you reach Thor, "Is Jane here? I wanted to meet her."

"Alas, Jane is busy with her astronomy, so she could not make it to the gathering." reply's Thor.

"That sucks," you say. You arrive at the horses. You see that you are two short, "I'll share a horse with Loki."

"I'll share one with Clint," says Natasha.

Loki climbs on to a large, gray horse, he holds out his hand, you grab it and swing up. You are sitting behind Loki. Loki moves the horse next to Thor, and then, the horses start to gallop towards the city. The gates open and the horses slow to a walk. People pour out of the homes and watch the procession. You here people talking, "Who is that girl on the horse with Prince Loki? Is she a mortal?" and "I thought Prince Loki didn't have a maiden!" When you finally reached the place, Loki help you off the horse. A servant came up and Loki took your bag and gave it to her. She took the back and ran off, probably to take it to your room.

"Follow me!" says Thor. He leads all of you through a large hallway to a huge door. The door opens and you see it's a throne room. There is an old man with one eye, sitting on the throne and an old, but beautiful, woman standing next to him. Thor leads all of you to the throne.

"Father, meet my good friends, and great warriors, the Avengers!" Thor points to each of you as he says your names, "This is Bruce Banner, Anthony Stark, Natasha Romanoff, Clint Barton, and (Y/N) Barton."

The man in the throne stays silent, but the woman standing next to him speaks, "Welcome to
Asgard! I am Queen Frigga and this is my husband, King Odin, the All Father. We wish to meet all of you soon, but currently, we need to speak with Loki and (Y/N)."

As soon as she said your name, your face went pale. Thor started to lead everyone else away, Clint gave you shoulder a squeeze, and then left. Once everyone was out, the guards at the door, shut the door. Now it was just the four of you and Storm.

The man in the chair–King Odin spoke, "So, you are the soulmate of my son?"

"Yes, sir," you say.

"And you are part of the Avengers?"

"Yes, sir"

"What are your skills?"

"I am good at hand-to-hand combat and can handle a variety of weapons. I also have healing powers."

"Is that so? Can you prove that?"

"I can, if you give me a worthy opponent."

King Odin waved one of the guards over, "Give her a dagger, and then fight her, injuring is quite alright, seeing that she has 'healing powers'."

The guard hands you a dagger, you accept it. Loki had secured Storm, to make sure she didn't interfere. The guard pulls out a sword. Then, advances, he swings the sword, and you duck. You aim your dagger for his sword hand and then throw it. It hits the intended target, the guard drops the sword. He moves to pick it up, but you sprint, as well as you could in four inch heels, and jump over his back. You lock your arms around his neck and bring him down. Just before his crushes you, you roll out of the way. You stand up and walk over to the guard and put your right foot on his chest. You look up at Odin. "Done!"

King Odin looks impressed, but then you feel something plunge into your leg. The guard had grabbed the dagger you had thrown at his hand into your right calf. You cried out in pain, but pulled the dagger out. You then sit on top of the guard to keep him from again moving. Loki, had moved to stand next to you, he helped you up. You then, limped back over to the throne.

"Father, that was unfair, once an opponent is on the ground, the fight is over." says Loki.

"That was completely fair, she didn't secure him well enough." reply's Odin, "I have seen enough, you are dismissed."

Loki lets Storm out of the boundary he had made, and had you place your arm around his shoulders. The guards opened the doors, then shut them after you had walked out. The other Avengers were waiting in the hallway, talking amongst themselves. Thor heard the doors open and shut, so he looked up. He saw that you had your arm around Loki's shoulders and that you were limping. The rest of them saw Thor look up, and then saw you clinging to Loki, like he was a life support. Clint got up and ran to help you, Loki gave you to Clint and Clint placed you on a couch sitting in the hallway, he then inspected your leg, and tried to slow the bleeding.

"Brother, what happened?" asked Thor.
"Father had (Y/N) fight a guard, she had clearly won, but then the guard stabbed her in the calf after he was on the ground." says Loki.

"Why would father do that? You are not lying are you?" asks Thor.

"No, I am not lying, why would I lie about (Y/N)'s health!" says Loki, he then turns, and walks down the hallway.

Just then, you cry out in pain, Clint was trying to stop the bleeding, but it just kept coming, and the wound wasn't healing. "This should have healed by now. I think there might have been poison on the dagger." says Clint.

"I shall go find out," Thor walks to the door, and enters.

"Well, Odin is a dick," says Tony.

There were mumbles of agreement. "Nat, what do I do, it won't stop bleeding!" cries Clint.

Natasha walks over and rips off some of her dress. She hands it to Clint. Clint places the piece of fabric on your wound. You hiss in pain. "Ow!"

"Sorry" mumbles Clint. He keeps putting pressure on the wound, but it won't stop bleeding.

"I'm really tired," you say.

"(Y/N), don't go to sleep! Stay focused on my voice. Don't close your eyes!" says Steve.

"Bruce!" says Nat.

Bruce walks over and Clint stands, letting him inspect your wound. "There definitely was some kind of poison on that dagger. It's bleeding way too much. And know (Y/N) and her powers, it should have started to heal, or maybe even already be healed."

Thor walks back through the door, "There was poison on the dagger! Father is claiming he had no idea that the poison was on the dagger"

"We need to get her to..." says Bruce.

You couldn't hear what Bruce was saying, your vision was getting fuzzy and you couldn't hear anything. You saw Steve look at you for a second, but then look again. He shakes your shoulder trying to keep you awake. But you let the darkness take you.

Time Skip: 1 Day

You open your eyes and see you are in a bedroom. The room was very elegant, with wooden furniture and a matching color scheme. The room was mainly green and black, with spots of gold accenting it. You came to a conclusion that you were in Loki's private chambers. You look down to see that you are wearing one of Clint's old t-shirts and pajama shorts. Then, you try and remember why you are in Loki's room. The last thing you remember is getting stab in your calf. You pull your legs out from under the covers. You see there is a patch of gauze sticking to the side of your right calf. How come it didn't heal?, you wonder. You look around again and see someone sitting in a chair in the corner of the room. Since you couldn't see who it was you called out; "Hello?"

The person sitting in the chair move and then lifted their head off of their chest. You see it was Clint. "(Y/N)? Was that you?"
"Yes, it's me," you answer.

"Oh, thank God! We all thought you might have died or something!" Clint leaps out of his chair and runs over to the side of your bed, "Do you remember anything?"

"The last thing I remember was getting stabbed in the leg by that damn guard," you recall, "By the way, why is there gauze on my leg?"

"Odin, that son of a bitch, had his guard put poison on the dagger in advanced. He doesn't like you as Loki's soulmate, he was trying to kill you. I guess he doesn't like the fact that both of his son's soulmates are 'Midguardian' or some crap like that."

"That's not a good reason to try and kill a person! Why am I still here and more importantly, how the hell am I still alive?" you demand.

"We are all still here because we can't leave until Thor and Loki sort this mess out, seeing as Odin hates you, and probably us. And you are still alive because, one Loki healed you, and two, Queen Frigga, who has taken a liking to you, forbid anyone besides the Avengers and two servants to enter this room." replies Clint.

"Can I see everyone, and maybe see Queen Frigga?" you ask.

"I can get everyone, but Queen Frigga might be hard to get. Loki and Thor might be hard to get also, because they have been talking to there father for the past 4 hours. And guessing from the occasional yelling, it's not going well."

"Wait, how long have I been out?"

"About a day, maybe a day and a half," replies Clint.

"Oh,"

"Yeah, I'm going to try and round everybody up, give me about 20 minutes," Clint kisses the top of your head, "And remember, don't leave this room, or the bed, your leg isn't completely healed yet, I don't think." Clint leaves the room.

You went back over the conversation you just had in your head. So, Odin hates me, Frigga likes me, we can't leave, and my leg is probably useless, great! you thought.

It actually had only been about ten minutes, seeing as the Avengers had all stayed as close as they could to your room. Thor and Loki weren't there, they were still arguing with Odin, apparently.

Natasha was the first one in the room. "Ах слава Богу! Я думал, вы умерли или что-то!"

"Ну я не умер! Вы беспокоиться слишком много!" you replied.

"Could you guys speak in English! Not all of us are fluent in Russian!" cry's Tony.

"Почему я должен? Я мог бы назвать вам сука, и вы не знаете." you reply.

Natasha and Clint both laugh at what you said. Tony looks at them like there crazy.

"What?! What's so funny?" says Tony.

"Nothing!" Nat's face returns back to her normal resting face.
Steve speaks up, "(Y/N), we are all glad your okay! Even though some of us like to not say anything about it..." Steve looks at Tony pointedly.

"What? You know I never say things like that! She knows I'm glad she's okay!" says Tony, "Right?"

"No, not really, I just think you hate me half the time, or think that I am just your's for taking..." you reply, with a smile on your face.

"See! She is the only one around here, besides Clint, that get's my humor!" Tony cry's in triumph.

Your face turns serious, "No, I'm really not kidding. That's what it feels like."

Tony's face falls, and Clint is trying very hard not to laugh. "Your not?"

You shake your head 'no.'

"Oh, then, um, I'm glad your feeling better, Junior G-man. We all thought that you wouldn't make it." says Tony, sheepishly.

You burst out laughing, "I got you so good! But, thanks! It really means a lot!"

Tony scowls at you, he then was about to say something, but Bruce speaks first, "How's your leg doing, (Y/N)?"

"It feels fine, but I haven't looked at it under the gauze yet," you reply.

"Can I take a look?" asks Bruce.

"Sure, whatever might help," you reply.

Bruce walks over to your bed and sits by your right leg. He unwraps the gauze, "It looks healed to me, there is going to be a scar, of course, but other than that, it looks good!"

Everyone sighs in relief, including you, "So, can anyone tell me what happened?" you ask.

Everyone tells you what happened, once they finished you made a comment, "So, Odin hates me?"

"Hate is quite a strong word, I would say strongly dislikes," said a voice.

Everyone turned around to see Queen Frigga, Loki, Thor, and Odin standing at the door. Your face turned pale. The Avengers scooted closer to you, trying to keep you out of Odin's view. Clint and Steve are closest to you, so you grab Clint and Steve's hands, maybe to keep your self sitting, or maybe to provide comfort, you didn't know which.

"I have come in peace to apologies for my earlier actions. They were unjust and uncalled for. I invited you here, but, I hurt you. I know you probably will not want to, but, I invite you, all of you, to stay for the rest of my sons visit. I understand if you wish to leave, though," says Odin.

Clint was about to speak for you, but before he could, you spoke, "I accept your apology, and I would love to stay for as long as allowed. I can't speak for my fellow Avengers, but, I personally would be honored to stay."

"Wonderful! Arrangements shall be made! Is Lady (Y/N), the only one staying, or shall I arrange for the rest of you to stay?" asks Frigga.
Steve speaks for the rest of the Avengers, "We will stay with (Y/N), where ever she goes, we go with her."
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

Once Odin and Frigga left, you and the Avengers spent time just hanging out and talking. Loki told you about the amazing libraries scattered around the palace, and Thor told you about his friends, Volstagg, Fandral, Hogun, and Sif. You were quite excited to check out the libraries and meet Thor's friends, Sif sounded absolutely amazing. Loki and Thor kept apologizing about there father and his actions, and you kept telling them it was fine, but they kept apologizing, until Clint told them to 'shut up.' You hadn't realized you had been talking to all of them for as long as you did, because then the diner bell rang.

You were about to get up and follow everybody, but then Natasha pointed out that you couldn't eat in your pajamas. So, with her help, you got ready for dinner. You had on a gray, sleeveless and strapless, evening gown, gold heels, and a small bit of make-up. You brushed your hair, and then you and Natasha left, she was wearing a black evening gown. When you made it to the dinning hall, the rest of the Avengers were waiting for you and Nat in front of the doors. Loki grasped your hand, and then, the doors opened. Everyone had been talking quietly but stopped when the doors opened and the Avengers walked in. Thor lead all of you to a table in the front of the room, it was below Frigga and Odin, but above the rest of the court. There were four people already sitting at the table. A large white man with long red hair and a long beard, a smaller white man with short, neatly styled blonde hair, and a goatee, a small Asian man with a clean shaven face and black hair that was put up in a bun, and last, a strong looking women with long brown hair that was half up, half down. When your group sat down at the table, you ended up sitting next to Natasha and the mystery woman, who you assumed was Sif, and across from Loki. Once everyone was sitting, servants started to bring in trays and trays of food, most of which was meat, with the occasional rolls of bread. Then, even more servants followed them with jugs of something, which you assumed was either ale or mead. Once everything was set, people resumed talking and started grabbing food and pouring the mystery drink. You grabbed the first kind of meat you saw, it sorta of looked like some kind of beef, but you weren't sure. You then poured yourself some of the drink, you took a sip and found out that it was mead, and really good mead, so, you took another sip. When you put your glass down, you saw that the four, unknown people were looking at you.

"And who might you be?" asks the blonde man.

"I'm (Y/N) Barton, Loki's soulmate," you shyly answer.

"Well, Lady (Y/N), I am Fandral!" says the blonde.

"I am Volstagg!" says the large man.

"I am Hogun," says the black haired man.

"And I am Sif," says the woman besides you.

"Thor told me, well, us, about you! I wanted to meet you!" you say.
"Well, you have met us!" says Volstagg, "We have met the rest of the mighty Avengers and heard there stories and tales! We have yet to hear yours! We wish to know about your tales!"

"Well, the first thing you should know, is that I have powers, healing powers, but I am still vulnerable..." you go on to explain your skill set, pausing only to drink more mead or to take a bite of meat. You then go on to tell them about one of the mission that you went on with Clint, you had to capture Augusta Seger, she had become an expert in mutagenics and was researching the human mutation that created superhuman abilities, she ended up replicating them, so you and Clint were sent to stop her.

Once, you had finished your story, you notice everyone at the table had been listening to your story. You look down at your plate to see that it's empty, so you grab more meat and refill your glass, you then start to eat. Now, Clint was telling the story in his version of events, where he made himself seem braver then he actually had been. You roll your eyes and focus your attention back on the food.

It had been about an hour and a half since dinner had started and now everyone was just telling stories. You were on your 7th or 8th glass of mead, you still felt fine. You noticed that no one else was drinking anymore. You reached out and grabbed the jug and poured more into your glass. You notice that the "Warriors Three" weren't really paying attention to Thor's story and they were watching you drink. Out of the corner of your eye you saw Nat give you a look that read "Show them what you can do," she knew you couldn't get drunk, and since nobody else was drinking, you downed the rest of your glass and grabbed the jug and started drinking from that. A look of shock crossed the three men's faces.

"What has startled you my friends?" asks Thor.

Fandral pointed at you and Thor just laughed, "Yes, Lady (Y/N) can handle her mead quite well, she has told me her powers help her with it."

Everyone's attention turned to you and Clint just started to laugh. You finished the rest of the jug and set it on the table, "I don't know about you guys, but I am tried, so I'm gonna go to bed. Goodnight!"

There was a chorus of Goodnight's. Loki got up as well, you grabbed his hand and you both walked out of the hall. "So, did you enjoy that?" asks Loki.

"Yes, that food was amazing!" you reply.

"I meant meeting everyone," chuckles Loki.

"Oh! Well, yes!"

"That's good," you both walk the rest of the way in a comfortable silence. You reach a door, and see that it's the same room you were in earlier. You see your bag sitting on a chair and you grab it.

"I'm going to go shower and then go to bed, you can go back if you want." you say as you walk to a door leading off of the main room.

"I am perfectly comfortable in my own chambers, I am going to sit in bed and read," reply's Loki.

You shrug your shoulders and then walk in to the bathroom. You proceed to shower and get ready for bed. You pull on the pajamas you had brought into the bathroom with you, they were (Y/F/C), with matching polka dots. You walked out of the bathroom to see Loki was reading Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire. You climb into the king size bed and get under the covers, "Will you read
out loud until I fall asleep?"

Instead of answering, Loki starts to read, "Chapter Nine: The Dark Mark..."

You fall asleep that night to the sooth, steady pace of Loki's voice and the occasional turning of the page.

Time Skip: 4 days

The past few days had been very relaxing, you had spent some time in the library, went horseback riding, spent some "girl" time with Natasha and Sif (it actually consisted of a lot of sparring, weapon practice, and gossip), and many other things. But today was extremely important, it was Odin's name day, so everyone was going to be celebrating with a huge party. It was going to be a ball sort of party, so all the girls had to wear dresses and the men had to wear something showing there status. You, Nat, and Sif were in Sif's chambers getting ready. You were going to wear a emerald green and gold ball gown with matching gold accessories. Nat was going to wear a purple and black ball gown with black accessories. Last, Sif was going to wear a fancy version of her armor.

Once you were all dressed, you walked to the main hallway. Sif lead you and Natasha to a set of large doors, "Walk in, the guards shall announce your names when you walk down the stairs, once you are on the ball floor, go find Brother Clint and Prince Loki. I wish you both the best of luck!"

You and Natasha look at each other and then push open the doors. You walk to the steps and both of you start to walk down the stairs. "Announcing Lady Natasha Romanoff, Brother Barton's partner! And Lady (Y/N) Barton, Prince Loki's soulmate!"

Everyone turns to look at you both, you look at Natasha and then whisper in Russian, "Ну я думаю, мы либо действительно очень, один из нас имеет что-то на нашем лице, или что-нибудь, что связано с принцем Локи является специальным."

"Я голосую последний и первый, надеюсь!" reply's Natasha.

"И я тоже!" you whisper back, your eyes moving around the room, searching for Loki. When you find him, you see he is surrounded by a small group of women, your breath catches and then your bump into Natasha's shoulder, "Посмотрите! То, что он делает? Я думал, что он заботился обо мне!"

"Он делает! По крайней мере я думал, что он сделал. Поговорите с ним, если он не приходит очистить или объяснить, приходите найти меня, я убью его был, он стоит!" reply's Natasha, once you get to the foot of the stairs she pushes you in his direction, "ИДИ!"

You huff at Natasha and then start walking in the direction of Loki. You hear people whispering around you, "Why is she even here? She doesn't deserve Prince Loki!" or "Why did he even accept her, a puny mortal like her?" You kept your head down, but then you felt someone staring at you, you look up to see Odin staring at you. When he sees you look at him, he smiles, smugly and gives you a little wave. I guess they only negotiated not harming me in any physical way into the deal, you thought. You turned your head to see if Nat was still there, but she had wandered off, probably to find the other Avengers, or Clint. You turned back around and continued in Loki's direction. When you get in hearing distance, you hear one of the girls talking to him, "Why don't you just forget about Lady (Y/N) and come with us? You could have some actual fun!" she then leans on him.

You then heard Loki's reply, "No, thank you, (Y/N) is perfectly fine, I don't need anyone else."
"Please! I bet you're just lying!" says a different girl.

You could see Loki was getting quite annoyed at the women, "I said, no thank you! I am not the same, stupid man as before! I actually have someone to care about and someone to love! I don't need help from any of you!"

As soon as Loki said that, you came up to him, "Hello darling! How are you on this fine evening?"

"I am doing quite well, love? How are you faring?" he reply's, he then gives you a small kiss on the cheek.

"Great! This party is amazing!" you turn to the women who were still standing near him, "And you might you be?"

"I am Freya!" says one of them, she had long, beautiful, blonde hair.

"I am Idunn!" says a young looking one, she had long brown hair.

"I am Sjofn!" says one with long, red hair.

"And I am Angrboda!" says a blue woman with red hair.

"Well, it is a pleasure to meet all of you! But, if you would please excuse us, I need a word with Prince Loki," you then grab Loki's hand and lead him away from them. You keep walking until you reach a secluded corner, "What were they doing?"

"They were trying, and failing, to capture my attention, and drag it away from you. I know you heard the last part of the conversation. As you can tell, I am extremely uninterested." says Loki.

"That's good! Because when I walk in, to see you surrounded by a group of women, one gets worried," you reply, "I have a question. What exactly did the deal you made with your father include?"

"That he must not cause any more physical harm. Why do you want to know?" asks Loki, he looked worried.

"Well... I think he knew there was a loophole in the deal." you say.

"Loophole? There was no way out of the deal, we sealed it officially, if he breaks the deal, horrible things would happen to him."

"You just said physically, correct?"

"Yes, just physical."

"Well, you forgot two things."

"And what would those things be?" implores Loki.

"Emotional and mental." you state.

"What do you mean?"

"He seems to have somehow, got the whole party talking about us. More specifically me. When I was walking towards you, people were whispering things, horrible things."
"How do you know it was him, it could have been a jealous women."

"When I looked at him, he gave me the smuggest smile I have ever seen."

"Curse him! I wished for this visit to be enjoyable and pleasant for you! Instead, you have gotten impaled in the leg, and hurt by the harsh words of the court!" exclaims Loki, "Go and find the other Avengers, I shall go find Thor! Tell them to pack their backs and change for the journey! We are leaving!" Loki storms off.

You look around and see a flash of red hair. You walk over to see Natasha talking to Lady Sif, "Nat, can I talk to you for a sec?"

"Sure!" she turns to Sif, "Excuse me." She follows you over to the same place you were just talking to Loki.

"Help me find the rest of them," you say.

"Why?" Nat asks

"Because we are leaving," you then walk off to find the rest of the Avengers.

In about twenty minutes, you and Nat had grabbed the rest of the guys. You were all at the entrance.

"I want to go back! I was having fun!" exclaims Tony.

"Tony, stop whining!" you say, "Everyone, go to your rooms and start packing! We are leaving this place!" you walk out the doors

"(Y/N), are you okay?" asks Steve, he followed you out the doors.

"Honestly, not really! So far this week, I have gotten stabbed in the leg, and now I am being mocked by the court!" you cry.

"What?!" exclaims Steve.

"Odin thought it would be a great idea to tell the court about how weak I am! And then Loki was surrounded by women, he ignored them, but still! Why does Odin want to make my life miserable!" you reach Loki's room, you start grabbing your stuff and throw it in a bag. Storm, who was asleep on the bed, woke up and started following you around. When you looked up, you saw Steve was standing there, looking at you sadly. "What?!"

"Do you want a hug?" he asks.

"No! Maybe...yes," He walks over and pulls you into a warm, friendly embrace. You start to feel better, you pull out of it and continued packing. Steve left after a few seconds, probably to pack.

You finished packing a few minutes later and then walked out of the room, Storm trailing behind you. You reach the grand entrance and see the Avengers standing there. Except Loki and Thor was missing. A few minutes later, they walked in. Loki and Thor looked frustrated, they walked out the door. The Avengers and their pets followed them out the door.

Soon, they were in the circular room again. Then, they were back in the living room of the Avengers Tower, Loki stocked off to your floor and soon, you and Steve were the only people left in the living room. You turned on the TV and sat on the sofa. Steve collapsed next to you. Slowly
you fell asleep, leaving your troubles behind you, at least for the next 8-12 hours.

Chapter End Notes

Ну я думаю, мы либо действительно очень, один из нас имеет что-то на нашем лице, или что-нибудь, что связано с принцем Локи является специальным. = Well, I guess we are either really pretty, one of us has something on our face, or anything that has to do with Prince Loki is special.

Я голосую последний и первый, надеюсь! = I vote the last one, and the first one, hopefully!

И я тоже! = Me too!

Посмотрите! То, что он делает? Я думал, что он заботился обо мне! = Look! What is he doing? I thought he cared about me!

Он делает! По крайней мере я думал, что он сделал. Поговорите с ним, если он не приходит очистить или объяснить, приходите найти меня, я убью его были, он стоит! = He does! At least, I thought he did. Go talk to him, if he doesn't come clean or explain, come find me, I'll kill him were he stands!

ИДИ! = Go!

Freya: Norse goddess of beauty, love, etc.
Idunn: Norse goddess of youth
Sjofn: Norse goddess associated with love
Angrboda: Female giantess, had an affair with Loki in Norse mythology

There's chapter 10! Next, chapter is either going to be readers birthday or maybe some bonding with a fellow Avenger.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Loki, Odin, Frigga, Sif, Volstagg, Hogun, or Fandral, they belong to Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

It had been about three weeks since your trip to Asgard. Nobody even mentioned it, not after Tony tried to talk about, and that almost got him strangled by Loki. But, today, nothing was going to worry you. Because today was your birthday. It was August 17th and you would be 24 years old. This would be your first slightly normal birthday, the last completely normal birthday you had was, well, 22 years ago. After you got your powers, you would be lucky enough to get one present, when you went into foster care, you would usually get a happy birthday, and maybe a meal of your choice. When you, Clint, and Barney ran off to the circus, there was never enough money to get birthday presents. And, when you became an agent, you, Clint, and Tasha would go out and celebrate, they each got you a small gift, usually. But, today, you lived in the Avengers Tower, surrounded by seven people who cared about you, so seven presents, in other peoples opinions, that would be a sad amount, but to you, it was more than enough.

You woke up in your room, and happily got out of bed. "Good morning J.A.R.V.I.S.!" you said to the AI.

"Good morning Miss Barton. I wish you a happy birthday." he replied.

"Thanks!" you answered.

You got ready for the day, wearing a t-shirt and jeans. You walked to the elevator, Storm at your side. You stopped at the "backyard" and then made your way to the common room. When the elevator doors opened, you saw the rest of the Avengers, sitting in the living room, in deep conversation.

"I'm telling you! It's a horrible idea! She'll end up crying or something," says Clint.

"Shut up!" hisses Nat, she then turns to you, "Hey (Y/N) How was your sleep?"

"Great, haven't sleep that well in over a month!" you reply.

You walk through the living room and go into the kitchen, you proceed to make some cereal and tea. You eat at the island in the kitchen, while looking at various apps on your phone. You smile when you see a lot of your fans had wished you a happy birthday, it was a trending hashtag on just about everything. You finished your breakfast and put the dishes away. When you walked back into the living room, the rest of the Avengers were still talking:

"We are doing it!" says Tony, "And that's final!" Tony gets up from the couch, "Well, I'm going to head down to my lab! Coming Brucie?"

"Yep!" Bruce gets up and follows Tony to the elevator.

"Thor, want to do some sparring?" asks Steve.
"But, I thought we were..." Steve gives Thor a look, "Yes, I shall join you!" Steve and Thor head to the elevator.

Loki picks up a book that is sitting on the coffee table and starts to read.

"I'm going to go clean my guns..." mumbles Natasha, she then follows Steve and Thor out of the living room.

You are getting extremely confused, you had told all of them when your birthday was, right? You knew that at least Steve, Clint, Nat, and Loki knew, and that they at least told everyone. "I'm gonna be on the library on my floor, if anyone needs me," you say to no one in particular. You walk back towards the elevator.

Time Skip: 3 Hours

You had been on your floor doing various things, when you decided that it was time to eat lunch. You checked your phone and saw it was 1:00 pm. You paused the episode of Supernatural and get up from the couch. No one had come up to your floor to say anything to you, you hadn't seen any living, breathing people since 10:00 am. You knew there was food in the small kitchen on your floor. But, you went downstairs anyway. When the doors opened, you saw Nat and Clint standing over a few boxes of something. "Hey guys!"

They immediately turned around to face you, "Hey, what are you doing?" asks Nat.

"I'm gonna make myself a sandwich for lunch. What are you two up to? you say.

"Just going through some fan mail!" says Clint.

"Oh, anything for me?" you ask.

"Well, we just started, so not yet," says Nat.

"Okay, well, I'm just going to make a sandwich and then I'm going to go back upstairs. Come up to my floor and bring me anything that's for me!" you say. You walk over to the kitchen and see Steve making something. "Hey Steve, what are you making?"

"Um, cookies!" he reply's, nervously.

"Sounds good! I'm just going to make a sandwich, then I'll be out of your way!" you walk over to the fridge and pull out some sandwich fixings. You finished a few minutes later. You then smiled at Steve and left the kitchen. You passed Nat and Clint and then went back to the elevator. They didn't all forget, did they?, No, I'm just being silly, you think.

Time Skip: 5 Hours

You had watched three more Supernatural episodes, and almost finished a book. Nobody had came to see you, check on you, or get anything. You checked your phone, it said it was August 17th, 2012, so, it was your birthday. I guess they just all forgot, you think. You start to cry, I thought today would be normal, like, my one good birthday, I guess I was wrong, maybe everyone hates me!

Time Skip: 1 Hour

You had spent the last hour crying, on and off, J.A.R.V.I.S. had asked if you wanted anyone, you had told him no. It was 7 pm on your birthday and no one, except J.A.R.V.I.S. had wished you a
happy birthday. You got up from your bed and went into your bathroom, and started to get ready for bed, there was no use staying up, nobody would even come to check on you. You were about to change into your pajamas, when you heard the elevator doors open, Hey, someone actually started to worry about me! It's a birthday miracle!, you thought, sarcastically. Clint walked into your room and saw you, looking miserable.

"I told them this was a shit idea! I fucking told them!" says Clint, he came over to you and pulled you into a hug, "I'm sorry, Tony wanted us to pretend that today was a normal day! All of us were originally against it, but then Tony managed to get everyone but me, Nat, and Steve on his side, so, we just gave in. There's stuff downstairs for you! Decorations, cake, presents, anything that you can think of!"

"I thought you forgot, and that no one cared! You know that all of my birthday's have sucked! You should have told them" you said, still hugging Clint like he was your life line.

"I wanted to, I really did! But Nat and Steve said that we shouldn't tell them, it's your choice, not ours!" says Clint, "Let's get you cleaned up! Then we can go downstairs, and you can beat Tony up! How does that sound?"

"I don't want to look okay! I want Tony to see what he did!" you say, you pull out of Clint's arms and walk out the door.

Clint just shrugs his shoulders and follows you out of your room. Natasha and Steve were sitting on the couch. They both got up to give you a hug.

"We are really sorry, I don't know why I went along with it, I shouldn't have," Steve mumbles into the top of your head.

"Я жаль, милая, я помогу вам удар Тони осла! Он заслуживает это!" says Natasha.

You smile into Steve's shoulder at the thought of you and Nat beating Tony up. You tap Steve's shoulder to let him know that your done with the hug, he lets you go and gives you a friendly smile. "Why isn't Loki here?" you ask.

"He was, well, he didn't really care what we did," says Steve, reluctantly.

"Oh," was all you said. You walked over to the elevator, the three of them following you, "Now, I have someone to 'explain' myself to."

The elevator took you to the common room. Thor, Bruce, Tony, and Loki were sitting on the couch. Tony turns around and smiles at you, but then, it immediately falls when he sees your tear stained checks.

"Hey, birthday girl, why the sad face?" he asks.

"Oh, now you care that it's my birthday!" you say, sarcastically.

"We were just doing to get your party ready!" Tony outstretches his arm to show you the room. It had balloons, streamers and signs covering the room. There was a table with cake, and various other food on it. And a large table covered in presents, there looked to be around 14, two from each person.

"Oh, so you all aren't heartless bastards! That's great to know!" you say.

"Lady Barton, there is no need to get angry! This joke is over now! Let us celebrate your day of
"No, I am going to get angry! This was the first time in 22 years that I had a chance at having a normal birthday! And guess what? That amazingly didn't happen! What a surprise!" you say, your voice rising in volume.

"What do you mean, by 22 years?" asks Tony.

"(Y/N), you don't have to explain yourself," says Steve.

"Well, too bad, because I'm going to!" you turn your focus back to Tony, "You want to know what I mean by 22 years? Well, I'll tell you. I found out I had powers after my second birthday! My father thought I was a freak, so, up until I was 4, I was lucky to get one present on any holiday or even a 'happy birthday!' Then, when my parents died and me, Clint, and Barney were put in foster care, I usually got one or two presents from the current foster parents. Then, when I was 10, we all ran away to the circus, and since money was always tight, I never got anything, the most I would get was a happy birthday from a few people. Then, when I became an agent when I was 20, and we befriended Nat, I usually got two presents, if we weren't on a mission. And, now I am in a place, surrounded by seven people who care for me, and have more than enough money to get things, and have more than enough technology to remind them what today is, I get no 'happy birthdays;' hell, I didn't even get a word out of anyone unless I directly talked to them, so, Tony, that's what I mean by '22 years!'"

"Oh," was all Tony said, Thor stayed silent, so did Bruce and Loki.

Everyone stayed silent for the next few minutes, until Tony spoke up, "Hey, um, I wouldn't have done anything like this if I had known about your past. I really am sorry, I dragged everyone else into this, so it's all my fault. I would get it if you hated me or something."

"Tony," you say, "I'm sorry I yelled at you, I, I just was so sad, and angry. I think I'm just gonna go back to my room and then to bed." you start to turn around and head back to the elevator, when Steve stopped you.

"Don't you want to see what we got you? I know you probably don't, but, opening presents usually makes people feel better," he says.

"I, uh, I don't..." you start to say. Steve grabs your arm and puts you on the couch in between Thor and Tony.

Steve walks over to the table and grabs two presents, "These, are from me," he says quietly.

You take the presents from his hand and open one of them. It was a book, titled Rebecca.

"It's a book from the 30s, I thought you would like it," says Steve.

You open the other present, it's another book, this one titled, Gone with the Wind.

"Thank you, Steve," you look up at him and smile. Maybe things were turning around.

Time Skip: 45 Minutes

You had opened all but two presents. You had gotten some books, some clothes, some DVDs, Tony had gotten you a collection of various tea, and Thor had gotten you a few small bottles of the Asgardian mead you had like so much. Loki got up and handed you the two small presents left.
"Happy birthday, love," he said as he gave you the presents.

You opened the first one, it was a small jewelry box. You opened the box, it was a necklace with a gold heart on it. The heart had small green gems on it. You unwrapped the other present and found it to also be a jewelry box. You opened it and saw it was earrings that matched the necklace.

You looked up at Loki, "Thank you!" you stand up and hug him. You pull out of the hug for a few seconds to give him a quick kiss on the lips. When you pull out of that you look him in the eyes. He then pulls you in for another kiss, but this one is longer, deeper, and more passionate. When both of you finally pull apart, you smile at him. Tony then ruins the moment by wolf whistling, it was quickly followed by an 'Ow,' you assumed Nat had kicked him in the shin. Maybe today wasn't perfect, but it was pretty good compared to the last 22 birthdays you had.

Chapter End Notes

Я жаль, милая, я помогу вам удар Тони осла! Он заслуживает это! = I'm sorry sweetheart, I'll help you kick Tony's ass! He deserves it!

Well, there's chapter 11! Next chapter definitely going to have Avenger bonding time, I not sure who with yet, though I know it's not going to be Loki and it probably won't be Steve, but who knows!
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

This whole mess started a week ago, the day right after your birthday. Loki had taken you out for a nice meal at Bouley, a fancy french restaurant. You had had an enjoyable evening, you and Loki had been swapping childhood stories, and both of you ended up laughing a little too hard for the restaurant you were in, they didn't kick you out though, mostly because the reservations were under Stark, and kicking out someone that knows Tony, could give there restaurant a bad rep. You eventually left the restaurant and returned to the tower. Loki walked you to your room, you had turned around and given him a peck on the lips, he smiled into the kiss, and soon, it got deeper, you threw your arms around his neck, and pulled him closer. Finally, you had to break apart, because even though you had healing powers and he was a god, you both still needed to breathe. You then decided to say three words, now thinking back on it, you realize it wasn't probably the best thing to say, you had said, "I love you." Loki's smile had immediately turned into a resting face, he then very quickly kissed you on the cheek, and then turned around and walked to his room. Over the past week, you had been seeing less and less of Loki, until today, when you didn't see him at all.

You finally decided, around three o'clock that afternoon, to go find him and talk to him. After looking around the tower for over an hour, you had finally found him on the roof, leaning on the railing, looking at the skyline. You walked over and stood next to him, mimicking his position. You stayed silent for a few minutes, until you finally decided to break the silence, "Hey, Loki? Why have you been avoiding me for the past week?"

Loki stayed silent.

"Sweetheart?"

He finally mumbled something, but, you didn't hear what he said.

"What was that?" you ask.

"I said, because you said you love me," he stated.

"Yeah, so what? I do love you! You make me happy! You make me feel complete! You are the person I am meant to be with!"

"You should not love me. I am a monster," says Loki.

"No, you're not! Sure, you made some bad choices, but all of us have made some," you thought for a moment, trying to find the right words, "questionable decisions in our past. But hey, we're human! We all make mistakes! Some people's mistakes are larger then others, but that's fine."

What I choose to do in the past does not bother me that much. It is what I truly am."

"Well, what are you truely? Spit it out, I won't make fun of you or anything, I'm not Tony."
Loki turns away from the skyline and looks at you, "I am not a true Asgardian. I am a Jotun. Or in less formal terms, a frost giant. My 'father' found me after a great battle and decided to adopt me."

"So? I don't care if you're a frost giant, an Asgardian, or even a human! I love you for your personality, not your background, or where you came from!"

"You would not care for me as much if you saw my true form." he says. Then he starts to change, his skin turned blue and strange, raised, markings appeared on his skin. His eyes turn blood red, "So? What do you think of me now? Do you still care for me?"

"I think," you say as you lift your thumb to trace one of the raised markings on his cheek,"That you look just as handsome, if not more."

Loki pulls away from your touch and turns back towards the city, his skin and eyes return back to normal, "You are just saying that, you do not care for me, you are just trying to be kind. I know you despise me!"

"No, Loki, you are wrong! I would not just say that! You know I don't trust people that easy and I would not tell someone who I don't love, that I love them!" you say.

"I do not believe you! I saw the look on your face when you first found out I was your soulmate! Do not lie to me!"

"The look on my face was surprise! I had just found out the person that I was meant to be with was the person who I was supposed to fight! If it wasn't for me, you probably would be in a maximum security prison or something! I got over my shock quickly, if you didn't notice, I was the one to convenience everyone else that you didn't want to hurt anyone! Why don't you believe me?"

"I am just going to leave. You will soon see why you should not love me! I am doing this for your own good!" With that Loki walked away to the center of the roof and called for Heimdall. He gave you a sad look before he was swept away to who knows where.

You felt like someone had just taken a piece of your soul or maybe heart and ripped it out of you, and then stomped on it a few hundred times. You slowly sunk down to the floor and started to cry silently. What have I done?

Time Skip: 1 Hour

Clint was the first one to notice you had disappeared. Nobody had seen you for over 2 hours. Everybody started to search the tower frantically, until Tony, surprisingly, realized that they could just ask J.A.R.V.I.S. where you were.

"Hey J.A.R.V.I.S.? Where is (Y/N)?" asks Tony.

"Miss Barton is currently on the roof," replies J.A.R.V.I.S.

Everyone climbs into the elevator and it soon reaches the roof. When the elevator opens, they see you sitting over towards the edge of the roof, bawling. Then, Thor notices that the markings of Heimdall were on the gravel.

"Loki has been up here! And he has left," whispers Thor.

"This sounds like a girl problem," says Tony, "Red?"

"Nope, relationship issues are your specialty, Tony." replies Nat.
"But.." Nat shoves Tony over in your direction, "Fine!"

Tony walks over to you. When he reaches you, he crouches down so he could see your face. "Hey Junior! What's wrong?"

"Nothing," you sniffle.

"No, I think there's something wrong. Spill," replies Tony.

"It's L...L...Loki! He... He said that...that, I can't!" you cry, you then curl into a ball.

Tony turns to look at the other Avengers, who were still standing at the elevator. Nat points up to the top of the elevator.

"Hey, J.A.R.V.I.S, could you replay the conversation (Y/N) and Loki had up here about 2 hours ago, please?" says Tony.

"I see that as being unwise, sir. I do believe that if I play it with Miss Barton present, she might go into a even more extreme state of sadness." reply's the AI.

Tony looks at the Avengers again. Steve walks over and picks you up and starts whispering calming words in your ear. You curl into his chest, still sobbing quietly. Tony follows Steve into the elevator. The elevator stops at your floor, Steve moves to step out, by then you start to sob more.

"Stop at my floor, please." says Natasha.

The elevator then stops at Natasha and Clint's floor. Steve sets you on the couch. Natasha follows him.

"You guys go see what the bastard did to her. I'll stay here." says Natasha.

Clint gives Natasha a questioning look, but Natasha returns it with a cold, stare.

Steve walks back to the elevator and the doors close.

Nat turns her attention to you, "Let's get you into a bath and some more comfortable clothes." She moved to her and Clint's room, you reluctantly got up and followed.

Time Skip: 2 Hours

Natasha had filled a bath for you and then put you in a pair of her pajama's. She then put you in one of the guest rooms they had, you had drifted off to sleep soon after. She went down to the common room. The rest of the Avengers and their pets were sitting on the couch silently.

"So, what'd the bastard say?" asks Natasha.

Tony replays the recording. When he finished, Clint made the first comment;

"I am going to hunt him down and kill him! Nobody does that to my sister!"

Everyone was silent for a few minutes until Thor spoke up;

"Shall I go after my brother and talk some sense into him?"

"Can I come with you and kill him?" asks Clint.
"No, Clint you can't kill him, yes he hurt (Y/N), but she still wants to give him a chance, I think. And Thor, that would be a good idea. I think I have a way to take (Y/N)'s mind of this mess, I think maybe we should each come up with something to do with her to cheer her up." says Natasha.

"I guess that would work..." says Steve.

"Okay, let's come up with a plan!" says Natasha.

Time Skip: Next Day, around 7:00 a.m.

You woke up and looked around. You realized this wasn't your room and then you wondered where you were. You then started to member what happened with Loki yesterday. You fell back to the bed, you were planning on spending the rest of your day, or maybe life, in this bed. You were just about to fall asleep again when J.A.R.V.I.S. made an announcement;

"Miss Barton, Captain Rogers is currently in the kitchen and wishes to speak with you."

"Do I have to?" you whine.

Tony's voice came over the loud speaker, "Up and at' em, (Y/N)! I would start moving unless you want me to start playing "Sexy and I Know It" over the loud speakers, and you know I will!"

You sighed and got out of the bed, you still had no idea where you were, but at least you knew you were in the tower. You looked down to see what you were wearing, and saw that it was one of Clint's old t-shirts and a pair of pajama shorts. You reluctantly walked out of the bedroom, and walked towards the living room. You then realized that you were on Nat and Clint's floor. You walked over to the elevator and stepped in. "Can you please stop at my floor?"

J.A.R.V.I.S. complied and soon the elevator doors opened on to your floor. You stepped out and walked to your room. The door was closed and Storm was sitting in front of it. When she saw you, she hoped up and ran over to greet you. You smiled at her and pet her. You then opened your door. You first decided to take a quick shower. When you finished, you changed onto some of your own clothes, (Y/F/C) t-shirt and black shorts. Satisfied with how you looked, you left your room. Before you went to the elevator, you looked at Loki's closed door sadly. You shook yourself out of it, and then headed to the elevator.

When you reached the kitchen, you saw Steve was making eggs, bacon, and toast, it looked like there was enough to feed an army, but, considering you live with a super solider and two gods, the amount didn't surprise you. You pulled one of the chairs out from the island and sat down. Steve sat down next to you, plate identical to yours, except it had enough food on it for two people. You and Steve both ate your meals in silence. When you finished, your brought your plate and glass over to the sink and placed it them in it. You turned and started to head back to your room, but Steve stopped you.

"Hey (Y/N)! How are you this morning?"

You thought for a few seconds, debating whether or not you should tell the truth, you decided truth, "Honestly, pretty shitty."

"Well, I know what can fix that!" Steve placed a plate in front of you, it was loaded with eggs, bacon, and toast. Steve then placed a glass of milk by the plate and handed you a fork, knife, and spoon.

You smiled at him, giving him your thanks. You happily dug into your breakfast, you hadn't eaten since lunch yesterday. Steve sat down next to you, plate identical to yours, except it had enough food on it for two people. You and Steve both ate your meals in silence. When you finished, your brought your plate and glass over to the sink and placed it them in it. You turned and started to head back to your room, but Steve stopped you.
"Where are you going?" he asks.

"Back to my room," you said, it had been fairly obvious.

"I kind of wanted to watch a movie, but I need a recommendation. Can you give me one? And then watch it with me?" he asks.

You give him a look but then sigh, "Okay, but after that I'm going back to my room."

Time Skip: 2 Hours

You decided to pick the movie The Artist. Steve seemed to enjoy it, probably because the movie was set in the late 1920's. He actually had to be the one explaining things to you, not the other way around.

You got up from the couch, "That was a good movie! It was nice to spend some time with you! But, I think I'm going to head to my room now." It had been nice to spend time with Steve, but you kind of just wanted to spend some time thinking about your relationship, it was, after all, falling apart.

Just then, Tony and Bruce showed up. "Just the person we were looking for! We need to test you on a few things, and I wanted your input on the new suit I'm making for you!" said Tony.

"Can we do this later? I don't want to be rude or anything..." You start.

"Nope! Doing it now! No arguments!" Tony grabbed your arm and pulled you into the elevator, Bruce trailing after, "J.A.R.V.I.S., workshop please!"

The elevator started to move down. When it stopped, Tony pulled you onto a floor you had never seen.

"Welcome to my workshop! Oh, and Bruce's lab!" cried Tony, "Let's get started!"

Time Skip: 1 and a half hours

Bruce had you do a few tests, including, endurance, speed, and a few others. That had taken a while, mostly because Tony was there the entire time, making lots of unnecessary comments. You were doing your last test, strength. You were free lifting about 45 pounds.

"Come on Junior! Even I can do better than that! Add ten more!" yelled Tony.

"Bruce, give me 20 more," you grunt.

"Are you sure, (Y/N)?" Bruce asks.

"Positive, hell, give me 30 more! I want to prove that bastard wrong!"

Bruce reluctantly added 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, then a total of 30 pounds. You were up to 75 pounds. You could lift it better than you thought. "Add twenty-five more!" You gasp.

"I don't think that's a good idea..." Bruce says.

"Add the damn weight!" You growl.

Bruce adds 25 pounds. You are now lifting 100 pounds, well, not really. You mange to move it half an inch up, before you give up. You crawl out from the bench. Tony is laughing at you.
"Yeah? I bet you couldn't even lift 75!" You challenge.

"You want to bet?" Asks Tony.

"Sure, $50 says you can't lift 75!"

"You got yourself a deal!" Tony walks over and climbs on to the bench. Bruce had already taken 25 off. Tony grabbed the bar and began to lift up. He did one rep, and then placed the bar back down. "I'll take my $50 now!" Tony holds his arm out to you.

"We never shook on it," you say, "so, no money for Tony!"

"What? Not cool man, not cool! I get my money!"

"Why do you even want more money? Your a freaking billionaire! You should be giving me money!"

"Or I could just kick you out!" suggests Tony.

"You wouldn't let a poor girl like me live on the streets! Would you?" you say dramatically.

"No, I'd buy her an apartment in L.A." reply's Tony.

"Sure!" you laugh.

"Aright you two, enough! Don't you have to show her the new suit Tony?" says Bruce.

"Yeah, but you ruin all the fun!" sighs Tony, "Follow me, (Y/N)!"

Tony leads you out of the testing facility and past Bruce's lab. You end up in a circular room with Iron Man suits lining the walls. In the center there were tables randomly scattered around with various tools and armor on them, but the very center was completely empty. Tony walked over to a table with blueprints scattered around on it. Tony looked through them and then pulled one out and put it on top of the others. Tony walked over to a table with a blueprint for your new suit.

'As you can see, it looks very similar to your old suit, but with a few modifications. It is now almost completely weapon proof, there are more spots to hide weapons, like right here," Tony points to a small almost invisible pocket on your thigh, "is for poison or extra bullets. I also added more space for medical supplies. You also have connection to J.A.R.V.I.S and a better communication system." Tony walks over to another table and grabs something, you can't tell what it is. Tony walks back over and places it in your hand, "This is the new communication system, you can hear everyone clearer and it picks up only the sound of the person wearing it, so no background noise. It also is fitted perfectly to the shape of your ear, so it can't fall out." you inspect the small, round, black communicator and then place it in your ear, it fit perfect, "The suit is also going to be made of a new more flexible, comfortable, and durable material, it's a mix of spandex, polyester, and nylon. Oh, and there is a small tracking device in the uniform, you know, just in case. Any suggestions?"

You think for a moment and then speak; "I think you should connect the communication system to 911 and the personal numbers of the rest of the team. Also, you should be able to add whatever
phone numbers you want, within reason of course. And could you maybe add a symbol or something, somewhere? But, other than that, I think it's good."

"I'll see what I can do! I'm glad you like it! Well, I guess we're done here! I'll walk you to the elevator!" Tony leads you out of his workshop and back through Bruce's lab and the testing facility. He stops in front of the elevator, "I hope that was kind of fun, I know I can be a bit dull, but I try!"

"It was fine Tony! But, I think I'm going to get some food and then head back to my room!" you step on to the elevator and then turn around to face Tony, you give him a wave just as the doors close. "My floor please!" Maybe you could finally get some alone time, not that you didn't like spending time with your fellow Avengers, it's just that you needed sometime to think. You reached your floor and stepped out, Storm and Max ran to greet you, "Hey, Max! What are you doing here, huh? Did Clint leave you here to bother me?"

"No, he just followed me here," said Clint as he walked out of your small kitchen.

It looked like you wouldn't be having time to yourself right after all.

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter 12! Sorry this one took a while, I had a lot of homework this week and a few tests, so it was hard to find time to write. I hope to get part two up soon! Thanks for being patient!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Loki, or J.A.R.V.I.S., they are owned by Marvel. I also don't own The Artist, that is owned by Warner Bros.
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

Clint had convinced you to go out to a cafe for lunch. You agreed but went into your room to change, seeing as it was about 80°F and you were wearing jeans. You came out of your room and saw Clint on lying on the floor with the dogs. You smiled and then said, "Has the hawk made some new friends?"

Clint jumped up at the sound of your voice and then smiled, "Yep! And he's pretty happy about it!"

"Whatever, let's go," you head towards the elevator and step in, "Lobby please! Oh, and J.A.R.V.I.S., could you let everyone know that me and Clint are going out?"

"Yes, I will do that." reply's J.A.R.V.I.S.

You turn your attention to your older brother, "So, where are we going?"

"Cafe Metro," reply's Clint.

"Sounds good!" the elevator stops and you both climb out, into the lobby. It is bustling with workers, and paparazzi. As soon as the paparazzi see both of you, they rush over and start to take pictures. You and Clint tried to ignore them and walked out of the building, only to be swarmed by more paparazzi and fans, "Clint! Hail a cab!"

Clint runs over to the curb and sticks his arm out, a cab immediately stops and Clint grabs your arm. He pulls you into the cab and shuts the door. "You know, I would think after 4 months, they would find better news to cover! I mean, can't they just leave us alone!"

"Oh, shut up, you love the attention!" you remark.

"Not really, I'm not Tony," he reply's.

"Sure," you mutter under your breath.

You soon arrived at the cafe, Clint payed the cab driver and then you both walked in. You both walked up to the counter. You felt like there were at least a dozen pairs of eyes, watching you, you turned around and saw a few heads turn back around. You sighed, I really do miss when no one knew who I was. You and Clint both ordered a sandwich and went to find a seat. You chose a secluded corner.

"So, how's my big bro doing?" you ask.

Clint thought for a moment before he spoke, "Not as good as I could be. How about you?"

"Getting by, feel better than I did this morning, I mean, I still feel like crap, but..." you trail off.

Clint nodded his head and then looked like he was about to say something, but then your food
"Thank you," you say.

Once the server left, Clint spoke, "So, what are you going to do about, ya know..."

"What?"

"You know, your problem."

"What problem? Or should I say which, you know I have a lot of problems, you gotta be more specific."

"The one with your relationship..."

"Oh, well, honestly, I was just going to leave Loki alone, and then hope that he was going to come to his senses," you took a bite of your sandwich.

"That's a good plan..."

You and Clint stay silent for a few minutes, each of you eating your sandwiches, until you spoke again, "Hey, want to know what I did to Tony this morning?"

Time Skip: 30 Minutes

You and Clint were now coming up with ideas for pranks after you told him about what you did to Tony this morning.

"How about, we tell Thor that on Earth, you call everyone bitch?" suggests Clint.

You snort with laughter, "That's a good one! Are you writing theses down?"

"I am now!" Clint pulls out his phone and starts to type.

"How about, we pour out one of Tony's expensive whiskey's and then put in apple juice!?"

"Yes! That's even better! We need to go get supplies for this!" Clint stands up and walks out the door.

You hurry out the door to follow him, and suggest another idea, "What if we take all of Steve's clothes and replace them with anything that has an American flag on it!"

Clint bursts out laughing, "Yes! How did we not see that one before!"

You both start walking back towards the Tower, "So, we need to stop at a grocery store and some clothes stores! Wait, we need to know how many of everything Steve has! I'm going to call Tony and ask!" You grab your phone out of your pocket and dial Tony's number, "Come on, come on, come on, pick up!"

Tony finally picks up, "Talk to me."

"Hey, Tony, I need you to find out how much of each article of clothing Steve has!"

"Why?"

"Because, me and Clint are going to prank him! Hurry up!"
"Okay, give me a second," You hear Tony talking to someone else and then he comes back on, "Okay, Steve has 20 boxers, 10 pairs of pants, 5 athletic shorts, 5 workout shirts, 10 button up shirts, 10 t-shirts, 2 sweat shirts, 1 tux, 20 pairs of socks and 10 undershirts. Anything else?"

"Yes, can we use your credit card for this endeavor?"

"Sure, go crazy, and remember, don't do anything I wouldn't do!" Tony hangs up.

You repeat the numbers to Clint, "Okay, looks like we have some shopping to do!"

Time Skip: 2 Hours

You and Clint had went to over 20 stores and had gotten everything you needed, except a American flag patterned tux and apple juice.

"Clint, can you stop at a grocery store to get some apple juice, I'm going to text Tony and ask him to buy an American flag tux."

Clint nods and heads into a grocery store. He came out in 5 minutes with two bottles of apple juice. You had also asked Tony to come pick you up and he was helping you load the bags of clothes into his Bugatti.

"What's the apple juice for?" Tony asks.

"I really like apple juice!" exclaims Clint.

"Okay, then...Now come help!" says Tony.

Time Skip: 20 Minutes

"I'm going to go distract Steve, you guys bring the clothes in and start switching them! I don't know how long I can give you, so move fast!" you say. You walk through the garage and to the elevator. "J.A.R.V.I.S., please take me to the floor Steve is on!"

"Right away Miss Barton, Mr. Rogers is currently in the kitchen." The elevator starts to move up and then stops at the kitchen.

"Oh, and J.A.R.V.I.S., if Steve wants to go to his floor, could you say that Nat wants to talk to him in the gym," you say.

"I will do what I can, Miss Barton," reply's J.A.R.V.I.S.

"Thanks," you walk out of the elevator to see Steve walking out of the kitchen, "Hey Steve, how are you?"

"Hey (Y/N), I'm good! How was your lunch with Clint?" asks Steve.

"Great, yeah, I dragged him around, made him go shopping, you know girl stuff. So, what are you doing?"

"I was going to head the gym to spar with Nat, want to come?"

"Sure, I have to go change though, I don't think jean shorts and a t-shirt would be good to spar in," you say, "Are you going to head down or come with me?"

"Um, I'll wait for you in your living room," reply's Steve.
"Great," you walk over to the elevator and hope that Tony and Clint aren't in the elevator. The elevator opens right before you reach it and you see that it's Bruce with Storm, Max, Peggy, Onyx, Gunnar, and Aglaij, the dogs come running out of the elevator, nipping, and barking at each other, Storm and Peggy stop for a few seconds to say hello to you and Steve, but then go bounding off again. Onyx and Aglaij slink over to you and both of them rub up against your legs, then they walk off to who knows where. Steve gives you a confused look and you shrug your shoulders in return. You give Bruce a nod and then you and Steve step into the elevator. Thankfully, the elevator didn't stop on any other floors. You told Steve to sit down and then you walked to your room. You quickly changed into a pair of workout shorts and a workout t-shirt. When you walk back out you see Steve inspecting a bottle on your dining room table.

"Why is there a bottle of apple juice on your table?" asks Steve.

"Um, if I tell you, promise not to yell or get mad," you say.

"I can't promise anything, but I'll try."

"Okay, me and Clint are going to pour out one of Tony's expensive whiskey's and then replace it with that," you say.

Steve stays silent, but then says, "I'm not even going to try and talk you out of this, and frankly, I want to see Tony's face when he tastes this."

"Oh, well, then, before we stop at the gym, can I do that really quick?"

"Sure, I don't mind."

You walk over to the elevator to be greeted by Tony and Clint.

"Hey, we finished..." started Tony, but then he stops once he sees Steve.

You look over at Steve to see that he hid the apple juice behind his back.

Tony continued speaking, "That new design for you suit, if you wanted to come check it out."

"Sorry, I'm going to the gym with Steve and Nat, maybe some other time," you reply.

"That's okay, maybe some other time," you then heard him mumble under his breath, "when it's actually ready..."

"Do you want to hope in with us?" asks Clint.

"No, will take the next one, we have to stop to get some refills," you hint.

Luckily, Clint gets what you're hinting at, so he just shrugs and says, "Okay, whatever."

The elevator closes and you sigh, "That was close..."

"Yeah, Tony would have wondered why I was holding apple juice." adds Steve.

"Yep," you say, "Let's get rid of the juice before anyone else get's suspicious."

Time Skip: 2 Hours

You and Steve had successfully switched the apple juice and the whiskey. Then, you went to the gym to spar with Nat. Usually when you were sparring with two other people, you and another
person were on a team, mostly because you were usually the less skilled one. Today was no
different, you and Steve were on a team against Nat. Nat had managed to take Steve down, so you
were on your own. You were advancing towards her, but she ran towards you and put you in a
choke hold. You kicked her in the leg, hoping to weaken her stance, but she didn't budge. You
slammed your head up, hoping to hit something, but next thing you know, you were being flipped
over Nat's shoulder's and lying on the the floor next to Steve. Nat grabbed your hand and helped
you up. Steve got up and grabbed a towel.

"I'm going to grab a shower and then order dinner, what do you dames want?" asks Steve.

"I vote hamburgers!" you say.

"I just want food," says Natasha.

"Hamburgers it is! Be in the living room in half an hour to get hot food." Steve walks out of the
gym. You are trying to hold back laughter.

"What did you do?" asks Natasha.

"You'll find out in about half an hour!" you cry. You walk out of the gym towards the elevator, Oh,
this was going to be good, you thought.

Time Skip: 30 Minutes

You were sitting in the living room watching TV with Tony, Clint, Bruce, and Tasha when you
heard Steve yelling from his floor, which was three floors above where you were.

"What the...? WHO MESSED WITH MY CLOTHES?!"

You started to snicker, so did Tony, and Clint. You waited about two minutes until Steve came
bursting into the living room.

"Tony? Clint? Who did it?" asked Steve, though it was very hard to take someone serious when
their shirt and pants are covered in American flags.

Tony and Clint put on there serious faces, while you and Nat were laughing so hard, that you were
crying and Bruce was trying to be serious, but ended up laughing along with you and Nat.

"Wasn't my idea!" said Tony and Clint, "it was (Y/N)'s!"

"Yeah right, (Y/N) wouldn't do...," Steve stops talking and realization crosses his face, "You, it was
your idea?"

"I might have had the idea, but Clint wanted to do it, and then I needed to ask Tony about what
clothes you had, so they did it! I just came up with the idea!" you say.

"Okay, I forgive you, but not Tony or Clint," Steve gives you a apologetic look, but then shoots
Tony and Clint with a glare, "Now, if you excuse me, I would like to change back into my actual
clothes, but, where are they?"

You shrug your shoulders, "I didn't do that part."

"I might have dumped them down a garbage shoot..." says Clint.

"CLINT! I told you to hide the clothes, not ruin them!" you say.
"No, you said depose of them, and I did!" reply's Clint.

You were about to yell at Clint some more, but, Nat got up and hit the back of Clint's head, extremely hard.

"OW! What the hell was that for?!" Clint yells.

"For being a smart-ass," replied Natasha.

"But I'm your smart-ass," says Clint.

"True," says Nat, she apologizes by giving Clint a small kiss on the lips.

"Awwwww!" you say.

"Get a room!" yells Tony.

"But we are in a room," says Clint.

Before a fight broke out, you spoke up, "Steve, I bet some of Thor's clothes would fit you, he wouldn't mind. Also, did you order dinner?"

"Yeah, right before I got in the shower," reply's Steve.

"Great! It should be here once you change," you turn your attention to J.A.R.V.I.S., "Hey J.A.R.V.I.S.? Could you order Steve some new clothes that match the clothes that Clint threw away?"

"Right away Miss Barton," he replied.

Time Skip: 30 Minutes

Steve had changed, dinner had arrived, and dinner was eaten. Now it was time for after dinner activities, and drinking. So, when Tony asked what everyone wanted, you shared a knowing look with Clint and Steve.

"So, what do you guys want?" asks Tony as he walks over to his mini bar.

"I'll take some dessert wine," you say.

"Martini!" calls Natasha.

"Beer!" yells Clint.

"Ditto on the beer," says Bruce.

"Can I get some of that whiskey right above your head?" asks Steve.

"Sure, I'll have some of that myself!" answers Tony, you smile, that was the one you switched. It was very good and extremely expensive, that's why you and Steve had about half of it before you dumped it, seeing as both of you could handle it, and you didn't want to waste all of it.

Tony brought the drinks over two at a time, until his and Steve's were the only one left. He walked over and spoke before anyone took a drink, "To friends!"

"To friends!" everyone calls back up. You all take a sip and then you see Tony almost spit his back
out. He swallowed it but then looked back at his drink.

"Hey, Steve? Does this taste nothing like alcohol to you? Or is it just me?" Tony asks.

"Nope, just you," reply's Steve with a straight face.

"Bruce? Taste this!" Tony hands his drink over to Bruce.

Bruce takes a sip, "Um, Tony, this is apple juice."

You and Clint couldn't hold it in anymore, you both burst out laughing, "The look on your face! It was priceless!" you call.

"Wait, did you pour out my $150 whiskey and replace it with APPLE JUICE!?" cry's Tony.

"Not all of it, me and Steve had about half of it, we poured the rest out!" you called.

"First off, why would you do this to me! What did I deserve? And second, how the hell are you not passed out drunk?" asks Tony.

Before you could answer, Bruce answers for you, "Her powers help fight the affects of alcohol, so she can't get drunk very easily, she would have to drink two to three of those bottles to start to get slightly drunk."

"That's cool! Can I give you the suit if you give me your powers?" asks Tony.

"That's not how it works," you say.

"Then I'll find a way!' calls Tony.

Time Skip: 1 Hour

You and Steve were the only sober people left, so you were talking and keeping an eye on the rest of the Avengers. It seemed that everything was winding down, until Tony suggested that they play a game.

"Let's play Truth or Dare!" yells Tony.

Before anyone could agree, you shouted, "No, absolutely not!"

"Aw, why not?! You ruin all the fun!" said Clint.

"We aren't playing truth or Dare, seeing as 4 of us have found our soulmates," before you continued, you could have sworn you heard Steve mumble something that sounded like 'not four, five,' but you decided it was best to just pretend that he didn't say anything, and you would ask him later, so, you continued "and I know for a fact, that two of them love each other, one of them would go insane if they lost there's and the other one doesn't want her relationship to get any worse than it already is! And knowing you, the only truth or dare you would play, is sexual truth or dare!" you say.

"Then what do you suggest we do instead, your royal bossiness," said Tony, sarcastically.

You looked around the living room to see if there was anything to do, when you spotted a karaoke machine in the corner, "Karaoke!"

Steve agreed with you, wholeheartedly. But, Clint and Tony took some convincing, but as soon as
You said that you might give them more alcohol they agreed. You poured them some 'alcohol,' though both you and Steve knew it was apple juice, because Tony forgot to dump it out.

Tony wanted to go first, he chose the song Iron Man.

Heavy boots of lead
fills his victims full of dread
Running as fast as they can
Iron Man lives again!

Tony finished and there was a small round of applause, and Tony bowed multiple times. Tony pointed at Clint and said, "Your turn, Legolas!" Clint reluctantly got up, you knew he was an amazing singer, but he still got embarrassed by it. He choose to sing American Pie.

They were singing bye, bye, Miss American Pie
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye
And singin' this'll be the day that I die

Clint finished his song with flourish, everyone was just staring at him, mouths open, gawking at him. You started to clap and the rest followed. Clint sat down, red in the face, he buried his head in your shoulder, you patted him on the head and then whispered in his ear, "They're just surprised that you're that good."

"Okay! Who's going next?" asks Tony.

"How about you, (Y/N)?" asks Steve

"Nope! Nope! Noppity, nope, nope! Never in a million years!" you reply.

"Come on, (Y/N)! I did it! You have a great voice! Please! For your big brother?" Clint gives you a pouty face and puppy dog eyes.

You almost said yes, but you looked away at the last second, "Nope, I'm not drunk enough, nor will I ever be drunk enough to give in!"

"Please, (Y/N)! Just one song, for me?" says Natasha.

"Fine," you grumble. You walk to the front of the room and then turn to look at the machine. You saw the genre and topic choices and clicked one that said love songs. You started to scroll through them until you found one that sounded good, it was called, Iris. You sighed and clicked on the song, the music started, and you started to sing;

And I'd give up forever to touch you
'Cause I know that you feel me somehow
You're the closest to heaven that I'll ever be
And I don't wanna go home right now

And all I can taste is this moment
And all I can breathe is your life
When sooner or later it's over
I just don't wanna miss you tonight

And I don't want the world to see me
'Cause I don't think that they'd understand
When everything's made to be broken
I just want you to know who I am

Loki and Thor had just arrived back at the tower. Thor had finally found Loki in one of the libraries in Asgard, he then proceeded to talk to Loki, telling him about you, and your reaction, and that he was being an idiot. Loki had contoured and said that you were probably just faking it. Then, Thor had to talk some sense into Loki. That had taken a long time. But, finally Loki agreed to come back. So, there he was, in the elevator, going down to the main floor. The doors opened, and he was greeted with the most beautiful voice he had ever heard. Loki walked out of the elevator, in a daze.

"Loki? What are you doing?" asks Thor.

Loki was silent, still taken by the voice.

And you can't fight the tears that ain't coming
Or the moment of truth in your lies
When everything feels like the movies
Yeah, you bleed just to know you're alive

And I don't want the world to see me
'Cause I don't think that they'd understand
When everything's made to be broken
I just want you to know who I am

You were putting your heart and soul into this. You weren't just singing this song for fun, you were singing about Loki, and yourself. You weren't paying attention to anything else, just the lyrics on the screen. But, if you had looked at the rest of the Avengers, you would have seen Tony and Clint falling out of their drunken state, slightly, and listening. You would have seen Steve looking sad and sympathetic. You would have seen Bruce swaying to the music and Natasha leaning on Clint. Even the animals scattered around the room, seemed to stop what they were doing to pay attention to you.

And I don't want the world to see me
'Cause I don't think that they'd understand
When everything's made to be broken
I just want you to know who I am

Loki followed the voice to the living room, not entering, not wanting to interrupt the voice. He did look around the corner to see who was singing. He was surprised and delighted to see it was you. He then listened to the lyrics, not the voice, but what it was singing. He realized it was a love song, about a person with an identity that no one understands. Then, the person finds their 'true love', and the person hopes and wishes that the 'true love' knows who they are, because they are the only one that understands them. He then realizes, that you are the person who no one understands, and he is the 'true love,' the one who truly understands her.

And I don't want the world to see me
'Cause I don't think that they'd understand
When everything's made to be broken
I just want you to know who I am

I just want you to know who I am
I just want you to know who I am
I just want you to know who I am
You finish the song, feeling like a weight was lifted off of your chest, like, now that you in a way, told the world about how you felt, that you were free of problems, at least for that moment. The Avengers are just sitting there, with a look a shock and delight on their faces, you guess you don't seem like the kind of person who's a good singer. You then see a flash of movement from the corner of your eye, so you quickly turn to face the door to the living room. You don't see anything, and you are about to turn back around to face the Avengers, but then Loki walks into the room, followed by a delighted Thor.

"Lady (Y/N)! I did not know that you had been blessed with a beautiful voice! You should use it more often!," he cry's, "Also, I have brought Loki back!"

You then realize that the flash of movement you saw seconds before Thor and Loki enter the room, was Loki's hair. He had been listening. "Thanks," you mumble, partly because you are embarrassed, and partly because Loki is back, and the last time you talked to him, it hadn't ended well.

Steve realizes that you probably want to talk to Loki alone, not with an audience, that includes your protective older brother, and Tony, who would end up making the situation much worse and more awkward than it already was. "Hey guys! I think it might be time to call it a night!"

"Why? It's only 11!" complains Tony.

"Because, I said so, that's why!" says Steve, "Hey Thor, could you help me over here?"

Thor walks over and grabs Tony and Clint by the arm and drags them out of the room, probably to the elevator. Steve helps Natasha up, and Bruce gets up, trailing after Tony. You and Loki are now the only people left in the living room, your eyes are trying to look everywhere but Loki, while Loki is looking directly at you.

"(Y/N), I, I am truly sorry for my actions. I do not know what came over. I usually just associate love, with resentment and rejection. Seeing as my father, was not the most loving towards me...

Loki was going to continue, but you stopped him.

"I forgive you, I did the second you left. I was just upset at myself, I thought I was being to forward and fast. I just haven't been in a actual, serious relationship. I mean, I have and one nightstands and one monthers. But never over one or two months. I have never really reached this point. And, I just figured, that since the universe put us together, you would be okay with me saying what I did. And I do understand, if you aren't at that point or are never going to reach that point."

"I, I, I..." you had caused Loki to be speechless, which didn't happen often, "No, we aren't moving to fast at all, I think we are moving at the perfect speed, I just wasn't ready to accept that you were at that point. That you actually cared me. And now, I see that you do. So," Loki took a deep breath and then whispered, "I truly love you, more than anything else in all the nine realms. And if anything happens to you, I would rather die."

Now it was our turn to be speechless, you couldn't think of anything to say, So, instead of saying what you were feeling, you showed it. You raised both of your hands to rest on Loki's cheek, and gently pulled him down. He got the message, so he pulled you up and kissed you. This kiss was different than all the others, filled with passion, fire, and something else, love, and not just everyday, run of the mill love, this was deeper, and stronger. And it was in that moment, you decided, the universe was right in there choice, you felt happy, complete, and most important, in love.
There's chapter 13! Thanks for being patient, again. I have had a lot of homework and tests over the past two weeks, since tomorrow is when my spring brake starts. But, I think this really makes up for it. I also hinted at a relationship that involves Steve, with, someone. Who do you think it is?

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Loki, or J.A.R.V.I.S., they are owned by Marvel. I also don't own any of the song lyrics or titles used in this chapter. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Halloween

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

The past two months were quiet, sure, there had been some missions from Fury, but there were also a lot of days where there was nothing to do, and there were days when Tony had huge parties, sometimes after those, you would find things in the weirdest places. Like once, you found an empty whiskey bottle in your and Loki's bathroom. Yes, yours and Loki's bathroom, after your little spat, Tony decided that you were "official," so he unlocked the master bedroom. It really was amazing, there was a king bed in the center of the room with two nightstands next to it. There was a desk in the corner, with two book cases next to it. There was two chairs facing a huge window over looking the city, since it was too high up for a balcony. There was a large TV across from the bed and a fake fire place below the TV. The room was a mix of Asgard style and modern, so you both liked it. There were two, huge walk in closets, one for each of you. In between the closets, was a large bathroom, with a Jacuzzi tub, double sinks, a large, open shower, and many other things. It was kind of weird sharing a bedroom and bathroom with another person, but you were getting used to it.

Today was Halloween and Tony, of course, was throwing a huge costume party. You, and Clint were very excited, seeing as you only celebrated Halloween about 6 times, so you both glad Tony made it a costume party. Bruce took some convincing, but Tony manage to get him to join you. Once you explained the idea of Halloween to Thor and Loki, they immediately wanted to join in the festivities. Steve and Natasha didn't want anything to do with it, Nat said it was childish, and Steve had mumbled something along the lines of, "I don't want to do this without Buck." You knew he was referring to Bucky, his best friend who had died in the war, but Tony and Clint gave you a look, and you shrugged, you wouldn't tell them about Bucky if Steve hadn't told them.

Everyone was scattered around the tower, doing things to get ready for the party. Tony was organizing his bar, Nat and Loki were decorating the common room. Clint and Thor were craving pumpkins, Bruce and J.A.R.V.I.S. were helping whenever they could, and you and Steve were in the kitchen making food for the party.

"So, the rest of us are going to get costumes later, do you want to come?" you ask Steve as you crack some eggs into a bowl.

"I don't know, maybe," he replied.

"Look, I know it's hard to dress up and be festive without Bucky, but if you don't get past it, you'll never have any fun," you say.

"I know, it's just hard, you know, I grew up doing things like this with him, and it's hard to accept that he isn't here," Steve sighs and turns to look at you.

You then remember something that Steve said two months ago, the thing about there being 5 people who have found there soulmates, not 4, "Hey, I don't mean to intrude or anything, but remember a few weeks ago when you said something about 5 people having soulmates? Were you
talking about yourself?"

Steve didn't say anything for a few minutes, but then sighed and said, "Yes, I was talking about
myself."

"Oh, were they from the 40's?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind me asking who?"

"Well, I, don't know if you'll agree with it..."

"Steve," you turn your attention away from the bowl of ingredients, "I agree with a lot of things,
and who cares what other people think about your soulmate, the universe put you together, and it's
the only thing that can take you apart, and plus, your meant to be with that person, so only yours
and the other persons opinions matter."

"Um, I actually haven't told anyone about it at all, I didn't even tell my Ma when she was alive,"
Steve said quietly.

"Well, you'll feel better once you say it, trust me, keeping things in to long, isn't good."

"Okay, my soulmate, is, um, it's Bucky..." Steve turns to look away from you.

"Bucky? As in best friend Bucky?" you ask.

"Yep, that'd be the one, look, I get you probably think its wrong, I shouldn't have said anything." Steve walks to the door and is about to leave, when you call out.

"Steve! Wait! Don't leave!" Steve turns back around, "There's nothing wrong with liking another
guy! People are more okay with that now! I mean, you probably shouldn't go out and announce it
to the world, but all of us are okay with that, I'm pretty sure."

"Really? Because back when I was a kid, it was wrong." Steve asks.

"Yeah, I mean, some people don't like it now, but more people are okay with it. But, you and him
should..." you trail of realizing that Bucky died 70 years ago, "Oh, Steve, I'm sorry! Having your
soulmate die, I don't know what I would do without Loki!"

Steve shakes his head, and takes a deep breath, "I accepted it a long time ago, there's nothing I can
do..."

You stand there for a few minutes, not saying anything, then you speak up, "You should go relax, I
can finish."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I may not look it, but I can actually bake pretty good, if I do say so myself."

Steve let's out a weak laugh, "Okay, but tell J.A.R.V.I.S. if you need my help."

"Will do! Now go relax, you should think about coming with us, I know you probably want to, but
it might be a good idea," you say.

Steve nods his head and then leaves. You turn back to the bowl of ingredients, half thinking about
what your doing, half thinking about Steve.

Time Skip: 3 Hours

You had spent the next few hours in the kitchen baking cookies, cake, pie, and some other things, taking small breaks every now and then. You were still thinking about Steve and what he told you when J.A.R.V.I.S. made an announcement;

"Mr. Stark would like me to inform all of you to be in the lobby in ten minutes, if not, he will leave without you and pick out your costumes himself."

You sighed at got up off of the stool at the island and looked at the mess you had made in the kitchen, and on yourself. You had smudges of flour everywhere and you assumed your hair was mess. You decided to clean up yourself and worry about the kitchen when you got back. You jogged to the elevator and told J.A.R.V.I.S. to take you to your floor. When you walked in, you stood there and looked around, for some reason, Clint had decided that your floor was the best floor to carve pumpkins on. There were carved pumpkins, smashed pumpkins, whole pumpkins, and pumpkin guts, everywhere.

"CLINTON FRANCIS BARTON! GET YOUR ASS HERE NOW! YOU TOO, THOR!"

Clint and Thor's heads popped up from behind a small stack of pumpkins.

"How may we be of assistance, Lady (Y/N)?" asked Thor.

Clint's face had turned a pale shade and he had a look of horror on his face, and let's just say, Clint didn't get scarred that often.

"Was it Clint's idea to use my floor as pumpkin carving central?" you ask, sounding sickly sweet.

"Yes, Brother Barton suggested the idea!" boomed Thor.

"Thanks, I would head down to the lobby, don't want to be late," Thor and Clint stand up, "Oh, not you, only Thor."

Clint's face gets even more pale, and horror turns into terror. Thor left and you slowly turned to look at Clint.

"And why did you think this was a good idea?" you ask, trying not to burst out in anger.

Clint shrugs his shoulders and mumbles "I don't know, it was the first thing to pop into my head."

You sigh, and then say, "You are going to stay here and clean this up, and while your at it, clean up the kitchen too."

"But! But, my costume!" Clint cries.

"Should have thought about that before you did this," you walk over to your room to change, "And don't even think about trying to escape!"

Time Skip: 10 Minutes

You made it downstairs with seconds to spare.

"Where's Legolas?" asks Tony.
"Cleaning up my floor and the kitchen," you reply.

"Um, why?"

"Because he decided it was a good idea to use my floor as headquarters for the pumpkin carving operation."

"But why the kitchen?"

"I didn't have time to clean it up, and he was already cleaning."

"But shouldn't Thor be helping?" asks Tony.

"No, because it was Clint's idea, Thor didn't know any better."

Tony was about to say something else when Steve, who you hadn't seen when you walked in, spoke up, "Shouldn't we head out Tony?"

"Yeah, let's go," Tony walks out the doors.

"Wait, aren't we taking one or two of his cars?" you ask.

"No, Tony wanted to walk," answers Natasha.

Great, more press, and more picking out my flaws!, you think. Loki had heard your thoughts, and gave you a weird look. You hadn't seen it, you were currently walking out with Natasha.

As soon as you stepped out of the building, the cameras and questions started coming. "Мы даже собираемся попробовать и быть незаметным?" you whisper to Nat.

"Вы знаете, что это не Тони стиль, он является королева драмы и ищущего внимания," reply's Natasha.

"Правда!" you laugh.

You push past the paparazzi and walk down Park Avenue. You are trailing behind Tony and Bruce, taking animatedly with Natasha. Loki and Thor are behind you, talking about something, you can swear you heard the words, "strange Midgard people," at least once. Behind Loki and Thor was Steve, you tell Nat to go ahead, and then let Loki and Thor pass you. That leaves you right next to Steve. You could tell he didn't want to talk, so you just walked along with him.

Time Skip: 35 Minutes

You had finally arrived at the store Tony was taking you to, it was called, Halloween Adventure. Tony walked inside and the rest of you followed. Since you and Tony were really the only people who either knew what Halloween was or wanted to get costumes, you divided the group. You got Steve, Nat, and Loki, while Tony got Thor, Bruce, and Clint. You had set guidelines for Tony though, and hopefully Bruce would keep him in check.

"Okay!" you turned to face your group, "Does anyone have any idea of what they want to be?"

Nat raised her hand, as did Steve, but Loki was looking around thoughtfully.

"Good! Nat? Let's start with you! What do you want to be?" you ask.

"A cat," she reply's
"Okay, let's get the stuff for that!"

Time Skip: 20 Minutes

You had found a black cat costume that had a jumpsuit, tail, and ears for Natasha and gotten shoes to match. Now, it was Steve's turn.

"Steve? What do you want to be?" you ask

Steve mumbles something.

"What?" you ask.

"I want to be a cowboy," he mumbles.

"That's a good costume, let's go find it!"

Time Skip: 20 Minutes

There had been a lot of cowboy costumes, but you and Steve had finally settled on one with brown leather chaps and vest. You had to find a cowboy hat and a white, long sleeve shirt. You were also going to have to stop some where to get jeans. Steve looked very satisfied with his costume, so you went over to Loki.

"Hey, sweetheart? You got a costume in mind yet?" you ask.

"Yes, I do believe I have an idea," he replies.

"Well, what is it?"

"It is what you Midgardians call 'the devil'"

"I think I saw one or two of those, let's go see!" you grab Loki's hand and drag him away to look for a devil costume.

Time Skip: 30 Minutes

There were not a lot of men's devil costumes, in fact, there was only one. You and Loki had settled for a costume called 'Handsome Devil,' it had a red cape, a vest with lace and a medallion, black gloves, and devil horns. He had pants to go with it back at the tower, and you had grabbed shoes and a makeup kit. You still had to get a costume, you were going to get a vampire costume.

You had sent Nat and Steve to find Tony to give him there costumes, while you and Loki looked for a costume for you. You finally found one that wasn't supposed to be sexually appealing, but it took awhile. It had a long, flowing, black and red dress with lace-up bodice, low cut, and drop sleeves, and a stand up collar. You had to get fangs and heels to go with it.

You and Loki had gotten everything you needed, so you headed to the front of the store and saw everybody waiting for you.

"What took you guys so long? Did you have a make-out session or something?" asks Tony.

"Yep," you replied, jokingly.

Natasha snorted, Steve's face went red, Loki smiled at Tony, and Thor and Bruce were just standing there. Tony looked like he was about to say something, but he didn't.
"So, what costumes did you guys get?" you asked.

Time Skip: 4 Hours

You had arrived back at the Tower and decorated for a bit, then when there was an hour left till the party, you went to go change. You were happy to see that your living room and dining room were pumpkin free. You changed into your dress, did your hair, and were putting on a small bit of makeup.

"(Y/N)?" called a voice.

"In the bathroom!" you called back.

Loki walked into the bathroom with his costume on, devil horns in hand, "Could you put these on?"

"Sure, sit on the toilet, give me a minute or two though. I need to finish my makeup."

Loki went and sat down and then looked at you and said, "Why are you putting on makeup? You do not need it."

"Because, well, I don't know. I enhances the costume I guess."

You finished putting on your lipstick and turned to Loki and took the horns out of his hand, "They would not stick," said Loki.

"Did you put any of the adhesive in it?" you ask.

"I do not believe I did."

"Well, there's your problem," giggled and put the adhesive on the horns. You moved his hair away from his forehead and placed one of the horns on his forehead. You held it there for a few seconds and then let go. You retarded the process with the other horn, "There, all done." You stepped back and admired your handiwork.

Loki stood up and looked in the mirror, "Thank you, it looks amazing," Loki turned away from the mirror and looked at you, "as do you." He walked over and placed a kiss on the top of your head, he then bent down to give you a small kiss on the lips.

"I... I think we should head down, they are probably waiting for us," you stutter. Loki smiles at you and reaches his hand out, you take it and you walk to the elevator hand in hand.

When you reach the common room, you see the rest of the Avengers are there. Steve and Thor are talking about something, Steve in his cowboy outfit, Thor in his pirate costume. Bruce and Tony are talking also, Tony in his Captain America costume, Bruce in his Albert Einstein costume. Last, Clint and Nat were whispering about something and Nat laughed, she was wearing the cat costume and Clint was wearing the Legolas costume Tony had picked out for him.

Steve was the first to notice you and Loki walk in, "Hey guys, you both look good."

"Thanks, Steve," you replied, smiling.

Tony saw that everyone was here and then said, "Great, now that were all here, let's do a quick toast!" He pulled out 8 glasses from the bat and filled them with champagne. He gave everyone a glass and then raised his, "To the best Halloween party ever!"
Everyone clinked their glasses together and took a sip. The elevator opened right after and Rhodey stepped out in a War Machine costume. Tony went over to greet him. Well, I guess it's party time, you thought.

Time Skip: 4 Hours

It was 11 and you decide to get one more drink and then go to bed. You had been going around, chatting with everybody. You had been with all of the Avengers at least once, maybe introducing Steve to one of your friends or talking to Loki and Thor about Asgard. You excused yourself from the conversation you were currently having and walked over to the bar. You were about to order, when someone next to you ordered for you, "One beer for the lady and one for me!" You realized that this person didn't know you that well, beer was one of your least favorite drinks and you would drink it, but you would rather have whiskey or something. You turned to see who ordered for you and saw that it was Brock Rumlow. He was a huge flirt and had been trying to get you to date him since you started working at S.H.I.E.L.D.

"Hello, Brock," you said as politely as you could, you had no idea why Tony had invited him, you didn't even think that Tony knew him.

"Hey sweetheart, how you been?" he asked.

The bartender handed you both your drinks, you took a big swig of yours before you started, "Good, it's amazing living here with the guys, I mean, it can be loud but it's nice. Especially being able to live with Loki."

"Oh, that bastard? I don't even know why he's still here, he should be locked up somewhere," said Brock.

You sighed and kept going, you weren't going to be able to get away anytime soon.

Time Skip: 30 Minutes

You had been talking to Brock for a while and he has been getting more and more drunk. He's been trying to make moves on you, but you have managed to brush past them and act like there nothing, but they were getting harder and harder to ignore, not that you wanted to do anything with him, they were just getting annoying.

"Come on sweetheart! Let's ditch this place, maybe go over to my place, have a few more drinks, see where the night takes up," insist Brock.

"No thanks, I think I'll stay here," you reply.

"Come on! What's keeping you?" he asks.

You were about to reply, but Loki walked over to you, seeing your distress, he grabbed your waist and pulled you to him, you immediately felt better, Then, he answered for you, "I am."

"Oh, leave us alone, freak! She doesn't want you!" crys Brock.

"Actually, I would rather..." you started.

"Really?" asks Loki, "Last time I checked, a woman you much rather be with her soulmate than a no-good 'playboy.'"

"Your her soulmate? Yeah, sure! And I'm Tony Stark!" answers Brock, he grabbed your arm and
pulled you away from Loki. You tried to pull out of his grip, but his grip was too tight, "Come on, baby, let's go." He started to pull you away, but then Clint appeared, he had seen the commotion and had come to help Loki.

"Hey, dude, let my sister go, don't make me hurt you," said Clint.

"Look, it's a free country, leave us alone," Brock pushed forward, dragging you with him. You were trying to pull free, but then, you decided to just kick him in the groin. That worked, he let go of your arm and cried out in pain, "What the hell was that for?"

"That was for grabbing me," then you slapped him, "And that was for not leaving me alone!"

Clint had grabbed the building security and then were dragging Rumlow out.

Clint came over to you, "You okay?"

"Yeah, just a little annoyed," you reply.

Loki walked over and pulled you into a hug and whispered in you ear, "I am sorry I could not rescue you, love. I tried, but failed."

You pulled out of the hug, "Hey, don't talk like that, it was just some idiot guy who didn't know what he was messing with! I'm fine! But, I think I'm going to head to bed. You coming?"

"Yes, I shall be up in a moment," Loki walked over to Tony and told him something, Tony nodded his head and then Loki walked back over to you, "But, at least let me make it up to you."

He pulled you away and this time, instead of kicking the guy pulling, you giggled at him. Let's just say, Loki was forgiven, many times.

Chapter End Notes

Мы даже собираемся попробовать и быть незаметным? = Are we even going to try and be unnoticeable?

Вы знаете, что это не Тони стиль, он является королев драмы и ищущего внимания. = You know that's not Tony's style, he's a drama queen and an attention seeker.

Правда! = True!

There's chapter 14! This one took a while, but I had to find costumes and that took a while. The next chapter is going to involve a school and some kindergarten age kids. Oh, and by the way, I really like Stucky, so I had to add it! It won't be a main story line, just a small one for now! For now you can pretend that it's not there, but it will get harder to ignore once the story goes on.

Disclaimer: I don't own the Avengers, Loki, Rhodey, J.A.R.V.I.S. or Brock Romlow, they are owned by Marvel. I also don't own any of the costumes or names mentioned. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

Two months. Two months of shopping and buying presents. There are so many birthdays in the later months of the year, Nat had hers 3 weeks ago, Thor's was last week, Loki and Bruce's are next week, and then Christmas is the week after. You have also noticed Clint diapering with Steve and Tony a few times, you assumed they are shopping for something, but you don't know for sure. You have gotten presents for everyone, for Tasha's birthday, you got her a new dagger set, for Thor's birthday, you got him a box of pop-tarts, for Loki's birthday, you got him a few things, and for Bruce's birthday, you got him something for his lab.

Today, everybody was taking a break from buying presents or decorating or whatever they do. Today, you were going to a local school and talking to the kids. When you woke up and went downstairs to get breakfast, everyone was already there, which is surprising, seeing as you all get up at different times and have different things to do. You grabbed some cereal and made some tea, and then came to the dining room to sit with the other Avengers.

"So, you guys ready to meet some kids today?" you ask, putting a spoonful of cereal in your mouth.

Tony almost spit out his coffee, Nat and Clint both looked at you weirdly, Loki and Thor glanced at each other, then looked at you, Bruce kept reading the paper, and Steve was nodding his head 'yes.'

"Kids?" asks Tony, "What the hell are we doing with kids?"

"Pepper didn't tell you? We're going to The John Melser Charrette School, it's over on Hudson Street. We're going to talk to the kids, then get some pictures, met some of them, you know the usual, except with kids," you take another mouthful of cereal, and swallow it, then you continue, "We're also supposed to wear our suits. They have grades Pre-K through 5, so, be prepared for some weird ass questions. And absolutely NO cursing or crude jokes. Hear that, Tony?"

Tony is still looking at you like your crazy, "I was never informed of this! Was anyone else?"

Bruce puts down the paper and looks up, "The only people Pepper informed, were me, Steve, and (Y/N). Probably because she figures if she told anyone else, they would refuse. But since it's to late to cancel, nobody can refuse," Bruce picks his paper back up and continues to read it.

"Look," you say, "What time is it?" you check your phone, it reads 10:00, "We are leaving in an hour, so no arguing. Suit up and go to the garage, once everyone is there, we will either drive or some of us will fly. And you can take weapons, just make sure that they aren't loaded or anything." You finished your cereal and got up, "Come on, get off your asses! Get moving! We don't want to disappoint the kids!"

Time Skip: 1 Hour

You were the first one in the garage and slowly everyone else trickled in. Everyone was in their
suits, except Bruce of course, that would be bad.

"Alright! Let's go!" you climb into a blue Aston Martin convertible. Loki climbed in beside you. Nat and Clint climbed into a gray Hennessey Venom GT. Steve got on his 2012 Harley-Davidson Softail Slim. Bruce got into a red Ferrari La Ferrari. You swear you heard someone grumble about having to go see kids, you assume it was Tony, "Okay, see you guys at the school." With that, you pull out of the garage and head to The John Melser Charrette School.

The top was down on the car, so it was very windy and loud, but you and Loki still manged to hold a conversation.

"Why must we go see the children? It is extremely unnecessary. What are we going to do? Influence them to become one of your agents?" declares Loki.

"We are going to see the kids because they look up to us! They love the idea of superheros! We aren't going to tell them to work for S.H.I.E.L.D., were going to talk about what we do and then answers some questions. Then take some pictures, personally meet a few of them, then its over." you yell over the wind, "But, keep in mind the kids are in between the ages of 4 and 11 years old, there will be some weird questions, a lot of them probably will be directed at you, seeing as you were a bad guy at first."

"I am not that found of children," states Loki.

"Well, can you tolerate them for about 2 or 3 hours? Please, for me?" you pause and then say, "We can go on a date of your choice after! No arguments from me! Just whatever you want to do!"

"Fine, I shall try my best," grumbles Loki.

"Good!"

You drive in silence for the next few minutes until you reach the school, you see that Thor and Tony are already there and Bruce, Nat, Clint, and Steve are pulling up right behind you. You and Loki both step out of the car and shut the doors. You take his hand and walk over to the rest of the Avengers.

"So, Pepper told me we'll be starting with the 5th graders and going backwards to the Pre-K kids. We get about a ten minute break in between each group. Each group will be with us for about 30 minutes. We will mostly just be answering questions, then take a few pictures, and then meet a few kids. We get a lunch break in between the 2nd and 1st graders," you look around to the rest of the group, "Any questions?"

"Yeah, do we have to keep the suit on the whole time? Because I get hot in here!" says Tony.

"In your case, you could just get out of the suit and leave it on the stage for kids to look at. Some of them might want to come touch it though, so be prepared," you answer, "Oh, and keep it age appropriate, so no crude jokes of cursing! Got that?" you look at Tony and Clint.

"Hey, you curse just as much as us!" says Clint.

"Yeah, but I know when to curse and when not to curse! Now come on, we are running a little bit late," you walk to the door of the building and open the door, you press the intercom and talk into it, "Hello? I'm (Y/N) Barton and I have the Avengers here with me, we're here to talk to the kids."

"Come on in, Miss Barton, Principal Spearman will escort you all to the auditorium, where you will be talking," says the sectary. The doors unlock and you see a woman at the end of the hallway.
"Hello! I'm Deana Spearman! You must be (Y/N), it's a pleasure to be able to meet you, all of you in person! If you'll just follow me, I'll take you to the auditorium," the woman, Deana, leads you down the hall and then stops at the door, "The 5th graders are already in there, so, it will be quite chaotic one you all walk in, is that alright?"

Tony almost said something, but you answers before he could speak up, "Yes, that's okay, I'm sure we can handle it."

Deana nods and then opens the door, you stand next to her, waiting for the rest of them to pass through, Steve goes through last and you go in after him, "Hey, Steve," you are trying to ignore the stares and comments from the kids, "If they ask about soulmates, and they will, you don't have to say anything, you could say yes and leave it at that, but then people will start to press, so I would just say no. Will you be okay?"

Steve gives you a quick nod and then you both step on to the stage, You stand in the middle with Steve on one side of you and Tony on the other, Nat and Clint are next to Steve, and Bruce, Thor, and Loki are standing next to Tony. You stood in the middle, because you figured you would be doing most of the talking. The teachers are shushing the students and soon the room is quiet.

"Hi! I'm (Y/N) Barton! And these are my teammates on the Avengers! I assume you know who all of us are! So, does anyone have any questions for us? And when you ask the question, say your name!" as soon as you said that, a bunch of hands shot up. You point to a girl in the middle, "You there, in the purple shirt!"

The girl stands up and she looks nervous, "Um, I'm Jamie, Um, my question is for um, Miss Indestructible and um, B-Black Widow. What's it like being the only girls on the A-Avengers?" the girl sits down.

Nat starts to answer but you say something, "Who's Miss Indestructible?"

A few kids say "You are! Duh!"

"Oh, well, Nat?" you say.

"Well, it's kind of hectic, but we keep them in line! Except for when Miss Indestructible over here pranks people with Iron Man and Hawkeye. There was this one time..."

Time Skip: 1 Hour, 45 Minutes

The time with the 5th graders, 4th graders, and 3rd graders went good. Nobody had said anything bad and the questions were all good. You were about halfway through the 2nd grade one when Tony picked the next kid, he had warmed up to them a ton and now he was basically running the thing. Thor was good with them from the beginning as was Steve, Clint took a little bit, so did Nat, but everyone was warming up. Except for Loki, he hadn't gotten that many questions, only 3 or 4, but he wasn't adding anything unless spoken.

The boy Tony picked started to talk, "Hi! I'm Damon! I was wondering... have any of you found your soulmates yet?"

"Yes!" you immediately say, "Natasha, Clint, Tony, Thor, Loki, and I have all found ours."

"But you are they?" asks the little boy.

Nat speaks up, "Mine is Hawkeye!"
Tony speaks up, "Mine is a lady named Pepper, she basically runs the company with me."

"My soulmate is a maiden named Jane! She is an astrophysicist!" booms Thor.

You were about to speak for Loki and yourself when Loki spoke, "Mine is (Y/N). She was what kept me from taking over. She is the best soulmate anyone could ask for."

Tony started calling on people again but you weren't paying attention, you were looking at Loki, trying to catch his eye, but he was looking at the audience. Then Tony punched you, or tried to. Before he could hit you, you grabbed his fist.

"Don't try it," you say.

"Just trying to get your attention, Andrea here just wanted to know how you stopped Loki," Tony had his other hand raised to show he wasn't trying to do anything.

"Oh, sorry," you released his fist and then spoke, "Well, I just talked to him and got him to tell me why he was doing this and then we came up with a plan to keep the other guys from doing to much damage."

You and the other Avengers answered a few more questions, but then it was time for your lunch break.

"Okay, kids! We have to go now! Superheros have to eat too! I hope we answered some of your questions! Maybe we'll come back to answer the rest of them!" you said. The teachers started to lead the kids out and back to their classrooms, "So," you turn to face your fellow Avengers, "what are we doing for lunch?"

"There's a shawarma joint close to here, let's go there,"suggests Tony.

"We just had shawarma!" complains Clint.

Natasha hands you her phone, you scroll through the restaurant page, "Hey, Tony? You'd be the one paying, right?" you ask.

"Probably, seeing as the rest of you are lazy human beings and don't like to pay for things for yourself," remarks Tony.

"Loki and I do not have any Midgard money, if we were in Asgard, I would be the one paying for the meal," adds Thor.

You hand Natasha's phone back to her, she accepts it and puts it back into it's place, "We're going to a small French joint about a 3 minutes walk from here." you state. You walk out of the auditorium and to the front doors. Steve catches up to you.

"What about this?" Steve gestures down to his suit.

"Lucky for you idiots, I think ahead," you open the front door and walk over to the blue convertible and open the trunk. Sitting in the trunk is a army looking duffle bag, you pull it out and hand it to Steve, "There's clothes for you, Nat, Clint, Thor, Loki, and me in there." You walk back to the school as Steve follows you, you take the duffle bag back from him once you enter the building again, "Now, if you'll excuse me, I would like to change into something more comfortable," you reach in the bag and grab the clothes for you and Nat. You walk towards the nearest bathroom and enter, Nat sees that and enters a few seconds after.
Everyone had managed to change in under 3 minutes and you got to the restaurant in 5 minutes. Everyone was sitting at the table, looking at the menu, a waitress walked over to your table and started to talk, she seemed flustered, "Hi, my names Violeta, can I start you guys off with something to drink?"

Everyone order a drink, Tony of course choosing something alcoholic. Once the waitress left you started to talk, glancing up from your menu to look at the other Avengers."So, what does everyone think of the kids so far?"

Tony was the first to speak, "I for one, think they're amazing, I mean, they actually look up to me! Isn't that awesome!"

Clint mumbles something.

'What was that Legolas? Can't hear you if you mumble," jests Tony.

"I said, that's because they don't know what it's like to live with you and see you everyday," retorts Clint.

Tony placed his hand over his chest, right over his heart, "That really hurt, Clint. I thought you appreciated my humor!"

"Oh, stop being a drama queen," sighs Nat.

Tony was about to reply, but the waitress came back with the drinks, once she had them placed at each of your seats she spoke, "Are you ready to order?"

"Yes, can I get the Steak Tartare?" you say.

"Sure," the waitress gestures to Loki, who's sitting next to you.

"Gigot D'agneau, please," he says.

Soon, everyone has ordered, "So, as Tony was teasing," you say.

"I'm not a drama queen, Red, I'm the drama queen," states Tony.

That earns him a slap to the back of the head from Nat.

"Ow," whines Tony.

"Dude, your weak," says Clint, which earns him a slap to the head, "What the hell, Nat!"

The next half an hour is filled with the same kind of antics, but, food is involved in some of it. Finally everyone is done and Tony gets the check.

"Jesus, you guys get more and more expensive every time we go out!" complains Tony as he puts one of his many credit cards in the check.

"I'm gonna head back, it takes a while to get back in the suit," you say, getting up from the chair and grabbing your coat, "Anyone else coming?"Loki stands up and takes your hand, "Just Loki? Okay, your guys fault if you are late!" You and Loki walk out of the restaurant and head back to the school. The wind picks up and you hug your coat closer and shiver. Loki notices and let's go of your hand and then pulls you into his chest. "You never answered my question."

"Which question? You ask a good number of them," states Loki.
"The one about what you think of the kids," you answer.

"Well, the children are not unbearable."

"Yeah, what else?"

"They are extremely inquisitive."

"Good observation, but what do you think about them?"

"Truthfully, they are not my favorite being I have encountered. They are quite loud, and slightly annoying. They seem to have no manners what so ever and do not like to follow rules, unless threatened or bribed. But," Loki takes a deep breath, "They remind me of me, so they are acceptable."

"Huh, not the response I thought I would be getting," you say.

"Well, I am full of surprises."

Time Skip: 2 Hours

The rest of the day went off without a hitch, well, except for when Tony almost got shot in the face by his suit, but, other than that, it went well. You were back at the tower, taking a quick shower. After all, being in a suit like yours all day, things could get a little gross. You finished your shower and wrapped a towel around you. You walked into the bedroom and changed into a t-shirt and swear pants. You were about to leave when Loki entered.

"Hey, I was just coming down to find you! I was wondering if you wanted to watch a movie or something," you say.

"Yes, that would be nice," Loki sits down on the bed and then lies back, "What movie would you like to watch?"

"I was thinking some kind of Christmas movie or something. You know since it's close to Christmas," you follow Loki's suit, so you are now sitting of your bed, back against the headboard, legs under the covers, "How about Elf? That ones good!" You turn your attention to J.A.R.V.I.S., "Hey, J.A.R.V.I.S.? Could you play Elf?"

"Yes, should I tell the rest of the Avengers that you and Master Loki are up here?" inquires the AI

"Sure, whatever makes you happy," you reply. The movie starts and you shift closer to Loki. He pulls you towards him. You lean your head on his shoulder and he puts an arm around your waist. You sigh contently. Today had been a good day.

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter 15! I thought doing one with kids would be cute. Next one is going to a Christmas one. Let's just say, something big's going to happen.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Loki, or J.A.R.V.I.S, they are owned by Marvel. All other names used were made up to fit the needs of the character. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

Nightmares. You hate nightmares.

You were in some sort of interrogation room. Except, you were the one strapped to a chair. You tried to break the bonds, but no use. You look at your surroundings, you are sitting on a chair in the middle of the room. There was a table a few feet to your right. There were various objects, including knives, large and small, lemon juice, salt, a gun, hammer, shocker, and a few other things. There was a door right in front of you, about 5 yards. There was a mirror to your left, and no windows. The room wasn't very well lit. You look in the mirror and see your reflection, you gasp. There were cuts, bruises, and red marks all over your face, one of your eyes was swollen shut. Your hair was greasy and knotted, with blood matted in it. Your frame was smaller then normal, you lifted up your hands and saw that a few fingers on each hand were broken. How could this happen? You should be healed, unless someone gave you poison or something, then the effects would stop. You were wearing your suit, where were you? Suddenly the door opened and a man in black and Alexander Pierce walked in. Now you were confused, what would a member of the World Security Council have you in chains for? Then a woman in a lab coat walked in with a syringe, it looked like water, expect different in some way.

"(Y/N), (Y/N), (Y/N)," said Alexander, "This is your last chance to cooperate. Tell me, what are the Avengers weaknesses? Where are they right now?"

"Look, sir, there must have been a mistake. Why am I here?" you ask.

"Not going to say anything?" says Pierce, "Well, you know what to do. Roll in the chair too, if she can't tell us anything about them, then she won't remember them." He leaves the room.

The women in the lab coat walks over, she finds a tear in your suit and puts the syringe in it. You feel it poke you.

"Lady, what the hell are you doing?" you scream.

She keeps putting the liquid into you. You start to feel surges of power, but what kind of power? Then, the door burst open again, there's a large chair with equipment following. The women steps away from you and one of the men in black unstraps you from the chair your sitting and then he re-straps you in to the other chair. Someone opens your mouth and shoves a mouth guard in. They put things on your head and then you here someone say, "Okay, go ahead." Suddenly a shock goes through your head, it gets stronger and stronger. Until it's the worst pain you have ever felt, you start to scream and thrash. You try to keep names of the people you love in your head, Cli...C..., Lok...L..., Nat..., Na..., N..., Stev..., St...,S...

Suddenly, you are shook awake.

"(Y/N), (Y/N)! Love, it's just a dream," says Loki.
You stop screaming and sit up, you see that you are in your bedroom, in the bed, with Loki next to you, his face filled with concern. You look at the clock and see it reads 8:00.

"Are you alright?" asks Loki, he slowly sits up and then pulls you towards him.

"Um, no, not really," you whisper.

"What happened?" he asks.

"I, it, I," you stutter, "I was in a dark room..."

You explain your dream to Loki, and you finish with, "And, I have never been in that room before, never seen it, but it felt real."

Loki was silent and was about to say something when Clint burst into your room, Nat and Steve following. You could see Thor and Tony's head and you assumed Bruce was there too. Clint and the rest see you and Loki in your bed, your face was red and your breathing was shaky. You looked like you had been crying.

Nat lowers her gun and Steve sets his shield down, you hear the thump of Mjölnir landing on the floor and Tony's suit powering down.

Clint spoke up, "We, um, we heard screaming and we all kind of panicked..."

Loki speaks for you, "(Y/N), just had a nightmare, we are both alright."

"What was it about?" asks Clint, his voice growing soft and his face filling with concern.

You shake your head 'no' and tuck your head into Loki's shoulder. Loki whispers in your ear, "Why don't you let Natasha help you clean up and I'll tell the rest of them what happened? And then, when your done, since I assume you will not be going back to sleep, we can start opening presents. How does that sound?"

You mumble "sure."

"Natasha? Could you help (Y/N) clean up?" asks Loki.

Nat nods and pushes past Clint. She places her gun on your nightstand and touches your back. You untuck your head from Loki's shoulder and look at her. She almost gasps, usually your eyes are filled with joy and light, even when your sad, but, she sees nothing, just a blank stare, whatever that dream was it was bad. She reaches out for your hand. You look at it, but then take it. She takes you to your bathroom and tells you to sit on the toilet.

"Alright, В виде сердца, let's get you cleaned up," she sighs.

Time Skip: 1 Hour

Nat spent a long time getting you cleaned up. You didn't talk that much, only telling her about your dream, so she talked for both of you. When she was finished, you felt a lot better, still not 100%, but good enough.

"Alright," says Nat, "Let's get you some breakfast."

You and her walk out of your bedroom and towards the elevator. Storm was lying in front of the elevator, but came rushing over to you when she saw you.
"Hey girl, how are you?" you say, patting her head and running your hand through her fur. The elevator doors opened and Nat, you, and Storm got in.

"You going to be okay?" asks Nat.

"Yeah, I'll recover, it was just a dream," you reply. But, somewhere in the depths of your mind is saying that it wasn't a dream, but you didn't know why. You decided to ignore this thought. The elevator had taken you down to the common floor while you were deep in thought.

"Hey," Nat tapped your arm, "We're here."

You nod your head and step out. You look around the living room, Tony really outdid the decorations. There was a 12 foot tall Christmas tree covered in ornaments and tinsel. There were paper snowflakes hanging on the ceiling and the windows were covered in Christmas themed decals. There was a large amount of presents under the tree, they seemed to be organized by person. You stopped to listen to the conversation the guys were having in the kitchen.

"Do you think (Y/N)'s okay?" says Tony.

"I'm sure she's fine," reply's Steve, "She is a strong capable women, I have seen her get through a lot."

"I don't know man," you hear Clint say, "That dream was pretty intense for something that has never happened, I mean, where would she get the ideas to make that dream?"

"Do not fret, Brother Clint," booms Thor, "We all have nightmares from time to time."

"I think Clint has a point," adds Bruce, "From the detail that Loki told us, that dream was not normal, I think it would be a good idea to ask her if I can check her out, I want to make sure (Y/N) is okay."

"Back in Asgard," states Loki, "Occasionally, certain people would see glimpses of the future in their dreams."

"Yeah, but if you haven't noticed, Reindeer Games, we aren't on Asgard," says Tony.

You decided to walk in. "Hey, guys."

Steve looked up from the pancake he was cooking and smiled at you, "I'm almost done with your pancakes, give me a minute."

You smiled in return, Loki pulled out a chair that was next to him and you saw Clint do the same for Nat. Nat whispered something in Clint's ear and he nodded solemnly, then Nat sat down. You sat on the chair Loki pulled out and then Steve set the pancakes down in front of you, then a fork, knife, and syrup. You immediately started to eat eagerly.

Clint laughed, "Well, someone's feeling better,"

"Yep," you said, mouth half full of pancakes.

Loki sighed, "You are almost as bad as Thor."

Thor looked up from his stack of partially devoured pancakes, his mouth full, "Did you say something, brother?"

Loki sighed and Clint and Tony started to laugh. Things were looking up.
After breakfast, and dishes, the party had moved to the living room. Tony broke out some of his special whiskey and poured everyone some. The dogs were sitting on the floor, all munching on the bones Tony had gotten them. The cats were running off the catnip toys.

"So, are Pepper and Jane joining us today?" you ask.

"Pepper is going to be here for dinner, she's visiting her parents," says Tony.

"Jane is coming for a visit in January, she could not get away any earlier," answers Thor.

Steve was handing everyone a present from their pile, when he sat down without one, you got curious, "Why don't you have a present?"

"These are all from me," he answered.

You nodded your head and then dived into your present. Steve had gotten you a collection a classic movies and some movie candy, you smiled at him, Steve always knew exactly what you needed, he was one of your best friends, aside from Tasha of course. You looked around and saw everyone was happy with the present they received. Especially Tony, he had gotten alcohol.

Everyone was talking about various things while Tony passed out his presents. When you opened yours, it contained small bottled of various alcohol in a box.

"Um, Tony? What is this exactly?" you questioned.

"The stuff you got is the good and strong stuff, never know when you might need it," replies Tony.

Nat laughs at your reaction, which was a sigh and you muttering something in Russian, "Тони, всегда пытается заставить меня пьяный, что маленький ублюдок."

"What? What did she say?" says Tony.

Nat just shook her head and kept laughing. You decided it was your turn to give everyone there gifts. Once everyone had there's you announced, "Well come on, don't just sit there!"

You watched each person as they opened their gifts. Steve was reading the descriptions of the movies you got him, Jurassic Park, Jaws, and Willy Wonka & The Chocolate Factory. Thor was inspecting the football you got him. Clint was looking through the scrapbook you made. Nat was checking out the gun you got her, it was a L115A3 AWM, an extremely good, long range sniper rifle. Loki was reading the backs of the books you got him, War and Peace, To Kill a Mocking Bird, and, Alice in Wonderland. Bruce was looking at the new lab equipment you had gotten him. And Tony was laughing at the learning Russian program you got him.

"Is this your way of telling me that I need to learn more?" asks Tony, "Because if it is, it's nor going to work!"

"No," you reply, "It's my way of telling you, either stop being nosy or learn to language!"

"Oh! Burn!" says Clint.


"Yep, but it's a scrapbook and I like it!" answers Clint defensively.
You and Natasha look at each other and sigh. You then get up and slap Tony on the back of his head and Nat does the same thing to Clint.

"Ow!" says Clint.

"Quit doing that!" whines Tony, "I'm not a dog!" he points to the dogs who are still lying on the floor, "Do it to them!"

"No," you reply, "The dogs are actually well behaved!"

Everyone starts to laugh at your statement, even Steve and Bruce, that must mean it was good, they don't laugh at things that often.

"Okay," says Steve, once he's stopped laughing, "Someone else give everyone their presents!"

Thor and Bruce both got up and gave everyone their presents. You received a beautiful dark purple, long-sleeve, floor length dress from Thor. Natasha had also received a dress, this one an elegant dark green, also floor length and long sleeved.

"The dresses were made by the best seamstress in all of the Nine Realms!" boomed Thor.

Bruce had gotten you a baking cookbook.

"I've noticed you like to bake, so I figured a cookbook would be nice," he commented as you opened his gift.

Nat gave out her presents next, you received two things from her, first, a FNH FNS handgun, and a nice one at that. And you also received a silver necklace with your initials on it, (Y/F/N/I), (Y/M/N/I), and B. Natasha had a matching one, except hers in gold with the initials "N.A.R." Loki gave his presents out next. You received a few things, a book you had been wanting, some Asgardian mead, and something in a small bottle, that was the color of blood, but not as thick.

"That is a bottle of perfume, made from a rare flower in Asgard called the 'rauðr kvennalið.'" says Loki, addressing your confused look, "In English is translates to 'red women.' The story behind it is that a women was walking through the deep forest and a man attacked and killed her. It was a horrible, bloody, death. But, some of her blood soaked into the soil and a blood red flower popped up. The flowers are said to be magical as well as extremely sweet smelling. It took a while to find one, but I do hope it was worth it."

You open the top of the bottle and smell the perfume, it smelled very good, like a combination of a rose, lilac, and a hyacinth. You passed it to Nat and she also took a sniff, "Smells amazing, Loki," you say. Nat passes the bottle back to you and you place the top back on and put it on the coffee table. You give Loki a hug and a kiss. He kisses the top of your head. But, of course, Tony ruins the sweet moment;

"Get a room, you two!"

You hear Tony whimper a bit and look up to see that there was a pillow on Tony's lap. You look around the couch to see who through it. Your eyes stop on Steve, who was sitting across from Tony. You give him an accusing look and puts his finger to his lip and smiles. You shake your head on Steve, who was sitting across from Tony. You give him an accusing look and puts his finger to his lip and smiles. You shake your head at him and then return back to your normal sitting position, only this time, you are leaning against Loki and your feet are tucked to your side on the couch. Clint got up and gave everyone their presents but he didn't give one to Nat. You gave her a confused look and she shrugged. You opened your present and found it was a bow with arrows similar to his, but obviously not meant for a main weapon. You gave him a smile, but saw that he looked nervous, like the most nervous you
Once everyone had finished unwrapping their present, Clint cleared his throat and everyone looked at him, "Um, I bet some of you are wondering why I didn't give Nat a present," he pauses, "well, um," he turns to Nat and pulls a small box from behind his back, he then gets on one knee and you gasp, so does Nat. "Natalia Alianovna Romanova, the first time I saw you, I was supposed to assassinate you, but I made a different call. I am and was glad that I did, because the first words you said to me were 'Кто же вы и что вы хотите? Ответь мне!' which (Y/N) quickly translated to 'who are you and what do you want? Answer me!' Those were the words that were written on the small of my back. I remember at first you hated that I was 'the one,' but soon, we grew closer and you gave me a chance. And now, I have something to ask of you," Clint took a deep breath and then opened the small box, inside there was a ring with a simple silver band and a good sized diamond, "Will you marry me, Tasha?"

The room was silent for a few seconds, until Nat answered in a hushed tone, "Yes! Yes, of course!"

Clint smiled and slipped the ring on her finger, he then got up and pulled her into a hug and then they kissed. When they separated, you saw that Nat was tearing up, which meant she was really overjoyed, and that was rare. You got up from your spot and walked the few steps to meet her. You pulled her into a hug, when she pulled back, she gave you the biggest smile you had ever seen and then whispered, "I'm getting married!"

"I know!" you laughed, and you pulled her back into a hug. The guys were all shaking Clint's hand and congratulating him. Nat pulled back again and went to go see the others. Clint walked over to you and stood there. You smiled at him and then gave him a big hug and then when you pulled out, you slapped the back of his head.

"Ow! What was that for? I thought I did something good!" he cried.

"That was for not telling me sooner," you replied, smirking.

You turned to Nat, "So, when do we start planning?"

Chapter End Notes

В виде сердца = Sweetheart

Тони, всегда пытается заставить меня пьяный, что маленький ублюдок. = Tony, always trying to get me drunk, that little bastard.

(Y/F/N/I) = Your First Name Initial

(Y/M/N/I) = Your Middle Name Initial

There's chapter 16! This one was fun to write, especially the proposal! Also, let's just say that the nightmare might have been a foreshadowing..., but, anyway, I hope you all liked it!

Disclaimer: I do not own the Avengers, Loki, or Alexander Pierce, they are owned by Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

The past month and a half had been a flurry of activity. Tony had held a New Year's Eve party, let's just say, nobody remembered what happened, except you and Steve, but you both decided to erase that night from your memories. Then, Jane had come to the tower and is still here. There were also one or two missions, days where everyone just hung out, and wedding planning. Nat and Clint had decided to set the date for March 22, 2013, which was in exactly a month. You were going to be the maid of honor and the only bridesmaid, Tony, surprisingly, was going to be the best man and only groomsman. Steve was going to walk Nat down the aisle, seeing as he was the oldest and Nat's father wasn't alive. It was going to be small, just the Avenger's and their significant others, if they had one. Steve suggested that Natasha hold the ceremony in his old church in Brooklyn, Christ Church Bay Ridge, if it was still around, and luckily it was, so that's were it was happening. It was going to be a simple, traditional wedding, nothing to fancy, much to Tony's chagrin. Today, Natasha, Pepper, Jane, and you were going out to get dresses. The boys, were going to get suits.

"You almost done Pepper?" you ask, looking at yourself in the mirror. Pepper and Jane were disguising you and Nat so nobody would know what you were doing. Natasha didn't want anyone outside of the Avengers and Fury knowing that she and Clint were getting married. You were wearing a (H/C) wig, a lot of makeup, and one of Pepper's work outfits, a white blouse and a gray pencil skirt. Natasha was wearing a blonde wig, enough makeup to cover her face, and one of your t-shirts and a pair of jeans. Once you left the building, both of you would put on sunglasses.

"Yep," Pepper put the blush brush down and looked at her handiwork, "You look like a different person with a slight resemblance to you."

You and Pepper walked out of your bathroom and walked to your living room. Jane and Natasha were there, talking and waiting for you and Pepper. Pepper handed you a pair of gray heels and you slipped them on, "Ready?"

Nat looked up and then looked you over, "Well aren't you little miss normal office worker," she teases.

"Oh, be quiet, Miss, uh, Miss, damn, I got nothing," you reply.

"Let's go, the guys left a few minutes ago," Jane got up from the couch and grabbed a small bag and coat from near the elevator.

"We're they wearing disguises?" you ask, grabbing a coat from the back of the couch and walking over to the elevator.

"No," says Jane, the elevator doors opened, "Lobby please."

Natasha and Pepper got in the elevator, "Tony said their answer to the 'what are you doing?' question was going to be, and I quote here, I'm throwing a fancy party and the only place that had
nice enough suits was whatever store we're going to." adds Nat. The elevator stops and all four of you get out. You reach to door first and open for the rest of them.

"So, where are we going?" asks Pepper.

"Mark Ingram Bridal Atelier, it's over on 55th street," Natasha reply's, "It's appointment only, so, you know, more privacy for us."

You had been loading directions up on your phone and finally got them up, "Okay, we have to go turn on to 42nd and head to Grand Central." You start walking and the others join you soon after.

The whole journey took about 10 minutes, the conversation was leaning towards the guys, more specifically, Thor, Loki, Clint, and Tony. You reached the building and walked in. You were greeted by a woman.

"Hello! How my I help you ladies today?" she asked.

"We're here for my appointment," replies Natasha.

"Okay," the women walks over to a desk with a computer on it, "And who would it be under?"

"Natalia Romanov," Natasha said. She had used her really name, she really didn't want anyone to know she was getting married. She even made you choose a different name, June Stringer.

"Ah, yep you're right here," the women come s out from behind the desk, "Follow me, I'm going to take you to one of our rooms so you can meet your helper, and then talk about dresses." The woman lead you through the lobby area to a side hallway, she turned into one of the first rooms. In the room there was two couches and some arm chairs. The women left you to get settled. You and Natasha sat on the couch and Jane and Pepper each took an armchair. Soon, another woman came in a greeted you.

"Hello! I'm Julie Horne!" said the women, she had shoulder length light brown hair and blue eyes behind her black framed glasses, she looked to be in in her late twenties "Which one of you is the bride to be?"

Nat raised her hand shyly.

"So, you're Natalia?" Nat shook her head yes, "And you are you all?" Julie turned her attention to you, Pepper, and Jane.

"I'm June," you said, you really did like that name, "I'm Nat's maid of honor."

"I'm Pepper," states Pepper.

"And I'm Jane," finished Jane.

"Well, it's good to meet all of you!" Julie turned her attention back to Nat, "So, what kind of dress are you looking for?"

"Um, I want it to be white, and um, fitting, and, um..." Natasha trailed off.

You jumped in, "Nat's never really had that much experience with weddings, so she doesn't really have a good idea of what looks good, maybe you could suggest a few things?"

Julie looked at Nat for a few seconds, "Well, form fitting would be perfect, do you care if there are straps or not? Because I think strapless would look great!"
"I guess, no straps would be fine," says Nat.

"Okay, let me go grab a few dresses, oh, and let me take you to a dressing room," Julie starts to lead Nat away from all of you.

"Can June come with me?" she manages to say

"Yeah, of course," Julie walks out of the room. You got up and quickly followed after them.

Julie leads you down the hallway and opens a door into a small room, there is a full wall mirror, a pedestal, and a chair. You seat yourself in the chair, just as Julie left.

"Well," you say, "ready for a few hours of trying one dresses?"

Time Skip: 2 Hours

Natasha had finally found a dress that she liked. You think she probably tried on almost every wedding dress they had before she decided she liked this one. It is a white, strapless mermaid style gown, with an embellished bodice. Natasha was up at the front paying for the dress, Tony had graciously gave Natasha her own credit card connected to his bank account. You were going back to the room you left Jane and Pepper in. Nat had come into that room every once and a while to ask their opinions on the dresses. You poked your head into the room;

"Come on guys, Nat's paying for the dress, I'm going to grab a taxi to take us back, we don't want to get the dress dirty by taking the subway back."

Jane and Pepper collect their things and then Pepper's phone buzzes, she looks at it and then reads it out loud, "Tony says that they are back at the Tower."

"Tell him we are coming back too, but then we have to leave again, we still have to get a bridesmaid dress, and two dress for you two," you reply.

All of you meet Natasha by the door, "Ready?" she asks.

"Yeah, I'll hail a cab for us," you open the door and then walk to the curb, you stick your arm out and yell, "Taxi!"

Luckily the first cab that sees you stops, you wave the girls over and then climb in, you volunteer to sit in the front with the dress.

"Where to?" ask the driver.

"200 Park Avenue, please!" you reply.

The driver nods his head and speeds off. You reach the tower in about 15 minutes, you pay the driver and he speeds off. You give Natasha her dress back and head to the doors.

"Oh, wait," you turn around to face them, "We can't let Clint see the dress, do we have a plan of attack?"

"How about ask J.A.R.V.I.S. where Clint is?" suggests Jane.

"Clint might be in the elevator though, and the first point we can talk to J.A.R.V.I.S. is the elevator," you convey, "Pepper? Could you ask Tony to distract Clint?"

Pepper nods her head and pulls out her phone. She puts her phone back in her purse and says, "We
should be good."

You nod, and open the door. You wave at the secretary, Mrs. Walton. You step into the elevator, Nat, Jane, and Pepper on your heels.

"Good afternoon, Miss Potts, Miss Romanoff, Miss Foster, Miss Barton," greets J.A.R.V.I.S.

"Hey J.A.R.V.I.S!" you reply, "Could you stop the elevator at the common floor, my floor, and Tasha's floor?"

"I am here to please," J.A.R.V.I.S. reply's. The elevator moves up and the elevator stops on Nat's floor. She steps out.

"Meet us in the main living room when you're done!" you call before the doors shut. The elevator moves up to your floor. You step out and are immediately greeted by Storm. You greet her, peel off your coat, place it on the couch and walk towards your room, taking off your wig as you go. Once you reach your room, you place the wig on one of the chairs by the large window and then walk over to the bed and pet Onyx, who is currently sleeping on the bed. "J.A.R.V.I.S., close the blinds please." The big window is blacked out. You remove your top, skirt, and heels and walk over to your closet, you open it and step in. You place the clothes in your hamper and open up one of the draws and pull out a black t-shirt and jeans. You look at your shoes and select a pair of tennis shoes You walk out of the closet and into the bathroom, you take off your make-up and put on a light layer. You fix your hair and then leave the bathroom. You walk out of the bedroom and over to the couch. You reach into the pocket of your discarded coat and pull out your phone. You put the phone into your back pocket and walk back over to the elevator, Storm follows you. The elevator moves up three floors to take you to the common floor. The doors open again and Storm sprints out, probably to find Max or Peggy. You step out after her and walk to the kitchen. You open the fridge and grab some yogurt. You walk over to the island and open one of the slide-out drawers and grab a spoon. You walk back to the living room, pull your phone out of your pocket, set it on the coffee table, and sit on the couch next to Loki, you give him a kiss on the check and start to eat your yogurt, eyes on the TV. Clint, Tony and Bruce were watching some show, Pepper was checking her phone, Thor and Jane were talking about something, and Steve and Loki were reading, or trying to. You were about to take a bite of your yogurt when your phone rang. You sighed and put the food on the coffee table, and picked up the phone.

"Hello?" you say.

"(Y/N)," says a familiar voice.

"Phil!" you say, you see that Tony, Clint, and Steve's heads move to look at you, "How have you been? I haven't hear from you in a while!"

"I'm doing great, but this isn't a social call, Director Fury asked me to call you," reply's Phil Coulson, a friend of yours and Clint's.

"And why's that?" you ask.

"We need you, Natasha, and Clint to come in for a mission," starts Phil, "We need you to keep a close eye on Senator Bob Willing, we have received information that there is going to be an attempt on his life."

"Oh, um, okay, I'll tell them to suit up, where should we head to?"

"The Triskelion, Fury will give you more instructions once you get here, and move as fast as you
can, we don't know when it's going to happen, but we know it will happen soon."

"Yeah, we will, don't worry Phil. We should be there in about an hour," you say.

"I know, it's just that Senator Willing is a good friend of Fury," reply's Phil.

"We'll hurry, but if you want me to go fast, I have to get moving, bye Phil, see you soon," with that you hung up.

"What was that about?" asks Steve.

"We have a mission," you reply.

"Define 'we,'" says Tony.

"Me, Clint, and Nat, we have to go to the Triskelion, there is going to be an attempt on a Senator's life and we have to do everything we can to stop it from happening," you answer.

Clint gets up from the couch, "I'll go tell Nat, we should be down up in ten."

"Okay, should I expect to fly or are you or Nat going to?" you ask

"I'll do it, just suit up and start the jet," Clint walks to the elevator.

"Anyone want my yogurt?" you ask. Tony holds out his hand and you place the cup in his hand. "Bye guys, wish me luck," you bend down and give Loki a kiss.

"Be safe, love, and if anything happens, call for me, I will hear you," whispers Loki.

You nod your head in reply.

"Look out for Nat and Clint," says Steve, "and yourself, I don't think any of us would last a day without you or the other two alive."

"Aw, Steve, that's sweet! But seriously I have to go get ready, if I'm not there in an hour, I will get my ass kicked," you say. You wave 'bye' to everyone and head towards the elevator.

You are changed and in the jet within 8 minutes. You had started the jet and were currently checking your guns, ammo, and daggers. You hear a noise and look up, Clint and Nat had arrived.

You get out of the cockpit and walk over to Nat.

"Did Clint tell you what we're doing?" you ask Nat. Clint walked over to the empty seat and strapped himself in, a few seconds later, you feel the plane start to move.

"Yeah, I just wish we had finished shopping," sighs Nat, she takes her guns out of the holsters and checks over them, she pulls out the ammo a few seconds later and checks over that as well.

"We have a month, we'll find time, Jane and Pepper are probably going to get their dresses right now," you move to sit down in one of the chairs, you pat the seat next to you, "We have an hour, let's chat."

Time Skip: 1 Hour

After an hour of conversation and bad jokes, mostly made by Clint, you had arrived at the Triskelion. Clint landed the jet and all of you climbed out. You walk through the doors and down the hall to the elevator. The elevator door opens and out steps Agent 13. You give her a small nod
and smile, she returns it and the three of you step into the elevator. A short ride later and you reach Fury's office. You step out and walk down the hallway, then, you are stopped by two guards.

"ID, please, from all of you," says one guard.

You sigh and open a small pocket in your suit, you pull out a rectangular card with your picture, name, and clearance level on it. You had it to the guard and he looks at it. He nods his head and hands it back to you. You wait for the guards to clear Nat and Clint and then you step into Fury's office. He was already there, looking out the large window. All of you stand, waiting for Fury to acknowledge you.

"Don't just stand there," Fury turns around, "Sit down."

All of you step up to his desk and sit in a chair.

"So, I assume Coulson told you the basics?" says Fury, sitting down himself and leaning back a little in the chair.

"Yes sir," says Clint, "He told (Y/N) that we were protecting a Senator from an assassination attempt."

Fury nods his head and then leans forward, resting his lower arms on the table, "We don't know who the assassin is or when he is going to strike, but we know that it is going to happen, you are going to be acting as Senator Willing's body guards, you will be wearing actual suits over the things you are currently wearing. Agent Barton, you will have to leave your bow here, I know you aren't as good with guns as you are with your bow and arrows, but carrying around a bow and quiver would be hard to explain." Fury pauses and looks at Clint pointedly, "You are going to meet the Senator in front of the Capital building and then stay with him until the attempt is made, then you will stop the attempt and arrest the assassin. Is your mission clear?"

"Yes, sir," you all replied.

"Your suits are on the back of the couch," Fury points to a set of furniture in the corner of the room and sure enough, there are three suits sitting on the couch.

You stand up, walk over, and grab the suits. You then hand Nat and Clint a suit. They both accept it and stand up. All of you are almost at the exit when Fury speaks again, "Please try and save him, Bob is a friend of mine, and I don't like when things like this happen."

All of you nod and the walk out. You are the first to speak, "Well, let's go save us a senator!"

Clint chuckles and shakes his head, "You are the most positive person I have ever met. Hey, we have to go make sure a guy doesn't get killed, let's make a witty remark about it!"

"Oh, shut up! I know you love it!" you jest.

"Both of you, knock it off!" says Nat, she then mutters in Russian, "Один Бартон достаточно плохо, но два, вместе, это собирается быть смерть меня. Я уверен, что его."

You laugh at what she said, but reply, "Yeah, but you love us anyway."

Time Skip: 3 Hours

After arriving at the Capital Building, you had to wait for the senate to meet. Finally, it had ended, and you had to escort Senator Willing to his home and stay there until the assassin had been
"Follow me sir," you said. You lead the Senator out of the building, with Nat and Clint walking beside him. You lead him out to a black SUV that you would be taking him home in. He moved to open the door but you stopped him, "I need to check and make sure there are no explosives or anything like that." You opened the trunk a little and had enough them to yell "BOMB!" before the back of the car exploded. You were thrown backwards and you landed about 20 feet away from the car. You slowly got up and checked over yourself, the suit was burned enough so you could see your catsuit. You pulled off the remaining bits of the regular suit, and you were just in the catsuit. You felt your face and removed your hand, there was blood on it, you assumed that some of your skin had burned away, it would be okay in a few minutes. You walked over to were Nat, Clint, and the Senator were. "Are all of you alright?"

Nat and Clint nodded, but Senator Willing was starring at you open mouthed, "Your...Your face! You need medical attention!"

"I'll be fine, sir. It will be gone in a few minutes. Now follow me, we brought another car, just in case something like this happened," You started to walk towards a silver Toyota Corolla. You check again and then gestured to the back seat, "Go ahead."

Senator Willing got in the back with Clint. You got in the drivers seat with Natasha in the passenegers seat. You saw that she wasn't wearing her engagement ring. You started the car and then drove away. You got on the parkway and drove towards his house. Suddenly, Nat leaned backwards and she also pushed you back. Then something flew through the space that your head was just in. You looked over at the window and saw a bullet hole. You started to drive as fast as you could without getting pulled over. There were no other attempts for about ten minutes and you started to relax, but then there was a man in the middle of the road. You swerved to the right to avoid him. You saw in you mirror that he was pulling out a gun. "Clint! Senator! Duck!" As soon as you said that, bullets started to come from the back window and exit through the front window.

"(Y/N)," yelled Nat over the sound of breaking glass, "we need to get off the main road!"

"Well, Nat, which direction do you suggest I go in, seeing as I can't move lanes, because there are two other cars surrounding me!" you yelled back. Suddenly, the car in front of you pulled out to block you and the two other cars stopped and people got out of the cars holding guns. "Damn it! Now what do we do?!"

"Clint, make sure nothing happens to the Senator, me and (Y/N) will take out these guys," reply's Nat as she pulls two guns out of her suit. You copy the action.

"Are we staying in the car, or getting out?" you ask, unbuckling your seat belt.

"Let's get rid of the guys closest to the car through the windows, then we get out and take out the rest of them," Nat turns her attention to Clint, "As soon as we get out of the car, make for one of their cars, if we drive away in one of those, it might look less suspicious. Okay, (Y/N), on three." Nat and you both turn to face your windows, "1!" you take the safety off your gun, "2!" you cock the gun, "3!" you pull the trigger. The bullet hits the intended target and soon, you start to shoot the others. Soon, you and Nat have taken everyone close to the car out, "Open the car door...Now!"

You and Nat both open the doors and sprint to the guys in front of the car. You hear another door open, so, you assume that Clint is moving the senator to one of the enemies cars. A bullet hits your shoulder and goes out the other side, you grunt but keep advancing, you unstrap one of the daggers on your upper arms and then throw it at one of the nearest men. You retrieve it and another man comes up behind you, he grabs one of your guns and the bends your arm in a way that breaks it.
"You really shouldn't have done that," you growl, you pull the dagger out of the dead guy and turn and stab the guy behind you in the heart.

You stand up full and see that Nat has taken everyone else out, you go over to the car that Clint is in and get in the passenger seat, "Why are you in that seat?" asks Nat, "You have to drive!"

"Can't really drive when one of my arms is broken and the other one has a shoulder wound, just start the car, I'll tell you the directions!" you reply. you turn around to face Clint and the senator, "Are you both okay?"

Clint nods his head. The rest of the ride is made in silence, with no distractions and the occasional, 'turn right' or 'turn left'. Nat pulls up to the Senators drive way and gets out, but as soon as she steps out, she falls, "Nat!" You lean over the driver's seat and she that she got hit in the shoulder and leg. You pull her into the car, you check her pulse, "She's still alive, just knocked out." You turn around, "I'm going to get out, if I go down, drive away, don't worry about me, just drive away."

"I refuse to do that, I'm getting out with you!" says Clint.

"No, someone needs to stay with Senator Willing, and that person is going to be you!" you open the door and step out. You are immediately hit in the gut with a bullet. You cry out in pain, but stay standing, you look around to see where the shot came from, expecting more to come, but none do. You turn around to open the back door, but are met with a man wearing a mask. The last thing you see is a metal fist hitting you in the head.

Time Skip: 2 Hours

When you wake up, you find yourself in the medical wing of the Triskelion. You sit up and see that Natasha is lying in the bed next to you, reading a magazine with the title, "Miss Indestructible and Captain America: Secret Affair?" Nat notices that you are sitting up, "Hey, how are you feeling?"

"Fine, how are you feeling?" you ask.

"Well, my shoulder hurts like hell, and my leg is numb, so, you know..."

"Where's Clint?" you ask, getting out of the bed.

"Talking to Fury, he was the only one not hurt," Nat reply's.

"So, Senator Willing is..."

"Dead, strangled, actually, Clint was knocked out, but when I woke up, I called a response team."

"Who was that guy?"

"They call him the Winter Solider, I've encountered him a few times before, he's easy enough to remember, you know, with the metal arm." answers Nat, finally looking up from her gossip magazine, "You know, these writers like to make things up," she then reads from the magazine, "Steve and (Y/N) were seen in Central Park holding hands two weeks ago! What does this mean for Loki?" Nat looks back at you, "You never did that? Right?"

"Um, I haven't been to Central park since, like, November, so, unless someone is cloning me..." you reply.

Natasha was about to respond, but them Clint walks in, "Director Fury and the Doctors said we can
go home, are you both ready?"

"Yep," you walk over to Clint, but look back at Nat, "Need help?"

"No, 'm fine," Nat grabs a pair of crutches leaning against her bed and then stands up, "If Tony starts to make jokes about this, can one of you strangle him for me?"

"Sure thing, I'll even do it in front of you," you respond jokingly. All of you then walk out and head to the air pad. You didn't know now, but you would encounter The Winter Soldier, again. In place that you never expected to see him. But, next time, you would be on his side.

Chapter End Notes

Один Бартон достаточно плохо, но два, вместе, это собирается быть смерть меня. Я уверен, что его. = One Barton is bad enough, but two, together, it's going to be the death of me. I'm sure of it.

There's chapter 17! Say hello to the Winter Solider! You'll be getting more of him! The next chapter is going to be...the Clintasha wedding! I'm really excited about writing it! That's all for now! So, as they say in Russia, до свидания (That's goodbye, for you people who don't speak Russian or don't want to use a translator).

Disclaimer: I don't own the Avengers, Loki, Director Fury, or Senator Bob Willing, they are owned by Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

You were running around the tower, trying to make sure everything was packed and ready to go. It seemed that everything was in order, so you went to wake up the bride and groom. It was 9:00 on March 22, otherwise know as the big day. You had told the rest of the Avengers to let Natasha and Clint sleep in, they agreed, as long as you were the one to wake them up. You were in the elevator humming to the music that J.A.R.V.I.S. was playing, Hey Jude, was the song, at least, that's what you think it is. The elevator arrived at the floor and you stepped out, still humming the tune. You walked to the master bedroom door and knocked, there was no answer, so you went in. Clint and Natasha were still asleep, Nat was lying on her side, head tucked into Clint's chest and an arm wrapping around his middle, her other hand was under her pillow, probably clutching a gun or knife. Clint was lying on his back, snoring, one arm thrown above his head, the other one wrapped around Natasha protectively. You had decided that you would shake Clint awake and have him get Nat up, mostly because Clint wasn't holding a weapon, sometimes, even you were scared of Nat. You walked over a placed your hand on Clint's shoulder.

"Clint," you whisper, shaking him, "Clint wake up! You have a wedding to get to!" He didn't budge. You sigh and look around, your eyes hit the light switch, you walk over and turn on the lights, "J.A.R.V.I.S? Open the curtains please!" J.A.R.V.I.S. complies and the curtains slowly open. You look over at Clint and see his eyes slowly opening, you walk over smiling, you bend down to look at him, "You awake? You have to get ready, we have to leave in 30 minutes, oh and wake Nat up too!" You stand straight and leave the room. You here Clint groan. You smile and walk back to the elevator, Max gets out of his dog bed and walks over to you, you pat him on the head and he follows you as you continue to the elevator. The elevator doors open and you step in, "Kitchen please!" The elevator starts to move up, this time playing Sugar, We're Going Down. You decided that after you eat your quick breakfast, to go and check the packing, make sure everything was packed. Then, well, it would be time to head to the church.

Time Skip: 1 Hour 10 minutes

It had taken a little longer than expected to get to the church, so there was about 50 minutes until the ceremony was about to start. You told Pepper, Jane and Natasha to go inside and start getting ready, you sent them with their dresses, the hair stuff, and the make-up stuff, you also sent Clint, Steve, and Tony to get ready. That left you, Thor, Bruce, and Loki to talk to the priest and get some of the stuff ready. You told Bruce to get the bubbles set up, and you told Loki and Thor to put the flowers on the end of the pews, they were Anemone, they were supposed to symbolize exception, or at least that was what the internet said. You went to go talk to the priest. He was at the alter, setting up for the ceremony. He was older, probably in his late 60's early 70's, he was wearing wire frame glasses and had salt and pepper hair.

"Hello!" you say, walking up the steps and over to the priest.

"Ah," says the priest turning, "You must be (Y/N), correct? The bridesmaid!"
"Yep, that's me!" you reply with a smile, "You must be Father Ryan!"

"Yep, that would be me! So, are we still going to be able to start at 11:00? I noticed you seemed to be running a little late," he commented.

"I think we'll be able to, the drive took like, 10 minutes more than we expected, so, you know..." you trail off, not knowing what to say.

"You should start getting ready, the maid of honor is very important!"

"Yeah, probably, um, I'll send someone out to tell you when we're ready," you say, walking back down the steps and down the center isle, "Guys!" you yell, Thor, Loki, and Bruce look up. "once you're done, start getting ready! Ceremony starts in," you pull your phone out of your back pocket and check the time, "45 minutes." You walk down one of the back isle to a side hallway, you see two doors and you are about to choose the one on the left, when you here female voices coming from the one on the right. You decided that one would be a better choice. You open the door and see Jane and Pepper in their dress, helping Nat into her dress. Pepper was wearing a lacy, cut-off, mid-thigh length mint green dress with tan heels. Jane was wearing a pink, past the knee, sleeveless dress with silver heels. Nat had finally pulled the dress up and saw you.

"There you are! I was worried that you had left or something," she said as Jane was zipping up her dress.

"No, just needed to check a few things with Father Ryan. You seem happier than normal, should I be scared?" you ask walking over to your dress that was sitting on a chair. It was a full length sea green dress, with only one strap.

"Well, shouldn't I be happy? I'm getting married!" she replied walking over to you.

"Yeah, but you were never really into marriage," you say, taking off your t-shirt, jeans, and shoes.

"Yeah, but that was before we had time to sit, and relax and actually get to know each other. Don't you want to get married?" she asked, walking over to a mirror and table that had all the make-up on it.

"I don't know," you pause to step into the dress and put the strap over your right shoulder, "I mean, I'm not against it, I just think it's a little to early for anything like that, you know?" You walk over to where Nat, Jane, and Pepper are getting ready, but instead of trying to shove your way in, you plop down on a chair behind them.

"I know what you mean," says Jane, "I mean, yeah, I've know Thor for almost 2 years, but I'm not really ready to marry him."

"Yeah, I don't think Tony and I will ever get married, I think we're happy just the way it is," adds Pepper.

"It's not that I don't want to get married, I don't know what it is, but the time doesn't seem right, you know," you pause and take a deep breath, "You know how I had that really bad dream on Christmas? After that happened, I just feel like something bad is going to happen and that I should spend as much time as possible with you guys. Is that weird?"

The room stayed silent for a few minutes before Natasha spoke, "When you went to bed, on Christmas, we were all talking and Loki was saying something about how sometimes in Asgard, people dream about the future, I mean, at first I didn't believe it, but I've been getting that feeling too, like I have to do everything I can with you."
The room falls silent again, until this time, you speak, "Let's change the subject, like you said before, today is your wedding we all should be happy and excited, not sad and worried!" you get up and grab a bottle of concealer, "So, are you excited about the Honeymoon?"

"Yeah," smiles Natasha, "Who wouldn't want to go to Hawaii, I have no clue what Tony has us doing, but, I guess the surprise might be nice."

"I don't know what I'll do though," you say, putting the cap back on the concealer and grabbing powder, "Jane is leaving tomorrow morning and Pepper has to work, I'll be surrounded by guys for a week!"

"None of the guys will mess with you," says Jane.

"Well," adds Pepper, "Tony might, but, the rest of the guys are very protective of you."

"Well, I know Loki and Steve are very protective, but I don't really see Bruce or Thor being that protective, and how come none of the guys are protective of you?" you turn your attention to Nat, placing the powder back down and grabbing eye shadow.

"Because all of them are scared of me," replies Nat, "They all think of you like a little sister, well aside from Loki, that'd be weird."

"True," you say, "That would be really weird."

Time Skip: 40 Minutes

You had just sent Pepper and Jane out to tell everyone that Natasha was ready to start. Now, both of you were waiting in silence, you were fiddling with your bouquet, made with white Gardenias, Natasha had a matching one.

"Are you nervous?" you ask, looking up from the bouquet.

"A little, I mean, what if someone finds out and uses this against us," answers Natasha.

"I meant about the actual marriage part, like the ceremony."

"Oh, I mean, yeah, I guess," replies Nat.

Just then there's a knock at the door, "Come in!" you call.

The door opens to reveal Steve and Tony standing in the doorway. Steve was wearing a dark blue suit and Tony was wearing a black suit with a white carnation on his chest.

"You both look beautiful," exclaims Steve, "You dames ready?"

"Thank you," you respond at the same time that Nat says, "Yes!"

Steve smiles a holds his hand out for Natasha to take, Tony does the same thing and he leads you out the door first.

"You look different," you state walking out of the hallway to the very front entrance of the church.

"Yep, Clint wanted me to wear a suit that looked like his," Tony gestures up and down his suit.

"Do you like mine?" you ask.
"Yeah, you look fine," Tony replies.

"Yeah, thanks," you mutter. Soon, you hear the music cueing you and Tony to start walking down the isle. Tony moves forward, you moving faster than normal to keep up with his pace. You walk through the entrance to the chapel and see the remaining Avengers looking at you, you smile and then move to the alter. Soon, Tony is letting go of your hand and you are moving to the side Nat is going to stand on. Clint gives you a big smile and then Natasha's music comes on, she had chosen a Russian song, you didn't know the title, by you understood the lyrics.

Таким образом каждый день, таким образом каждый час, обыкновение с думал потратить,

Thus every day, thus every hour,

won't with thought to spend,

и стремиться угадать дату рождения из моих приближается конец

And strive to guess the birthday-date

Of my approaching end.

Ах! где будет судьба отправить смерть мне?

Ah! where will Fate send Death to me?

За рубежом? в войне? на глубокой?

Или проведет соседние долины

Abroad? In war? On deep?

Or will a neighboring valley hold

Моя холодной пыли в его держать?

My cold dust in its keep?

 Тем не менее, хотя я знаю, мои безжизненные формы

Yet, though I know my lifeless form

должны исчезать where'er, я умру, нежно пожелает вблизи мой любимый дом,

Must fade where'er I die,

fondly wish near my loved home,

в моей собственной земле, лгать

In my own land, to lie.

Там, вокруг входа в могиле,

There, round the entrance to the grave,
пусть молодой жизни свободно играть,
и небрежно природы спокойно улыбнулся

Let young life freely play,
And careless Nature calmly smile

с нестареющей красотой гей!

With ageless beauty gay!

Natasha and Steve had reached the altar and Steve had given Natasha away to Clint, they were smiling at each other, both eyes filled with love. Then, the turned to face Father Ryan.

"Dearly Beloved, we are gathered here today in the presence of these witnesses, to join Clinton Francis Barton and Natalia Alianovna Romanova in matrimony commended to be honorable among all; and therefore is not to be entered into lightly but reverently, passionately, lovingly and solemnly. Into this - these two persons present now come to be joined. If any person can show just cause why they may not be joined together - let them speak now or forever hold their peace," Father Ryan paused to make sure nobody objected, and then walked over to the podium, "A reading of Colossians, And over all these virtues put on love, which binds them all together in perfect unity. Let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, since as members of one body you were called to peace. And be thankful. Let the message of Christ dwell among you richly as you teach and admonish one another with all wisdom through psalms, hymns, and songs from the Script, singing to God with gratitude in your hearts. And whatever you do, whether in word or deed, do it all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through him." Then Father Ryan did a long speech about what he just read, let's just say you kind of zoned out. But then, he announced it was time for Clint and Nat to share their vows.

Natasha started, "Clinton, I was trained to know from the age of 6, that I wouldn't meet my soulmate or if I did, I would never tell them. I was basically informed that I would never get married. But then, I was on that mission in Budapest, and you made the call to not kill me, to give me a chance. I know I'm glad you did. I just want you to know, that whatever happens from here on out, I will always love you and be there for you." You didn't know if Nat was crying, but Clint was, so were you.

Then, Clint started, "Tasha, when I first met you, I was scarred, thinking 'no, she can't be my soulmate, we're nothing alike,' but I decided I should give you a chance. I thought it would be a mistake, but, obviously, it wasn't. These last few years have been the best years of my life and I hope that the next ones are even better. I know that meeting you, changed the way my life was going, you know that me and (Y/N) had a crappy first 20 years, but you made it all worth it. I don't care if you die tomorrow or if I die today, I'll just be happy that I got to know you, Natasha, I love you, and I always will, you know, until death do us part and all that crap." You could tell that Natasha was crying, her hand had went up to wipe her face multiple times during that speech.

Father Ryan spoke up after a few seconds, "Do you have the rings?" Clint looked over to Tony who was reaching into his jacket, when he removed his hand, it was holding a small box. Tony stepped forward and handed the box to Father Ryan. He opened the box and handed Natasha and Clint a ring. You couldn't see them, but you knew what they looked like. Natasha's was a white gold ring that was twisted with one vine of white gold and one of diamonds, it was very simple and elegant. Clint's was just a plain, white gold band.

Natasha speaks again, "'I, Natasha give you, Clinton this ring as an eternal symbol of my love and commitment to you." Natasha grabs Clinton's hand and slides his ring on.
Clint speaks, "I, Clint give you, Natasha this ring as an eternal symbol of my love and commitment to you." Clint grabs Natasha's hand and slides her ring on.

"I now share with you a poem, to conclude this ceremony," Father Ryan reaches into a pocket and pulls out a sheet of paper, "The moon has become a dancer at this festival of love. This dance of light, This sacred blessing, This divine love, beckons us to a world beyond only lovers can see with their eyes of fiery passion. They are the chosen ones who have surrendered. Once they were particles of light now they are the radiant sun. They have left behind the world of deceitful are the privileged lovers who create a new world with their eyes of fiery passion. That was The Privileged Lovers by Rumi." Father Ryan pauses again and then speaks, "By the power vested in me by the State of New York, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may now kiss the bride!"

You see Clint smile at Natasha, and then they lean in and kiss. The kiss breaks, but then, they go in for another. They finally break apart, sort of, and Father Ryan announces to everyone in attendance; "I present to you Mr. and Mrs. Barton!" The room breaks out into clapping and cheering. You and Tony link arms again and run outside, followed by the rest of the Avengers. All of you grab a bottle of bubbles. Natasha and Clint run out and you all start blowing bubbles at them. You smile at their faces, you've never seen anyone look at each other like they were, happy, loving, and every positive emotion ever all rolled into one. They run to the car they had chosen to be the get away car, a red Audi Tt Roadster. Clint opened the passenger door and Nat slide in, he closed the door and went over to the driver's side and got in. He started the car and then drove away. You turned away from the road and saw that the Avengers were still blowing bubbles and smiling, it really was great when things like this happened. Loki came over to you, you smiled and leaned up, he got the message and leaned down, you gave him a passionate kiss. When you both pulled away, you were smiling and so was Loki, his smiles were amazing, but they didn't happen that often, but you loved it when they did. You took his hand and looked around again, and took it all in, you felt like you had to. Like you were telling Natasha, Pepper, and Jane earlier, you feel like something bad was going to happen, so you had to make the best of what was going on around you. You still had no clue as to what was going to happen, but it was going to be horrible, so horrible, that even your childhood looked dull in comparison, and you were something that usually you never felt. You were scarred, terrified even, but you were trying to make the best of it. You shook yourself out of the thinking and saw Loki looking at you, concerned, you smiled at him and he returned it. Yeah, you were scared, scared that you would lose everything life had given you.

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter 18! I hope you guys liked it. I think I got the ceremony right, but who knows! What do you guys think is going to happen? Next chapter will be Iron Man 3. Oh, and I got a Twitter for my account, it's the same as my username if you want to follow me. I will say when I post updates and if you tweet me questions or comments, I'll reply. You can also tweet me requests.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Loki, Jane, Pepper, or J.A.R.V.I.S., they are owned by Marvel. I also don't own any of the titles, songs, poems, or verses used in this chapter. The only character I own is (Y/N).

P.S., Anyone get the Hey Jude reference?
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

You were sitting in the living room, flipping through the channels on the TV. Storm was lying across your lap, Loki was sitting next to you, reading a book, with Onyx curled up in his lap. Steve was in the kitchen, making cookies or something. Natasha was in there with him, talking to him. Clint was in the kitchen because Nat was there, and Thor was in there because there was cookies. Tony was in his workshop, working on a new suit, the MK42. Bruce was in his lab, doing something, you didn't know what he did in the lab. You had finally given up and settled on a news station. You watched them talk about the regular boring news, but then, something interesting happened.

"We just received information that the terrorist, The Mandarin has just released another video," starts the anchorwomen.

"Guys, you might want to see this!" you call in the direction of the kitchen. Steve, Natasha, Clint, and Thor walk out of the kitchen, "Hey, J.A.R.V.I.S., play this on the TV in Bruce's lab and Tony's workshop!"

"In this video, the Mandarin is claiming responsibility for the attack on the US military base in Kuwait. President Ellis's response was less than comforting. He says that they are going to have the War Machine suit, the MK8 worn by Colonel James Rhodes, painted and rebranded into 'The Iron Patriot.' We are awaiting further comment from the White House, so stay tuned," the channel switches to commercials and you turn off the TV.

"So, 'The Iron Patriot'? That reminds me of two people," you comment.

"The President is trying his best," says Steve defensively.

"Yes, because changing the name of a metal suit is effective," remarks Clint sarcastically.

Steve was about to retort, but the elevator doors open and Tony walks out, Bruce following.

"What the hell does Ellis think he's doing? That's my suit they're messing with!" states Tony.

"You did give it to the government, so it is there's, is in not?" adds Loki.

"Listen here, you green loving god..." starts Tony.

"Hey, knock it off," you say, "We have bigger problems than a stupid metal suit, there is currently a terrorist running around blowing up things!"

"(Y/N)'s right," says Natasha, "Can you talk the Rhodey and see what he can tell you?"

"First off, it is not some stupid metal suit, second, I don't know if Rhodey can or will tell me anything," answers Tony.
"This other Man of Iron seemed quite friendly and willing to share information when I met him," adds Thor.

"True, but he wasn't spilling government secrets," responds Bruce.

"Yeah, but Tony could try, I mean, you two are like 'best friends,'" you remark, "Best friends do tell each other everything, most of the time."

"Yeah, how would you know, it's not like you have a best friend," Tony snaps.

"Stark! That was uncalled for!" reprimands Steve.

"It's fine Steve, he's just tense because someone other than him is playing with his toys," you retort.

Tony was about to respond, but Natasha spoke first, "Everyone, stop! We don't have time for an argument right now! We have larger issues than who has best friends!"

Everyone is silent until Tony speaks up, "I'll go see if Rhodey is available today," Tony then turns around and walks to the elevator.

Nobody moves or speaks, there is only the sound of breathing and the occasional turning of a page.

Time Skip: 3 Hours

Tony had left to go out with Rhodey a few hours ago, nobody was expecting him back anytime soon. You had went to your floor and grabbed a book. You were sitting in your living room, reading. The other Avenger's were scattered around the tower. You were just about to finish your chapter and go grab some food. J.A.R.V.I.S. made an announcement, "Mr. Stark is going to be arriving in under 5 minutes, I would advise everyone to be in his lab. He will need comfort, he had a panic attack and he received information from Mr. Rhodes. Miss Potts will also be here within the hour with important information."

You close your book and get up with a sigh. You walk over to the elevator and it opens. You walk in and the elevator closed and went up one floor and then the door opened, Steve smiled at you and entered.

"So, Stark having a panic attack, that's new," remarks Steve.

"Yeah, wonder what caused it, he doesn't seem like a guy who would get a panic attack," you add.

"Well, I don't seem like the kind of guy to get nightmares," mutters Steve.

You turn to look at him, "I didn't know you got nightmares," you said quietly.

"Well, I was in World War 2 and I did watch my soulmate die," he retorts.

You were about to comment, but the doors opened and you saw you had arrived in Tony's messy workshop. You glance at Steve, but then walk out of the elevator, not wanting to push him. The rest of the Avenger's were already there, looking around and messing with things. You walk over to one of the tables filled with blueprints, you pick up one and see that it has some planning for some kind of artificial peacekeeping program. You placed it back on the table and you were picking up another one when Tony came through one of the fake windows in his workshop. He landed sloppily and stepped out of his suit. He stumbled out of it a little and went over to the nearest table and put his arms on it, probably to support his weight. He was breathing heavy, but he started to
regulate his breathing. He finally looked up and noticed everyone was in looking at him.

You were the first to speak, "Tony, are you okay?"

"I'll be fine, give me a few seconds," responds Tony. He slowly straightens up and turns around to face the rest of you, "So, are you here because I have information or because you care?"

You answered for everyone, not wanting Clint or Loki to say something, "Both, J.A.R.V.I.S., said you were coming back and that you had information. He also said you had a panic attack and might need some comfort."

"Well, I'm fine," states Tony.

"I don't want to be mean or anything," says Clint, "But dude, you don't look fine."

"I'm fine," repeats Tony.

"Okay, your fine, what did you find out?" asks Natasha.

"Rhodes said that there have actually been six bombings associated with the Mandarin, not just the three that the public knows about. He also said that he was the one operating the Iron Patriot," answers Tony.

"Anything else?" asks Steve.

"Well, useless you want to hear about some kid asking how I didn't die putting the bomb in the wormhole, then no," responds Tony.

"Was that what caused it?" Bruce inquires.

"What caused what?" asks Tony.

"What caused your panic attack, it was a traumatic experience and things like that can affect a person. I mean, look at Steve, he was frozen in the ice for 70 years and every time someone even mentions something cold, he tenses up," says Bruce.

"Yes, it was, but I'm fine now, and I don't need a check-up or any of that crap. I need a drink," says Tony.

"I agree with that," you remark, "We should go the the common floor and grab some food and something to drink. J.A.R.V.I.S. also said something about Pepper, so we should go wait for her."

Natasha nods in agreement, you move to the elevator, as does everyone else. I don't like the way things are going, everyone is too tense and snappy, it could end up bad, you think.

Time Skip: 45 Minutes

Tony had left to go work on one of his suits, Bruce had went back to his lab to work on something to help Tony, and Thor and Loki left for Asgard, claiming something about an important meeting or some crap like that. So, it was just you, Clint, Natasha, and Steve left to greet Pepper. Tony had left Pepper some kind of stuffed animal for some reason, probably to say sorry or something.

Pepper came out of the elevator and walked directly over to the bar. She grabbed a glass and poured some whiskey into it. She took a sip and then turned to face you. She noticed that four of you were missing, "Where's everyone? And what's with the stuffed rabbit?"
"Tony needed some time to cool off," says Natasha, "Bruce went to go work on something and Thor and Loki left for Asgard. So, we're here to listen to your complaints or information." Natasha pats the spot on the couch between you and her.

Pepper walks over and sits down on the couch, "Well, at my 4 o'clock appointment, a guy named Aldrich Killian, he meet Tony back at a new years eve party back in '99 I think. But, anyway he wants Stark industries backing on his think tank called Advanced Idea Mechanics, or AIM. Apparently, AIM's goal is a biological experiment called Extremis, which is supposed to harness the brain's power to alter human DNA. But I told him the we weren't interested in it because it could be used as a weapon. I don't like it though, it seems fishy. I also saw Happy, which was nice. But, what do you think?"

Steve is the first to comment, "Sounds like this guy is trying to do human experimentation, like what HYDRA was trying to do with, um, Bucky. And anything that has to do with human experimentation can't be good."

"Ditto on that," says Clint. You and Natasha nod your heads in agreement.

"I asked Happy to keep an eye on some of Killian's men, you know, just in case," adds Pepper.

"We could help," you say, gesturing at yourself and Nat.

"You'd have to ask Happy, you know he's strict about this kind of stuff," replies Pepper.

"I'll get him to agree," says Nat. She get's up and pulls out her phone. She walks away, putting the phone to her ear.

"Yeah," you turn back to Pepper, "We'll be helping."

Time Skip: 1 Day

You, Natasha, and Happy are at Rockefeller Center, following one of Killian's men, Eric Savin. You see that he is meeting another man, a briefcase. Happy goes out of hiding, much to yours and Nat's chagrin. Savin starts to beat him up, you and Nat move to go help him, but then the other man overheats and explodes. You and Nat are thrown back, you see Natasha hit the concrete quite hard, so you assume she has a concussion. You get up, your head is pounding, but soon, it stops. You check over yourself and see that you didn't sustain any major damage, just a few cuts that were quickly healing over. You walk over the Nat and she that she is knocked out cold, but that she would be okay. You look around and see that Savin was gone. You ran over to Happy and saw he was injured quite badly. You heard sirens and looked up, there was two fire trucks, five police cars, and two ambulances. You pull out your phone and call Steve, he'll get everyone over here.

Time Skip: 4 Hours

Everyone, minus Thor and Loki, who still hadn't returned, was sitting in Happy's hospital room, watching the TV. Apparently, the Mandarin has taken the responsibility for the blast, even though you know that's not true. Natasha had a minor concussion, but Happy was put into a coma.

"So," you say, "Now what? Me and Natasha told you that it was a man who exploded, but the Mandarin is taking responsibility for the blast. What the hell does that mean?"

"I don't know," says Steve, "But I don't like it, at all."

Tony storms out of the room, you get up from you chair, close behind him. Natasha, Clint, Steve, and Bruce quickly follow after. You catch up to Tony at the entrance to the hospital, "Tony, what
the hell is up with you, your acting a lot different than normal?"

Tony doesn't respond, he just walks out the door straight into the waiting press. He walks to his car and is instantly surrounded. You don't hear the question, answer, or aftermath. You see Tony get in his car, and drive away. Natasha, Steve, Clint, and Bruce walk out the door and stand next to you.

"What was that about?" wonders Clint, aloud.

"I have absolutely no idea," you answer, watching Tony's car leave the parking lot, "But we need to find out," you run over to the black Chevy Impala you drove to the hospital, you had made Tony buy it for you. Natasha followed you and got in the passenger seat. Bruce and Clint got in the back and Steve got on his bike. You started the car and sped away to the Avenger's Tower.

Time Skip: 2 Hours

Tony had locked himself in his workshop, doing who knows what. You were in the kitchen, talking to Steve and helping him make dinner, you were going to have spaghetti. Clint, Natasha, and Pepper were watching a movie, and Bruce was in his room. You heard the elevator door open, and you ran out of the kitchen hoping that either Tony decided to stop being a wimp, or that Thor and Loki had returned. But it wasn't any of them, it was a woman, who was arguing with Pepper.

"We are not in any danger and you can't see Tony! He's busy!" exclaims Pepper.

"But you are in danger! Please, let me talk to Tony!" fires back the woman. Suddenly, the elevator doors open, and Tony walks out, "Tony, it's me, Maya Hansen, all of you need to leave, or go into hiding, you're all in danger!"

Tony was about to reply, but you look out the window and see three planes surrounding the tower, "GUYS!" The planes open fire. You run back to the kitchen, but feel all the bullets going through you, it hurts like hell, but you keep going to the kitchen, "STEVE! GET DOWN!" Steve looks up and then surprise and horror go across his face as he sees your body being pierced by bullets, but he ducks behind the island, and you slide next to him, just as another round passes through the kitchen. It goes on a cycle for about 5 minutes, but then it stops. You stand up and look over yourself, you see that only one or two of the bullets didn't go all the way through. You'll get them in a second. Steve stands up and looks at you in your blood stained clothes.

"Are you alright? What was that about?" asks Steve.

You ignore him, walking back out to the living room, you see that Pepper is there, so is the other women. You don't see Natasha or Clint or Tony, "Where are they?" you yell, afraid the your best friend and brother are dead, "Where are they?"

Pepper looks up, she and the women don't seem harmed, "I think they managed to get in the elevator, but I saw Tony fall out of the window," she points to one of the windows, that is now just a hole. You run over to the elevator, it opens and you see that Nat and Clint are sitting in there.

"Are you both okay?" you ask, half relieved, half worried.

"I got shot in the shoulder," says Clint, "Nat got shot in the thigh, but other than that we're good. Are you okay?" Clint nods at your clothes that are blood stained and ruined with holes.

"Yeah, there are two bullets still in me, but I'll get them out," you say, "Tony fell out a window."

"Is he okay?" asks Natasha sitting up a little.
"I don't know," you reply, "I was more worried about you two." You go over and help Clint up, Clint helps Nat up and you walk out of the elevator. The fire exit door opens and Bruce runs out.

"What happened, I heard gun fire for at least 10 minutes, I didn't come up until I was completely sure that it was over," says Bruce.

"I actually have no clue, but I need someone to get a bullet or two out, and Clint and Nat need medical attention, oh, and Tony fell out a window," you say, you then turn to look at Pepper and the other women, "How are you both alive?"

"The suit," replies Pepper, "One of Tony's suits came and covered me and her, but it flew off, I think it took Tony with it, but I have no clue, he could be dead."

"Well, let's get cleaned up and than we'll figure out what to do next, we also should probably stay away from this floor until we can get it fixed, you know, just in case," says Steve, taking charge of the situation.

You nod and look at everyone, you have a super solider, three trained assassins, a doctor who also turns into a monster when angry, and two normal people. How in the world are you supposed to find Tony.

Time Skip: 2 Hours

Everyone had gotten medical attention and the other women, Dr. Maya Hansen, left. Now everyone was sitting in the living room on Steve's floor trying to find evidence proving Tony was alive, nobody dared to leave the tower, just in chase, so nobody could check to see if there was a body.

"I got something," announces Pepper, she taps a button on her phone and a message starts playing;

"Hey, Pepper, I have no clue where I am, but I'm alive for the moment, call back if you..." the message ends.

"Well," says Clint, "At least we know he's alive."

"Yeah, but what do we do?" asks Steve.

You thought for a few seconds before you announced an idea, "Trace the call, find the location."

"Already on that," comments Bruce, but then a few seconds later he speaks again, "Nope, never mind, the device used to make the call either isn't charged or it was destroyed."

Everyone is silent until Steve makes a suggestion, "We should have a quick dinner and then get some rest, we'll need the energy for tomorrow."

"What's tomorrow?" asks Natasha.

"Where we do everything we can to find out who was responsible for the attacks and try to track down Tony, and maybe try and reach Thor and Loki," answers Steve, standing up moving to his small kitchen, "I'll start to throw something together."

You reach for the coffee table and grab a remote sitting on it. You press the power button and turn on the news. You place the remote back down and lean back on to the couch. The news might have something on Tony, or what happened, or it might not, but it helps to look.
Time Skip: 45 Minutes

Steve had made bacon, eggs and toast for everyone and you were still watching the news. You were about to turn the TV off and head to your floor, when the newswoman flashed off the TV and a man appeared on TV.

"This is the Mandarin, and here with me I have the CEO of Roxxon Oil," the camera pans a few feet to the right to see a man tied to a chair, struggling. "He is going to be murdered on live television if President Ellis doesn't contact me in the next 2 minutes, your time starts, now!"

You look at your fellow Avengers who's eyes are glued to the TV, not moving an inch, you turn your attention back to the TV when you hear a phone ring.

"Looks like Mr. Ellis does care about Mr. CEO, well, that's too bad," the camera pans back to the right and your see a gun being held to the mans head, then it fires with a loud bang. The man slumps forward and the camera pans back to the right, "Mr. Ellis, watch your back, your next. Goodbye for now." The feed turns black and the news comes back on, you shut off the TV and turn to look at the other Avenger's once again.

"This is getting worse, much worse," you say.

Nobody responds, so you sit in silence, hoping that this is just a nightmare and you'll wake up.

Time Skip: 1 Hour

You had went to bed after the TV announcement. Bruce went to one of the guest bedrooms, and Pepper went into the other. Steve, Natasha, and Clint had decided to stay up for a while longer, and then sleep on the couch when they got tired. You had been asleep for about 30 minutes when J.A.R.V.I.S. woke you up;

"I am terribly sorry that I have to wake you Miss Barton, but Mrs. Barton has requested your presence in the living room."

You grumble and throw the covers off of you and slowly get up. You trudge over to the door and open it. You walk down the short hallway and reach the living room, "What'd you wake me up for?" you grumbled, marching over to the couch and sitting next to Steve, leaning back on the couch and also leaning a little to the left to lean on Steve.

"Rhodey just called," answers Steve.

You sit up a little, "About what?"

"He said that Tony had called him and asked him to go see where the government thinks the Mandarin is. Rhodey says he is in the Middle East and that the only thing he found was an abandoned warehouse and that there is no trace of anybody ever being there, recently, at least. He also said that one of the files he got from Rose Hill is a document from a company called Advanced Idea Mechanics," answers Steve.

"Isn't that the company that Pepper had an appointment with earlier?" you ask.

"Yeah, looked it up on the internet," replies Clint, "The CEO is Killian."

"What does that mean?" you ask, not looking for a response.

"We have no clue," answers Natasha.
"I think I'm just gonna sleep out here, would be easier than having to wake up and get out of bed," you say. You stand up and grab a blanket and pillow, you put the pillow on Steve's lap and then lie down. You pull the blanket over yourself and then sigh, you really hope there weren't anymore disruptions.

Time Skip: 2 Hours

You wake up this time to the sound of Tony's voice.

"All of the bombs are the work of soldiers from the Extremis program, an experimental treatment which is supposed allow its test subjects to recover from crippling injuries like amputations. But, if a person's body can't properly metabolize Extremis, their body heats to an extreme temperature and explodes. After veterans that volunteered for the program started growing unstable and exploding, their deaths were used to cover up Extremis' flaws by manufacturing a terrorist plot. The test footage that I found shows that a number of early subjects were killed because of Extremis's flaws."

"What do we do?" asks Steve.

"I sent Rhodey out to the Mandarin's IP address about an hour ago, but I lost contact with him about 20 minutes in," replies Tony, "And I just used the IP address the Mandarin uses to hack the airways to trace him. It's in a place in Miami. I'm currently in a hardware store, buying stuff to make weapons."

"Stark, that didn't answer the question, what do you want us to do?" repeats Steve.

"Stay out of it," replies Tony gruffly.

"Tony, let us help!" you speak for the first time.

"Sorry Junior, not today, don't want anyone to get hurt," says Tony.

"You don't need to talk to me like I'm five Tony, let us help," you cry.

"Nope, bye guys, wish me luck," with that the call ends.

"Dammit Tony!" you yell.

"J.A.R.V.I.S., can you track Tony?" asks Clint.

"No, Mr. Stark has asked me to stop all possibilities of tracking him, you cannot override that command, I am sorry, Mr. Barton," replies J.A.R.V.I.S.

"Now what?" you ask, you are suddenly feeling very tired, "Anyone else feel really..."

You never finished your sentence, you fall over and appeared to be in deep sleep, the other Avengers were about to check on you, knowing that things like that just don't happen to you, but they fell asleep too.

Time Skip: 30 Minutes

You wake up in a daze, wondering what just happened. You look around and see that Steve, Nat, and Clint are fast asleep. You get up and walk to the room Bruce is in and open the door, you see that he is also fast asleep. You went to the room Pepper was using and open the door. You see that she isn't there and that there was some kind of fight. You start to get worried and call for
J.A.R.V.I.S. There was no response, someone had shut off J.A.R.V.I.S.! You ran back to the living room to see that everyone is still asleep. You had a feeling something bad had happened, very bad. You ran to your room and got your phone, you called Tony, Pepper, Rhodey, and everyone else who was relevant to the situation. Nobody answered. You decided that there was nothing else you could do but sit and wait, so that's exactly what you did.

Time Skip: 1 Week

You had eventually found out that some kind of sleeping gas had been released in the tower, and since you had your powers, it hadn't effected you as long. You also found out that they had taken Pepper and done the Extremis experiment on her, she had survived thankfully and had actually saved Tony in the end. Tony managed to cure Pepper and also decided to get surgery to remove the shrapnel embedded near his heart. Tony had recalled his perspective of the story many times, twice to all of the other Avengers, once to Loki, and about three times to Thor. Loki and Thor had come back about three days after the excitement, being extremely surprised to see the common floor under construction. Everyone was still a little mad at Tony for not letting anyone come and help him, but overall everyone was glad the him, Rhodey, and Pepper were alive. You, along with everyone else, was really hoping that this would be the last of this kind of drama for a while. But everyone knew, that wouldn't happen.

Chapter End Notes

Side Note: I had to change some of the locations to fit the needs, like Tony's house in California to Avenger's tower and a few other places.

Wow! That took a long time. I think I did good though, I did have to add or take away some things from the movie, but I think it's still pretty accurate. If you guys didn't know, I wrote a quick oneshot that sort of goes along with this story, it's a crossover with Supernatural, it's called Team Free Will Meets the Avengers, if anyone is interested. That's all for now!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters mentioned in this story except for (Y/N), the rest of them are owned by Marvel.
Steve's Prank

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

This chapter was inspired by the Tumblr post by tygermama; The Avengers get really bored one day and pick names out of a hat and trade costumes and spend the rest of the day pretending they got body swapped to mess with Tony. It's Steve's idea.

Clint's birthday was two days ago, and Tony had decided to throw a big party for it. You were the only one to remember what happened, but you refused to tell anyone what had happened, let's just say, you would never be able to look at a wine glass again without cringing. The day after the party, nobody could find Clint, J.A.R.V.I.S. finally informed Tony that Clint was asleep in one of the vents, also, you had been finding the most random things in the weirdest places. Like you found an empty bottle of whiskey on the roof, sitting half off the top of the building. But, after all the excitement of the past two days, things had quieted down. You were extremely bored today, it was too hot to go outside, and you could only watch so many episodes of Sherlock, (Seeing as there were only 9 episodes). You turned off your TV and looked around your living room, Storm was lying next to you on the couch and Onyx was lying in his cat tree. There were books scattered around on every flat surface available. You could put them away, but you weren't feeling up to it. You decided to go to the common floor and see what everyone else was up to. You got up from the couch and stretched. Storm got up and stretched too. You walked over to the elevator, picking up your phone from the coffee table as you went. The doors opened and J.A.R.V.I.S. asked his question;

"What floor, Miss Barton?"

"Common floor," you replied, unlocking your phone and clicking the blue Twitter bird. You scrolled threw some of the tweets until the doors reopened. Storm ran out and over to the couch, where Max, Gunnar, and Peggy were currently lying. They all jumped up and started to run around, they came speeding towards the elevator and you stepped out of the way, just before they ran into you, "Backyard!" you managed to get out before the door closed on the dogs. You turned off your phone and walked over to the living room. Natasha was sitting on one of the chairs, panting her nails. Bruce sat in another chair, reading a science magazine. Loki was in the dining room, eating chips and reading a book. Clint was trying to teach Steve and Thor how to use their phones. Tony had decided to buy everyone who didn't have a phone, a phone. So, now someone had to teach Thor, Loki, and Steve how to use their phones. Loki had just been ignoring his phone and refused to let anyone but you teach me how to use it.

"No! No, that's not how you turn, no, that's Siri, Thor!" yells Clint, "Nope, I'm done, I give up!" Clint gets up and walks into the kitchen.

"What is this Siri?" asks Thor. Steve shrugs his shoulders in reply.

You walk over to the couch and sit down in the spot that Clint just left.

Thor turns to face you, "What is Siri?"
You sigh, "Siri is kind of like a J.A.R.V.I.S. for your phone."

Thor nods his head and then looks back at the phone, "How do I turn this small glowing box off?"

"First off," you say, "It's called a phone, and second, you see that button in the very top?" Thor
nods his head, "press that."

Thor presses the button and the phone turns off, "Many thanks Lady Barton!"

"(Y/N)? Could you help me?" says Steve, "Clint said I should get something called a Tumblr? How do..."

"A Tumblr?! Um, how about an Instagram?" you suggest.

"Sure, I don't really know how to do that..." Steve trails off.

"Nat, could you help Steve set up an Instagram? I have to go yell at your husband," you say,
getting up and moving towards the kitchen.

"What's that?" Nat looks up, "Help who set up a what?"

"Help Steve set up an Instagram," you say, right before you enter the kitchen.

Natasha responded, but you didn't here her. You were in the kitchen staring at Clint, who was
sitting on the island, staring at his phone,

"Clint!" Clint looks up and sees you.

"Yes, how can I help you?" he replies, sliding off the island.

"Did you tell Steve to get a Tumblr?" you question.

"I might have mentioned it," Clint replies, walking over to the fridge and opening it.

"What the hell were you thinking?! Are you trying to scar him for life?!" you exclaim.

"No, just thought it'd be funny," replies Clint, closing the fridge and opening the cupboard next to
it.

"Do you have any idea what Tumblr is?! If he went deep enough, hell, if he just looked up his
name..." you trail off, closing your eyes, and picturing Steve looking through Tumblr.

When you don't get a reply, you open your eyes and look around. Clint disappeared, you look up
and see that there is a ceiling vent large enough for Clint to go through. You start muttering in
Russian, walking out of the kitchen, "Ебля Clint, всегда пытается взять легкий путь. Думает,
что он так смешно с его шутки и шутки, я покажу ему шутка. Просто ждать Клинтон Бартон,
просто ждать." You walk back over to the couch and take your phone out of your pocket and start
checking social media and occasionally cursing your brother under your breath.

Time Skip: 1 Hour

Clint had shown up in the living room and was now watching TV with Thor and Nat. Bruce had
went to go make himself some lunch, Loki was reading, Steve was drawing something in his
notebook, Tony was still in his workshop, you think, and you had just put down your phone.

"I'm bored," you announce.
"Me too," adds Clint.

The other's nodded their heads, Bruce had just come out of the kitchen with a sandwich, and he went over to sit at the dining room table.

"Steve," Steve looked up from his drawing to look at you and everyone else.

"Yes?" asks Steve.

"We're bored," Clint says.

"Yes, I heard," replies Steve, "What am I supposed to do about that?"

"Give us an idea," you suggest.

Steve thinks for a moment, "I have had an idea in my head since Tony, you and Clint pranked me, but I guess we could just do it to mess with Tony..."

"Spill," says Nat.

"We act like each other, kind of like we switched bodies," says Steve.

"Like some kind of Freaky Friday," comments Clint.

"Um, sure, I guess, I don't know what that is," says Steve.

"It doesn't matter," you say, "Let's mess with Tony! Everyone in?"

You receive nods or sounds of agreement from everyone.

"Alright!" yells Clint, "Let's fuck shit up!"

"Watch the language," comments Steve.

You snort at what Steve said, Clint looks very confused and surprised.

"What?" says Clint.

"Sorry," mumbles Steve, "It's a habit."

There is an awkward silence, then Steve rips a page out of his note book, and starts to tear pieces from the paper.

"Um, what are you doing?" you ask.

"Writing names down," replies Steve, he takes one of the pieces and writes something down. He places the paper on the coffee table, you think it said Clint, but you weren't sure, it was upside down and in cursive.

"And why are you doing that?" asks Nat, standing up and walking over to were you and Steve are sitting.

"Because, we have to chose who gets who somehow, and drawing names seems fairest," answers Steve, writing down the rest of the names, and placing them on the coffee table, "Do we have something to put these in?" Steve looks up and glances at everyone.

Loki shuts his book and places it on the coffee table, he waves his hand, and an Iron Man helmet
appears on the table. Nobody says anything, "No need to thank me," sighs Loki.

Clint shakes his head and looks back at Steve, "Alright Rogers, lets get this show on the road!"

You stand up and grab the helmet from across the coffee table. You put it in your lap, and grab the names from the table and put them in the helmet.

"We should set some ground rules," says Steve. Clint groans, but Steve continues, "Stay in character, no matter what, no making fun of the person you are pretending to be, and nobody say anything to Tony. Everyone got that?"

Everyone nods, Bruce walks over from the dining room and joins everyone in the living room, "Who draws first?" he asks.

"I believe the creator of the game goes first, and if you draw your name, just put it back," Natasha states.

Steve nods his head and places his hand in the helmet, he moves his hand around a bit, and then pulls out a name.

"What's it say?" you ask, trying to look over his shoulder.

"Loki, I got Loki," sighs Steve.

Clint bursts out laughing, "Good luck, have fun acting like a god!"

"Clint, would you like to go next?" asks Steve, lifting the helmet off your lap and raising it in Clint's direction.

"Sure, I'd love to," Clint takes the helmet from Steve and reaches in, he pulls a paper out and reads it out loud, "I got Bruce!" Clint passes the helmet to Bruce.

"Thanks," Bruce reluctantly reaches in and grabs a paper. He pulls it out and grimaces, "I got Thor."

"Good luck, you'll need it," you say.

Bruce nods his head in your direction, and then gives the helmet to Thor. Thor reaches in and pulls out two papers, he places one back and then reads tho other one," I have gotten Lady (Y/N)!"

You burst out laughing, so does Clint, "Oh man," sighs Clint, "Good luck man, good luck!"

Thor hands you the helmet, and you accept it, you reach your hand in and pull out the first one that you feel, you pull it out and smiled, "This is gonna be easy, I got Nat!"

"No fair! I demand a redraw!" says Clint.

"So sorry bro, not how it works," you say, handing the helmet to Natasha.

Natasha reaches in and pulls out a paper, "I got Clint!"

"Seriously, Steve can we redraw?" asks Clint.

"Sorry Clint, your stuck with who you got," replies Steve.

"That means I got Captain Rogers," says Loki.
"Okay, now what?" you ask, looking at Steve.

"When ever Tony's in the room, we start acting like the person we got," replies Steve.

Just then the doors opened and Tony came out. Loki waved his hand and the helmet disappeared. Steve picked up the book Loki had been reading and opened it. Clint picked up the science magazine Bruce had been reading earlier, Bruce turned on the TV, and Nat and you turned to watch. Thor picks up your phone and turns in on, he couldn't do anything else though, he didn't know the password. You thought in your mind, directing it to Loki, knowing he could hear you, Tell Thor my password in 4496. Loki slightly nods his head and then looks and Thor. Thor starts typing in the password. Loki picks up Steve's notebook and a pencil, and starts to draw.

"Hey guys!" says Tony, walking over to the couch and sitting on the other side of you.

"Hi Tony," says Thor, trying to sound like you.

"Um, hi Point Break," says Tony, "Isn't that (Y/N)'s phone?"

"Yes, it is," you say, trying to sound like Natasha, "Are you that stupid?"

"Um no, but why is he on your phone?" asks Tony.

You roll your eyes and turn your attention back to the TV.

Tony looks around and sees Clint reading a science magazine, "Since when do you read science magazines?"

Clint looks up,"Since I became a scientist, obviously."

"Um, okay then, guys, knock it off, your kinda freaking me out over here," says Tony.

"Why are we scarring you Anthony? Have become insane enough to think we are frightening?" asks Steve, doing his Loki impersonation.

"I think I'm just gonna go back to my lab..." Tony slowly gets up and walks away, but then he fast walks towards the elevator once he got far enough away.

Once you hear the doors close, you burst out laughing,"That was amazing!"

Everyone else is laughing, even Steve and Bruce crack a smile.

"How long are we doing this for?" asks Clint, finally managing to stop laughing.

"Rest of the day?" suggests Steve.

"I, myself would suggest for the rest of the week," adds Loki.

"I think a week is too long, Tony is already kind of unstable, you do realize that, correct?" says Bruce.

"I think the rest of the day is good, unless he breaks down or something, then we stop immediately, deal?" you say.

"I agree with Lady Barton! For the rest of the day we shall act like each other!" agrees Thor.

"Let's get back to it, Tony might be watching us through the security cameras," suggests Natasha.
"Wait, we have security cameras?" you ask, "Like in every room?"

"Yeah, I found all of them on my first day. I managed to disable the ones in certain places on my floor, want me to disable some of yours?" ask Nat.

"Yeah, I don't want Tony peaking in on everything I do, I mean..." you trail off, not wanting or needing to finish your sentence.

There is an awkward silence, until Steve breaks it, "I think I'm going to go grab a book from somewhere and read it," Steve gets up and walks over to the elevator.

"Just grab a book from our library!" you call to Steve before he enters the elevator, "Anyone want to spar?"

"I will come and spar with you!" announces Thor, he stands up and walks over to you. You stand up and walk over to the elevator.

"Anyone else?" you ask, trying to hide the worry in your voice, you may be trying to act like Natasha, but you didn't have her skill in sparing, and Thor could easily hurt you, not that you couldn't fix it yourself, but having someone else come would be nice.

"I'll come with you, but I'll be in the weapon range," says Nat getting up and walking over to join you and Thor by the elevator. You smile at her, showing your thanks, she mutters something in Russian, loud enough for you to hear, but not anyone else, "Вам не придется беспокоиться, я буду смотреть, и вы знаете, что Тора не повредит вам."

You nod your head slightly, and then step onto the elevator with Thor and Nat climbing on behind you.

Time Skip: 4 Hours

You and Thor had sparred for about two hours and then you had went over to the weapon range for about an hour. Then you went to Nat's floor and took a shower, trying to stay in character. When you finally finished your shower and had pulled on some clothes, you had made your way to the main kitchen, hoping that Steve, no wait, Loki acting like Steve, had made some dinner, or at least ordered dinner. And if he hadn't, then Thor would have to do it, because usually if Steve didn't make or order something, you ended up being the one who made or ordered food. You made it to the main floor and you saw Steve was sitting in the living room reading a book, Bruce was watching TV with Nat, who was munching on an apple, Thor was on your phone, and Loki, Clint, and Tony were nowhere to be found. You walked over to the kitchen, you looked in and saw that Loki was trying to cook something.

"What's for dinner?" you ask, stepping in to the kitchen.

"Hamburgers and cheeseburgers, french fries, and pie, that you, I mean (Y/N), made earlier," he replied, still focusing on what he was doing.

"Sounds good," you walk out, wondering if Thor actually managed to make a pie. When you entered the living room, you see that Clint and Tony had arrived. Tony was looking around at everyone and Clint just went to sit in a chair.

Tony saw you walking out of the kitchen and then asked you a question, "(Y/N)! What's up with everyone, they're all acting weird?"

Thor spoke, "Nothing's wrong, why would you think that?"
"Well, for one, because I asked (Y/N) a question and you responded, I mean really Thor," says Tony

"What was that Brother Anthony?" says Bruce, looking away from the TV and at Tony.

"No, Bruce! Not you too!" sighs Tony.

"Not me what?" asks Clint.

"Alright! Everyone the jokes over, stop it, it's getting annoying," says Tony.

You were getting worried about what would happen, but since you were being Nat, you couldn't say anything except, "What joke are you talking about? We're not doing anything."

Tony turned to look at you, "(Y/N), please, you guys are kind of scaring me, please. And you know I don't say please that often."

You looked away from Tony and looked at Steve, he looked up from his book when he felt your stare on him, you then proceed to have a silent conversation through your eyes. You and Steve looked at each other for at least a minute, maybe more, but then Tony spoke again;

"Okay, that's freaking me out even more."

You and Steve had finally managed to come to a silent agreement and you looked back at Tony, "Okay, we'll stop. Are you okay?"

"What the hell was that?!" exclaims Tony.

"I'll let Steve explain, I have to make sure Loki doesn't burn anything," you walk back to the kitchen, "Hey, jokes over, I'll finish up."

Loki looks up and over at you, "Good, because I was getting absolutely no where, how dose one do this?"

"I'll teach you sometime, but not right now, I need to finish this up so we can eat dinner, it's almost 6:30, and I don't know how hungry everyone is," you say walking over to Loki and giving him a kiss on the check, "Now out of my kitchen! Oh, and see if Steve wants to help."

Loki nods his head and then leaves. You finish making the hamburgers and then pull the fries out of the oven. You start setting up plates with different toppings. You start to carry things through the living room to the dinning room, and you manage to catch snips of conversation

"So this was your idea? I never knew you could be such a prankster Cap, I'm surprised," says Tony.

"Yeah, well,..." you didn't hear Steve finish because you went back into the kitchen. You see that grab two more plates and walk back through the kitchen, "There was this one time when me and Bucky were..." Steve stops the conversation when he sees you walking back to the kitchen,"Do you need help?"

"It would be nice, but it's not necessary, you were talking," you say.

Steve nods and goes back to his story, you walk back to the kitchen and grab a pile of plates, with forks, knifes, and spoons on top, you turn back and almost run into Clint, who's standing in the doorway, he takes the plates and then walks out. You stand there, confused, but then you turn back around and grab the rest of the food. You walk out and then place them on the table and see that
Clint had finished setting the table, you walk out of the dining room and then announce to the rest of the Avengers, "Dinner's ready!"

They all move to get up, still listening to Steve's story, then walk though the door and sit at their places, Tony at one end, Steve at the other. You sitting next to Steve, with Clint next to you. Loki is sitting across from you and next to Natasha. Thor and Bruce are sitting next to Tony. Everyone starts to grab food, still listening to Steve's story. You smile at the situation, everyone is together, happy and relaxed. No missions or trips, no drama, no injuries, just all of you eating. It was nice, you laughed with everyone at the end of Steve's story. The Clint start's to talk about something that you and Barney had done to him as a kid. No disruptions, just talking. All was well, for the moment.

Chapter End Notes

"Ебля Clint, всегда пытается взять легкий путь. Думает, что он так смешно с его шутки и шутки, я покажу ему шутка. Просто ждать Клинтон Бартон, просто ждать."= Fucking Clint, always trying to take the easy way out. Thinks he's so funny with his jokes and pranks, I'll show him a joke. Just you wait Clinton Barton, just you wait.

Вам не придется беспокоиться, я буду смотреть, и вы знаете, что Тора не повредит вам. = You don't have to worry, I'll be watching, and you know that Thor won't hurt you.

There's chapter 20! Sorry this one took a while, I was sick and didn't feel like writing that much. I think this one turned out good. I have absolutely no idea what to do for the next chapter, but I'll figure it out. That's all for now!

Disclaimer: I don't own the Avengers, or Loki, the are owned by Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Chapter Notes

This chapter was inspired by three different head canons; J.A.R.V.I.S. monitors the heart rates of Tony and any of his teammates who are sleeping in the tower. If their pulse becomes too high, they are woken by an alarm. None of them will acknowledge it, but they are all grateful for being rescued from their nightmares. By: joyfultrashturtlenew. The Black Widow is afraid of spiders, and needs Clint to kill them for her. By Anon. And, training session that consists of Clint beating everyone at dodge ball. He nails Natasha in the head and everybody freezes in terror. They have to coax him down hours later. "It's okay, she's gone." "NO SHE ISN'T SHE'S JUST WAITING!" By: hornsweather and deprofundisamodante.

Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

The past week had been busy. Your birthday had been 6 days ago. It was must better than last year, you told Tony that you just wanted to go out to eat and then watch a movie or something simple. Thank God he agreed. You had gotten various things, including your updated suit that Tony had finally finished and a gift card to a spa, among other things. Then, there had been a 5 day mission over in Russia, you, Nat, Clint, and Steve were tracking a few rogue agents, that had taken much longer than expected. You broke an arm climbing up the side of a mountain and gotten shot a few times, but it healed within 5 minutes. The others got various injuries, but most were healed by now, or almost healed.

You woke up at the sound of an alarm blaring, but it stopped a few seconds after you woke up. You looked at your clock and saw it read 2:13, you knew that you hadn't set an alarm, especially not for 2:00 in the morning. You sigh and turn back over to face Loki, you scoot over, so you are lying directly next to him. You push one of his arms out of the way and then snuggle into his chest. Both of his arms come around a hold you against his chest protectively and he sighs in contentment. You slowly drift back to sleep encased in the warmth of your comforter and of Loki.

You wake up again, this time, because Loki is getting up.

"Morning," you whisper, still half asleep.

Loki turns around and smiles at you, still covered in the mounds of blankets, "Good morning love. How are you this fine August day?"

You pull the blankets off of you and slowly sit up, stretching as you go, "Good, but I got woken up by an alarm around 2:15 and I have no clue why, I probably should ask Tony about it."

"Yes, that is quite strange, I do hope that J.A.R.V.I.S. is not malfunctioning," replies Loki, walking over to the bathroom, "Coming?"

"Yeah," you climb out of bed and walk over to Loki. You stand on your tippy-toes and give Loki a
kiss on the lips, he returns it, and then you both start to get ready for the day.

Time Skip: 30 Minutes

Once you and Loki finish, you head down to the common floor to get some breakfast. When the elevator doors open, you are greeted by a shriek and a crash. You look and Loki and then both of you jog to the place where you heard the sound. You arrive in the kitchen to be greeted with a strange sight; Natasha is standing up on the counter, with a look of terror on her face, Steve, and Clint are looking around, and Thor and Tony are laughing their heads off, while Bruce is just sitting there, drinking his coffee and reading the newspaper.

"What's going on?" you ask, confused by the sight before you.

"Red saw a spider, screamed and then dropped a plate and climbed onto the counter," replies Tony, trying to stop laughing, but then he fails miserably when he sees your face.

"Spider?" you whisper, your eyes had grown big and a look of terror came across your face, "Where?"

"Got it!" yells Clint, he comes up from the floor with a clear cup and plate in his hands. Under the cup and on the plate is a black spider about the size of a quarter. You shriek and grab Loki's arm. Clint comes closer to you, "What afraid of a little spider?" he fake throws it at you and you shriek again and cling to Loki's arm tighter.

Steve stands up and then reprimands Clint, "Stop messing with (Y/N) and take the spider outside, and I mean outside, not just away in some corner of the tower."

Clint huffs and sticks his tongue out at Steve and then walks out the door. Steve helps Nat off the counter and you let go of Loki's arm, "Sorry, I hate spiders, among a few other things." You walk over and grab an apple out of the fruit bowl and take a bite out of it.

"What are the other things?" asks Tony as he spins around to face you.

You let out a small laugh, "Yeah, right, like I would tell you what I was afraid of."

"Aw, come on G-man, at least give me a hint," whines Tony, reminding you of an 8 year old.

You take another bite of your apple and chew it thoughtfully and then swallow, "Okay, it's a group of people."


You don't give Tony an answer, instead, you ask him a question, changing the subject, "So, I got woken up because of an alarm at 2:00 in the morning, would you like to share with the class?"

"It's clowns isn't it?" you don't respond, "Clowns it is!"

"Tony, did you even hear my question?" you ask impatiently.

"Yes, I did. That was probably something that I programmed J.A.R.V.I.S. to do. He's supposed to wake anyone who is showing the sign of having a nightmare, I had him do that after your last big breakdown," replies Tony, taking a sip of coffee from his mug that reads, I am Iron Man.

"Oh, well, thanks, I guess," you reply, not knowing what to say, Tony actually did something to
help another person, which was rare.

Clint chose that moment to walk back into the kitchen, "I just had the best idea ever! We should play dodge ball!"

"Why?" asks Nat, speaking for the first time since you came in.

"Because it'd be fun! That's why!" replies Clint, walking over to the coffee maker and filling up a mug.

"I don't know," you say, "Remember the last time you suggested something like that?" Clint had wanted to play paintball back when you were both just agents, let's just say, you found paint in your clothes, months after the incident.

"That was a bad idea, but this one does not involve paint or anything like that!" he retorts.

"I'll play, but don't say I didn't warn you," you sigh, finishing of your apple.

"What is this dodge of balls?" asks Thor

"You're supposed to throw balls at the other team to get them out. If you get out, you have to move to the side and sit out, but you can get back in if a member of the opposite team gets out," says Tony.

"I want to play this game of dodge the ball!" announces Thor.

"Everyone agree?" asks Clint, he receives no negative replies, "Okay, let's pick teams!"

"Wait!" says Natasha, "We should wait until like 10 or something, it is only 9:00 in the morning, some of us haven't hyped up on caffeine, so we aren't awake yet."

"I agree with Natasha," states Loki, moving to the coffee maker, he had become quite fond of coffee in his time on Earth.

Clint looks around at the rest of you for help, but nobody objects, "Fine! Have it your way!" Clint walks back out of the kitchen.

"I'm making eggs, anyone want some?" says Steve, walking over to the fridge and pulling out a carton of eggs.

"Sure," you say, the apple hadn't satisfied your hunger.

"Make that two," sighs Natasha, moving to the island to sit in between Thor and Tony.

Steve nods and grabs a pan out of a cupboard and then walks back to the fridge to grab butter, "(Y/N)? Could you crack the eggs?"

"Yeah," you walk over to the island where Steve had placed the eggs, you opened a cupboard below the counter and grabbed and bowl. You opened the carton and started to crack eggs, you needed 7 in total, two for you and Nat, three for Steve.

"I didn't know you cooked," states Tony, taking another sip of his coffee.

"You would if you actually paid attention to who makes or orders most of the food," you mumble, "Because FYI, it's me and Steve, I bet that if us two weren't here, you guys would never eat together, or eat actual meals, just take out 24/7." You had finished cracking the eggs and thrown
out the egg shells, you grabbed the bowl and handed it to Steve. You then proceed to pull out the toaster and bread.

"I can make food! I just choose not to," cries Tony.

You turned on the toaster and put two slices of toast in the toaster. You went over to another cupboard and pulled a mug out of it. You filled the mug with water and put it in the microwave. You set the timer and then turned around to face Tony again, "I bet you don't even know how to make a hamburger."

"Not true!" says Tony, defensively.

Natasha snorts, "Really, then how?"

"First, you grab the hamburger meat out of the fridge, and then you put them in a pan and then turn the stovetop on and then you put the pan on the stove and wait for them to cook!" announces Tony.

"That's right, actually," you turn back around and grab the water from the microwave, you open yet another cupboard and grab a tea bag. You place the teabag in the mug and then take the toast out of the toaster and put two more in.

Loki had moved to the island with his coffee and was sitting next to Bruce, "Anthony, do you know how to bake something?"

Everyone else was looking at yours and Tony's antics, not wanting to get involved. "Yes! To make cookies you have to get cookie dough..." said Tony.

"From scratch," you add.

Tony takes a long sip from his coffee and then mumbles something.

"What was that?" you say smiling, you turn around and grab the toast out of the toaster and put the final two in.

"I said, I don't need to know how, I have two people who do that for me," Tony looks up at you triumphantly.

Clint had rejoined you in the kitchen because he heard the bickering, "Oo, bad move Stark, bad move!"

"Hey, Steve, you hear that, we are supposed to be paid, because Tony says we make things for him!" you call

Steve smiles and puts the finished eggs on plates, you put two pieces of toast on each and then hand one of the plates to Nat, you take one of them, and Steve takes the remaining, "We aren't being paid, should we boycott?"

"Well, that's what people do," you turn to face Tony, "Here that? We aren't making food anymore, I guess you lost your source of meals and desserts!"

"I'll just pay someone to do it," replies Tony.

"Oh, you misunderstood us," you say, "We're just not making food for you, because everyone else is nice and appreciative of our food."

"Okay, I'm sorry, you're a good cook," says Tony.
"Nope, it's too late, have fun eating takeout for the rest of your day!" you say before taking a bite of toast.

Tony was silent, and you smirked, you had won, everyone else was smiling and Clint came over and pat you on the back and then said, "Hey, you're learning!"

"Yeah, but not from you," you reply.

"Oh, burn!" says Tony.


"Real, nicknames, I thought you were more mature Katniss, I mean really," retorts Clint.

"Alright, ladies, that's enough!" you say, "Look, we all know who the real winner here is and it ain't either of you!"

"But," starts Clint.

"Seriously, enough," says Nat, she was beginning to get annoyed.

"Fine, but just because you asked so nice," Clint bent down to give Nat a kiss on the top of her head, but she ducked, "Hey!"

"Nope, no PDA, some people don't appreciate it," Nat jokes, looking pointedly at you and Loki.

"What? It's natural!" you say defensively.

"What is this PDA?" asks Thor.

"Public Displays of Affection, brother, do you learn?" sighs Loki.

Thor was about to retort, but Nat interrupted, "Yeah, but you do it too much!"

"No, we do it a natural amount!" you reply.

Loki and Thor began arguing back and forth, so did you and Nat. Tony sat there, watching in glee with Clint, Bruce just sighed and continued to read the paper and Steve finally broke it up, "Guys! GUYS!" everyone stopped and looked at Steve, "Can we have one normal breakfast please? Just one?"

You sighed and then mumbled, "Sorry."

The rest of breakfast was silent, you had pulled out your phone and started looking through it, so did Nat. Steve was staring into space, Bruce was reading the paper, Loki, Thor, Clint, and Tony had drifted out probably to get ready to play dodge ball.

Time Skip: 1 Hour

You had finished breakfast and went back up to your floor to change into proper attire, seeing as playing dodgeball in jean shorts would not go very well. You had made your way down to the gym, letting the dogs into the 'backyard' before you reached that floor. When you walked into the gym, you see that you are the first one there. You pick up some mats someone left in the middle of the floor and move them to their rightful places. You look around, figuring out what you will need to move to have a big enough space. Your eyes fall on some punching bags lying against a treadmill. You walk over and pick one up. You take it to a supply closet and set the bag down.
You walk back over and grab the other one and place it in the closet, next to the first one. You hear the gym door open, so you turn around, Nat and Clint walk in, followed by Steve. Nat was wearing something similar to you, a tanktop and workout shorts. Clint and Steve were wearing basketball shorts and workout t-shirts.

"Great! You're here!" you sigh, walking over to them, "Anyone know where or if we have any balls to use?" Clint snickers at what you said, "Really? Are you 12?"

Clint stops and then replies, "No, I'm 27 and 2 years older than you!"

You sigh and shake your head, "So, does anyone know where the dodge balls are?"

Tony chooses that moment to walk in the gym, he was wearing his normal everyday outfit, jeans and some kind of band t-shirt. Today, it was Black Sabbath, "They're in the supply closet, there should be enough."

"Thanks," you walk back over to the closet and step in, you look around and then spot a bag of multicolor balls. You grab it and exit the closet, shutting the door behind you. When you were in the supply closet, the rest of the Avengers had walked into the gym. Thor and Loki were wearing the same outfit as Clint and Steve, basketball shorts and workout t-shirts. Bruce, like Tony, was wearing his everyday outfit, a button up t-shirt and khakis. You dumped the balls out of the bag and started to line them up in the middle, Steve helping. Once the balls were set up, you stood up straight and turned to face the Avengers, "So, teams?"

"I'll be a team captain!" announces Tony, "Cap, you should be the other one!"

Steve sighs, but then agrees, "Fine, but I pick first."

"Deal," replies Tony.

Steve scans the rest of the Avengers, when his eyes settle on you, "(Y/N)," You smile and walk over to stand next to him.

Tony goes next, "Well, if you're taking G-man, I'll take Red," Nat gives you a look and then slinks over to Tony's side.

"Thor," declares Steve.

Thor walks over and slings an arm around Steve's shoulder, "We shall triumph Brother Steve!"

"I'll take Reindeer Games!" counters Tony. Loki looks at you and then walks over to Tony's side, scowling. You smirk at his reaction.

"Clint," calls Steve.

Clint walks over and stands next to you, "So, girlfriend and husband verses boyfriend and wife."

"Don't say it like that, please," you comment, watching as Tony called Bruce, "It sounds wrong."

Before Clint could reply, Tony called over, "Should we make this more interesting?"

"What do you mean by more interesting?" answers Steve.

"Like, a wager," replies Tony, "Might I suggest losers have to do whatever the winners want?"

Steve was about to answer but you tapped him on the shoulder and he turned to look at you, "Don't
agree to that, whatever could mean like whatever."

"Oh," Steve turned back to face Tony, "How about losers have to pay the winners $50 each?"

"Sounds agreeable," says Tony, "Who judges winner and loser?"

"I can do that, sir," says J.A.R.V.I.S.

"Alright, we all know rules?" asks Steve.

Thor speaks up, "I am not clear on the rules of dodge of balls!"

"You try and hit the people on the other team," you say, "If you get hit with a ball, you're out, but you can get back in if a team member hits a person on the other team." Thor nods.

"Shouldn't we have, coverage or something like that?" suggests Clint.

"Yeah, I'll go grab some mats," says Natasha, walking towards the closet. She opens the door and starts grabbing mats. Once she has shut the door, there are a total of eight mats, four for each side. Steve walks over and grabs four of them and takes them back to your side of the gym. He sets them down and each of you grab one. You all set up the mats in various places on your side.

"Ready?" calls Steve.

"Ready!" answers Tony.

"Everyone, go to the far back wall on your sides, once everyone is touching the wall, I will count down from three, when I say go, the game begins. The game ends when all of one team is out," says J.A.R.V.I.S., everyone goes to the back walls and places a hand on the wall, "Three, two, one, go!"

You hand comes off the wall and you sprint for the balls, when you reach them, you start rolling as many as you can back to your teammates. Once you rolled back all you could you ran back. You grabbed two balls and then ducked behind a mat. When you peaked over, you saw the Tony was trying to get Steve out, which was harder than it sounded. Steve was quite agile for someone of his side. Thor was trying to get Natasha out, but was also failing, Nat was extremely agile. Clint was aiming for Loki and was successful, the ball hit Loki in the arm. Loki looked up and scowled. He walked off to the side, waiting for someone on your side to get out. You took one of your balls and looked around. Your eyes fell on Tony, he was so busy trying to get Steve out that he wouldn't be aware that you were aiming for him. You threw the ball in Tony's direction, but before it could reach it's intended target, Natasha kicked it and it hit a wall. You scowled at her and then picked up the other ball you had grabbed. You stood up and choose your target again, you see that Thor had gotten out, so Loki was back in you would take him out later. You threw your ball at him and it got him out. Thor yelled in triumph and ran back in picking up a ball and chucking it at Tony. The ball hit Tony is the head. The look of shock on his face was priceless, but when you were so busy laughing, Natasha hit you with a ball. You stopped laughing and gave Nat a look. You walked over to the side and waited for a chance to get back in. Steve was trying to hit Natasha, so was Clint, Thor was aiming for Loki. When Steve wasn't looking, Loki hit him with a ball. Steve placed the ball he was about to throw down and he walked over to stand next to you. Tony ran in and aimed for Thor, it hit him. Thor walked over and sat down. Clint was doing pretty good on his own, he hand managed to get Loki, and Bruce out, so both you and Steve ran back in. But then, something bad happened. Clint was aiming for Natasha, the ball hit the target, but it hit her in the head. Nat had a look of shock cross her face, but then anger crossed it. Nobody moved, until Clint shook himself out of his terror and
did something either incredibly smart or incredibly stupid, he made a run for it. Clint ran out of the gym doors and disappeared around the corner. Natasha started to make for the door, but Steve stepped in front of her.

"Nat, there is no need for a rash decision, let him go," says Steve.

Natasha steps around him, but this time you step in front of her, you grab her arm, "Hey, he didn't do it on purpose, leave him be," Natasha shrugs your hand off and proceeds to move to the door, "Thor!"

Thor grabs Natasha and picks her up, "I shall hold her for as long as I can, go find Brother Barton and tell him to leave for a few hours!"

You nod and look at the rest of the Avengers, "We have approximately," you pause to look at Nat, who was currently kicking, punching, biting and doing everything and anything in between to get free, "10 minutes! Go! We need to find him!"

You and Steve ran out the door, Loki disappeared, and Tony fast walked after you and Steve. You saw that Bruce had went over to a panel and pressed it, you assumed that there was some kind of computer there, but you didn't see, you had turned the corner. You needed to find Clint, if Nat found him first, she would kill him.

Time Skip: 4 Hours

No one had found Clint. You, Steve, Loki, and Tony had searched every inch of the tower on foot, while Bruce was having J.A.R.V.I.S. scan the tower. Eventually, Thor had let Nat go and she had been scouring the tower for him. She eventually gave up after about an hour of searching. She was currently in the gym, beating the crap out of some punching bags, but hey, at least it wasn't your brother. He was annoying, but he didn't deserve to be beaten within an inch of his life. You were checking some of Clint's normal hiding spots, a supply closet on the 28th floor, when you heard a rustling in the vents above your head. Of course! Nobody had checked the vents!

"Clint? Is that you?" you asked, looking in the direction of the vent cover. The rustling stopped and there was no noise for a few seconds, "Clint, I know that's you. It's okay, you can come out, Nat is taking her anger out on a punching bag."

"NO SHE ISN'T, SHE'S JUST WAITING!" cries Clint.

"SHHH!" you hiss, "Okay, she is probably still mad, but keep it down, do you want her to find you?"

"No," whispers Clint.

"Come down, we'll sneak you out of the tower for a few days, if you're that scared, but you could just tell her you're sorry," you say.

The vent cover slide out of the way and Clint's feet appear, followed by the rest of him, "I'm not scared of her!"

"Really? Okay, let's go to the gym and talk to her," you grab Clint's arm and start to walk towards the elevator.

Clint, surprisingly, follows you, though it seems a bit reluctant, "What do I say?"

You reach the elevator and it opens you and Clint step in, "Gym please," the elevator starts to
move up and you turn your attention back to Clint, "Just say something like, 'I'm sorry for hitting you in the head with a ball,' or something like that." Clint nods and then the elevator stops. The doors open and Aglaij slinked into the elevator. Clint was staring at the cat wearily, so you pulled on his arm to get his attention. He looked up at you and then walked out of the elevator. You walked down the short hallway in silence, with the occasional sound of Nat kicking the punching bag. You open the gym door and hold it open for Clint to walk through, he steps through, and you follow. Natasha looked up at the sound of the door closing.

"To, что он здесь делает?" asks Natasha, taking the wraps off her hands, glaring at Clint.

"Он пришел, чтобы извиниться за удар вам в голову!," you answer sharply.

Natasha snorts, and then replies, "Он не ценит свою жизнь? Кто был, идея Тони?"

"Нет, это была моя! Он страшно Nat, он думает, что вы собираетесь убить его или что-то! По крайней мере услышать его вне, дать ему шанс, пожалуйста, он ваш муж ради Бога!" you retort.

"Fine," Natasha places her wraps on a bench and walks over, "Go!"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hit you in the head, believe me! I am terrified right now!" says Clint nervously.

Natasha gives him a stern look, and then looks at you, "Ли вы сказать ему, чтобы сказать, что?"

"Нет, я дал ему предложение о том, что сказать, но только потому, что он попросил," you say.

Nat looks at Clint again and sighs, "I forgive you, but breath a word of any of this, and both of you die. Got that?"

Clint nods his head furiously and you give her a single nod. Clint walks out and you wait for Natasha to grab her water bottle, "So, who won?"

"I think both sides lost," replies Natasha, taking a swig of her water.

"Why?" you ask, opening the door for both of you.

"Because," Nat walks out of the door and then turns to look at you, "We are all superheroes, between the ages of 25 and technically 95, and we were playing a game meant for middle schoolers!"

You laugh and then reply, "I guess you're right."

Chapter End Notes

То, что он здесь делает? = What is he doing here?

Он пришел, чтобы извиниться за удар вам в голову! = He came to apologize for hitting you in the head!

Он не ценит свою жизнь? Кто был, идея Тони? = Doesn't he value his life? Who's idea was it, Tony's?
Нет, это была моя! Он страшноНат, он думает, что вы собираетесь убить его или что-то! По крайней мере услышать его вне, дать ему шанс, пожалуйста, он ваш муж ради Бога! = No, it was mine! He's scared Nat, he thinks you're going to murder him or something! At least hear him out, give him a chance, please, he's your husband for goodness sake!

Ли вы сказать ему, чтобы сказать, что? = Did you tell him to say that?

Нет, я дал ему предложение о том, что сказать, но только потому, что он попросил = No, I gave him a suggestion of what to say, but just because he asked

There's chapter 21! I have seen the main headcanon a lot and I wanted to write a story based on it! I think it turned out good. I also made the decision that Steve and Reader are the main cooks, so sorry if you're not a good cook. Next chapter is going to be Thor: Dark World, I have absolutely no idea how I'm going to add the Avengers into it, so it might take a while. That's all for now!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, J.A.R.V.I.S., or Loki, they are owned by Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Soulmates. The word that everybody's life revolves around. Yours is a Norse God named Loki. Some people, like your brother, Clint, hate the fact, other people, like Tony, think you two make the cutest couple ever. After the Battle of New York, everybody is moving into the newly renamed Avengers Tower. You just hope you live through the experience.

Loki and Thor had went to Asgard about month ago for important business concerning something, Loki hadn't given you any details and you ended up being the one to tell the team they left. For some reason, Thor hadn't told anyone neither had Loki. You only knew they were supposed to be back after two weeks, but it had been twice that amount, and no one had received any news from them, at all, and everyone was starting to get worried, extremely worried.

Today marks the day that Loki and Thor had been gone for exactly a month. You were sitting in the common room, reading. Except, you weren't really reading, you were looking at the book, but the information wasn't processing, you were busy, thinking about Loki. The rest of the Avengers were scattered around the tower, you were the only one in the living room. You looked around and then closed your book a set it on the couch. You pulled Storm onto your lap and then buried your head in her back, and then, you let all the emotion that had been building out of your system, through the form of tears and muffled sobs. You didn't hear the elevator doors open, nor did you hear the footsteps of your fellow Avenger. But if you had heard them, you would have heard the footsteps fall off abruptly and grow louder, until they were right next to you. You felt the couch sink in and then arms wrap around you and pull you up and into the other person. You realized what just happened, so you looked up to see none other than Steve Rogers, hugging you. You realized you probably looked stupid and weak, so you moved to pull away, but Steve pulled you tight against him.

"Hey," says Steve into the top of your head, "It's okay, let it out, sometimes it's better, trust me I know."

You cried for a few more minutes, but you managed to calm yourself down, so you sit up, still leaning on Steve, slightly, but not as much.

"I'm sorry, you're covered in tears and probably some snot, I'll go grab a towel or something," you moved to get up, but Steve pulled you back down.

"Hey, it's fine, you should relax, you've been tense and working non-stop for the past two weeks," says Steve.

That was true, you had went on about 6 missions over the past two weeks, Fury had finally told you he wasn't going to give you anymore until Loki came back. Since then, you had been doing one of a few things, cooking or baking, working in the gym, cleaning, sleep, eating, or staring at nothing, "I like keeping myself busy, it helps me keep my mind off of, you know."

"I get it, when I came out of the ice, which was two weeks before New York, I was doing something non-stop, trying to keep my mind off of Peggy, and Buck and anyone else that I lost, but I found out that doing that doesn't help as much as you wish it did, for me, doing that made it worse, and I think it's the same for you, if I'm not mistaken," Steve turns to look at you, and you met his searching eyes.
"Yeah, you're probably right, but what else do I do?" you sigh leaning back into the couch, staring out the large window.

"Well, first off, realize he's not dead, he might just be busy, you know that he is probably going to come back, second, hang out with us more, all of us are worried about you, even Tony, but especially Clint," suggests Steve.

"Okay," you reply.

You both sit in comfortable silence, looking out the window, which gave a good view of the skyline, when you break the silence, "J.A.R.V.I.S.?

"Yes Miss Barton?" replies the british voice.

"Can you get everyone and tell them to come to the main living room, and tell them that I was the one who asked," you say, Steve was watching you, with a curious look in his eye.

"Will that be all?" asks J.A.R.V.I.S.

"Yep, thanks," you say.

"What are you up to?" asks Steve, smiling slightly as he sees you smile.

"You said spend more time with everyone, I'm spending more time with everyone, we're watching a movie!" you announce, "Could you make some popcorn, I'll grab everyone a drink!"

Steve sighs, smiles and then gets up, walking to the kitchen. You also get up, but you walk over to the bar, you grab 5 beers and then fill up one glass with scotch. You start to carry the drinks over and when you place the last drink down, the elevator doors open. Clint runs out and looks around for you, when he spots you, he runs over; "What? Are you okay? J.A.R.V.I.S. said that you said to come to the living room, and he made it sound urgent."

"I was told that everyone was worried about me, and I was also told that I should spend more time with my friends and my brother, so, we're watching a movie!" you announce, extending an arm to the drinks and the TV and to Steve, who just walked out of the kitchen with enough popcorn to feed a small army.

The remaining Avenger had heard your explanation and then Tony sighed with relief, "Don't do that again, you had us," he coughs, "them all worried!"

Everyone was moving to sit on the couch, "Tony, I know you were the most worried, my reliable source also told me that you have been the most worried about me out of everyone, besides Clint of course."

"Well, your source lies!" retorts Tony, looking at you.

"I don't know," you look at Steve who had come to sit next to you, Clint was sitting on the other side of you, "my source is pretty reliable.."

Tony follows you gaze, "Rogers! I thought we had an agreement!"

"Desperate times call for desperate measure, sorry Stark," replies Steve.

"Alright, enough chit-chat, let's watch the movie!" you say, J.A.R.V.I.S. closes the blinds and then starts the movie, you had picked The Great Gatsby.
The movie had ended, and now Steve was talking about what 1922 was like in Brooklyn. He was telling some story about something that happened somewhere when there was a rumble of thunder. You jumped up and ran to the elevator. Steve stopped talking and then got up and speed off to follow you, as did the other Avengers. Everyone got into the elevator and it soon started to move up and then stopped. The doors opened and you ran out, you looked around, but didn't see anyone. You ran to the other side of the roof and then see 5 people, talking. You get closer and then see that the group doesn't contain Loki. Thor is there, with Sif, Hogun, Fandral, and Volstagg.

"Where's Loki?" you cry, you turn your attention to Thor, "Where is he? Thor?!"

Thor glances at his other companions before looking at you, "My brother, is, currently imprisoned, he, greatly upset father, so, he got thrown in prison, I have been trying my best to get him released, but right now, there are more urgent matters at hand, and we need your help, all of your help," Thor looks behind you, where the other Avengers are standing.

"So, he's not dead?" you whisper.

"At the moment, no," replies Thor. You sink down to the floor and start crying tears of relief, "Did I say something wrong?"

"No," you choke out, "I'm just glad that he's okay!"

"Thor?" asks Steve, "What are the more important matters?"

"Jane, she found one of the Infinity Stones, the Aether, and she absorbed it into herself, I took her to Asgard and our best healers are working on getting the gem out of her, but, father fears Malekith, the Dark Elf who originally owned the Stone, is going to come to Asgard and try to take Jane and with her the Aether. Father wished that I came and gathered all of you, to assist us in protecting Asgard and Jane," Thor finishes, waiting for some kind of agreement.

"Why should we?" you say, standing up, "The last time we went to Asgard, I almost died, and with Loki in prison, I don't have that much protecting me, I mean besides all of you, but there are subtle ways to cause harm."

"G-man does have a point," agrees Tony.

"Please, father would not have asked me to come get you if it wasn't urgent, I beg you, I can't lose Jane, she means everything to me," Thor looks at you with pleading eyes.

"Okay, we'll help," says Steve, "Everyone, go pack the necessities and change into your suit, bring weapons too, we meet back in 20 minutes!"

Time Skip: 20 Minutes

Everyone had gathered back on the roof, each with a small bag and weapons of their choice.

"Alright, AllFather!" calls Thor. There is a rumble, then a flash, and then spinning. When you finally open your eyes, you see that you are standing in Odin's throne room. Odin was sitting on his throne and the rest of the Avengers, The Warriors Three, and Sif, are scattered around the room.

"Good, you came," says Odin, looking around, his eyes rest on you but then he finishes speaking, "Guards, show them to their rooms!"
5 guards appear and lead everyone off in different directions, but Thor stops the guard leading you, "I shall take Lady (Y/N) to her room, no worries!" Thor gently grabs your arm and leads you out the main doors, "I have a piece of advice for you." Thor turns down a hallway.

"And what would that be?" you ask, following Thor down another hallway.

He stops in front of a door and then turns to you, "Do not trust anyone in this palace, trust only myself, the other Avengers, my mother, the Warriors Three, Sif, Jane, and Loki. My father may have invited you here, but only because of great need, he still hates you. I would advise staying in this room unless myself or anyone of the people I just listed comes and gets you. I shall take you to visit Loki within the hour, but first I have to go check on Jane, she is not doing well. I shall be back," Thor opens the door and you step in, he shuts it behind you. You look around and immediately recognize the room, it is Loki's. You smile and set down your bag. You climb onto the back and just lie there, relaxing, and trying to forget the situation you are currently in.

Time Skip: 1 Hour

You must have fallen asleep, because you jerked awake to the sound of knocking. You stretch and get out of the bed, you walk over to the door and open it to see Thor standing there.

"We can go visit my brother now, but not for long, 30 minutes at the most, father will notice you disappeared," Thor turns and starts to walk down the hall, he notices you aren't following him, so he turns back around, "Are you coming, Lady (Y/N)?"

"Yeah, coming!" you speed walk to where Thor stopped, "Lead the way!"

After a 10 minute journey, you find yourself in the dungeon, Thor opened the door, "I must warn you, the prisoners here do not like anyone who has any association with us, but they especially do not like Loki, so be prepared for vile comments, it also does not help that you are wearing your suit."

You nod and then look down, yeah, wearing a catsuit that hugs your body is probably not a good outfit to wear, but you walk through the door anyway.

"Oi! It's Thor! Hey, brought down anymore family?" says one prisoner, "Oo, and a girl, showing off the people you jailed, trust me princess, he's not that impressive!"

You walk forward, ignoring the comments, until, one that really shakes you up, "Is that a new toy Thor? I thought you already had one? Or is she a toy for us? Are you gonna let us have a little fun? Is she gonna put on a show? Because that outfit, ooo, it's already workin' me up!"

You freeze and then backtrack to the cell the held the one who just spoke, "You want a show? I can give you a show! It involves breaking every bone in your body, one at a time! Because, I am not someone's toy! I am a human being and I am going to be treated like one, is that understood!"

"Oh, nasty temper this one, she needs to be taught a lesson!" says the prisoner.

You were about to open the cell, but Thor grabbed you, "I will make sure he is punished later, do not waste your energy on him."

You shoot the prisoner a look that read, 'I will murder you,' but you moved back and followed Thor to the very end of the hallway.

You see Loki, in the prison, looking normal, he was reading a book, "Loki?" you whisper, he didn't hear you, "Loki!"
Loki looks up, probably expecting to see a guard or someone like that, because his face is in a scowl, but then when he sees you, his face lights up, "(Y/N)! Love, I have missed you, I wish I could greet you properly, but alas I can not. How did you get here?"

You were about to answer, but Thor answered for you, "Father requested that I bring the Avengers here to assist with the Dark Elves."

"Why did you come, love, he could kill you? He would, just to spite me, you need to leave, I am glad you came, but you need to leave, for your own safety. Thor, why did you bring her here?" says Loki, putting his book down and moving to the screen that is keeping you from him.

"I didn't want to come, but Steve agreed, they'll protect me, and I am not helpless, I could kick anyone's ass if I really wanted to," you reply, placing your hand on the screen.

"I know you can, but I worry, I could not bear for something bad to happen to you," Loki places his hand on the screen, your hands would be touching if there wasn't the screen there, "You do not understand how much I wish I could touch you."

"I think I do," you reply, smiling slightly.

A guard walks over and whispers something to Thor, he nods his head and then turns to you, "We need to leave, father has noticed that you are gone, and nobody is actually supposed to talk to Loki, so we must leave."

"Okay," you look at Loki, your eyes saying the words you couldn't "We'll get you out of there, no matter what."

"I know you will," Loki looks like he is tearing up, "Goodbye, love, I shall see you soon."

"Bye," you start to walk away, but you stop and then say, "I love you!"

"I love you too, (Y/N), you must leave now, go!" says Loki, he turns away, and the last thing of Loki you see is him throw something, and then you hear him screaming and cursing his father, or at least, that's what you think he was doing, you didn't speak Norse.

Time Skip: 2 Days

You have been bored out of your mind for the past two days, seeing as you chose to follow Thor's advice and not leave your room unless someone you could trust came and got you. You had been out of your room about 10 times. You went to the dining hall to eat 6 times, then to the library twice, and the gardens twice. You weren't able to visit Loki, but all of your fellow Avenger's had come to see you at least twice, Jane had come once, and the Warriors Three and Sif had even visited once. But, you were still bored, the only thing you really could do was read, there wasn't any WiFi, and you definitely couldn't get a signal, so, your phone was out of the option. You were deciding what you wanted to do next, when you heard a commotion outside of your door. It sounded like fighting, and you couldn't ignore that. You grabbed the weapons you had brought to Asgard with you, two guns, and two daggers, not much, but they would be sufficient. You threw your door open, you looked down the hallway and saw the most bizarre looking creatures ever. One was extremely pale with delicate features that completely contradicted the full body armor he, you assumed it was a he, was wearing. The other one looked like an orc, but about 5 times bigger and scarier looking, it also had 8 horns coming out of it's head and was wearing armor and had a wicked looking sword. You were just planning on shutting your door and waiting until it was over, but the pale guy spotted you.
"Kill her!" he screamed. The orc looking thing looked at you and then came charging at you, full speed. You cocked one of your guns and started to shoot at it, but the bullets weren't slowing it down. You knew that you stood no chance, so you put the weapon away and stood there, waiting for the creature to stab you. And that it did, it took it's sword and plunged it in your stomach. You cried out in pain as he removed the sword, that would take a long, painful time to heal. The creature saw you weren't dead, so it looked at the pale guy for instruction, "Cut her head off!"

The orc looked at you, and then shoved you down into a kneeling position, he brought his sword to your neck, swung his arm back, and...dropped the sword. You looked around in surprise and saw that it's head was rolling on the floor, next to it's twitching body. You looked at the place the pale guy last was and saw he had disappeared. Steve appeared in your line of vision, "(Y/N)? You okay?"

"Did you..." you ask, not needing or wanting to finish the sentence.

"Yes, I cut the things head off with my shield, and no I didn't get the other guy, he ran off, but are you okay, that's a lot of blood," Steve indicates to you stomach.

"Yeah," you grunt, standing up, "It hurts like hell, but give me 20ish minutes and I'll be fine. By the way, what the hell were those things," You lean against Steve for support, he takes one go your arms and slings it around his shoulder.

"The pale thing was a Dark Elf, and I think the other thing was a Kursed, but I'm not sure," he replies walking towards the main hall.

"Is everyone else okay?" you ask.

"I think so, we got the other ones, killed them, and then Thor sent me to go get you, and luckily, I get to you before you die," says Steve, opening the door and walking in.

Natasha is the first to see you and she runs over, "Are you okay? You don't look okay, you need to sit down. Steve, bring her over here," Natasha walks away. Steve follows taking you with him.

Natasha points to a spot against a column where all the other Avengers are, Steve sets you down and then stands next to you, "Do you need medical?"

"No, Tasha, you're overreacting, just got stabbed in the gut, I'll be fine," you say, relaxing your weight against the wall.

"No, I'm not, if you were a normal, powerless person, you would be dead already, let me fret a little," snaps Natasha.

"Fine," you huffed, knowing that you would never win.

Clint moves to stand next to you, "You sure you're okay?"

"I'm not okay, it feels like I'm being stabbed in the gut, but I'll be fine," you reply, getting annoyed at all the fuss.

"Lady (Y/N)!" boomed Thor, walking over, "Are you alright, I saw Captain Rogers bringing you in, and I wanted to make sure you were okay, Loki would be furious if I let something happen to you!"

"For the last time, I'm fine!" you shout, but then your pain worsens, so you hunch over, "Okay, shouting doesn't help, but I'll be fine."
Bruce was about to say something, but Odin interrupted, making an announcement to the room, "I have some horrible news," he pauses, "Queen Frigga, she is dead." You place your hand over your mouth, Odin continues, "She was found dead in her chamber, with two of the Kursed dead beside her, she died fighting! Until we find that the Dark Elves have been stopped, no one is to leave Asgard, no matter what!"

You realize that Frigga's chamber's were in the same hallway that you had been in, she must have died when you heard the commotion, you turn to Steve, "We need to leave Asgard."

"What? We can't!" says Steve.

"We have too! (Y/N)'s could get hurt, and we have to stop the Dark Elves from reaching Earth!" retorts Clint

"I agree with Lady (Y/N) and Brother Clint we must leave," agrees Thor, "For a multitude of reasons, we needed to stop Malekith, and (Y/N) is in danger. Since my mother is no longer here, there is nothing holding my father back from killing you, especially since Loki is in prison and he knows that you were in the same area as Frigga was when she died. We need to get Loki and leave as soon as possible. I shall tell the Warriors Three and I will get Jane, the rest of you should gather your belongings, and if you do not mind," Thor turns to face you, "you could go get Loki."

You nod your head and stand up, "I'll come with you," says Clint. All of you head out, you and Clint walk towards the dungeons, and everyone else to their rooms. You needed to leave, soon.

Time Skip: 20 Minutes

You both reach the entrance to the dungeons, just to be blocked by two guards.

"You can not come in here, go back to your chambers," said one.

"Prince Thor sent us, we are supposed to tell Prince Loki the news," Clint says.

"The Allfather already sent someone to tell Prince Loki, go back to your chambers, this is your last warning," says the other, stepping towards you.

"Look, I really don't want to cause any trouble, just let me and my brother through and we won't give you any," you say, placing a hand on your gun.

"Lady Barton, please, let us escort you to your chambers, both of you," the first guard places a hand on your arm and starts to turn you around. You grab his arm and twist it. You shove the guard against the wall and then take your gun out of the holster. You place the gun in between your teeth and use your free hand to take the guy's helmet off. Once you get it off, you take the gun out of your mouth and hit the guard over the head with it, and then bang his head against the wall. You let go of his arm as he sinks to the ground. You turn around to see Clint finishing off the other guard.

Clint opens the door, "After you," you nod your head in thanks and then step through and look around in shock, there weren't any prisoners left, "Was it this empty before?"

"No," you reply, "They must have let the rest of them out," you walk through the cells, finding a body every once and awhile.

"Do you think they left Loki?" asks Clint, stepping over the body of a fallen guard.

"I hope so, but I think the probably did, because if they let him out, he would have found me by now," you reply. You reach the last cell, Loki appears to be pacing around his cell, "Loki? We're
Loki turns around and looks at you, his eyes filled with sadness, "How, might I ask? Odin has put Asgard on lockdown, there is no way to escape."

"The Warriors Three and Sif are going to help us, we need to leave, soon, Odin is probably already looking for us, he knows that we might try to leave, how do you unlock this?" you say, moving to the solid wall of the cell and pressing a few buttons, they didn't have any labels.

"The one in the left bottom corner," suggests Loki. You press that button and the walls fade. You run in and try to hug Loki, but you fail, only hugging air.

You turn around to see the actual Loki leaning against a wall, the furniture is laying around in pieces. Books are thrown around, open, there is a bowl of berries that is smashed on the floor, Loki looks about as good as the state of his room. His normally neat and straight hair is unruly and curly. He looks paler than normal, he was no longer wearing the brown leather vest or his shoes. His foot had smashed berries on it, "Loki," you whispered, not knowing what else to say.

"Do you not like how I look? Broken, and weak," he says, standing up.

"You, you look like someone who has spent the past two days throwing a fit, and you can help feeling sad, your mother just died," you say moving over and reaching your hand to touch his shoulder.

Loki moves out of your grasp he walks away and then turns to face you and he walks back over until he is a few inches from your face, "And I should have been there! But instead I was placed in this cell and kept away from you and my mother! I could have saved her!" he glanced down to look at you stomach, which was about healed, but the blood was still there, "I could have stopped you from getting injured! I could have stopped many things! But I couldn't!" He steps back and then walks out of his cell, "I will be in my room, come and get me before you leave," and with that, he disappears.

Clint steps into the cell and pulls you into a hug, "It's not your fault, his mother just died, and he couldn't stop it, he'll get over himself."

You pull out of the hug and step out, "We have to leave, and grab our stuff, we need to leave soon." You start to walk back the way you came, deep in thought.

Time Skip: 30 Minutes

It takes you longer than normal to get back to your room, you got lost at least twice and you were walking slowly. When you finally reached the room, you sighed and opened the door. You see that your bag is sitting on the bed, packed and you see that Loki is standing on the balcony, looking at the gardens. You walk out and stand next to him, you lean your head against him and he wraps an arm around your waist. He places a kiss on the top of your head and then says, "I am sorry of yelling earlier, I am just very upset."

"It's fine," you reply. You both stand there is silence for a few minutes, just looking out and appreciating the peacefulness of the moment, you come to your senses and then say, "We have to go, everyone is probably waiting for us, we were supposed to meet them in the east wing, I think."

Loki nods and lets go of your waist he turns and as he walks towards the bed, his outfit changes back into his normal outfit, the green, gold and black one you had grown accustomed to. He grabs your small bag off of the bed and hands it to you. You take it from him and then take his hand.
You close your eyes and then a few seconds later, you find yourself in the east wing, surrounded by the other Avengers, Jane Sif, and two of the Warriors Three.

"There you are!" says Tony, "Did you two take sometime to catch up?" Tony wiggles his eyebrows.

"No, we didn't," you say, at the same time Natasha hits the back of Tony's head.

"We have to leave, now" says Thor, "The guards will notice that we are all missing."

"How are we getting out?" asks Steve.

"In that," Thor points to a space ship that is currently parked in the wing.

"Do you know how to fly it?" asks Clint, eyeing the plane.

"No, not quite, but we won't have to be in it for long, Fandral is going to met us with one of our ships right before the exit, which Loki is going to show us," replies Thor.

"Works for me," you say, you start walking to the ship, you step in and look around in awe, this tech was centuries ahead of Earth's, you thought that maybe Clint or Nat might be able to fly it, but you were pretty sure they wouldn't be able to. The rest of the Avengers join you on the ship, just as you hear the familiar metal clang of the guards uniforms, "Are you sure you can fly this? Because this is pretty advanced."

"Yes, I shall be able to," Thor walks by you and to the table that seems to be the control panel, he pushes a button, and then another, and another. Soon he is pushing every button on the ship. Finally he seems to press the right button and a blue sphere comes around the control panel, surrounding you, Thor, Loki, Clint, and Natasha. Thor laughs in delight. The ship powers on and starts to move up off the ground. As Thor turns the ship, it takes out some of the columns in the hallway.

"I think you missed a column," states Loki, sarcastically.

"Shut up," replies Thor, still trying to figure out how to maneuver the ship.

"This is great tech, you think I could have this when we're done?" asks Tony, walking around.

"And how would we get this back?" asks Steve.

"I don't know, somehow," retorts Tony.

Thor finally moves the ship forward and it crashes through a wall in the palace to the outside world. Thor starts to maneuver the ship around and through the city. You have no idea where he is taking all of you, but then again, you were to focused on trying to stay upright, Thor was doing some fancy flying moves.

"Why don't you let me take over? I am clearly the better pilot," says Loki, noticing the fact that you and the other Avengers were being thrown around the plane.

Thor laughs, "Is that right? Out of the two of us, which one can actually fly?" Thor zooms by a courtyard, then something starts to shoot at the plane. Thor tips the plane down to a ravine, just to swoop it back up right before it hits the river flowing through the bottom. Just as the plane steadies again, Jane falls over. You try to exit the blue ball still surrounding you, but can't. Steve, who is on the outside of the ball, runs over and checks her over, "Jane?" asks Thor.
"I'm okay," Jane says, waving her arm weakly in Thor and Steve's direction. Guns continue to shoot at the plane, a few of them making their mark. The ship bounces in the impact, and you almost fall over, but Loki catches you, and places you upright, keeping and arm looped around your back to keep you standing. The plane starts to go higher above the city, taking out what looks to be a guard tower. You almost fall again, but Loki keeps you upright.

Loki opens his mouth to make a comment, but Thor interrupts before he can say anything, "Not a word!" Loki closed his mouth. The plane is now over open water and three Asgardian ships are now on your tail.

"Now they are following us," states ships shoot at the plane, again, the guns making their mark. The ship jostles up and down, "Now they are firing at us!"

"Yes, thank you for the commentary Loki, it's not at all distracting!" exclaims Thor. Thor takes the plane through a tunnel, hitting a statue and taking the head off.

"Well done! You just decapitated your grandfather!" says Loki. The ship comes out of the tunnel, takes out another column, and goes over a waterfall. "You know? This is wonderful! This is a tremendous idea! Let's steal the biggest, most obvious ship in the universe, and escape in that! Flying around the city, smashing into everything in sight, so everyone can see us, it's brilliant, Thor! It's truly brilliant!" exclaims Loki. As Loki had been chattering on Thor had opened the side door, and once Loki had finished, Thor shoved Loki out of it. Loki screams as he falls.

"Thor!" everyone exclaims.

"What was that for?!" you say, "I thought we were trying to save him! Not kill him!"

"We're not," Thor walks out of the blue ball, and you, Clint, and Nat follow. Thor picks up his hammer and Jane, then he jumps out the same door he just pushed Thor out of.

"Do we?" you ask.

"Yep," replies Steve, he grabs your arm and then you both jump, you screaming and clinging to Steve. You see Tony grab Bruce and fly out of the plane, and then Nat and Clint jump as well. You all end up landing on an Asgardian ship that had been flying lower, closer to the water.

Fandral is on it and once everyone lands, he chuckles, "I see your time in the dungeons has made you no less graceful, Loki!"

You open your mouth to defend Loki, but then you close it, deciding it better to just keep your mouth shut. You look up to see the three Asgardian ships that had been chasing the ship you were in continued to fire at it and chase after it. Thor places Jane down on the floor of the boat, letting her rest.

"You lied to me," says Loki, "I am impressed."

"Glad you are pleased," retorts Thor, "Now do as you promised. Take us to your secret passway!"

Loki laughs, and moves over to the steering stick. He places his hands on it, and wills the ship to go faster. The ship turns away from the bridge you had been following and onto open water, heading towards some mountain ranges. You move to stand next to Loki, and Thor looks back. There is now another Asgardian ship chasing yours and firing at you. Loki starts to turn the ship in evade maneuvers to avoid the firing. He lifts the ship off the water and into the air.
"Fandral," says Thor, looking at his friend.

"Right," nods Fandral. He grabs a rope that is hanging off the edge of the ship, "For Asgard!" He jumps off the side of the ship and lands on the other ship, "Nothing personal boys!" you hear him say as he punches the guards on the other ship. He takes them all out and then salutes to all of you before pulling the other ship away. Leaving all of you to go deeper into the mountain chain. Loki directs the ship right towards a mountain.

"Loki," says Thor.

"If it were easy, everyone would do it," replies Loki. You grab on to his arm and clutch on for dear life, driving straight towards a mountain wasn't something you particularly wanted to do.

"Are you mad?" demands Thor.

"Possibly!" replies Loki, that made you grab his arm even tighter. Loki takes the ship right into the mountain, there was a small hole that no one had noticed. Loki sped up the ship in the hole and there was some dancing light. You shot out on to some other planet that was dark and slightly green looking, "Ta-da!"

You were the first to jump out and look around, "Where are we?" you ask turning back to face the others who are climbing off of the ship.

"We are on Svartalfheim," replies Thor, helping Jane up and out of the basically destroyed ship.

"And that is?" you say, trying to coax more information out of the Asgardians.

"Svartalfheim is one of the Nine Worlds and home of the Dark Elves," replies Loki.

"Oh," you say, you turn back around and walk around, wandering a little ways away from the ship, but not more than 5 or 6 yards.

"I believe Jane has completely channeled the Aether, I can feel the magic radiating around her," states Loki, "Melekith should be here..."

Loki didn't even finish his sentence, because the Dark Elf that had confronted you back at the palace had just appeared out of nowhere. But then, something unexpected happens, Loki pulls a knife out of a hidden pocket and appears to slice of Thor's hand, he yells in pain and reaches to grab Loki, but he manages to dart out of his reach, and grab Jane at the same time. You can't even make a sound, had Loki had a change of heart? What was going on? The other Avengers start to move forward, but Steve holds them back.

Loki walks over to confront Melekith, "I will willingly give you the girl, with the Aether, and I do believe I have shown my allegiance to your cause by cutting off my own brothers hand, I ask for but one thing. I would like the best seat to the destruction of Asgard."

Melekith seems to think for a few seconds before saying something in a foreign language and grabbing Jane. He forces Jane to open her mouth, he opens his mouth as well. A red fog comes out of Jane's mouth and floats into Melekith's. Soon, it stops and he throws Jane to the ground. But then, something unexpected happens, Thor suddenly gains his hand and Mjölnir comes flying out of the ship. You run out and grab Jane, dragging her out of the fight. Thor tries to destroy the Aether by hitting Melekith, but it seems to not injure Melekith. The orc looking thing, Kurse, and some other Dark Elves comes out of nowhere and starts to fight Thor, allowing Melekith to escape. All of you tried to move forward, but nobody can, you assume Melekith did something with the Aether to keep you all from moving. Melekith disappears, leaving Thor to battle Kurse and
Loki to battle the other Elves Kurse seems to have the upper hand. You and the Avengers stand watching, helpless to do anything. But then, Loki comes to the rescue, after he defeats all the other Elves. He picks up a fallen sword and stabs Kurse in the chest. But it seems to have no effect, Kurse spins around, grabs Loki and then pulls him against his chest where the blade is sticking out. Kurse pulls Loki off of him, but Loki grabbed something off of Kurse. It looks like a bomb, Loki hits a button and then throws it at Kurse, destroying him. Then Loki falls, he's not dead yet, but you know he will be soon. The magic holding all of you in place suddenly disappears and you sprint over to Loki. You dive down at the last second, sliding the last few feet to meet his limp form. You pull him halfway onto your lap. Loki coughs, blood coming out of his mouth.

"Hey, hold on, we'll heal you, we'll get some help," you say frantically, running your hand through his long, black hair.

"(Y/N)," he says, "You know that we can not get any help out here."

"I know," you whisper, tears streaming down your face, "But, I can hope."

"(Y/N), you can do great things, do not let this hold you back," Loki coughs again, his breathing is becoming shallow and forced.

"I, I can't live without you, I don't know what I'll do," you are practically sobbing now, tears running off your face.

"Yes, you can, you have to," Loki takes another harsh breath, "(Y/N), I love..." Loki takes his last exhale, and then his body goes limp.

"No! No! No!" you scream, you pull Loki tight against you and sob into his head. Then, a pain comes from right about where your heart is and spreads from that spot to the tip of your toes to the top of your head. The pain is so immense, and so indescribable, you can't do anything except sob silently. You feel a pair of arms wrap around you and pull you away, you manage a weak sob, but you don't resist. The arms pull you and then turn you around and pull you into a hug. But the movement just makes the odd pain get worse. You sob harder into the shoulder, you assume it's Clint. You can hear muffled conversation.

"We need to get out of the open, find shelter," states Thor, his voice sounding thick and harsh.

"I agree, but after that we need to find a way to get back to the Tower," replies Steve.

You hear the sound of walking, and soft, talking, that you can't hear exactly.

"Hey," says Clint softly, "Can you make it to a cave?"

You nod slightly and uncurl yourself from Clint's shoulder, wincing slightly at the movement, it seems to be getting worse. Clint hooks an arm around your waist and starts to move, following Thor and Jane, you wincing with each movement. You make it to a cave and Clint helps you sit down. All you want to do is curl up in a ball and not move. But you have to be strong. You sit up and lean against the cave wall and take a deep breath. You check over yourself finding no injuries whatsoever, while the other Avengers and Jane are talking about how they can get back to Earth. Thor leaves the cave, and then comes running back.

"His body, it has disappeared," Thor says.

"What?" says Tony, "We weren't followed were we?"

"It appears we were, I believe some of my father's guards followed us and took the body back to
"Asgard," says Thor, at that moment the pain multiples and you let out a groan and you wince.

"Alright, Junior's been over there wincing and groaning for the past 5 minutes, what's up with that?" asks Tony.

"She just lost her soulmate, it hurts," says Clint.

"Yeah, but not physically, right?" asks Tony.

"It hurts physically and mentally," says Steve, speaking for the first time in 10 minutes.

"And how would you know?" says Tony, accusingly.

"Because I just know, okay!" says Steve, turning to face Tony, "It just hurts, it feels like your heart is being ripped out of your chest and then in half. But that doesn't happen to everybody."

"Okay, how do you know that?" asks Tony.

"That's enough, it doesn't matter how Steve knows, is there anyway to stop it?" asks Nat, turning to look a Bruce.

"Like Steve said, it's rare, and there haven't been enough people who've," Bruce pauses, not wanting to finish his sentence.

"Who've what?" coaxes Clint.

"Who've lived long enough," sighs Bruce.

"So, my sister is going to die?" says Clint, trying to stay calm.

"Not necessarily, her powers are probably helping, she'll last a while, we might find something to stop it by then, but right know, we need to get her back," replies Bruce.

"She won't die," says Steve, "I haven't."

"Okay, what?" asks Tony.

Steve sighs and opens his mouth, but you stop him, "Steve, don't be forced into it."

"It's time they knew, you said they'd be okay with it," Steve replies, looking in your direction, he turns back to face the others who were staring at him, "I, had a soulmate, he died about a week before I went under."

"He?" repeats Tony.

"Yeah, his name was James Buchanan Barnes, or Bucky," replies Steve.

"Your best friend?" says Tony, "I thought you and Carter had a thing."

"That was just a cover, this kinda thing wasn't really acceptable back in the day," states Steve.

"Dad never mentioned anything like that," mutters Tony.

"Look, if you guys aren't okay with it, I'll, I don't know, live somewhere else," says Steve standing up and walking over to stand by you.

Nobody makes a sound or moves for a few minutes until Thor speaks up, "I believe that I can
speak for everyone and say, we are fine with this."

Steve nods his head and it's silent for a few more minutes until Jane speaks up, "Hey, I have reception, and it's get's strong if I walk this way!" Jane walks down the cave. The others follow her and Steve helps you up, you lean against him and move forward.

"Hey," you say, looking up at him, "You did good."

"I know, I just wish, I could have saved him," says Steve.

"You couldn't help it, in either cases, if that's what I think you mean," you reply. Suddenly, your surroundings have changed and you are back on Earth, in a city.

"Where are we?" asks Clint looking around.

"London," replies Jane, "Darcy still should be here, this way."

Jane speeds off down the street, you and the others following her, getting lots of strange looks, probably because you are all wearing your suits and carrying weapons. Jane stops in front of a hotel and opens the door, the others following. Steve stops Tony right before he walks in, "How fast can you get a plane here?"

"About 3 hours, why?" asks Tony.

"Because me and (Y/N) are going back to New York," replies Steve walking through the door, still holding onto you.

"Both of you! We need you here Cap," replies Tony, following both of you though the door. Jane is talking to the receptionist.

"You can do one battle without me, (Y/N) needs someone to be with her," Steve walks over to a couch and helps you sit, then he turns and stands straight, facing Tony again, "She needs someone who's been through this before, she's going to feel horrible for at least two weeks, that's how long it lasted for me."

Time Skip: 6 Hours

You and Steve had made it back to the tower and Steve was fretting over you.

"Go take a shower, I'll make some food, pizza right?" says Steve, moving around in the kitchen.

"Yeah, Steve, you don't need to worry about me, I'll be fine in a few days," you say.

Steve stops what he was doing and turns to face you, "(Y/N), let someone take care of you for once, I know you don't like being seen as weak, but you need to relax and let me help you, you are going to feel, pardon my language, like crap for a least two weeks, and then the feeling is still going to be there, so please, let me help, I don't mind, really, I don't."

You sigh, "Okay, but if it gets to be too much, or annoying, tell me."

Steve nods and then turns back around, "Now go shower!"

You smile slightly and then get up, "Okay, be back in 20."

Time Skip: 1 Month
Steve was wrong, you had felt like crap for the past four weeks. You hadn't left the tower since you had been to Asgard. And you had spent all of today on your floor. It had been exactly a month since Loki had died. You had spent all of the morning in bed, and you finally made yourself get out of bed to shower. You were just about to go into the bathroom when you heard a noise outside of your room. You went back to your nightstand and opened the drawer. You pulled out a gun and cocked it. You pointed it towards your feet, the noise grew closer, it sound like footsteps. You walked towards the door and then the door burst open. You stood there in shock, not knowing if it was real or how to react.

"Hello love, I missed you."

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter 22! Sorry this one took forever, I had a lot of stuff going on this past week and haven't gotten that much time to write. But, this one was a super long chapter. I got to see Civil War, and fyi, it was great, you all need to see it. I hope this chapter was good for the wait. Next chapter is going to be big!

Disclaimer: I do not own the Avengers, Loki, Odin, Frigga, the Warriors Three or Sif, they are owned by Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Soulmates. That word had become a happy addition to your vocabulary. It had been over a year and a half since you had met yours, Loki. A lot has happened, a wedding, lots of missions, some parties, holidays and even death. But, soon everything is going to change for the worst, you are going to become something you never wished or expected to become.

Steve was wrong, you had felt like crap for the past four weeks. You hadn't left the tower since you had been to Asgard. And you had spent all of today on your floor. It had been exactly a month since Loki had died. You had spent all of the morning in bed, and you finally made yourself get out of bed to shower. You were just about to go into the bathroom when you heard a noise outside of your room. You went back to you nightstand and opened the drawer. You pulled out a gun and cocked it. You pointed it towards your feet, the noise grew closer, it sound like footsteps. You walked towards the door and then the door burst open. You stood there in shock, not knowing if it was real or how to react.

"Hello love, I missed you."

Loki was standing in your doorway, he looked horrible. He had blood and dirt on his tunic, he was wet and shivering, and his hair was a mess, it was much longer than you had last seen it. You were still standing there, in shock, not moving, barely even breathing, until you let out a small, "Loki?"

He smiled and stepped into the room, you uncocked your gun put it in the waistband of your pajamas. You then ran over to him and pulled him into a hug. You both just stood there for a while, hugging and breathing, not saying a word. Finally you pull back a look at him, "How are you even here? You died in my arms, you stopped breathing, you were cold and pale! I wasn't even allowed to come to your funeral! I'm dreaming, I'm still asleep and you're dead, that's the only explanation!"

"I do not know how I am here or alive. I woke up in a field in upstate New York, surrounded by a crater. I was dead, I believe, and you are not dreaming, believe me, I would know," replied Loki.

"Okay," you say before pulling him into another long hug, you finally pull away again before asking, "Did you teleport here?"

"Yes," he answers.

You both stand there for a few seconds until you speak, "Do you want to put on some other clothes? I kept all of your stuff, sentiment I guess."

"Yes, that would be wonderful," he walked over to his closet and opened the door, "I will be out in a moment."

You took the few minutes you had to think about what has just happened, Loki is somehow alive, this isn't a dream, I'm pretty sure, so, now what? You were pulled out of your thoughts when Loki walked back out, he had taken off his armor and was wearing regular clothes. Like, a t-shirt and jeans, which was surprising, you had made him buy some Midgard clothes, but he had never touched them until now. "So, your positive I'm not dreaming or something like that?"

"I am quite sure, I am shocked that you are not more surprised at this occurrence," Loki walks over and sits next to you on the bed. You lean into him and he wraps an arm around you.
"I guess, well, the pain stopped, I guess I am, was just so used to ignoring it or taking pain meds to lower it a little, I never noticed," you say.

"Pain?" Loki turns his head and looks at you, his eyes filled with a few different emotions.

"Yeah, after you, um, died, I had this really horrible, indescribable pain that has been going on for about a month, I guess it just stopped without me noticing," you reply.

"Is that normal, I mean, to have such great pain after a soulmate dies?" asks Loki.

"No," you reply, but then you quickly add, "I mean, it's rare, according to Steve and Bruce."

"Oh, why is it rare?" Loki had turned his head back to look out the window, like you.

"We don't know, Steve says it just happened to him, he doesn't know of anyone else going through it, Bruce has been asking other colleagues about it, and I've been scouring the internet, there hasn't been a reported case in at least 5 or 6 years, nobody knows why it happens and nobody has lived long enough to be studied thoroughly, I've be an exception, I don't know why, but that's how it worked."

You sit in silence for a few minutes, both of you enjoying the company of the other, until Loki spoke, "I do believe we should go inform the others that I am alive?"

"Yeah, that is probably a good idea, if Tony is looking at the security cameras, and this isn't a dream, he must be really, really, confused," you reply, laughing slightly at the thought of Tony's reaction to seeing you and Loki.

"Yes, I do believe he would be, as you say, 'really, really confused,'" Loki adds.

You both stand up and walk to the door, Loki lets you go first, following you. He walks next to you, and you grab his hand, wanting to be able to touch him and be able to check if he really is real. He smiles at you and then leads you to the elevator. You notice that not only is the pain gone, but the void you had been feeling had been filled, and you felt the happiest you had in a long time.

Time Skip: 1 Week

"Goodnight guys," you say, walking towards the elevator, "I'm hitting the sack. Will you be up soon, в виде сердца?"

"Yes, love, in about 10 minutes," says Loki, pausing his conversation with your brother to answer you.

You nod your head and then enter the elevator. It had been a week since Loki had come back from the dead. Everyone had been surprised and confused when you and Loki had shown up in the common room that day. Nobody knows why or how Loki came back, but most of them were just happy that you were back to your normal self, you had been very sad and depressed this past month. Life had gone back to normal the day after the came back and the rest of the week had been normal, you and Loki had spent a lot of time together and you made up on the missed time with the other Avengers. Loki, Thor, and Clint had disappeared one or two times the past week, and Loki and Clint had been a lot friendlier with each other too. You had asked Clint a few times about what was going on and his usual reply was nothing. You had asked Steve to, but he didn't seem to have any idea about what was going on either, or if he did, he was hiding it well. Today was Loki's 31st birthday and there had been a small celebration, a lot like what you had requested for your birthday, except with a little bit more elevator came to your floor and the doors opened, Storm ran over to greet you and Onyx was lying on the back of the couch. You gave both of them a pat and
walked to your room. You entered and went to the bathroom to wash your face and brush your teeth. You finished that and walked the few steps to your closet you quickly changed into pajamas. You closed the closet door and walked to your bed. You climbed in and grabbed your phone off of the nightstand to check on a few things before you went to bed. You turned off your phone and got settled in bed just as Loki walked into the room. He closed the door and moved around a bit. You felt the other end of the bed dip in and then arms circle around your waist. You allowed yourself to be pulled into Loki. Your back to his chest. He pressed a kiss to the top of your head and then whispered, "Goodnight." You replied with a soft, "'Night." Then you sighed and let sleep take you.

Time Skip: 4 Hours and 30 Minutes

You woke up to the sound of your phone ringing. You groan and sit up. You squint and look at the time, the clock reads '4:30 am.' You groan again and answer your phone. "Hello?"

"(Y/N), it's Brock Rumlow, I got a mission from Fury and he told me to call you," starts the voice.

"What's the mission?" you ask, waking up a little at the prospect of your first mission in 7 weeks.

"Some base over Lithuania has intel there or something that Fury wants, how soon can you get to Adutiškis?" asks Rumlow.

"I don't know, I'll let you know as soon as I get on the plane, I have to get in my suit and leave a note, I'll call back in about 10," you hang up the phone after you finish. You quickly and quietly get out of bed. You walk over to your closet and take off your pajamas and put on your suit. You put your com link in your ear, even though they'll probably give you another, you like having that one so you have a way to contact the other Avengers. You zip up your suit and walk out of the closet, carrying boots. You stop at the desk and write a quick note to Loki that reads, "Got called on a mission, should be back in about 2-3 days, using comlink contact if you need to talk," signed (Y/N). You sit on the desk to slip on your boots. You walk over to the door and open it, looking back at Loki right before you shut the door. You walk down the hallway and through the living room to get to the elevator. It opens when you are within a foot of it.

"What floor Miss Barton," asks the AI.

"Armory," you reply. After a quick elevator ride, you arrive at the armory. You walk out of the elevator and down a few rows until you get to your specific row. You glance at a few guns before grabbing two Glock G43 Pistols and placing them in the holsters. You then walk a few steps to the right to grab two specially made daggers. You slip them into the straps on your arm. You grab some extra cartridges and then you walk back to the elevator.

"Docking bay," you say before J.A.R.V.I.S. had a chance to ask you. The elevator moves up a few floors before opening again. You step out and walk to the quinjet. You walk in and to the cockpit. You turn it on and press a button to shut the door, "Give me a flight path to Adutiškis, Lithuania." A few seconds later a GPS gives you a route to Adutiškis, Lithuania, 5 hours, "Text Agent Brock Rumlow and tell him I will be at location in 5 hours." You then move the plane forward and then fly it out of the tower. Adutiškis, Lithuania, here you come.

Time Skip: 5 Hours

You had made it to Lithuania in the projected time. You had found the base with relative ease and had landed the quinjet in a field nearby. You unstrapped yourself and turned off the engine. You stand up and check your weapons over one more time. You are satisfied with them, so you press a button and the door opens. You walk out and head over to the base. It was about 9:30am back at the Tower, according to J.A.R.V.I.S., so it was 4:30pm where you were. You arrive at the base in
about 5 minutes, it's in a forested area, and it was winter, so it was slightly dark and sheltered.

"Rumlow?" you say into your com, "Anyone copy?"

There was a crackling and then a reply, "Rumlow here, I copy, are you here?"

"Yeah," you say, looking around, "Where are you?"

"In the base, it was deserted, so we went in, we're all scattered around, I'm by the entrance, just walk in, you'll see me when you come in," he replies.

"Okay, heading in," you say. You walk out of the cover of the forest and sprint to the entrance. You open the door and see Rumlow standing a little ways down. You walk in and shut the door behind you, blocking out the wind that had started to pick up. You walk down the hallway to stand next to Rumlow.

"They found the info we need, it's in a storage room towards the middle of the base, follow me," Rumlow starts walking down the hallway, you follow him. You come to a split in the hallway, and he turns right. There are a few more turns, which you memorized, just in case. Soon you came to another split in the hallway. One side was well lit, the other side was dark and you heard water dripping. You were both about to turn left, which was the bright hallway, when a noise came from the dark hallway, "I'll check it out, keep going straight, then at the next turn, turn left, there should be a door, that's where the info is, I'll catch up in a few." Rumlow turns right into the dark hallway, pulling his gun out as he went.

You turn down the left hallway, and soon you come to another T. You hear conversation, so you assume it's the right hallway. So when you turn down and see 7 people in S.H.I.E.L.D. tactical gear, with large guns, they look like icers. You make a small noise and all of them turn to face you, they raise their guns, aiming at you. "Guys, it's me, Agent Barton?" They move forward, still with their guns raised, "Guys?" One of them shoots at you, missing you face by a few inches. You immediately turn around to try and sprint back down the hallway you came from, but 5 more guys appear, guns raised and moving forward. Your only choice is to go down the other hallway, which leads deeper into the base. You sprint into that hallway, making split decisions about when to turn and which direction. You have no clue if these people are even S.H.I.E.L.D., or why they're attacking you, you just know you are horribly outnumbered and you need to get away from them, and fast.

P.O.V. Switch

Loki wakes up to find half of the covers thrown away and you missing. He sits up quickly in alarm, he looks around the room for any sign of you being there. He finds none. He pulls the covers off of himself, and he grabs the shirt he had thrown on the floor right before he went had gotten into bed. He starts to walk towards the bathroom to see if you are there, when he sees a note sitting on the desk. Got called on a mission, should be back in about 2-3 days, using comlink contact if you need to talk, signed (Y/N). Loki sighs in displeasure, he's only been back a week and they have you running around on missions, sure he understands you haven't been on an actual mission for 7 weeks, but couldn't they wait until after Christmas? He places your note back in it's place. He pets Onyx, who was sitting on one of the chairs and then he walks out of the room. He walks to the elevator, the doors open and the personless voice speaks, "What floor, Master Loki?"

"Common floor," he replies. The elevator moves up and then the doors glide open. He steps out and walks to the kitchen. He knows the others are up, he can smell Captain Rogers pancakes and hear the chatter of the other Avengers. He walks through the door, "Good morning." He walks through the kitchen to the coffee maker.
"Morning Reindeer Games," says Anthony, ever the morning person.

"Where's (Y/N)," asks Clint.

"She was gone when I woke up, called in for a mission, she said she'd be back in 2 or 3 days," he replies pulling out a mug and placing it under the spout of the coffee maker, he presses a button and the coffee flow into his cup, stopping when it reached the rim.

"That's strange," says Natasha, "Usually one of us gets called to go with her."

"I do not know where, or why she was called in, she left a note that only said when she would be back and that she has her comlink if we need her," Loki takes a sip of his steaming coffee.

"Maybe Fury only need her for the mission, she can handle herself," says Steve, putting pancakes on to plates and handing the plates to Tony, Thor, Natasha, Clint, and Bruce, "Do you want any?"

"No thank you, I am not that hungry," he replies.

"She'll be fine brother!" calls Thor, "Do not fret!"

Loki sighs and takes another sip of coffee, this was going to be a long 2 days.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 1 Hour

You had been running deeper and deeper into the base. You finally had decided that you had had enough of running. So you slowed to a jog and then you stopped at a door. You opened the door and shut it. The room seemed to be some kind of office. You walked over to the desk and slipped into the feet hole. You sat there in silence for a few minutes until you decided you should call your brother, you knew that with the number of people against you, you would either be killed or captured, they probably already found Rumlow. "J.A.R.V.I.S.," you whispered, "Call Clint." The com stays silent for a few seconds until it starts to ring. Nobody picks up, and you are sent to voicemail, you sigh and decided to talk anyway, Clint would get this somehow. "Hey Clint, it's (Y/N). Loki probably already told you I'm on a mission, so, here it goes. I'm in a base in Adutiškis, Lithuania, and I'm am currently in an office, hiding. Me and Brock Rumlow came here on a mission from Fury to find some info and there are about 12 other guys in S.H.I.E.L.D. gear. But I don't think they're with us, when they saw me, the raised there icers and started to shoot at me. I am outnumbered by 11, and I know I'm probably not going to make it out of this, so I have a few things I want to say to you and the others, because I know you'll let them hear this. So, um, Clint, you're the best big brother I could've ever asked for, you've been there for me since day one and you've never wavered. Nat, you are one of my best friends and I don't know what I'd do without you, you and Clint are perfect for each other, and I hope you find another good friend to share jokes in Russian with. Steve, you're basically my other big brother, except nicer. Just kidding Clint, but seriously, you're always there for me when I need you and you know just what to say or do to make the pain stop. You were a big help these past two months. Tony, you are the bane of my existence, but, you make life fun, and it's always nice to have someone to tease, and play pranks on, you're like my other big brother, you might be even more protective than Clint, which is saying something. You always know how to make me smile when I need it, I'll miss that. Thor, you are always happy and willing to do whatever with me, even if I want to do your hair or something. You are just a ray of happiness and I don't know what I'd do without your booming laugh. Bruce, you're always there to patch up whatever wounds that need help. You've alway been quiet, but it's nice to have someone who will always listen or just do something relaxing with you. Loki, I, uh," you pause to sniff and cough, "I don't have words to describe what you've done for me in the past year. You're always there for me, no matter what, and I was lost when you died. I, um, I can't really describe how you make me feel, but I guess these three words describe it, I love you, and I always
will. I love all of you, you're that good family I never had, a mismatched group of superheroes with so many problems and yet we manage to coexist." You hear footsteps growing closer, you pull out your gun and cock it, "This is probably it, so I love you all, and..." You never had a chance to finish your sentence, the door is thrown open, and vault out from under the desk and then you turn and start shooting at them, you hit at least 3 or 4 of them, but only one falls. They start to shoot the icers at you. One hits, two, three. You start to feel sleepy, four, five, six. That's it. "Guys, I'll miss..." You black out.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 40 Minutes

Anthony had suggested they watch a movie to pass the time. He had picked out Mama. The movie had just ended and Loki was pretty sure Anthony had succeeded in scaring his brother and Captain Rogers. Both of them were staring at the screen with shock, even after the movie had ended and the screen had turned off. Clint had went to go get his phone from his room, he wanted to check for updates from (Y/N). Natasha and Tony were talking about the movie, and Bruce had left to go get some coffee. Clint came sprinting into the living room, phone in hand, his face filled with the fear.

"Bruce, get you ass in here! You all need to hear this!" Clint yelled. He plopped down on the couch next to Loki. Bruce came in with two cups of coffee, he hand one to Loki, "Okay, we all here? Good!" Clint presses a button on his phone and your voice comes up;

"Hey Clint, it's (Y/N). Loki probably already told you I'm on a mission, so, here it goes. I'm in a base in Adutiškis, Lithuania, and I'm am currently in an office, hiding. Me and Brock Rumlow came here on a mission from Fury to find some info and there are about 12 other guys in S.H.I.E.L.D. gear. But I don't think they're with us, when they saw me, the raised there icers and started to shoot at me. I am outnumbered by 11, and I know I'm probably not going to make it out of this, so I have a few things I want to say to you and the others, because I know you'll let them hear this. So, um, Clint, you're the best big brother I could've ever asked for, you've been there for me since day one and you've never wavered. Nat, you are one of my best friends and I don't know what I'd do without you, you and Clint are perfect for each other, and I hope you find another good friend to share jokes in Russian with. Steve, you're basically my other big brother, except nicer. Just kidding Clint, but seriously, you're always there for me when I need you and you know just what to say or do to make the pain stop. You were a big help these past two months. Tony, you are the bane of my existence, but, you make life fun, and it's always nice to have someone to tease, and play pranks on, you're like my other big brother, you might be even more protective than Clint, which is saying something. You always know how to make me smile when I need it, I'll miss that. Thor, you are always happy and willing to do whatever with me, even if I want to do your hair or something. You are just a ray of happiness and I don't know what I'd do without your booming laugh. Bruce, you're always there to patch up whatever wounds that need help. You've alway been quiet, but it's nice to have someone who will always listen or just do something relaxing with you. Loki, I, uh," you sniffle and then cough, "I don't have words to describe what you've done for me in the past year. You're always there for me, no matter what, and I was lost when you died. I, um, I can't really describe how you make me feel, but I guess these three words describe it, I love you, and I always will. I love all of you, you're that good family I never had, a mismatched group of superheroes with so many problems and yet we manage to coexist." You pause and then continue, "This is probably it, so I love you all, and..." Loki hears the sound of a door being thrown open and gunshots, then your voice, one more time, "Guys, I'll miss..." There is a thump, you have passed out. Loki hears footsteps and then another voice, 'Is she knocked out?' Nobody speaks, "Yes, sir!" "Good, search her for a tracker, Stark probably has one somewhere, oh, and take out that comlink." There is a rustle of movement then a crackling noise, then silence.

Anthony is the first to speak, "J.A.R.V.I.S! Search for (Y/N)!"
J.A.R.V.I.S. replies a few seconds later, "I am sorry Mr. Stark, Miss Barton is not connected to a tracker, it was removed, the last place she was in was as she said. Adutiškis, Lithuania, I can not find anymore information on her."

Captain Rogers speaks, "Everyone suit up, we're going to Adutiškis, Lithuania!"

"How are we getting there?" asks Natasha, speaking up, "She took the jet."

"I can teleport you there," says Loki, his own voice surprising him, it sounds broken and helpless.

"Alright then, Avengers, Assemble!" calls Captain Rogers.

Chapter End Notes

в виде сердца = sweetheart

Oh, plot twist! I've been planning this from the beginning, so, I hope it's good. Kinda sucks for Bruce and Loki though, because this is set on Bruce's birthday, and the day after Loki's. Do you think they'll find you?

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Loki, J.A.R.V.I.S., Director Fury, or Brock Rumlow, they are owned by Marvel. I also don't own the title Mama. The only character I own is (Y/N).
Loki, your soulmate, just came back from the dead. You are called away on a mission, a week later. On that mission, a mysterious force, dressed in S.H.I.E.L.D. tactical gear, took you from your supposed mission to Beelitz Heilstatten Military Hospital, an "abandoned" military hospital outside of Berlin, Germany. But neither you, or the Avengers know where you are. And things just seem to be getting worse by the hour.

The Avengers are currently searching the base in Lithuania that you were supposedly in. Clint was the one who found your tracker in an office towards the center of the base. There was some blood by the door, that hopefully wasn't yours, but who knows. Steve had left the base as soon as Clint said he located your tracker, muttering something about waiting outside. Clint and Natasha were in the office that your tracker had been found, searching for anymore evidence of your being there, they were both holding it together much better than Steve. Tony was flying around the base and the surrounding area, looking for evidence of any other planes or movement, the only thing he had managed to find so far was the quinjet you had flown to get here. Bruce was trying to figure out who's blood was on the floor. Loki was currently having a meltdown in another office and Thor was trying to comfort him.

"Brother, we will find (Y/N), there seem to be other ways of..." Thor was cut off by Loki.

"There are not anymore ways of find her! Her tracker was removed and Anthony has found no sign of (Y/N) or anyone else in the area, besides the quinjet!" Loki picks up a chair with his magic and slams it against the wall, breaking it.

"Perhaps Heimdall could.." Thor was interrupted again.

"We can not go back to Asgard for a long time, and Heimdall has done enough for us already. Unless we search every place on Midgard for her, which we cannot, then she is lost to us until she makes herself found!"

Bruce's voice comes over the coms, "The blood isn't (Y/N)'s, I don't know who's it is, but it isn't hers."

"At least she is not injured," suggest Thor, taking a step towards Loki.

"She was not injured 6 hours ago, who knows what state she is in now, for all we know, she could be dead," Loki's magic picks up every piece of furniture in the room and then slams them against the floor and walls, breaking everything.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Backwards: 5 Hours

You have no clue where you are. The only thing you know is that you woke up on a plane with a blindfold over your eyes. You flew for about 30 minutes, and that was just for when you were awake. When the plane landed you were grabbed roughly and dragged up. The person was about to drag you across the floor, but you place your feet on the floor and walked forward. That was accepted, but a large hand was placed on your shoulder.

"Nehmen sie in Zimmer sechs zehn, Gurt ihr auf dem Stuhl und dann stehen Wache. Wir sollten ein Vernehmungsbeamter innerhalb einer Stunde haben. Pierce sollte hier ca. fünf Stunden," said a
male voice. German, so you are somewhere in German, maybe. The only word you recognized was Pierce.

You were shoved forward roughly. You walked for about 5 minutes, turning every so often, until you were finally stopped. You heard some clicks, then you heard a door open. You were shoved into the room and escorted to a chair. You were shoved into the chair, you arms were forced to the arms of the chair and snapped in place.

Time Skip: 1 Hour

The door opened and you heard a scream, but it was cut off when the door shut again.

"Sie sind von Ihrer Position erleichtert," said a new male voice.

The door opened and you heard the scream again, but it was cut off, again.

"Alright, Agent Barton, you should cooperate, or we will have to do this the hard way, and believe me, I will have no problem taking the hard way. My name is Edvard Zuckoff, so, let's start off easy, is Loki Laufeyson alive?" presses Edvard.

You stay silent.

"Will you talk if I take off the blindfold?" You here a chair move and footsteps, they walk past your right side and then move behind you. You feel the blindfold loosen and then fall. You look around. You're in a room covered in tiles. The only pieces of furniture are the chair you are sitting in, a table, and the other chair. The man walks out from behind you. He has military cut, brown hair, no facial hair, and blue eyes. He's about 5'11", maybe 6'0". "So, I repeat, is Loki Laufeyson alive?"

"Why would you think he died?" you spat.

"I have proof right here," he sits back down and slides a file to you. It's a S.H.I.E.L.D. file, reporting the death of Loki Laufeyson. He slides something else over, pictures of you and Loki walking around three days ago at Central Park.

"So, you know he's alive, obviously the files fake, you need better informants," you snap.

"Alright, just testing you. Let's get to the real stuff, you have healing powers, do you not?" asks Edvard.

You stay silent.

"If you just answer me, I won't have to test this theory myself," you stay silent, "Alright," he turns to face the door and then says, "Zu bringen!" The door burst open and two people walk in, pushing a table on wheels. There are various materials, ranging from small knifes to needles. Edvard stands up and walks over to the table. One of the people leave, the man. The women, who is wearing a lab coat stays, she says something that you couldn't make out. Edvard replies with "Warum will er das? Wir brauchen nicht einen anderen Vermögenswert. Man ist genug!" The women replies and then Edvard sighs, "Fein, aber gib mir ein oder zwei Stunden mit ihr, bevor wir ihr, injizieren wir sollten etwas aus ihr heraus zu bekommen, bevor sie beginnt zu verrückt, oder bevor sie stirbt." The women hands Edvard a small knife, it looks sort of like a box cutter. He walks back over to you. He forces you to unclench your right fist, he then spreads your pointer finger and middle finger apart. He places the blade on the space between them, then he cuts. You cry out in pain. It's not there for long, a few seconds later, the cut and pain are gone. "Ah, she does of healing powers? But how does one stop them?" He walks back over to the cart and picks up a file that you didn't see
before. "(Y/N) Barton, age 25, one living relative, ah! Special abilities, has healing powers, but has weaknesses, see medical issues." He rifles through the pages until he finds the correct one, "Here we go! Can't ingest poison, be stabbed in the heart, or have a limb blown off!" He closes the file and places it back on the cart. "Poison, that's interesting, but useful." He turns to the women, "Welches davon ist Gift?" The women points to a syringe and Edvard picks it up. He walks back over to you, "This might sting a little." He finds a vein in your shoulder and then stabs the syringe in you. You start to feel weird, drained even. "So, let's start having some fun. How did you get these powers?"

Time Skip: 2 Hours

You have no clue as to how long you have been sitting in this chair. The thing that had injected you with has successfully stopped your healing process, so you are the most injured you have ever been and you have no idea as to how to deal with all the pain. Your have screamed your throat horse, but you have managed not to give anything away, you don't know how, but somehow you have. Edvard, or Сволочь в заряд, as you have nicknamed him, has sliced at you, stabbed you, and even broken a finger or two. But, the women who had been standing in the corner of the room for the past however long you have been here, finally came over and pulled the man away from you. Edvard didn't resist, she opened the door to let him out. You saw him walk out and then turn down the hallway, and then you saw another group of people walk past the door. A group of soldiers and at the back, no, it couldn't be, Bucky Barnes? You had seen enough pictures of him to recognize him. He had a metal arm and long hair, but he was wearing the same outfit as the Winter Soldier, but without the mask, he looked in the door and held eye contact with you for a few seconds, until the nurse, or doctor, or whatever shut the door. The women walked over to the table and started preparing something. You were thinking about what you just seen. So Bucky Barnes, Steve's soulmate, somehow survived falling off of a train, and was now the Winter Soldier. Where were you? And you the hell is holding you captive? The women turned to face you, she was holding a pad of some kind and another syringe. She walked towards you and forced you to flip your arm over, so your palm was facing the ceiling. She took the pad and rubbed it on the inside of your elbow. You tried to twist your arm out of the way, but she hissed at you in German, "Noch zu halten, werde ich jemanden, der hier herein und halten Sie Sie!" You have no idea what she said, but you held still, not wanting to risk her hitting something other than a vein. She brought the syringe to your arm and poked it in. You got a good look at the liquid, it looked kind of like water, but there was something about it that made you know that it wasn't water. The pressed the syringe down, she got all of the liquid out and then pulled it out. You felt different, still weak and sleepy, but powerful. You have absolutely no idea what that was, but it couldn't be good. You don't like the way things look, with the Winter Soldier and the mention of Pierce, things were going to get worse, you could feel it.

Time Skip: 5 Hours

You had been left alone after the women injected you for about 3 hours. Then someone came to take you to a bathroom, at least they actually took you to a bathroom. You had been back in your cell, strapped to a chair for about 2 hours. Then, the door burst open and about 5 people walked in. One was the women who had been in here earlier, one was Edvard, two were guards, and the last was Alexander Pierce. At this point in time, you remember the dream you had about a year or go, give or take a week or two. Pierce steps closer to you, so he is about a foot away from your chair.

"Agent Barton, how are you doing?" he asks, faking concern.

You decided to forget all of your training, "Well, seeing as I'm strapped to a chair, have a few broken fingers, some stab wounds, a nasty headache, and some pretty nasty bruises. And let's not even mention the fact that I was poisoned at least once and had a mystery liquid injected into me,
"I'm doing pretty shitty, but thanks for asking!"

"That's one of the things I always liked about you (Y/N), you're not afraid to speak your mind. But let's get on with this. So, you aren't actually here to give us any information, we already know everything that you know, plus more, you're here for experimental purposes. I have been watching you, along with some select others. I have decided that you're perfect for the job. So, Rumlow here," you of the guards took off their helmet and reviled himself to be Brock Rumlow, "called you with a fake mission, so, here you are."

"Who the hell do you work for?" you ask.

"I guess I could tell you, since you won't remember in a few minutes, Hydra, I work for Hydra, as do a number of others within S.H.I.E.L.D." replies Pierce, walking around your chair.

"But, Hydra fell when Steve killed Red Skull, we all know the story," you say.

"The slogan of Hydra is, cut off one head, two more grow back, so, just because Schmidt died, doesn't mean Hydra did. But, enough chit-chat," Pierce circles in front of you.

"At least answer me one question," you plead, realizing that you have absolutely no hope of getting out of the situation, "Why the hell is James Barnes alive and how?"

"You'll find out," with that Pierce turns around and says, "Bring it in!"

Edvard relayed the message in German. The door opened again and a machine. It had lot's of gadgets and things that you couldn't even begin to describe. It was followed by a few monitors. Some other people came in with the equipment, all of them wearing white lab coats. The woman who was finally in the room with you walked over with another syringe, it looked exactly like the one that had been put it you before. You offered no resistance as she put the liquid in you. You felt another surge of power. One of the guards came over and unstrapped you and pushed you towards the strange chair. You sat in it and were strapped down. The scientist hooked up various things to you. One of them came over and force your mouth open. But then Pierce said, "No, let her scream." The scientist walked over to one of the monitors and pushed a button. Two things came down on either side of your head, they pressed into your head, then something came through them. You have no idea what it was, but it hurt, a lot. You screamed in pain, you wanted to blackout, but something was keeping you from reaching that goal. You kept screaming, you felt yourself losing things from your memory. Like, how old you were, or what your dog's name was. Soon, names, important names started to disappear. All the while, you were screaming in pain. You think you heard someone rattling off German words, Mission-Bericht, Bereit zu erfüllen, and various other words. Somehow, you knew exactly what they meant, mission report, ready to comply, the German was replacing important things, you were trying to focus on those things, Loki was your, guy with long black hair is your, random guy. Suddenly the pain stopped and the arms retracted. The straps loosened and you sat up, dazed. Then a guy came up to stand in front of you, "I'm your handler, Edvard," except it was in German, but you understood it, "Your name is Assassin, or Asset 2.0, understood?" You nod your head. But then, your remember your name is (Y/N), so you speaks;

"No, my name is (Y/N)."

The handler looks at the other man in the room, he's wearing glasses, "Do it again, keep going until she passes out, forgets everything to a certain extent, or dies, keep me updated in her progress." With that, he leaves. Suddenly, you're pushed back and straps surround your arms, the to arms come back down and they surround you head. Then, the pain starts again, and you scream.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 1 Day
The Avenger's are currently in a meeting room in the Tower. There are two empty seats at the table, your's, and Loki's. Loki is nowhere to be found and you could be dead. Bruce had been the sensible one when they arrived back at the tower yesterday and had called Fury and asked for him to come to the Tower. So, there he was.

"So, you're telling me that Agent Rumlow called (Y/N) yesterday morning and said that I gave them a mission and now (Y/N) and Rumlow are missing," says Fury.

"Yes Sir," replies Steve.

"And how do you know this?" asks Fury.

"Phone records, and (Y/N) called Clint yesterday," states Tony.

"Can I hear both conversations?" says Fury, standing from his chair and walking to the window.

"Got that J.A.R.V.I.S.?" asks Tony.

"Yes, Mr. Stark," replies the AI. The two messages play.

Everyone is silent for a few minutes until Fury speaks, "I'm going see what Rumlow has been up to," Fury walks to the door and almost leaves before Clint calls out.

"What about my sister?"

Fury turns around and faces them, "We have no way to find her, I'll make sure there is a program searching for face matches 24/7, but other than that, we sit, and wait, either for her to come back alive, or for some random person to find her body and report it to the local police." Then he turns back around and walks out the door.

Thor, Tony, and Bruce are sporting poker faces, Steve is trying to do the same, but is failing miserably, Nat got up and left the room, mumbling something about finding Loki, and Clint, he has the most heartbroken look on his face, his sister, who he had looked out for since she was born, might be dead and he can't do anything but sit and wait.

Natasha had found Loki on the roof, leaning against the railing and looking at the city.

"Fury says that he's going to have a facial recognition scan searching for her 24/7," Natasha walks over and stands next to Loki.

"That will not help," says Loki.

"It might," suggests Nat.

"Did you know that I was going to ask for her hand," Loki says, after a few minutes of silence, "I was going to ask her at midnight on New Year's Eve."

"Oh," says Nat.

"I had already asked Clinton, and I found a ring, but now none of that matters."

"Is she dead?"

"What?" asks Loki, turning his head to look at Natasha.

"(Y/N) felt when you sort of died, so, wouldn't it work vice versa?" states Natasha.
"If is does, then no, she is not dead, but I can not be sure," replies Loki, "But I will tell you if I believe she is, though," Loki winces a bit as he turns to face Natasha, "She is in great pain, and I am not even receiving the whole of it."

Chapter End Notes

Nehmen sie in Zimmer sechs zehn, Gurt ihr auf dem Stuhl und dann stehen Wache. Wir sollten ein Vernehmungsbeamter innerhalb einer Stunde haben. Pierce sollte hier ca. fünf Stunden = Take her to room six ten, strap her in the chair and then stand guard. We should have an interrogator in within the hour. Pierce should be here in about five hours.

Sie sind von Ihrer Position erleichtert. = You are relieved of your position.
Zu bringen! = Bring them in!
Warum will er das? Wir brauchen nicht einen anderen Vermögenswert. Man ist genug! = Why does he want that? We don't need another Asset. One is enough!

Fein, aber gib mir ein oder zwei Stunden mit ihr, bevor wir ihr, injizieren wir sollten etwas aus ihr heraus zu bekommen, bevor sie beginnt zu verrückt, oder bevor sie stirbt. = Fine, but give me an hour or two with her before we inject her, we should get something out of her before she starts to go crazy, or before she dies.

Welches davon ist Gift? = Which one of them is poison?
Сволочь в заряд = Bastard in charge

Noch zu halten, werde ich jemanden, der hier herein und halten Sie Sie! = Hold still, I will get someone to come in here and hold you down!

There's chapter 24! Hope you all liked it! I got to see Civil War again yesterday, and it was still as good as the first time! If you haven't seen it, you need to! But, anyway, (Y/N), if you didn't get this, is going to become basically another Winter Soldier. I think I'm going to start another story alongside this one, it's going to be a Supernatural reader insert, so be on the lookout for that! That's all for now!

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters used, except for (Y/N), the rest are owned by Marvel.
Hydra had been successful with their new experiments. You now only respond to Asset 2.0 or Assassin, you speak fluent German, English, Russian, and French, but mainly talk in German. You have no memory of your past life for at least two weeks, then they have to wipe your brain and stick you in cryo-freeze for a day or two. It has only been about a month since you were taken, but you have already had over 5 successful mission. Also, your powers are almost complete. They have been sticking syringes in you filled with one of four colour liquids, clear, cloudy, red, and brown. The liquid injections have been very successful. You have full control over water, fire, earth, and air. They are going to put you on your first mission with the other Asset, the Winter Soldier.

You felt the cold leaving for limbs and a heater warming them. You open your eyes and look around, there is a small group of scientists standing around your cryo-freeze chamber monitoring your vitals, they couldn't have anything bad happen to you. Once you felt you were able to move you stepped off of the platform and past the scientists. You walked out of the room and down the hallway. You stopped at a door and opened it, stepping in. You took off the clothes that you were wearing and started to replace them. You pulled on a black undershirt and a black t-shirt. Then over top of that, you put on a black, bulletproof, jacket. You pulled on specially formed black pants. You grabbed a pair of black combat boots and a few gun holsters, two on your waist, one on your back, and two on your thighs. No guns yet, you didn't have a mission. You put your greasy, unruly hair into a ponytail, they hadn't given you a haircut, and you doubted you'd receive one. Then, you grabbed the last two things to complete your look, a black, half-face mask—it looked exactly like the Winter Soldier's expect you didn't have goggles—and a pair of gloves, leather gloves to be exact. You pulled the gloves on and placed the mask on your face. You walked out of the room and headed back down the hallway. You stopped at a room that you knew well, main control. You walked into the room and stood at the door, waiting for instructions. You turn your head slightly and see that you aren't the only one waiting for orders, the Winter Soldier was standing at another entrance, flanked by two handlers. You used to have a handler, but he started to abuse his power, and you were ordered to kill him. You were told that you didn't need a handler, you were obedient enough. Someone walked through the door next to you and walked to the middle of the room, it was your commander, General Novak. "We have a dual mission for you," he says looking at both of you, "We need you to distract the Avengers, they are all at the Tower and we need something they have, you need to cause disturbance in Paris. You leave now." He leaves the room. One of the Winter Soldier's handler's walk over to you;

"Folgen Sie uns, wir geben Ihnen Waffen im Flugzeug," she says. You nod your head and follow her over to the other side of the room. She and the other handler walk behind you and the Soldier.

"Солдата," you say, acknowledging your partner.

"Убийца," he replies, not even glancing in your direction.

Time Skip: 1 Hour

The entrance had already caused disturbance, the pilots had sloppily landed the plane on the lawn surrounding the Eiffel Tower. The Winter Soldier had been given a grenade and as soon as the doors open, he chucked it out, causing an explosion, which was followed by screaming. You were given handguns, a pocket knife, and a machine gun. The Winter Soldier was given a grenade
launcher, some handguns, and a pocket knife. Right before you both left, the handler said something to both of you;

"Вы можете убить любого, нам нужно получить внимание Мстители."

Both of you nod, then you open fire. You look over at the Winter Soldier and notice that he looks a little hesitant, but then you turn your attention back to the crowd, you need target practice anyway, you weren't called the Assassin for nothing.

P.O.V. Switch

The Avengers' Tower has gotten quieter and quieter the past month. Steve had been the first to leave after your disappearance, he left the week after Christmas and bought an apartment in D.C., the reasoning behind it was somewhere along the line of, "It's to quiet here, especially without (Y/N)." Clint and Natasha had left the 1st day of January, Clint had bought them a get away house somewhere in the Midwest. Thor had went to travel with Jane, wanting to spend more time with her. Pepper and Tony were spending most of their time in a mansion in L.A. So, the only permanent residents in the Tower were Loki and Bruce, mainly because they had nowhere else to go. Loki was still a wanted criminal in Asgard, and Bruce was perfectly happy with the Tower. But this week was one of the rare weeks they were all in the tower, sure they had worked on mission together, but they all hadn't been under the same roof since Steve left. Steve had come to visit Loki and Bruce, mostly to make sure Loki hadn't gone insane with grief. Clint and Natasha needed a break from the country life, so they were coming to visit the tower for at least two weeks. Thor and Jane were in New York for a week long science convention and rather than pay for a hotel, they decided to stay at the tower and Tony and Pepper had some business in New York with the company and they heard that everyone was going to be back at the Tower and they didn't want to be left out.

The Avengers were scattered around the tower when J.A.R.V.I.S. announced that Fury had a mission for them and he was video calling them in the briefing room. Steve had been in the kitchen making dinner with Thor and Clint keeping him company. Natasha was in the gym. Tony and Bruce were in the labs and Pepper and Jane were watching a movie in the living room with all of the animals, except Storm, Peggy, and Onyx. Storm and Peggy were in the kitchen following Steve around and Onyx was on yours and Loki's floor with Loki.

"Director Fury has asked me to inform you that there is a mission at hand and he is going to be making a video transmission from the briefing room," says J.A.R.V.I.S.

Steve sighed and turned off the stove, no homemade dinner tonight. Thor and Clint followed him out of the room and to the elevator. They pasted Jane and Pepper om the way, they had stayed put, knowing that they weren't on the mission. The group walked over to the elevator and it opened. They all stepped in and the elevator moved down.

"It's not the same," says Clint, suddenly.

"I do not understand Brother Barton," says Thor.

"I mean, without (Y/N) here, it just feels," he pauses, "weird, different, strange, you know?"

"Yeah," says Steve, "I know what you mean, it's kind of one of the reasons I moved out, the Tower has a different feel to it."

The door opened and they stepped out and walked down the hallway.
"I feel it too," state's Thor, "Lady (Y/N) gave the Tower a kind of energy, I believe. I wish she was here."

"Hey, at least we know she's not dead," suggests Clint, opening the door for the other two, "Loki hasn't felt any pain besides the stuff that happened at the beginning."

"That's one way to look at it," says Steve, sitting down in one of the chairs. The conversation ended and the other Avengers began to trickle in the room. Once all of them were in the room, Fury's video transmission came on.

" Took you long enough," huffs Fury, "We have received word that two people have been wreaking havoc in Paris, one had been identified as the Winter Soldier, the other is unknown, this is a live feed." The transmission changes to a new report. There are two people, as Fury said, one being the infamous Winter Soldier, the other, appeared to be an Enhanced and a female. The women was making fireballs come out of her hands and then launching them at buildings, cars, people, really anything in sight. The feed switches back to Fury, "As you can see, we need all of you to come in and stop the situation, if possible, take them as hostages, but don't kill them. Is that understood?"

"Yes sir," replies Steve.

"Good, I expect to hear a debriefing when you get back," with that, the feed stops and the screen returns to it's usual Avengers A.

"Alright," says Steve, turning to face the others, "Suit up."

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 3 Hours 30 Minutes

What was taking the Avengers so long? This was getting boring, but it's not like you could leave. If you didn't you would get reprimanded, which was not fun, you knew from experience. Your guns had run out of bullets a while ago, so you were just using your powers, unlike the Winter Solider, who had been given enough bullets to stock an army. You took some more of the ground and formed a ball with it. You then launched it at one of the squad cars trying to reach you. It hit the target, dead on. You were about to take some air and water and form a mini hurricane, but your intercom revived a transmission.

"В северном углу города прибыли Мстители."

"Kopieren Sie, dass es nun in Richtung," you say. You look over at the Soldier and see him heading north, he must have received the transmission also, you jog to catch up with him, launching a fireball at a police officer who had been dumb enough to start shooting at you. The Winter Soldier had walked into an alley and was climbing up a ladder that went to the roof of the building. You followed him to the roof and saw he was looking around and then he started walking across the building and then jumped on to the next one. You followed him across buildings until you saw what his target was, a S.H.I.E.L.D. issued quinjet parked next to your crashed quinjet. The Avengers were standing around both of the quinjets, probably trying to come up with a battle plan. You were growing impatient, you started to move forward, but his metal arm stopped you from moving forwards.

"Пусть они заметить нас. Мы можем привести их вокруг города до тех пор, пока мы получим все понятно, тогда мы отступить на вертолет, припаркованные на противоположной стороне города, что ясно?" You nodded your head, he might need two handlers and constant monitoring, but he was your superior and you had to follow his instructions, "Кроме того не убить их. Они хотели живых на данный момент," You nod again, no killing or injuring, just messing with them and keeping them away from the Tower as long as possible. You turned back to look at them.
standing there, but then you of them, the one wearing a blue spandex looking suit pointed up in your direction and all of them turned. That was your que, you and the Winter Soldier both turned and ran back the way you came. The chase was on.

P.O.V. Switch

All of the Avengers were arguing about what they should do.

"We need to send half of us out to find them," says Steve, "The rest of us would stay here, just in case they came back."

"We all should go out," Tony fires back, "The more people looking, the easier it will be to find them."

"What we need to do," says Loki, sighing at their stupidity, "Is stay here and wait for them to come to us."

"I don't think any of that will be necessary," says Steve looking up and over at the line of buildings, "They're right there," he points over to a building where there were two figures standing and watching. Then, they turned and ran, "Stark, Thor. you follow them, tell us where they go, keep them within sight. Nat, Clint, and I will follow them on foot. Loki, try and appear where they might be based on Thor and Stark's direction. Bruce, will call if we need you." The group started to disband, Thor and Tony heading to the sky, and Nat, Clint, Loki, and Steve running to their past location. Loki disappeared and then reappeared on the roof they had been on;

"They are jumping from buliding to buliding, they appear to be heading south."

P.O.V. Switch

You heard something flying above you. You look up and see that two of the Avengers are following you by flight. You summon some of the water from the nearby river and make it form into a ball, then you aim it at the one in full red and yellow armor. The water hits him and he goes down, the suit seeming to malfunction. You have no idea how you knew to do that, but you need to keep it to yourself, if they found out you were starting to remember, they would mind wipe you earlier then normal. You then pull of some Earth from the ground and launch it at the other flying Avenger, he easily moves out of the way. The Winter Soldier takes one of his guns off of himself and turns around aiming it at the man, he misses all the shots, which was strange, seeing as he was an even better shot than you, which was saying something. Suddenly, a man appears in front of both of you. A green swirling mist comes out of his hands and shoots towards the Winter Soldier, it pins him against the ground. You form a fireball and throw it at the man. It succeeds in hitting him, or so you thought. An arm grabs you from behind and knocks you to the ground. The force of the fall makes your mask fall off. You try to reach for it, but you can't move, until you are flipped over onto your back and the man's grin turns into shock.

"(Y/N)?" he whispers.

"Who the hell is (Y/N)?" you reply. You try to move your arm and find that you can. You grab your mask and place it back on. The Winter Soldier had already gotten up. Then, you received a transmission;

"Извлечь объект, отступить."

Both of you walked to the edge of the roof, and then jumped off. You ran the few blocks left to the helicopter waiting for the both of you. The doors slide open and Assets two handlers were waiting
in the helicopter for you. You both climbed in and you shut the door. The helicopter flew away and as you left the city, you could see the Avengers gathering up on the roof around the man who you had just faced.

P.O.V. Switch

Loki was standing there in shock.

"Why'd you let them get away?" asks Natasha, running up from the edge of the roof where she, Clint, and Steve had climbed up.

"It was her," he says.

"Who?" asks Thor, landing on the roof.

"(Y/N)," he says, "She's a mindless soldier."

Chapter End Notes

Folgen Sie uns, wir geben Ihnen Waffen im Flugzeug = Follow us, we'll give you weapons on the plane

Солдата = Soldier

Убийца = Assassin

Вы можете убить любого, нам нужно получить внимание Мстители = You can kill anyone, we need to get the Avengers attention

В северном углу города прибыли Мстители = The Avengers have arrived in the north corner of the city

Kopieren Sie, dass es nun in Richtung = Copy that, heading there now

Пусть они заметить нас. Мы можем привести их вокруг города до тех пор, пока мы получим все понятно, тогда мы отступить на вертолет, припаркованные на противоположной стороне города, что ясно? = Let them spot us. We can lead them around the city until we get an all clear, then we retreat to a helicopter parked on the opposite side of the city, is that clear?

Кроме того не убить их. Они хотели живых на данный момент = Also, kill them. They are wanted alive at the moment,

Извлечь объект, отступить = Object retrieved, fall back

There you go! This one was pretty short, but I think it ended up being pretty good! I started writing a new story, if any of you didn't know. It's called Meet the Winchesters and it's a Supernatural reader insert with you staring as the sister. That's all for now! I hope you all liked it!
The Diary of a "Mindless" Soldier

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hydra had been successful with their new experiments. You now only respond to Asset 2.0 or Assassin, you speak fluent German, English, Russian, and French, but mainly talk in German. You have no memory of your past life for at least two weeks, then they have to wipe your brain and stick you in cryo-freeze for a day or two. It has only been about a month since you were taken, but you have already had over 5 successful mission. Also, your powers are almost complete. They have been sticking syringes in you filled with one of four colour liquids, clear, cloudy, red, and brown. The liquid injections have been very successful. You have full control over water, fire, earth, and air.

"Try to be reasonable, brother," says Thor, leading Loki back to the quinjet, "Your grief must be messing with you mind."

"Thor, I know what I saw, the mask flew off, but it was (Y/N), I am not making this up, I have no reason to make this up, please, we need to track that jet," pleads Loki.

They arrived back at the quinjet, "You know what I don't get?" asks Steve, "That those two spent all that time tearing up Paris, but then they just disappear after we were there a few minutes."

Everyone stays silent while Natasha starts the jet and flies it away, then Natasha speaks suddenly, "They were distracting us, the must have need some kind of distraction, we need to get back to the Tower."

"J.A.R.V.I.S.? Was anyone unauthorized in the Tower when we were gone?" asks Tony.

"My recordings and data from the time you were gone have been erased, so it is probably safe to say, yes, there was," replies J.A.R.V.I.S.

"Damn it!" cries Tony.

"Nat, how long will it take to get there?" asks Steve, standing up and walking over to the cockpit.

"About 4 hours, maybe 3 and a half," replies Natasha.

"It was (Y/N), I'm telling you!" cries Loki.

Steve turns to face Loki, "Look we all miss her, you more than most of us, but since when was (Y/N) able to manipulate the elements?"

"She never did, but I swear it was her!" responds Loki.

"Give it a rest!" yells Clint. Loki doesn't make anymore comments after that.

Time Skip: 5 Hours

Natasha had parked the quinjet in the hanger and everyone had run out. They were all searching the Tower to try and find what the mystery robbers could have taken. Tony was the one to figure out what they took.

"Guys! In my main lab, now!" Tony yells over the announcement system. Everyone rushed into the
lab, nothing seemed misplaced to everyone but Tony, Bruce, and Loki.

"They took my scepter!" cries Loki.

"What?" asks Clint.

"I gave my scepter to Anthony and Bruce a few days ago because they wanted to check it out for some program they are trying to build, they kept it in the lab, on that table, but now it's gone," replies Loki.

"This is bad, very bad," sighs Bruce, "We have no idea who took it or where or why. We also have no idea what they could do with it. We need to start a search, a world-wide search as soon as possible."

"I'll start on it," says Tony, walking over to one of the monitors sitting on a desk, "The rest of you should, shower, or relax or something, this is going to take some time."

One by one, the Avengers began to trickle out of the room, some going to their rooms, some to the kitchen. The only people that stayed were Bruce and Tony.

P.O.V. Switch

You were currently in your small room, more like cell, waiting for instruction. You had been there for about 4 hours, or since you and the Winter Soldier had come back from the mission. Because you had been left alone for so long, you had time to thing over what just happened. Why had that man with the long black hair and magic recognised you? Why did you feel like you knew him too and he was very important to you in some way? You reached your left arm over your right shoulder and traced the words on your right shoulder. You had looked at them in a mirror and they read, 'You dare attack me, you mewling quim.' You have no clue why those words are on you or what they mean. You had asked the Winter Soldier if he had any, and he said yes, but did not elaborate. You had considered asking you of the doctors about it, but they would tell General Novak, who would probably make them wipe you. You had a feeling that the man you had seen had something to do with this mark. Suddenly, you got a flash of pain and a sort of video playing in your head. It was that same man, you were on a roof somewhere, eating food and talking and laughing. You cried out in pain, it was hurting for some reason, you got a flash of conversation;

"Thor was always a bit of a jerk when we were younger," says the man.

"Really? Clint was always really nice, protective, obviously, but he was pretty nice most of the time," you reply.

"Yes, Clint does seem the kind of person to be protective over someone, especially you, (Y/N)," the man said.

You take a bit of food, "Trust me, Loki, sometimes I was or am tougher than him."

Suddenly you are jerked from the memory. The door had been thrown open and General Novak walked in, "Assassin, was ist der Sinn davon?"

"Tut mir leid mein Herr, ich war Messer schärfen und ich schneide mich, aber jetzt ist es Weg," you lift up your gloveless hand and show him it.

"Ich sehe nicht, dass etwas verwendet, um Messer zu schärfen," replies the General. Damn it, you thought, "Ich denke, dass Sie Dinge erinnert haben könnte. Sag mir, was Ihr Bruder heißt?"
You thought about it for a few seconds before replying, "Ich weiß es nicht, Sir."

"Lügen, Männer, kommen in, nehmen sie an der Maschine, informieren Sie den Arzt, sie wischen
legte in Cryo-Freeze für mindestens zwei Wochen dann nimm sie und wischen sie wiederum mit
den Worten," says the General. Men in black come through the door and grab you, you give no
resistance, you won't win, even if you used your powers.

"Bei der zweiten dachte weiß ich, mein Bruder namens Clint, es ist, dass Mann sah ich früher, sein
Name ist Loki, und er hat einen Bruder namens Thor und mein richtiger Name ist, also Sie und Ihre
dumme Maschine Schraube. Ich werde nur zu halten gedenken und erinnern, bis Sie nicht finden
können, einen Weg, ihn zu stoppen," you say, right before you were dragged out of the room.

"Stellen, dass ein Monat der Cryo-Freeze," you hear General Novak call. The men pull you
through the corridors you pass the Winter Soldier, no Bucky, his name is Bucky and his soulmate's
name it Steve, "Солдата, ваше имя Джеймс Бьюкенен Барнс, но вы идете на баки, у вас есть
подругой имена Стив Роджерс!" A hand comes over your mouth and you see Bucky turn and
give you a strange look before you are pushed through a door. You are strapped into a chair, now
you are trying to resist, except they had slipped gloves on your hands that prevented you from
doing anything. The machine arms came down around your head and then the pain started. You
screamed and screamed, until you just knew the the man with dark hair as the man with dark hair.
The arms came up and you were dragged into a tube, the door shut and you turned around and the
cold came over you, and then you knew nothing but black.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 2 Weeks

No more missions had come up over the past two weeks. The search for Loki's scepter has taken
lead of importance for some of the team (Bruce, Tony, Thor), but the search for you was still more
important for the others (Steve, Loki, Natasha, Clint). There had been no signs of you or the
scepter. Nobody had left the tower to go back to their main homes, (if they had one). Steve spent
most of his time in the kitchen or on his floor. Natasha and Clint spent most of their time in the
gym or on there floor. Bruce and Tony spent most of their time in the labs. Loki would disappear
for hours at a time just to reappear in mundane places like the living room or Tony's lab. Thor
came in and out of all of the places that the other Avengers were spending their time, he was kind
of the peace keeper. It was rare to see more than two of the Avengers together at one time. Steve
hadn't seen Tony or Bruce in a few days. Nobody had seen Loki. Even though they were a team and
living in the same place, it seemed they were being torn apart from the inside. Steve figured you
had been the glue to hold them together and now that the glue was gone, they were just pieces
trying to form a whole, to no success.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 2 Weeks

The blackness began to recede, cold filled your body, then warmth, glorious warmth. You opened
your eyes squinting at the bright light, your eyes adjusted and you see two men and two women
wearing white lab coats. One of them touched your arm and lead you out of the cold tube to a chair
with various instruments coming out of it. One of them pushed you down onto the chair and then
your arms were secured to the chair. One of the men forced your mouth open and shoved a mouth
guard in it. You bit down on it, then two metal arms came down around your head. Then, pain, so
much, pain. Then, someone started to talk, "Wunsch, Stärke, ," you could hear them clearly
through the pain, the words, it was doing something, "Turm, Zweck, achtzig-acht, neun, Krieg,
gefroren, zwei, erfasst." The pain stopped and you were released from the chair. You sit up and see
General Novak standing there, with a book in his hands, looking at you, "Wie Heißen sie?"

You think for a few seconds before replying, "Attentäter."
General Novak turns to the other people in the room, "Gute Arbeit, nicht alles für ein paar Wochen, mindestens braucht sie." He then turns back to you, "Ihre Mission ist es die wichtigsten Lab zu schützen, jeder hereinlassen, sofern sie nicht ordnungsgemäße Kennzeichnung, verstanden?"

"Ja Herr," you reply, standing up. You are handed gloves, which you slip on, a machine gun, two handguns, two daggers, and last a mask. You walk out of the room and down the hallway, passing doctors, soldiers, handlers, and officials. You finally reach the main lab. You plant yourself outside of the doors and stand there, silently. Nobody was getting in this lab.

P.O.V. Switch

"Bruce," calls Tony, "I think I got a match on the scepter."

Bruce walks over to the monitor Tony was looking at, it showed a map. There was a pin point near Berlin, Germany. Tony zoomed in, the pin was sitting on a seemingly abandoned hospital, "I'll call the team, but I'm going to stay here, you won't need the Other Guy for this." Bruce looked up, "J.A.R.V.I.S., tell the others to suit up, we have a match on the scepter, we leave in twenty."

The other Avengers were all in the quinjet in ten minutes. Tony was the last to walk in, "Stark, where are we going?" asks Steve.

"Few miles outside of Berlin," answers Tony.

"That's not very specific," comments Clint.

"Okay, it's an abandoned military hospital," sighs Tony.

"If it is abandoned," states Loki, "Then why must we been in full battle armor?"

"I was monitoring the building right before I got here, and I saw a least three guys in bullet proof stuff walking around the building," says Tony.

"Why didn't you just start with that?" asks Natasha.

"Because, come on, let's get this show on the road," says Tony, clapping his hands together. Clint starts the plane, pushes a few buttons, then the plane takes off and flies out of the hanger, "Berlin, Germany, here we come," mumbles Clint.

Time Skip: 4 Hours

Clint lands the plane in a clearing about 1/2 a mile away from the hospital. He stops the plane and turns to face the others, "Okay, what's the plane?"

"Thor, Tony, fly ahead to check out the base, Loki, teleport to the base and take out anyone outside, Clint, Nat, you come with me, we're going to check out the place by foot, take out anyone in the woods, is that clear?" states Steve, looking around. Everyone nods and then starts to grab weapons. Thor and Tony take off, Loki disappears, and Clint, Nat, and Steve, run out of the plane and start to run to the base.

P.O.V. Switch

You are called from your position by the door to the main control room. You walk in a wait by the door. General Novak spots you and then calls you over, "Es gibt Eindringlinge kommen, um die
Basis, Ihre Aufgabe ist es, sie daran zu hindern, das Zepter zu sehen, alles tun, um sie zu stoppen.

You nod your head and then walk out of the room, you hand off the machine gun. You walk through the hallways to the front door, there is someone there, waiting for you to come over. They open the door and you walk out. You walk to the middle of the yard to see a pile of guards and no killer. You stand there, waiting for anyone to show up. You hear a rustling in the trees, you turn over to that direction and you see a flash of blue. You smile under your mask, the Avengers, your favorite. You take off your gloves, you need all the power you could get.

P.O.V. Switch

"Stark, I thought you said the only people in the yard were guards," says Steve, "The enhanced girl is out there."

"She must have just come out, we can take her," says Tony, he and Thor had finished flying around and had meet the others right outside of the hospital.

"Okay, we can't do anything until we take her out," says Steve, "On the count of three, we run out, one, two, three!"

P.O.V. Switch

They came running out of the trees, you took the one girl and guy with the arrows first. You took some of the snow, melted it, then pushed the water in their direction. One they were soaked, you pushed colder air over to them, they seemed frozen in place. The guy with the shield came next. He ran up to you, and threw his shield, you ducked, then you turned around and grab a hunk of Earth and rammed it into the shield, but it didn't break. You turned back just to be punched in the gut. You fell over, but got up quickly. You took one of your guns and started to shoot at the man in tights. All of the bullets hit their marks, one in his leg, one in his shoulder, and one in his gut. The man with the black hair came next, he seemed very unwilling to fight, so he was easy, you just did the same thing to him as you did to the girl and the other guy. Except it didn't work, you decided to use a fireball. You made one and launched it at him, he ducked it easily. You took your gun and shot him in the leg, that took him out. Next came the man with the Hammer, he decided to be very talkative.

"You are a very good fighter, but you will not be able to best me!" he threw his hammer, and you ducked, it skimmed the top of your head. You made another fire ball and launched it at him, it missed him, but it caught the cape, he looked down and tried to put it out. While you were smiling at your handy work, you missed the metal man. He shot a beam of light at you right hand, it hit it's target. You screamed in pain, because that hurt, you looked down and saw that you had a useless right hand, it was charred black. You launched a fireball at the snow, and you took the water and shot it at the metal man, it hit it's target, short circuiting the suit. You walked back to the door, opening it with your left hand. You looked back to see that the man with the black hair was looking at you sadly. You shut the door and then walked to the infirmary. The doctor on duty looked up when you walked in you lifted your right hand and he grimaced a little before waving you over. He put you on a table and called a few more doctors over. They talked for a few minutes before one of them lifted a heavy duty saw and place it in the middle of your forearm, and then cut down. You looked down and saw your right hand and half of your forearm missing, that was the last thing you saw before you blacked out from the blood loss.

Chapter End Notes
Assassin, was ist der Sinn davon? = Assassin, what is the meaning of this?

Tut mir leid mein Herr, ich war Messer schärfen und ich schneide mich, aber jetzt ist es Weg = Sorry sir, I was sharpening knives and I cut myself, but it's gone now

Ich sehe nicht, dass etwas verwendet, um Messer zu schärfen = I don't see anything used to sharpen knives

Ich denke, dass Sie Dinge erinnert haben könnte. Sag mir, was Ihr Bruder heißt? = I think you might have been remembering things. Tell me, what is your brother's name?

Ich weiß es nicht, Sir = I don't know, sir.

Lügen, Männer, kommen in, nehmen sie an der Maschine, informieren Sie den Arzt, sie wischen legte in Cryo-Freeze für mindestens zwei Wochen dann nimm sie und wischen sie wiederum mit den Worten = Lies, men, come in, take her to the machine, tell the Doctor to wipe her, put her in cryo-freeze for at least two weeks, then take her out and wipe her again, using the words

Bei der zweiten dachte weiß ich, mein Bruder namens Clint, es ist, dass Mann sah ich früher, sein Name ist Loki, und er hat einen Bruder namens Thor und mein richtiger Name ist, also Sie und Ihre dumme Maschine Schraube. Ich werde nur zu halten gedenken und erinnern, bis Sie nicht finden können, einen Weg, ihn zu stoppen = On second thought, I do know my brother's name, it's Clint, and that man I saw earlier, his name is Loki, and he has a brother named Thor, and my real name is (Y/N), so screw you and your stupid machine. I'm just going to keep remembering and remembering until you can't find a way to stop it.

Stellen, dass ein Monat der Cryo-Freeze = Make that a month of cryo-freeze

Солдата, ваше имя Джеймс Бьюкенен Барнс, но вы идете на баки, у вас есть подругой имена Стив Роджерс! = Solider, your name is James Buchanan Barnes, but you go by Bucky, you have a soulmate named Steve Rogers!

Wunsch, Stärke, Turm, Zweck, achtzig-acht, neun, Krieg, gefroren, zwei, erfasst = wish, strength, tower, purpose, eighty-eight, nine, war, frozen, two, captured

Wie Heissen sie? = What is your name?

Attentäter = Assassin

Gute Arbeit, nicht alles für ein paar Wochen, mindestens braucht sie = Good work, she will not need anything for a few weeks, at least.

Ihre Mission ist es die wichtigsten Lab zu schützen, jeder hereinlassen, sofern sie nicht ordnungsgemäße Kennzeichnung, verstanden? = Your mission is to guard the main lab, do not let anyone in unless they have proper identification, understood?

Ja Herr = Yes sir

Es gibt Eindringlinge kommen, um die Basis, Ihre Aufgabe ist es, sie daran zu hindern, das Zepter zu sehen, alles tun, um sie zu stoppen = There are intruders coming to the base, your job is to stop them from seeing the scepter, do anything to stop them
There's chapter 26! I hope you liked it! I figured that no one would believe Loki talking about seeing Reader, because I mean, he was the only one who saw her. If you didn't catch this, once Reader started remembering, she turned a little bit back to normal, and because she has the healing powers, she is going to have to be wiped a lot, but she's not going to turn insane like Deadpool. Also, the reason why her arm didn't fix itself was because of how badly burned it was, there wasn't any live tissue to heal the area, so they have to give her a new arm. Any suggestions, comments, or requests, PM me! That's it for now!
Hydra had been successful with their new experiments. You now only respond to Asset 2.0 or Assassin, you speak fluent German, English, Russian, and French, but mainly talk in German. You have no memory of your past life for at least two weeks, then they have to wipe your brain and stick you in cryo-freeze for a day or two. It has only been about a month since you were taken, but you have already had over 5 successful mission. Also, your powers are almost complete. They have been sticking syringes in you filled with one of four colour liquids, clear, cloudy, red, and brown. The liquid injections have been very successful. You have full control over water, fire, earth, and air.

Your new vibranium forearm and hand had taken awhile to get used to. From the middle of your right forearm down, you had no feeling, you knew it was there, you just couldn't feel it. The new arm had many uses, you could do things without leaving any fingerprints, it was basically anything proof, and your powers still worked. You had been training with it for the past two months. It was finally time to test it out in the real world. You were to assassinate Nikon Vasilyev, a Russian scientist who had refused to help the cause. It needed to be swift, silent, and unseen.

You were in your 'room' getting ready for the mission. You had decided that you would try out something you had been practicing to kill Vasilyev. You found out that because you had control of the air, you could force the air out of someone's body and keep it out. There were other precautions you need to take, but those were unimportant. After you killed him, you were supposed to let a retrieval force in to get the Carbonadium Synthesizer that Vasilyev wouldn't give Hydra. You were fished out of your thoughts when there was a banging on your door;

"Beeil dich! Wir müssen verlassen!"

"Ja, Sir," you reply. You place your mask on and pull on your gloves, trying not to mess up the paint on the back of your metal hand, it was the Hydra symbol. You pull your now shoulder length hair into a side braid, they had given you a haircut the day before. You opened the door to see a man, who was shaking a little. He was holding out a handgun. You take it from his hands and place it in the thigh holster on your right leg. You pass the man and walk down the hallway to a door leading outside, they had switched the base you had been stationed at, instead of a abandoned hospital a few miles outside of Berlin, you were now at 109th Iman Fortified, an abandoned military base outside of Beryozovsky, Russia. Your target lived about a 2 hour flight away from the base. You were flying into a near by city, then you were driving the rest of the way. You walked across a field to get to the helicopter pad, there was a helicopter sitting there. When you reached the pad a woman gave you the keys. You climbed in and started the helicopter. You flew it up and pointed to the direction of the city you were going to. You would reach the city in an hour and a half.

Time Skip 1 Hour 30 Minutes

You land the helicopter at the small airport in Vladimir. You climbed out of the helicopter and walked off the runway to a small parking lot. There was a brown Lada X-ray waiting for you in the parking lot. You opened the door and got in the car. The keys were in the ignition. You started the car and pulled out heading to the highway. You would arrive at Vasilyev's apartment in Moscow in 3 hours, 15 Minutes. You readjusted your hands on the steering wheel and pushed the gas pedal down a little harder, you might be able to make it in 3 hours if you push the speed limit.
Time Skip: 3 Hours

You parked the car in an alley behind the apartment complex, it was 6:00 pm, you need to wait 4 hours for the cover of darkness and the positivity of most people being asleep. You unbuckled the seat belt and leaned back, crossing your arms over your chest. This was the worst part, waiting.

Time Skip: 4 Hours

You looked around all of the lights in the complex were off. You opened your car door and shut it as silently as possibly, you wouldn't be getting back in that car, there was a motorcycle waiting a few blocks away for you. You walked over to the building and looked up, Vasilyev's apartment was on the third floor. You stepped on the hand rail on the deck, testing it's sturdiness, it would hold. You stepped on with your other foot and reached up to the next floor to grab the next railing. You heard a door open. You freeze, someone comes out of the main entrance and walks over to the parking lot, the pay no attention to you. You pull yourself up to the second floor railing. You grab the top of the railing and stand on that, almost there. You repeat your last step, but instead of stepping on the top of the next railing you leap over and land on the balcony. You walk over to the door and slide it open. You leave it open, you need a quick escape route. You look around for any security cameras, you see none. You walk down a hallway. You walk to the end and open the last door on the right. It was the man's bedroom, he was sleeping in a bed, with his wife, you would probably have to kill her too. You walked to the man's side. You took off your right glove and place your metal hand over the man's face and nose. You slowly lift it up, bringing the air out of him. When the air is all gone, the man wakes up, he tries to breath, taking big deep gulps, but you keep the air from going in. The man start's thrashing, waking his wife, then he lies still. You release your hold on the air. The women turns and sees you standing there, she is about to scream, but you go over and place your hand over her mouth before she could. You repeat the same process with the women. When she stops thrashing you release the air. You leave the room and go check the other rooms for anyone else. You had checked all of the doors in the hallway except one, you opened the door and saw a child, a girl, sleeping peacefully in her bed. You needed to kill her too, she would wake up when the retrieval team came and she would scream. You walk over to the bed you place your metal hand over her mouth and nose and force the air out of her. She wakes up, like her parents, her eyes go wide when she sees you, she tries to scream, but no sound comes out. She does mouth something, 'please,' you ignore it and wait until she takes her last failed gulp. When she lies still, you leave the room and talk into your com, "Mission abgeschlossen, senden im team."

You leave the way you came. When you get back to the ground, you run past the car you had taken here and down the street, you keep running until you spot the motorcycle in an alley, you climb on to it and start it, driving it out of the alley and down the street, leaving three dead people in their apartment, nothing showing how they died or that anyone killed them.

Time Skip: 8 Hours 30 Minutes

You arrived back at the base after about a 6 hour drive and a 2 and a half hour flight, so it was 7:00 am. You jumped off of the helicopter and walked back to the entrance. The doors open for you, you walk down the hallway to the General's office. You move to open the door, but it opens before you could grab the handle and a man walks out, he looks familiar, but you shake it off, it was probably just a soldier you had worked with. You walk in and stand right in front of the General's desk. He speaks without looking up from the paper he's reading, "Mission-Bericht."

"Wassiljew wurde erfolgreich getötet. Er erstickte von mir, die Luft herausnehmen und dafür, dass es nicht wieder gehen würde,. Seine Frau wachte Recht, nachdem er gestorben, ich tötete sie als auch die gleiche Art und Weise, konnten nicht Zeugen. Ich überprüfte die anderen Räume für irgend jemand, ich fand seine Tochter schläft in ihrem Zimmer. Ich tötete sie auch, sie würde haben aufgewacht, als das Abruf-Team kam und schrie. Ich war nicht von jedermann gesehen und
ich war in und out in zwanzig Minuten," you reply.

"Gut, korrigieren Sie hat Abruf, benachrichtigen Sie?" General Novak looks up from his papers and looks at you.

"Ja, Sir, gleich nachdem die Tochter getötet wurde," you readjust your stance, growing weary under his stare.

"Nur Überprüfung gehen, schlafen, Dusche, etwas zu Essen wird Ihnen innerhalb der nächsten paar Stunden gebracht," he looks back down at his paper.

"Ja, Sir," you turn to leave the room, saying one more thing before you walk down the hallway, "Hail Hydra."

P.O.V. Switch

The news came early that morning, J. .I.S. had woken everyone up and given them the news, "Brock Rumlow is currently at the Triskelion, he has news about the mission he went on." After that, the tower was a flurry of activity. Everyone was up in the quin jet, dressed and ready to go, within the next twenty minutes.

"Is everyone here?" asks Clint, looking over his shoulder, he was driving the plane, so he was in the cockpit.

"Yeah," says Steve, "Let's go."

Clint started the plane and flew out of the hanger, Bruce decided he need to add something to the conservationist, "All of you do realize that J.A.R.V.I.S. just said that Rumlow was back, not (Y/N), that could be bad news."

"Of course we realize that, we're just trying not to think about it," replies Tony.

"If he says she is dead, I am going to rip every limb from his lying body," says Loki.

"Whoa, Reindeer Games, let's not get too hasty, if he does say that, there are people who can interrogate him and get all the information out of him," Tony remarks.

"That's weird," mumbles Natasha, "I'm looking at the news on my phone and it says a Russian scientist and his wife and daughter were all found dead in their apartment. They seem to have been strangled, but there are no finger prints or bruising anywhere on them. Whoever did it, did take something though, the scientist had taken a Carbonadium Synthesizer home from work and now it's missing."

"Carbonadium Synthesizer?" repeats Steve.

"It's a device used to synthesize carbonadium, which is the only metal that can neutralize the death factor of Omega Red, who is a Russian mutant. The device can liquefy carbonadium so that it can be molded into new forms," says Tony, "Oh, don't look so surprised I keep up with the science world."

"Why would someone want that?" calls Clint.

"I don't know," replies Natasha, "But they were willing to kill for it."

Time Skip: 30 Minutes
Clint landed the jet on the roof and everyone climbed out and walked over to the roof entrance. Steve stopped everyone before they went in, "Remember, nobody gets to hurt anybody." Then, Steve opens the door and they walk in. They take the elevator to Alexander Pierce's office. They get off the elevator and walk down the hallway, then through a doorway. Alexander Pierce is sitting in his chair behind his desk, Director Fury is pacing behind him, and a bruised and bloody looking Brock Rumlow is sitting in one of the chairs in front of Pierce's desk.

Pierce notices them walk in, "Good your here! That means that J.A.R.V.I.S. got my message! Anyway, please sit, Brock here was about to share his story."

"I think we'll stand," states Natasha, crossing her arms.

"Okay, whatever works for you, alright, Brock, tell us your story," Alexander gestures for Brock to start.

"Well, you gave me a mission to retrieve some files from a base, and you said I should get one or two agents to join me. The first person I thought of was (Y/N), so I called her and asked her to join me. She agreed. We met up outside of the base, and we went in. I heard something, so we split up, the next thing I know, I wake up in a room strapped to a chair. They interrogated me for months, torturing me, anything need. I got rescued about two weeks ago and I've been here, recovering ever since," Rumlow concludes his story.

"And what of Lady (Y/N)?" asks Thor.

"I don't know, she could be dead for all I know," he shrugs, "But I'm sorry, really, I thought the base was empty, or at least the info said it was."

"Did you see what base you were in?" asks Natasha.

"If you suggesting we go search the place, we already did, they cleared out after we got Brock out," says Pierce.

"If that's all, I think we'll be leaving," Clint says, he turns and walks out of the room, the other's following.

"Thanks," Steve gets out before he leaves.

"Rumlow is lying, Pierce is in on it also," states Loki.

"How do you know?" scoffs Tony, "Seemed like a pretty reasonable story to me."

"(Y/N) said on her message that Fury gave her the mission, not Pierce," says Loki.

"Yeah, people mess up on information," retorts Tony.

"No, Loki's right," says Natasha, "Either that's not the whole story, or it's a completely fake one, S.H.I.E.L.D. protocol says that you need to check the whole place and make sure everyone is out of the base or arrested."

"They could have already anticipated the attack and moved (Y/N), along with most of the stuff," suggests Bruce.

"Do you buffoons agree with that Rumlow, the one who's the reason that (Y/N)'s gone, the one who's the reason that we're having this argument, the one who basically has made all of out life's miserable, the one who prevented me from asking (Y/N) to marry me!?!" Loki bursts out, spinning
to face everyone else.

Everyone stops and stares at Loki, "You were going to ask her to marry you?" Steve asks softly.

"Yes, I was, but because of this Sofia, that didn't happen, and it probably never will!" Loki spins back around, and then disappears.

"Did anyone else know that?" Steve spins to look at everyone else.

"Yeah," says Clint, "Me and Thor knew."

"He told me the day after she disappeared," adds Natasha, "He said he was going to do it one New Year's Eve, at midnight."

Everyone stays silent, Steve starts walking to the elevator, the other's start to follow, "He's right, you know," Steve says once they get in the elevator.

"Who, Loki?" asks Clint.

"Yeah, our lives have been horrible for the past few months, I noticed it awhile back. (Y/N) was the glue that held us together, and now we're falling apart without her," Steve says, staring at the closing elevator doors, "Now we're all pieces of a whole, with no way to be put back together."

Chapter End Notes

Beeil dich! Wir müssen verlassen! = Hurry up! We need to leave!
Ja, Sir = Yes, sir
Mission abgeschlossen, senden im team = Mission complete, send in team
Mission-Bericht = Mission report
Wassiljew wurde erfolgreich getötet. Er erstickte von mir, die Luft herausnehmen und dafür, dass es nicht wieder gehen würde,. Seine Frau wachte Recht, nachdem er gestorben, ich tötete sie als auch die gleiche Art und Weise, konnten nicht Zeugen. Ich überprüfte die anderen Räume für irgend jemand, ich fand seine Tochter schläft in ihrem Zimmer. Ich tötete sie auch, sie würde haben aufgewacht, als das Abruf-Team kam und schrie. Ich war nicht von jedermann gesehen und ich war in und out in zwanzig Minuten. = Vasilyev was successfully killed. He suffocated by me, taking the air out and making sure it would not go back in. His wife woke up right after he died, I killed her as well, the same way, couldn't have any witnesses. I checked the other rooms for any one else, I found his daughter asleep in her room. I killed her also, she would have woken up when the retrieval team came and screamed. I was not seen by anyone and I was in and out in twenty minutes.
Gut, korrigieren Sie hat Abruf, benachrichtigen Sie? = Good, you did notify retrieval, correct?
Ja, Sir, gleich nachdem die Tochter getötet wurde = Yes sir, right after the daughter was killed
Nur Überprüfung gehen, schlafen, Dusche, etwas zu Essen wird Ihnen innerhalb der nächsten paar Stunden gebracht = Just checking, go, sleep, shower, some food will be brought to you within the next few hours

There's chapter 27! I hope you all liked it! I actually got the inspiration for the new use of Reader's powers from a Torchwood episode, weird right? Anyway, next chapter is going to be based off of Captain America: Winter Soldier, so be prepared. If you have any requests for one shots, pm me! I have a lot of fandom's I'm in, so just send in requests if you have any. That's all for now!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters except (Y/N) the rest are owned by Marvel.
Hydra had been successful with their new experiments. You now only respond to Asset 2.0 or Assassin, you speak fluent German, English, Russian, and French, but mainly talk in German. You have no memory of your past life for at least two weeks, then they have to wipe your brain and stick you in cryo-freeze for a day or two. It has only been about a month since you were taken, but you have already had over 5 successful mission. Also, your powers are almost complete. They have been sticking syringes in you filled with one of four colour liquids, clear, cloudy, red, and brown. The liquid injections have been very successful. You have full control over water, fire, earth, and air.

You were currently walking on the deck of a boat in the Indian ocean, a S.H.I.E.L.D. vessel. You had been sent on a mission with some pirates to take the boat hostage. You don't know why this boat is important, but according to General Novak, this was setting something in motion, something huge. You heard someone behind you, so you spin around, gun drawn and safety off. The man puts his hands up and you lower the gun when you recognize the man as someone you had seen around the base. "que faites-vous ici?"

"Nous allons changer votre mission, vous devez quitter, maintenant, Captain America et la veuve noire s'est joint à la mission pour S.H.I.E.L.D., nous ne pouvons pas les laisser vous voir, s'ils le font, ils vous reconnaître et vous emmener dans, laquelle nous ne pouvons pas avoir, laissez donc, il y a un hélicoptère sur le côté opposé du bateau, aller maintenant," he replies, he is about to turn and leave when you speak up;

"Pourquoi la baise doit je t'écouter ? Vous n'êtes pas mon gestionnaire, vous êtes en dessous de moi," you bark.

"Parce que vous ne peut pas mourir ou avoir capturé, car ils vous torture et vous réduire à rien et de plus, si vous mourrez ou obtenez capturé, mon cul se fait battre et je ne veux pas que, et je sais que vous ne voulez pas être capturé ou tué," he answers, turning away.

"Très bien, il devrait être content que je n'a pas tué lui et son droit du cul arrogant où il se trouvait, commande me autour," you grumble, walking towards the helicopter on the other side of the boat. You reach the steps to get to the helipad when you feel like someone is staring at you. You spin around quickly just to stop a metal shield from hitting you in the chest.

"Where do you think you're going?" the man asks.

You look down at the shield and then back at the man, you throw the shield back to him as hard as you could, you decided to switch to German, English was annoying sometimes, "Entfernt."

The man catches the shield and is staring at you in confusion, "German, really? You know, I really hate German anything, I mean, Germany's okay, but I still have a grudge against them."

You begrudgingly switch to English,"Well, sucks for you."

The man freezes, "(Y/N)?"

"Who? Anyway, if we're done here," you reach down and grab your gun from your holster and aim at the man, firing the gun, the man holds up the shield but you run towards the helicopter, you
could tell he wasn't going to follow.

P.O.V. Switch

Steve completed the rest of his mission without a hitch, he had gotten through it by telling himself he was just hearing things and the person who had escaped on the helicopter was just a pirate who sounded a lot like (Y/N). Nat had noticed he seemed off;

"Hey, want to tell me what's going on?"

"Nothing," Steve replies, "I'm fine."

"No, your not," Natasha states, "You look like you saw a ghost or some crap like that."

"I did," Steve says softly.

"Oh," Nat sighs, "Who?"

"(Y/N), I think."

"Steve, you can't listen to Loki's nonsense about her being some brainwashed agent for some agency, he's grieving, in his own, sociopathic ways," Nat replies.

"No, really, I found someone trying to escape and first she talked in German, but switched to English and she sounded liker her, sassy personality and all," Steve answers.

Nat doesn't reply for a few minutes, "Steve, I think you're wanting things to be true, you lost someone very close to you, this happens."

"Wasn't she your best friend too!? Shouldn't you be grieving with the rest of us?!" Steve questions.

"I am, I just don't do it in the same why the rest of you do, I, it's just hard to explain," Nat sighs.

"(Y/N) was probably my only chance at getting over the 40's and Bucky and every shitty thing that has ever happened to me, but instead, she has to go become one of the reasons why I'm so messed up."

"You still have the rest of us," offers Natasha.

"But it's not the same, she seemed to understand in ways nobody else could, and everyone else had there own problems to worry about," Steve replies.

"You know she has problems too, she was abused as a kid, she had chronic depression when her brother died, and then again when Loki died, she was terrified that people would think of her for having powers, she was elated when she became an Avenger, people looked up to her, no matter if she had powers or not, she was afraid that once she found her soulmate, they would refuse to be with her because she was different, she probably has PTSD, like the rest of us and she's only 25, Steve, she listened to everyone's problems, despite her own, it made her feel, useful, I guess, you helped her as much as she helped you," Natasha explains.

Steve doesn't reply and they sit in silence for the rest of the plane ride.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 13 Hours

You arrived back at the base in Russia and went to your 'room.' You take off your clothes and switch them to the same looking clothes, except these are clean. You sit on your cot and think
about what had happened 13 hours ago, a man, Captain America, you had figured out, had called you (Y/N), this was the second Avenger to call you by that name. Did they know someone who looked like you? Did you know them? Are you actually (Y/N)? That name did sound familiar, it sounded warm and comforting. Then a memory hit you;

You were lying in a bed, curled up around the pillow, sobbing into it. The man, Captain America was standing at the door frame to the room, "(Y/N)? Can I come in?"

You sniffle and then give a weak, "Sure." The man comes in and sits on the bed, he pulls you onto his lap, you uncurl from the pillow and sit up, wrapping your arms around his shoulder and start sobbing into his shoulder, "I m...m...miss him, s...s...so m..m...much!"

"I know, we all do," the man says, "Shh, Shh, it's okay, it's gonna be okay, it's gonna be a-okay."

"N...N...No it's n...not, Steve, I m..miss him and i...it hurts s...s...so, much!"

"I know, I know, you'll get over it," Steve sighs.

"N..No, it w...w..won't," you sob.

"We can hope," Steve sighs again.

The memory changes

You were in the same bed, but you were just lying there, still, no emotion, the only thing showing you were alive was your chest rising and falling. There was a knock at the door, "(Y/N)?" You didn't answer, the door opens anyway, it was Steve, "Hey, we were... (Y/N)?" The man comes over and touches your wrist, looking for a pulse, he presumably finds it and sighs in relief, "Can you get up?" You didn't reply, "Okay, so you don't want to?" again, no reply, "I'm gonna go tell everyone where we'll be, then I'll come back and sit with you." The man leaves.

You were pulled out of your memory by someone dragging you off from the bed and towards the door, "Hey, let me go!"

"Nien," the man says.

"Let! Me! Go!" you cry. You kick the man's legs out from under him, causing him to fall to the floor. You quickly stand up and start running through the halls. You start to remember some key names and faces. Someone reaches out to grab you, but you punch them with your metal fist. You keep running and you make it to the exit, you try to open the door, but it's locked, you turn and see there are too many men and women for you to get past. You sink down to your knees and raise your arms in defeat. Four people surge forward and lift you up, you give no resistance. They drag you down numerous hallways until they reach a thick metal door that it takes two people to open. They push you through the door and into a chair. Metal straps surround your arms, legs, and chest. The metal arms surround your head and then the electrical shocks start, and you scream in pain until the shocks stop, then you are unresponsive to them picking you up and putting you in the cryo freeze chamber. The cold, darkness surrounds your sight, and you close your eyes, letting yourself have a peaceful sleep for once.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 2 Days

"Sir," says a man standing in the doorway of an extremely nice looking office, "May I come in, I have some confidential information for you."

"Yes, come in, close the door behind you," says the other man in the room, he turns, Alexander
Pierce was a busy man, this needed to be quick.

"Captain Rogers, Agent Romanoff, and the other citizen, Sam Wilson, have escaped," the man sighs and then continues, "Also, the Assassin was put into cryo two days ago, she had an episode, we don't know what caused it."

"I do," Pierce says, "Rumlow saw Captain Rogers encounter Asset 2.0 on the ship deck, he must have said her real name."

"Should I get the word back to the scientist to tell them to work on name recognition?" the man asks, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"Yes, also, how far out are the WSC members?" Pierce asks.

"I don't know sir, let me make a quick phone call and I can inform you," the man pulls out his phone and presses a button, holding his phone to his ear, he has a short conversation with the person on the other end. He place the phone back in his suit jacket, "They should be here in about half an hour, sir."

"Good, get someone to take me to them when they are ten minutes away," Pierce turns back around, facing the window.

"Yes sir, is that all?" the man asks.

"Yes, that will be all," Pierce replies.

The man nods even though Pierce can't see him. The man turns around and leaves the room. Leaving Alexander Pierce to his thoughts.

Time Skip: 45 Minutes

Natasha is typing furiously on a computer, getting all of Hydra and Shield's files on the internet. She has almost completed the task. When she finishes, she takes a minute or two to find files on two certain names, (Y/N) (Y/M/N) Barton, and James Buchanan "Bucky" Barnes. She finds the files she needs and sends them to herself, she plans on giving Bucky's files to Steve, but she wants to read the files on (Y/N), if she finds anything out of place, she would notify Steve and the rest of the Avengers. Pierce presses a button, shocking the WSC members and killing them. He grabs Natasha;

"Well, I'll be seeing all of you sometime," Pierce starts leading Natasha to the door when Natasha activates the pin, shocking herself and giving Fury time to shoot and kill Pierce.

"Are you all right?" Fury asks.

"I'll be fine," Natasha grunts.

"Good, we need to get out of here, there's a helicopter on the roof, we can get there," Fury helps Natasha up and they head towards the elevator. Natasha limping slightly.

Time Skip: 1 Week

Sam and Steve are standing at Nick Fury's 'grave,' he had just left moments earlier. Natasha approaches them.

"I got you something," Natasha hands a file to Steve, it contains everything that Hydra and
"Thanks," Steve replies looking through the file before shutting it, "I guess that's why it didn't hurt for that long."

"What?" asks Sam.

"When your soulmate dies, well, sometimes, it hurts, horribly, it's very rare, and I had it, but I don't think that's what it was, because it only lasted for two weeks," Steve pauses, "(Y/N)'s pain lasted until the day Loki came back."

"Who and who?" asks Sam.

"(Y/N), was my um," Steve clears his throat.

Natasha takes over, "(Y/N) was a fellow Avenger, you know, Miss Indestructible? She's Steve's best friend, Loki's her soulmate."

"Isn't she missing?" Sam asks.

"Yeah, has been since the morning of December 18th," Steve replies.

"Dude, I'm sorry," Sam pats Steve on the back.

"It's fine, I've learned to live with it," Natasha sends Steve a glare, "Okay, I'm better than I used to be, you should see her brother and Loki."

"So, when do we start?" Sam asks.

"Huh?" Steve says, looking up at Sam.

"Looking for him," Sam gestures to the file in Steve's hand.

"As soon as possible," Steve replies.

"We need to make at stop at the Tower first," Natasha starts to walk to the car.

"Why?" asks Steve, following her.

"Because, I have something I need to tell everyone, you included Sam," Natasha says, opening her car door. Steve climbs in the passenger seat and Sam gets in the back, "Get comfortable boys, we got a 4 hour drive ahead of us."

Time Skip: 4 Hours

Natasha pulls up the car to the front of the Tower. She turns off the car and climbs out, followed by Steve and Sam.

"Is everyone even going to be here?" Steve asks.

"Yeah, everybody is, I called them after you got out of the hospital and told them to be at the tower," Natasha replies.

"Are you guys sure it's okay for me to be here?" Sam asks catching up to the two Avengers.

"Yes, Sam, it'll be fine, the Avengers are very accepting, trust me," Steve says. Steve opens the
door to the tower and lets everybody pass through before letting go and following them. The elevator door opens and everyone climbs in.


"Okay, talking ceiling," Sam says, looking up as the elevator doors slide closed.

"J.A.R.V.I.S., this is Sam Wilson, Sam this is .V.I.S," Steve says.


"Sup," Sam replies.

"Common floor please," Natasha says.

"Wait, your Agent Barton aren't you," Sam says, looking at Natasha.

"Yes," Natasha sighs.

"As in Clint Barton, as in Hawkeye? And as in (Y/N) Barton?" Sam asks, looking shocked.

"Yes, Natasha got married to Clint a little over a year ago," Steve says for Nat.

"I didn't know that," Sam says.

"Only a few select people know," Nat grumbles. The elevator stops and the door opens to the common room, all of the Avengers and there pets are spread out around the floor. Clint is playing with Storm and Max. Tony was messing with some kind of electronic and shooing away Aglaij. Bruce and Thor were watching TV, Gunnar lying across Thor, and Peggy lying across Bruce. And last, Loki was over at Tony's mini bar, drinking something and petting Onyx. Everyone in the elevator steps out and all of the Avengers look up at the noise.

Clint is the first to get up, he walks over to Nat and gives her a hug and kiss, "Any news?"

"Yeah, but give me a minute," Natasha says.

"Hey man, how are you holding up?" Clint asks, talking to Steve.

"Pretty good, thanks," Steve replies.

"And you must be bird brains," Clint says, smiling slightly.

"Yeah, I guess, I'm Sam Wilson," Sam says, going along with it.

"Capsicle, Red, new guy I need a nickname for," Tony greets.

"How are your injuries?" asks Bruce.

"We're good," Nat replies.

"Brother Rogers, Lady Natasha! We all have missed you," Thor bellows.

"Missed you too big guy," Steve replies.

Loki stays silent.

"Okay, I have some news, so, if you guys could sit down and get comfortable," Natasha says, she
gives everyone a few seconds to do as she instructed, "Okay, as you know, I put all of S.H.I.E.L.D.'s and Hydra's files on the internet, so I gathered some of the files for our personal use and one of the names I searched for was (Y/N), and I first everything seemed normal, you know, classic S.H.I.E.L.D. files, missing person report. But then, I came across newer files, from December to now one her," Natasha, swallows nervously before continuing, "(Y/N) is alive. But, Hydra has her locked away somewhere. She was memory wiped and brainwashed, so she doesn't remember anything about her or any of us before December 18th. She was experimented on, so now she has control over the four elements, water, air, fire, and earth. She also lost her right hand and half of her forearm, which now is made of vibranium. She is know as the Assassin or Asset 2.0. We have encountered her before, she actually lost her arm by Tony shooting her with his repulsor. She is likely in a base in Russia, but they have probably moved her by now, because of the data release. So, in short, (Y/N) is alive, but she isn't herself."

Nobody speaks or moves the only sound in the room is everyone breathing, until Loki speaks for the first time, "This is my fault, I was the one who died, I was the one who didn't wake up when she left, I was the one who didn't check up on her."

"Brother..." starts Thor.

"If we're playing the blame game, blame me too," Clint says, "I'm the one who didn't hear there phone ringing, if I had kept it with me, I would have heard it and we could have got there sooner."

"I'm the one who didn't develop a good enough tracking device, she was the one who told me to put it in her suit, I could have put it into the material," Tony adds.

"I could have gotten to her sooner, she was right in front of me, and I didn't realize it quick enough to grab her," Steve sighs.

"Guys, enough," Natasha says, "It's none of our faults, or it's all of our faults, I don't know, and I don't care. What I do care about is finding my best friend, we have leads, we can go find her, and Bucky, because he's in the same situation."

"Bucky?" Tony asks, "As in, Steve's dead soulmate, who is dead?"

"He's not dead," Steve says, his voice sounding broken, he clears his throat, "He is, was, I don't know, but he's brainwashed as well, and I want to, need to find him, and I need to find (Y/N), I know all of you are with me on the finding (Y/N), but I understand if nobody wants to help with Bucky."

"Steve, man, why wouldn't we help," Clint says, "If my soulmate supposedly died and then actually didn't I know you'd help me, and we are doing the same thing for Loki, and we tried to do the something for (Y/N) when Loki died. So, I ask again, why wouldn't we help you?"

"Because you know (Y/N), she's your sister, and Loki's soulmate and Nat's best friend, and you want and need to find her. None of you need Bucky, I'm the only one who needs him," Steve says.

"Steve," Natasha sighs, "Don't put yourself down like that, you are as important as the rest of us, we'll split out time, look for (Y/N) one week, Bucky the next, or half and half, it doesn't matter. Everyone has the right to their soulmate, you do, Loki does, we all do."

"It's just, he's been gone for so long, and I find out he's not dead and I didn't even look for him, at all, and I didn't believe Loki when he saw (Y/N), I just let people down," Steve says, his voice cracking.
"Captain Rogers, do not fret we shall fine your beloved and we shall find Lady (Y/N), it shall just take time." Thor says.

"Steve, how long you been holding this in?" Bruce asks.

"I don't know, a while I guess, didn't want to bother anyone," Steve shrugs.

"You can't hold this in," Sam says, "It does bad things, I bet you probably got depression and PTSD."

"All of us have something," Natasha says, "Tony has Acute Stress Disorder. Bruce has Self-inflicted anger. Clint has Panic attacks. All of us have PTSD of some form or another. And all of us has had or has depression. We have each other to get through things. Steve knows that he shouldn't hold this stuff in."

"Like I said, didn't want to bother anyone," Steve says, staring at the floor.

"You wouldn't bother us Cap, we'd get through it," Tony says.

"I think step one is finding Bucky and (Y/N)," Natasha says.

"Well, then what are we waiting for?" asks Loki, "I've waited for all of you to believe me for long enough, I don't want to wast anymore time."

Time Skip: 1 Month and P.O.V. Switch

The darkness and cold slowly leave, you open your eyes, slowly, getting used to the light.

"Hallo, Asset," a voice says.

"Bereit zu erfüllen," you answer.

"Gut, wir haben einen Auftrag für euch, seid ihr zu finden die Winter-Solider, und bringt ihn Heim," the voice instructs.

"Ja, Herr," you reply, stepping out of the cool chamber, someone places the mask on your face and hands you some weapons, which you accept. The doors open and you walk out, ready to complete your mission, not a worry in your mind.

Time Skip: 1 Month and P.O.V. Swich

There had been no luck in locating you or Bucky, they had found the base in Russia you were supposedly staying at, but they find no evidence on anyone every being there. They were taking a break from all the looking and searching and going out for dinner in New York. Tony is telling a story about some crazy party when his phone rings;

"Hello, what? No, no, don't do anything, we'll be there in 5," Tony hangs up the phone.

"What's going on?" Sam asks.

"Someone broke into the tower, I told them not to do anything in case it's one of our people of interest," Tony replies, "I'm going to go pay, you guys collect your stuff."

"Do you think it could be Bucky?" Steve asks.

"I don't know," Clint replies, "We haven't seen or heard anything about him since he dragged you
out of the river, don't get your hopes up too much Steve."

"Okay," Tony came back, "Meal payed for, items grabbed, let's go." Everyone walked out of the
restaurant and to the Tower, they had walked there, so they had to walk back. When the finally
made it to the tower, everyone was anxious to see who had manged to get past the best security in
the world. The elevator ride to the common floor was silent and slightly awkward. When the door
opened, Steve was the first to notice a figure on the couch, he held his finger up to his lips and
gestured for everyone to stay in the elevator. He walked over silently. But the figure turned around
and spoke before Steve got within 5 feet of the couch;

"Stevie?"

Chapter End Notes

que faites-vous ici? = What are you doing here?

Nous allons changer votre mission, vous devez quitter, maintenant, Captain America
et la veuve noire s'est joint à la mission pour S.H.I.E.L.D., nous ne pouvons pas les
laisser vous voir, s'ils le font, ils vous reconnaître et vous emmener dans, laquelle nous
ne pouvons pas avoir, laissez donc, il y a un hélicoptère sur le côté opposé du bateau,
aller maintenant = We're changing your mission, you need to leave, now, Captain
America and Black Widow joined the mission for S.H.I.E.L.D., we can't let them see
you, if they do, they will recognize you and take you in, which we can't have, so leave,
there is a helicopter on the opposite side of the boat, go now

Pourquoi la baise doit je t'écouter ? Vous n'êtes pas mon gestionnaire, vous êtes en
dessous de moi = Why the fuck should I listen to you? You're not my handler, you are
below me

Parce que vous ne peut pas mourir ou avoir capturé, car ils vous torture et vous réduire
à rien et de plus, si vous mourrez ou obtenez capturé, mon cul se fait battre et je ne
veux pas que, et je sais que vous ne voulez pas être capturé ou tué = Because you can't
die or get captured, because they will torture you and reduce you to nothing and plus,
if you die or get captured, my ass gets beat and I don't want that, and I know you
probably don't want to be captured or killed either,

Très bien, il devrait être content que je n'a pas tué lui et son droit du cul arrogant où il
se trouvait, commande me autour, = Fine, he should be glad I didn't kill him and his
arrogant ass right where he stood, ordering me around,

Entfernt = Away

Hallo, Asset = Hello, Asset

Bereit zu erfüllen = Ready to comply

Gut, wir haben einen Auftrag für euch, seid ihr zu finden die Winter-Solider, und
bringt ihn Heim = Good, we have a mission for you, you are to find the Winter Solider,
and bring him home

There's chapter 28! Sorry this took so long, I was on vacation and I didn't really get
anytime to type. I hope this was good! BTW I got a Multifandom Instagram account, you guys should check it out, it's where_fandoms_combine. Anyways, if you have any requests, comments, or suggestions, just pm me or comment it. Again, hope you all liked it! See you later!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters mention besides (Y/N), the rest are owned by Marvel.
Soulmates, a word unfamiliar to you. You have received a new mission. Retrieve the Winter Soldier, aka James Buchanan Barnes, aka Bucky Barnes. He has escaped Hydra control. He managed to ditch you somewhere in Nevada. You think he may be somewhere on the east coast, but you aren't sure. You can't report it though, if you do, you will get punished. So, you head to the east coast. Looking for him, hoping that you'll find him.

"Stevie?" the man on the couch asks. The man gets up and turns around, facing Steve and the Avengers, head on. He has long, almost shoulder length, thick, brown hair, greyish blue eyes, some stubble covering his jaw, cheeks, and neck. He is wearing a blue baseball cap, a jacket with a red t-shirt underneath, jeans, and tennis shoes. He has a book bag slung over his shoulder. He freezes when he sees the other people in the room. He reaches into his jacket, probably to pull a gun out.

Steve recognizes the man immediately, it was Bucky, and he had come to them, "Woah, Buck, it's me, Steve, don't shoot, these guys won't hurt you."

The man, deemed Bucky, lowered his hand, but stood there, standing stiff, staring at all of the Avengers, looking over each of them in turn, his eyes finally resting on Steve, "Are you, Steve Rogers?"

Steve inches towards Bucky, with his hands in the air, "Yeah, I'm Steve Rogers. Do you know who you are?"

Bucky is following Steve's movements with his eyes, he thinks for a few seconds before answering "I'm James Buchanan Barnes, I think."

"Yeah, that's right," Steve made it to the edge of the couch, he sits on it, "Do you know how we know each other?"

"The museum exhibit said," Tony shifts his weight and Bucky's eyes flash over to him, reaching for his gun, but then he relaxes, "The exhibit said we were best friends, I met you in school. We were in the war together. I fell off a train and died, but I didn't. And you flew a plane into the ocean and stayed frozen in the Arctic for 70 years."

Steve's face falls, he realizes that Bucky didn't remember they were more than friends, but they just posed as best friends for the public, "Anything that the museum didn't say that you remember?"

"We used to live in Brooklyn. You liked to get into fights. I actually didn't die. I killed, hundreds of people," Bucky starts to breath deeply, clenching his jaw and fists. Steve could hear his metal arm clicking and recalibrating.

"Bucky, it's okay it wasn't your fault," Steve stands up and starts to walk towards Bucky.

Bucky turns to face him, his eyes filled with some unreadable emotion, it could be anger, or sadness, or regret, or something completely different, "I did it, didn't I!"

"Buck," Steve steps closer to Bucky. Bucky grabs his arm, and twists it. The Avengers move forward, but Steve waves them off, "Bucky, I won't hurt you, I don't want to," Bucky holds Steve's arm for a few more seconds before releasing it and collapsing back on the couch. Nobody says
anything for a long time. The silence begins to get unbearable before Steve decides to ask Bucky another question, "Do you have a sentence on you, like it looks like skin, but it says something?"

"Yes," Bucky replies, "Should I?"

"Yes, you should, what does it say?" Steve asks.

Bucky lifts up his shirt, right below his nipples, revealing a well chiseled chest with a small amount of hair, "I can't read it, without a mirror."

"Can I?" Steve asks, sitting on the couch right next to Bucky, who tenses up before, nodding, Steve leans in, reading the writing, something that he had said, decades before, "You didn't have to do that," Steve looks up, then sits back up, "That's what it says."

"What does it mean?" Bucky asks.

"Somebody said that to you, and whoever said that, they're meant to be with you, like soulmates," Steve explains.

"I, I remember that, some of it," Bucky says, "What does yours say?"

"You aren't supposed to ask people that, but, um, mine says, 'Of course I did, you needed help,'" Steve recites.

"Oh," Bucky says.

The room is silent again, before Tony speaks, which cause Bucky to whip around, watching him, "Well, as much as I love watching you two talk this out, I would love to meet the man we spent all this time looking for."

"Is that okay?" Steve looks at Bucky, his eyes filled with concern.

"Yeah," Bucky says, his voice sounding different.

"Okay, well, um, that was Tony Stark, Howard's son, you know who he was, right?" Steve asks, still looking at Bucky.

"Sort of, he, he was the guy who turned you into that?" Bucky questions, looking at Steve.

"Yeah, he was one of them," Steve says, smiling slightly. "Okay, that's Doctor Bruce Banner, he's our in house scientist and medical doctor, sort of, except when he gets angry, you wouldn't like him when he's angry," Bucky eyes Bruce, probably assessing if he was an immediate threat, "That's Natasha Romanoff, or Barton, I have no idea what she's calling herself now. She is an assassin, she was trained in the Red Room, and uh..." Steve notices Bucky seemingly spaced out or something, "Buck, are you okay?" Steve, stupidly reaches a hand out.

"Steve, don't!" Nat calls.

Bucky grabs his hand with his metal one, almost crushing it, "Не принимайте меня туда, я не могу помочь им больше, ничего, Кроме того, пожалуйста."

"Nat," Steve grunts, "What'd he say?"

"Basically, don't take me back there," Natasha replies.

Steve turns his attention back to Bucky, "Hey, Buck, it's me, Steve Rogers, I'm not going to take
Bucky's hat had fallen off and Steve could now see is soulmates face clearly, his eyes were filled with anger, and fear, but slowly, it left his system, his grip became less crushing, until Bucky let go completely, "Вы не будете?" Bucky sounds broken, his voice hoarse and it cracked a little at the beginning of the sentence.

"He says, you won't," Natasha translates.

"No, I won't, why would I? I have no need to, I want to help you, not hurt you," Steve answers.

"Ладно, I, uh, верить you," Bucky says, struggling to find the English words he was looking for.

"Do we need to stop? Like, do you wanna sleep or eat or shower or something like that?" Steve asks.

"No," Bucky replies, "Keep going, I can handle it."

"Okay, well Natasha is a trained assassin. That's Clint Barton, standing next to her. Nat and Clint are soulmates and they got married about a year ago. Clint is a field agent or used to be a field agent for S.H.I.E.L.D. The blonde one, that's Thor of Asgard. He's from a different world, I guess is the right term. He's a Norse god, apparently, of thunder. And that's is Loki, he's the one with the black hair, he's Thor's adopted brother, he's from Asgard too, well, sort of, he's the trickster god. Last, is Sam Wilson, he's a good friend, he was in the war, like the current one," Steve explains, "And that's the Avengers, my family, basically."

Bucky looks over all of them again before speaking, "I've hurt some of you before, I, I didn't mean to, it's just..."

"Hey, man, you don't have to apologize, it's basically our job to get hurt so other people don't, it's what we do," Clint says.

There is more silence for a few minutes until Bucky stands up, "I should go."

Steve stands up immediately, he reaches his hand out, but then thinks better of it and lowers it, "Buck, you can't leave you just got here, we've been looking for you since the day the whole mess ended, and then you show up where we live, you can't leave Bucky. We have food, and beds and clothes and everything you'd ever need. You won't bother any of us. In fact, I think some of them are relieved you showed up."

"I, I can't stay, I'll bring people here, they could hurt all of you and the people out there, and I just, I'm a danger to everyone here, I can turn into him randomly, or something else, I just can't Steve, I'm sorry," Bucky brushes past Steve.

Steve reaches out and grabs his arm, and forces him to turn around, "We can keep you safe from all of those things, Bucky, please. We can help you, we have medical equipment, we can get you the best doctors and psychologists and whatever else you need. Buck, I need you, it's not the same without you."

"You seem to be doing fine without me," Bucky says.

"I'm not, Bucky please, you gotta believe me, at least stay for a week, then you can decide from there, please," Steve begs. Bucky looks Steve in the eyes, noticing that he looks on the point of breaking down, and for some reason, even though Bucky doesn't remember him that well, and for all he knows, they could be lying to him, he feels something in the back of his head pulling at him..."
"I, I'll stay, for a week, at least," Bucky says.

Steve turns from worried and close to breaking to surprised, "Oh, okay, um, do you want some food? Or do you want to shower?"

"Just give me a room, I'll stay there, I won't bother anyone," Bucky says.

"No, Bucky, no, I'm going to make you some dinner, okay? Follow me," Steve walks past Bucky towards the kitchen. Bucky looks around before following him. The Avengers move away from the elevator and spread out around the living room, turning on the TV and talking. Steve was already pulling food out of the cupboards when Bucky walked in. He stopped at the entrance to the kitchen and looked around, Steve didn't notice, but Bucky was looking for all possible exits and entrances, and weapons available in the room, as he did whenever he walked into a room, "When was the last time you ate?" Steve asks, finally noticing that Bucky was in the room.

"I don't know," Bucky replies, moving to sit on a chair that was sitting at the island.

"Are you hungry?" Steve asks, stopping and turning to face Bucky.

"I don't know," Bucky repeats, taking off his bookbag and placing it on the floor, next to his chair.

Gun fire comes from the TV in the next room, Bucky reaches into his jacket once again.

"Woah, that's just the TV, nothing to worry about," Steve says.

Bucky relaxes, and lowers his hand, placing both his real and metal hand on the island, Steve turns back to his work, he was cutting up chicken, and getting ready to season it. Steve prepares the rest of Bucky's meal in silence, he couldn't think of anything to say, and Bucky only talked when spoken to or he had something extremely important to say. When Steve finally finished preparing the meal and set it down in front of Bucky, Bucky jumped at the sound of the plate clattering and then realizes what it is. Bucky looks at his meal, it was chicken, mashed potatoes, and a salad, with dressing, and water. Bucky stares at it for a few seconds before picking up his fork and knife and cutting into the chicken. He picks up the chicken with his fork, inspects it, then cautiously puts it in his mouth. He chews thoughtfully, before cutting another piece and putting this one in his mouth with no hesitation. He has the chicken gone in under 3 minutes and moves on the the mashed potatoes, which are gone in about 2 minutes. He moves onto his salad, which disappeared, dressing and all in 3 and a half minutes. And last Bucky gulped the water down in under a minute. "Do you want more?" Steve asks, smiling slightly, Bucky had always eaten a lot and would have seconds, if there were any.

"Can I?" he asks, looking up at Steve.

"If you want," Steve says, shrugging his shoulders, "Or you could have something else."

"Um, sure, I guess," Bucky says, "That tasted familiar."

Steve was looking through the cupboard when he found a box of mac and cheese, "I used to make it all the time, it was your favorite," Steve smiles, thinking of the times when Bucky came over to his house and he made them dinner, at the end of the meal, Bucky usually told Steve how good it was and then gave him a kiss, which eventually turned into things a little more heated than just lips touching lips.

"Chicken, mashed potatoes and salad, I kind of remember that," Bucky says.
"That's good, anything else you remember?" Steve asks, opening the box.

"No," Bucky replies.

"Well, it's a start," Steve says, glancing at Bucky, "If you loved that, you're going to love this, it's called mac and cheese.

P.O.V. Switch

You had been searching surveillance cameras for the past week. Scrolling through all the ones available in the east coast. You finally spotted Asset in New York City walking into a building. It was pure luck that you found him, there were tens of thousands of surveillance cameras that you had access to in the east coast. You clicked on the small video you were receiving from that camera, it was from a few hours ago. You had put in a description of Barnes so that anytime someone who even remotely looked like him popped up on the screen, it would save the video for you to look at later. You shut your laptop and looked around at your surroundings. You were camped out at a small coffee shop in Alexandria, Virginia. You stood up and collected your laptop, papers, files, and pens and put them in the bag that you were carrying around with you. You walked out the door and looked around the parking lot. There were no people anywhere in sight. You looked at all of the cars in the parking lot and picked one to take, it was a black Volkswagen passat. You casually walked over to the vehicle and slip a knife out of your jacket sleeve. You slip the knife into the car door and jiggle it until you heard a click. You open the door and slip in, shutting it behind you. You reach under the steering wheel and rip off the covering under the steering wheel. You grab the wires and fiddle with them until the wire covering is gone. You strike the wires against each other until the car starts. You place the wires down and put the car in reverse. You back it out and drive away. Heading towards the place where you had seen Barnes go in, 200 Park Avenue, New York City, New York.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 1 Hour

Steve had given Bucky a few more things to eat, including, a piece of pie, yogurt, a hamburger, and some fries. Steve decided he hadn't eaten in at least 5 days, maybe more, maybe less. Bucky was finally full after finishing off his 8th glass of water. Steve had finished cleaning dishes, just as Bucky finished.

"So," Steve says, clearing his throat, "Now what?" Bucky doesn't reply, he is staring at his empty water glass, studying it like it's a piece of art hanging in a gallery, "How about I show you your room, then I can give you a tour of the place." Bucky mumbles something inaudible, but he stands up. Steve takes that as a sign of agreement and he leaves the room, Bucky close behind, only pausing to sling his worn, blue bookbag over his shoulders. Steve stops right before he reaches the elevator to tell the Avengers what he and Bucky were going to do, "Hey, I'm going to take Buck to his room, then I'm gonna give him a tour of the tower."

"Hey, my workshop is off limits," Tony calls.

"Roger that," Steve replies.

The elevator doors open and Steve and Bucky enter, J.A.R.V.I.S. greets them, "Captain Rogers, Sergeant Barnes, what floor?"

Bucky looks up at the ceiling in alarm, "What the hell is that?"

"Oh, that's J.A.R.V.I.S., he's like our electronic butler, Tony made him," Steve explains, "My floor please." Bucky nods, but stares at the ceiling, like he's willing it to do something. The elevator
doors slide open to reveal Steve's floor, which he already shares with Sam, and hopefully will share with Bucky. "So, uh, this is my floor in the tower, I share it with Sam, and there's another room for you, well, for someone to use. It has it's own kitchen, living room, dining room, and art studio." Bucky is looking around, assessing the room, looking for exits, entrances, and anything that could be used as a weapon. Steve continues, "The kitchen always has something in it, and the TV has Netflix and regular TV, I'll show you how to use that later, if you'd like. I'm usually the only one to use the art studio, but you can if you want." Steve points down one of the hallways, the one leading off to the left, "That hallway has my bedroom and the studio," Steve starts walking to the other hallway, followed by Bucky, "This one has Sam's room and your room," Steve passes the first door and continues down the hallway, stopping at the second door, which was on the left side of the hallway, "This is going to be your room," Steve opens the door to reveal a very plain bedroom, it had cream coloured walls and oak furniture. There was a bed, a nightstand, a desk with a chair, a cushioned chair, looking out the window, a dresser with a small mirror above it, and a bookcase. There was a door leading off to another area, "Through the door is the bathroom," Steve walks over and opens the door to reveal a very basic bathroom, a toilet, a shower with bathtub, and a sink, "It's simple, but functional," Steve turns to see Bucky walking into the room, looking around, "So, is this okay?"

Bucky stops looking around and looks at Steve, "Yeah, it's good, um, thanks, I guess."

"No problem," Steve replies, "Why don't you put your stuff down and I can show you around the rest of the tower. The bottom floor is a garage. The first 15 or 20 floors are research, tech, labs and that kind of stuff. The next floor up is the armory, the one above it is the gym. After that is the meeting rooms, for mission retrieval and reports, that kind of thing. The floor above that is Tony's workshop and Bruce's lab. After that is the medical ward. Then there's the backyard. Then above that is the living quarters, which go, Tony's floor, Bruce's floor, Thor's floor, our floor, Clint and Natasha's floor, and then Loki and uh, well Loki's floor. The floor right above Loki's floor is the common floor, which was the one we were just on. And then there's the docking bay. And at the very top is the roof." While Steve was talking, Bucky had taken off his backpack and placed it on his bed, "Let's start with the garage, I guess, if that's okay with you."

"That's fine," Bucky replies.

"Okay, then, follow me," Steve leads Bucky out of the room and towards the elevator, when he is greeted by Peggy who had come out of Steve's bedroom. She comes over and greets her owner, but then looks at Bucky suspiciously, "Bucky, this is, uh, Peggy, she's my golden retriever, Peggy, this is Bucky." Bucky is staring at the dog, his face is blank, showing no emotion. Peggy walks over to Bucky and starts sniffing him, "Buck, hold your hand out, your real one. Let her sniff it," Bucky did as instructed and Peggy sniffed his hand before deciding that she liked him, "She likes you," Steve concludes, "Which is good, Peggy, come on," Steve calls Peggy over and then he heads to the elevator, Peggy trailing after him, and Bucky follow after, still very suspicious of the dog.

"Peggy," Bucky repeats, "You knew someone named Peggy, I did too, I think, right?"

"Yeah, she was an agent in the war, she was a good friend," Steve replies. The elevator opens and Steve says, "Garage," before J.A.R.V.I.S. could even ask.

Time Skip: 45 Minutes

They had finally made it to the backyard. When the elevator opened, Peggy ran out to join the other animals. Bucky looked overwhelmed. After all, there were two cats and 4 dogs. Steve walked in, "Come on Buck, nothing to be afraid of!" Steve walked over to the dogs and he pointed to them in turn, "So, this is Gunnar, he's Thor's dog, he's a Norwegian Elkhound. This is Max, he's Clint's
dog, he's a bloodhound. And this is Storm, she's, uh, she's Loki's dog," Steve decided he didn't want to go into the whole (Y/N) issue yet, "And these are the cat's, that Aglaij, she's Natasha's Siamese cat. And that's Onyx, he's Loki's black cat." Bucky is still standing in the elevator, looking at the chaos before him, "Do you want to come in?"

"No," Bucky replies, he didn't really like the animals, and he was suspicious of them. Why did they like him? He was a killing machine. Why did Steve like him and trust him? Why was he even still here? He was dragged out of his thoughts by Steve;

"Okay," Steve replies with a shrug, "We can just keep going." Steve leaves the group of animals and walks back to the elevator, joining Bucky, "Docking bay." The elevator doors shut, and the elevator moves up, taking them to as said, the docking bay.

Time Skip: 2 Hours and 30 Minutes

Steve had shown Bucky the rest of the tower and then Bucky had wanted to take a shower, so that's what he did. Steve stayed in his living room, watching Netflix, specifically, Sherlock. That was a show you had told him about, right before you disappeared, actually, and he had never gotten around to watching it. Bucky finally came out of his room and walked over, sitting on the couch, as far away from Steve as he could possibly get. Steve looked over and saw Bucky was wearing the same clothes as before, "Do you not have any other clothes?" Steve asks.

"No," Bucky replies.

"Here, come with me, I can give you some of mine, for now," Steve pauses the show and stands up, then he walks down the hallway to his room. He opens the door to reveal a bedroom that is an exact copy of Bucky's room. Steve walks over to his dresser and opens a drawer, then another, and then one more. Once he finished, he turns to reveal he had gathered an undershirt, boxers, and lounge pants, "You can wear this to sleep in, we can go shopping tomorrow." He hands his clothes to Bucky. Bucky places them on Steve's bed and takes off his jacket and shirt, slipping on the undershirt Steve had given him. Steve quickly turns around right before Bucky pulls of his pants and underwear. Once he hears the rustling stop, he turns back around to see Bucky in his undershirt and lounge pants and Steve just stared at Bucky for a few seconds too long. Bucky was pushing his hair behind his ears, "Do you want a hair tie or something?" Bucky nods, "Okay, give me a minute, I know where I can get some." Steve returns a few minutes later with a hair tie, to find Bucky looking at a photograph in a picture frame sitting on Steve's dresser, he had a lot of pictures there, one of Peggy, one of Bucky, one of all three of them, a picture of him with all the other Avengers, and a picture with him and you.

"Who's she?" Bucky asks, holding up the picture with you and Steve in it. You had been at Central Park and you had insisted on taking a picture. It had turned out good, so Steve asked if you could print it somehow, which resulted in you sending him the picture through text and then showing him how to do it himself, but in the end, you had to do it.

Steve sighs, "That's (Y/N)."

Bucky puts the picture back before turning to Steve and taking the hair band, which happened to be yours, "And who is she?"

"She is, well was, a fellow Avenger," Steve explains.

"Where is she?" Bucky asks.

"We aren't sure at the moment," Steve replies.
"Why?" Bucky asks.

"Well, um, 6 months ago, she was called on a mission, and Hydra, took her. She apparently went through basically the same things as you and she's know as the..." Bucky interrupts Steve before he could finish.

"The Assassin, or Asset 2.0. Enhanced with powers to control the four elements, born with healing powers, received a metal arm after a mission protecting Loki's scepter," Bucky recites.

"You, you know her?" Steve asked.

"Yeah, worked a few missions with her, she's good, though she broke down a lot, they have to fix every two weeks, the healing factor kinda messes up their whole thing. Or at least, that's what I was told" Bucky explains.

"You know where she is?" Steve asks.

"She might be in Nevada, but more likely, she's in New York," Bucky says, putting his hair up.

"How?" Steve asks, getting excited.

"They put her on a mission to track me, take me back, take me back to," the lights switch off, "Is that supposed to happen?" Bucky asks.

"No, it's not, it never had actually," Steve says.

"It could be her," Bucky suggests.

Steve can vaguely see, "I don't have any weapons in here, I keep everything in the armory, you got anything?" Bucky walks over to the bed and pulls a few things out. He walks back over and hands Steve a gun, and a dagger. Bucky keeps a gun and a dagger hor himself. Steve hears a door open and close, it sounded like the stair case door, they had to have an emergency exit, she must have come that way. Footsteps come to the door and stop directly in front of the open door way, Steve can faintly see a figure standing there, then he stupidly calls out, "(Y/N)?" The figure walks into the room, Steve doesn't fire, not wanting to hurt the figure unless it was an actual threat. The figure steps right in front of him, just to be pulled back by Bucky. He slams the figure against a wall, then he holds them there, by their neck.

You start to choke out words, which is when Steve recognizes you, "желание, ржaвый, Семнадцать," Bucky slams you against the wall agian.

"Buck!" Steve calls, walking towards him, "Stop it! You're going to hurt her."

"You don't understand she," he was cut off when you started again,

"Рассвет," Bucky slams you again, and you kneel him in the groin, which causes him to yell and release you, you walk over to Steve, and then punch him with your metal fist, until he falls, he tries to fight back, but he fails, then you punch him once more, knocking him out. You turn to Bucky, who is getting up and is aiming his gun, "Печь," he shoots you in the gut, you grunt in pain, but keep going, "Девять, добросердечный," The lights turn back on and Bucky can now see you clearly, you weren't wearing a mask, you were wearing civilian clothes. He would have said you looked normal, like the picture, but he knew that you were far from it.

P.O.V. Switch
The lights flickered on and now the Soldier could see you. You heard the elevator doors open, so you decided to retreat, you can't get captured. You take one last look at the Soldier and the man, lying on the floor, unconscious, then you sprint down the hallway, through the living room, passing a group of people, all of them reaching out for you, but all missing. You make it to the door you had come through and you yank it open. You sprint down the stairs, almost falling multiple times, but you keep going, because you hear the footsteps coming after you. You reach the bottom floor and run out the door. You seem to have been lead to a garage. You look around at the cars and motorcycles. There were cars ranging from a 1967 Chevy Impala to a very expensive Lamborghini. You see a motorcycle close to you and you jump on it, starting it, because someone left the keys in the ignition. You speed out of the garage, just as you hear the doors open and the footsteps run out. You speed off down the road, weaving in and out of other vehicles. When a man wearing battle armor lands in front of you. You try to swerve around him, but he grabs the bike, so you jump off, roll, and then run over to the side walk. The man follows you, but then another man, with black hair appears in front of you. You try to push past him, but he appears in front of you again, so you make a fireball and throw it at him, which causes the civilians around you to scream and scatter. The ball singes his clothes. You swirl the air around him to trap him in a mini tornado, he tries to launch his own magic at you, but the tornado absorbs it. The man with the hammer who had landed in front of you earlier grabs you, you force a piece of Earth up out of the ground and launch it at him, pushing him back, then you punch him in the face, with your metal fist, causing him to stumble even more. The other people you had passed in the tower have caught up, you decide your best option is to take a hostage. You spot a red-headed girl, who looked to be about 5, running away with her mother. You ran up, grabbed her, and pulled a gun out of your jacket and held it to her head. You talk in English, realizing that most people would understand it, and for your demands to be made, the needed to be understood, "Let me go, don't follow me, don't move, if you do, I'll shot."

The people who had been chasing you, stopped and watched you, until the one with the brown hair and the goatee speaks up, "(Y/N), G-man, put the kid down, come with us."

"No, you leave me alone and don't follow me, then I'll put the kid down," you say. The girl has started to cry and scream.

"Okay, fine, we'll do it, just put her down," the red-headed women says.

"Give me proof," you say.

"Just believe us, please," the man with the brown hair and glasses pleads.

"Fine," you move to put the girl down, but at the last second, you shoot her in the head, and then you take off. You run for a few blocks before seeing a guy sitting on his motorcycle. You shove him off and pull away, going as fast as you possibly can. You won't be able to get into the tower again, you were going to have to report that the Avengers had gotten Asset, nobody would be able to get him as long as he was with them. You sigh and continue, you would head to the small airport, grab a plane and fly over to your current base in Italy. You would be punished and probably put into cryo-freeze for this, but they would take you out again for another mission, they were down as asset, so you would be treated better, but right now you had to focus your powers on healing your stomach, it would take a while, but it wouldn't kill you. You revved the bike and focused on the road, you had a long drive in front of you.

P.O.V. Switch

The Avengers came back to the tower, sad, and defeated. Because of their failure to act, a innocent child had been killed. This action did confirm the fact that you weren't yourself, you would never
threaten anyone's life, if possible, and especially not a child. Natasha had retrieved the motorcycle and driven back to the tower, while the others walked. They met in the garage;

"Someone should go check on Steve and Bucky," Natasha says.

Sam volunteers, "I will," he heads to the elevator and has it take him to his and Steve's floor. When the elevator opened, he was greeted at the sight of Steve sitting on the couch and Bucky was nowhere to be seen, "Steve?"

Steve turns his head slightly, revealing a bruised face and a swollen eye, and possible a broken nose, "Yeah?"

"You okay?" Sam asks, walking over to the couch and sitting next to his friend.

"As okay as I can be when I got punched in the face by a metal arm, multiple times," Steve says, smiling slightly.

"Where is he?" Sam asks.

"Bucky?" Sam nods, "He's in my bathroom, getting some pain killers, hey, could you be an amazing friend and get me some ice?" Steve asks.

Sam nods again and gets up, walking over to the small kitchen, "Do you really trust him? I mean I know you two have a history and all, but still."

"I do," Steve says, "When, uh, when (Y/N), first tried to attack me, he grabbed her and slammed her up against the wall, the only reason I look like this is because she kicked him in the groin and he faltered."

"Oh," Sam returns with ice wrapped in a towel, which Steve gladly takes, "Does he know about her?"

"Yeah, he knew her, actually. Apparently they worked together once or twice," Steve says.

Bucky walks back into the room surprised to see Sam sitting there, "Um, here's your pain medicine, I'll just, I'll leave you two alone."

"No, man, I was just leaving," Sam stands up, "If you need anything, I'll be in my room, and the other guys will be on their floors," with that, Sam heads down the hallway leading to his room.

"Buck?" Steve asks. Bucky looks up, and walks over, "You okay?"

"Yeah," Bucky replies, "I have a question, if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind," Steve states.

Bucky sits down, handing Steve the painkillers, "Is (Y/N), is she your soulmate?"

Steve does a double take, before remembering Bucky doesn't remember that they were soulmates, "No, she's not, she's Loki's."

"Oh," Bucky says, Steve can see Bucky relax a little, "Good."

"Yep," Steve replies.

The men sit in silence, Steve thinking about Bucky, and (Y/N), and everything else going on.
Bucky was thinking about Steve, and how he felt like he was more than a friend, even in the few hours they had been together, he felt like there might be something more, he didn't know what, but he was sure it was there.

Chapter End Notes

Не принимайте меня туда, я не могу помочь им больше, ничего, Кроме того, пожалуйста = Don't take me back there, I can't help them anymore, anything other than that, please

Вы не будете = You won't

Ладно = Okay

верить = believe

желание, ржавый, Семнадцать = Longing, rusted, seventeen

Рассвет = Daybreak

Печь = Furnace

Девять, добросердечный = Nine, Benign

There's chapter 29! Sorry this took so long, I had a few days were I didn't have time to write this week, plus this one was longer than average. I also had a difficult time figuring out how I wanted to write Bucky, but I think I did a pretty good job. Anyway, Happy 4th to those who are reading it on that day and happy birthday to the one and only Steve Rogers, who turned 98 on this day also. If you have any requests, comments, concerns, or anything else, just PM me, or leave a comment! I do believe that's all for now!

Disclaimer: I don't own the Avengers, Loki, Bucky, or J.A.R.V.I.S., they are owned by Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N)
Soulmates, a word unfamiliar to you. You had failed your mission in retrieving the Winter Soldier, and for that, you were severely punished. You have been in and out of cryo for the past two months. Going on missions, and being put in cryo until the cycle restarted itself. The Avengers have almost adapted to having Bucky in the tower, they were now splitting their time in between looking for you and looking for Loki's scepter, both of which were nowhere to be found. They weren't going to give up though, not until the day Loki felt the pain of you dying, then, they would be forced to stop looking for you.

All the Avengers, even Bucky, were scattered around the common floor, doing various things. Clint was drinking coffee and scrolling through his phone on the couch. Natasha was next to him, scrolling through Netflix and eating Cheerios. Sam was watching Nat scroll through the TV, while absent minded popping handfuls of Honey Smacks in his mouth. Steve was in the kitchen making himself and Bucky pancakes. Thor was in the kitchen, leaning against the counter, recalling one of his many tales to Bucky, while drinking his favorite Midgardian drink, coffee. Bucky was sitting at the island, looking down at the counter, pushing his bangs out of his eyes every once and awhile.

Bruce and Tony were looking at a projection of all known Hydra bases at the kitchen table, narrowing them down for places where the scepter and you might be. And Loki, was nowhere to be found. That, however, didn't last long.

The elevator door slid open and Loki stepped out, except, he looked very much unlike his usual pristine self. His usual slick and straight black hair was poofy, slightly curly and very unruly. Instead of his usual Asgardian get up; a green, long sleeve tunic, a long brown vest, loose cotton pants, and dress shoes, he was wearing a plain blue t-shirt, black joggers, and no shoes. All the Avengers gathered in the living and dining room gave him a strange look.

"You okay over there Reindeer Games?" Tony asks, looking up from the projection.

"Do any of you realize what day it is?" Loki says quietly, much unlike his usual flamboyant personality.

"No, we don't so why don't you enlighten us," Clint places his phone down and takes a sip of his coffee, turning to look at his sister's soulmate.

"It is August 17th," Loki says simply, he looks absolutely crestfallen.

Steve, Bucky, and Thor had heard the conversation, so they came out of the living room to join the ensemble. Everyone came to realization that it was, indeed August 17th, it was your birthday. Sam, however, saw no significance in the date what so ever, "So, it's a day, just like any other day, and we'll be doing the same thing we always do, look for (Y/N) and look for your scepter."

"Sam," Steve looks over to his friend, "August 17th, is (Y/N)'s birthday, she's 26 today."

"Oh," Sam looks back to the TV, realizing his mistake and not wanting to be critiqued for it.

"There's nothing we can do, Loki," Natasha pauses to take another bite of her cereal, "Yes, (Y/N) is 26, yes, she's not here, but we can't do anything, except keep looking for her, the more we look, the more likely it will be that we find her."
"You ignorant bobolynes!" Loki yelled, green fog was beginning to swirl around him, "You don't understand! She was supposed to be home by now! She was supposed to be back to herself by now! Everything was supposed to be normal!"

"What does bobolynes mean?" Clint leans over to Natasha. She shrugs in response.

"Brother," Thor steps towards Loki, hand outstretched, before thinking better of it, and lowering his arm, "Calm down, we are doing are best, are we not? We do not have a lot of information if I am not mistaken, and I would say we are doing quite well with the little information that we have. Lady (Y/N) will be found or she will find her way back as Master Barnes did."

"We should be doing more!" The fog around Loki thickens as his temper rises, "Barnes probably knows more than he is sharing, let me go into his mind! Find out for myself what he knows, he is still working for them! I'm sure of it!"

"Brother! You are going mad in rage, Barnes doesn't know anything more than what we has told us or that he wants to share," Thor reaches his hand out and Mjölnir comes flying into his hand from the kitchen, he always kept it on the same floor as him.

"You are not going into Bucky's head, he's dealing with what happened, you could mess him up," Steve steps in front of Bucky, trying to shield him, which would have been cute in other circumstances.

Loki is paying no attention to Steve or Thor, his eyes are on Bucky, "I wonder what he's hiding in the crooked little mind of his, so much pain and secrets," Loki starts stepping forward, his eyes start to glow a bright green, the fog following him with each step.

Steve turned his head, "Buck, go into the kitchen, there's an air vent above the island, go into it and go right, it should lead you to a slop going down, go down it and wait once you hit the bottom, I'll come and get you when this is over." Bucky hesitated, but then realized how dangerous an angry Loki was, so he decided to follow Steve's instructions. He turned and bolted into the kitchen, clambered but the island, slid the vent away, jumped up and pulled himself into the vent, and then slid the grate back into place.

"Brother," Thor starts to swing his hammer in circles, "I wish not to hurt you, but if you continue in this manner, I shall have to."

The other Avengers, stand up, but stay back from Loki, Thor, and Steve, it was a fight between two gods and a super solider, so they thought staying out of it would be better. Loki continued his walk forward. Thor threw his hammer at Loki, but Loki disappeared and the hammer collided with the wall, leaving a dent. Loki appeared behind Thor, he grabbed Thor's neck with his arm and pinned Thor against the wall. Steve surged forward to rip Loki off of Thor but he was thrown against the wall by an invisible force. Thor was starting to turn blue. Natasha reached under to coffee table and felt around until she found the gun she had taped under there. She grabbed it and clicked the safety off. She aimed and shot Loki in the shoulder. This caused him to let Thor go and turn to face her. Thor saw this as his opportunity to grab Loki. He grabbed him and pinned him to the floor, sitting on him. Steve could move again. He saw Thor was struggling to keep his brother down, so he walked over to the Hammer lying on the ground. He placed his hands on the handle and pulled and pulled, until it came up. Steve wasn't paying attention enough to gasp in the fact that Mjölnir thought he was worthy. He walked over to Loki and Thor and placed the hammer on Loki's chest. Thor looked up to see Steve standing over him and Loki. He got up off of his brother and stared at Steve for a few seconds, before speaking, "Congratulations Brother Steve! Mjölnir deems you worthy! Under different circumstances, I would suggest a celebration, but as you see," he extend his arm in Loki's general direction. He was struggling to get the hammer off of him, but was
failing miserably.

Tony was the first to fall out of his shock, "Uh," he cleared his throat, "J.A.R.V.I.S.? Could you open the Hulk container?"

"Right away sir," the ceiling replies.

"Are you going to cooperate or do we have to sedate you?" Steve looks down at Loki, the anger clear in his eyes.

Loki stops trying to lift off the hammer and sighs, "I shall cooperate."

"Good, because I would have had absolutely no problem knocking you out," Steve picks up the hammer once again and hands it to Thor, who takes it gratefully. Steve grabs Loki's arm and helps him stand up. Steve keeps hold of Loki's elbow and leads him to the elevator, "I'm going to drop him off and then I'm going to go find Buck."

"Steve!" Natasha speed walks over to the elevator before it closes and slips in, "When are you going to tell him?"

"What?" Steve asks, looking at Nat curiously.

"When are you gonna tell Barnes about you two?" Natasha leans against the side of the elevator.

"What floor Captain Rogers?" J.A.R.V.I.S. asks.

"Containment facility," Steve replies, he returns his attention to Nat as the elevator starts to move down, "I don't know, it seems too early, if he asks me about it, then I will, but I don't want to push him."

"Steve, come on," Nat straightens up, "I've seen the way you look at him, I've seen him watch you doing to most mundane things, like read, or draw, and he seems genuinely interested in them, he really only actively talks to you, and I've seen his eyes light up when you talk to him or touch him, even if it's just a hand on his shoulder to an accidentally hand touch. Also, what did earlier? Told him to run and hide? He wouldn't do that unless he was told by someone he absolutely trusts, Steve, you need to at least tell him, you don't have to elaborate, but at least try."

The elevator doors open and Steve steps out, leading Loki with him, "I'll think about it." Natasha watched Steve and Loki move further into the floor as the elevator doors slide close.

"Natasha is correct you know," Loki says nonchalantly.

"I know, but I don't need to hear it from you right now," Steve turns right and pushes Loki forward into the cell that they had made for the Hulk and anyone else. The doors slide close once Loki is in. Steve turns back around and walks back to the elevator.

A short elevator ride later, Steve arrives on the floor Bucky should be on, (Y/N)'s old floor. He hadn't been on this floor since December, which was 8 months ago. He locates the grate to the vent easily, it was above the couch in the living room.

"Buck!" Steve walks over to the small, messy living room, "You can come down!"

The grate slides open and Bucky drops down from the ceiling, shutting the grate before stepping off the couch. Bucky looks around, "Where are we?"
"Loki's floor," Steve replies, looking at the mess. There were books everywhere, some of the furniture was knocked over, there were empty glasses everywhere. Steve walked over to the kitchen and looked through the cupboard, (Y/N)'s Asgardian alcohol supply was gone, Loki must have drank it. Steve walks down the hallway that leads to the master bedroom, he opens the door to find it more orderly. He sees that none of your stuff is sitting out. He steps into the room and walks over to the closets, he opens one and finds that it was Loki's. Steve moves to the other one and opens it, revealing all of your clothes. Steve stared at them for a few seconds before Bucky cleared his throat. Steve turns around quickly, "Sorry, I uh, I don't know what got a hold of me there."
Bucky shrugs, like it was no big deal that he was looking at some girls clothes, but his eyes told a different story, he looked sad and uncomfortable. Steve decides that he needed to tell Bucky about them being soulmates, it was wrong not to, "Let's head up to our floor," Bucky nods in agreement. Steve leads the way out of the apartment, reminding himself to have Tony do something about the mess on Loki's floor. They stepped into the elevator and a minute or two later, the doors opened to reveal their floor, "Buck, there's somethin' I gotta tell you."

"Okay, what?" Bucky steps out of the elevator and walks over to the kitchen. He opens the fridge and grabs a red apple, biting into it as he shuts the door and walks over to the couch, planting himself in the middle of it.

Steve shuffles out of the elevator, watching Bucky, "Um, I, um, remember anything new lately?"
Bucky takes another bite of his apple and chews thoughtfully before swallowing and responding, "My dad, he died when I was 20, he um, I don't know how he died, but I know he's dead."

"Your dad, his name was George, he died in a training accident," Steve sits on the couch, close to Bucky, about an arms length away, he still wasn't comfortable with people being too close to him. Steve seemed to be the one exception to the rule though.

Bucky nods, "And I um, my mom, she died when I was a kid. I have a sister, her name's Rebecca. Is she still alive?" Bucky looks at Steve, the curiosity plastered across his face seemingly genuine.

Steve stays silent for a few seconds before answering, "No, she, uh, she died of old age a year ago, I went to her funeral. She got married, had a daughter and a son. And she had a granddaughter and a grandson. I never got her kids names, but her grandkids, I believe it was Kimberly and Scott Proctor. Never got her husbands name either. I think he died a year before her."

"Oh," Bucky looks down at his half-eaten apple and then places it on the coffee table, seemingly not hungry any more.

"Anything else?" Steve asks, looking at Bucky.


"Buck, that wasn't your fault, you didn't know, you couldn't help it," Steve is trying his best to calm his friend down, but he doesn't reach out and touch him, the last time he did that, his arm was sprained and he had to where a sling for a week. Let's just say that for that week, Bucky was very hard to find.

"I still did it though, you don't understand, I, did it, I killed people, innocent people," Bucky lurches forward and grabs the apple with his metal fist, then he crushes it, spraying apple juice everywhere.

"I can't possibly understand, I probably never will, but I have killed people, and sometimes I feel
bad about it, because they were just doing what they thought was right, and sometimes, I realize
that I made sure that by killing that one person, twenty more people didn't get killed," Steve wipes
the apple juice off of his arm.

"I killed them," Bucky states, staring ahead at the black TV screen.

"Who?" Steve asked, looking at Bucky curiously.

"His parents," Bucky looks at Steve, "I killed Stark's parents."

P.O.V. Switch

You open your eyes and blink, getting used to the bright light. You wait a few minutes until your
felt that you weren't very stiff. You stretch your arms and legs, waking them up from the long time
in cryo. You step out of the container, in the room with you are two men in white coats, two guards
wearing all black and holding guns, and General Novak.

"Gut, sind Sie wach. Du hast gut auf Ihrer letzten Mission, die Polizei nie herausgefunden, wer
Austin Cao getötet. Aufgrund Ihres Erfolges entschlossen Baron von Stucker, Ihnen einen anderen,
um abzuschließen, ohne Fehler, möchte ich hinzufügen," General Novak steps closer to you, "Gibt
es ein Mann namens Frank Castle, er hört auf den Namen Punisher. Er lebt in einer Wohnung in
Hells Kitchen, New York. Sie sind zu versuchen und bringen ihn, aber wenn nötig, können Sie ihn
töten. Ist das verstanden?"

You process the information you had just received and then reply, "Ja, Herr.

"Jemanden nehmen sie in der Waffenkammer, braucht sie so viele Waffen wie sie tragen können," the General walks over to the doors and one of the guards opens the door and then walks away
with him. The other guard comes to stand by you. He reaches tentatively for your elbow, but you
glare at him. He takes a step back, looking frightened. You walk over to the doors and open it, you
look around and realize that the base you were in was new. The door opens behind you and the
guard turns left, you follow him. A few minutes later you come to a door and he opens it. Inside is
a small armory. You step inside and inspect all the weapons in front of you. You select a knife, you
inspect it and then place it in a sheath on your waist. You walk over to the guns and inspect them
until your eyes fall on a machine gun. You take it and remove the magazine. It was full. You place
it back in, and strap the gun across your back. You pick up to handguns and two holsters, strapping
them to your thighs. Last, you walk over to the explosives and take five, flat, black discs and place
them in a pouch on your waist. They were grenades, but they could do more damage than a regular
grenade, much more damage. You look around once more, making sure there weren't anymore
weapon you needed. On your way out, you grabbed two more magazines for your handguns. The
guard is waiting outside of the door. He leads you back the way you came and then out the front
doors. You squint your eyes, you hadn't been outside for at least a week, maybe more, depending
on how long you had been in cryo. You turned around and looked at the building you had just
walked out of, it was a worn down castle.

"Vermögens-, beeilen Sie sich!" the guard pokes you in the back with his gun. You turned around
and the guard looked you up and down before turning as well and leading you away from the
castle. He lead you to a group of cars. He stopped at the black Volkswagen Golf. He searched his
pockets until he found the keys. He hands the keys to you, "Sie fahren eine Stunde zum Flughafen
von Antwerpen in Antwerpen. Sie sind das nächste Flugzeug nach New York City, New York,
dann breit. Es wird eine schwarze BMW 5er-Reihe wartet mit den Schlüsseln zwischen dem
rechten Vorderrad und die Karosserie des Wagens. Sie sind, fahren Sie das Auto bis West 34th
Street in Teufels Küche. Dort sind Sie auf weitere Anweisungen warten. Ist das klar?"
"Ja," you reply, crossing your arms over your chest.

"Jetzt gehen, und glaube nicht, dass Sie nicht bestraft werden, wenn Sie nicht," he nods his head towards the car, indicating for you to leave, "Eine weitere Sache, auf dem Flughafen wird ein Mann wartet auf dem Parkplatz. Sein Name ist Thomas, er wird Sie durch den Flughafen, keine Fragen gestellt, bekommen. Er wird auch Ihr Pilot sein."

You nod and then open the car door. You slide in, taking the machine gun off your back and placing it in the passenger seat. You shut the door and put the keys in the car, starting it. You rev the engine, and then you backout and pull away. Hell's Kitchen, here you come.

P.O.V. Switch

Steve sits in silent for a few minutes until Bucky moves to get up, "I should go, I have no right to stay here."

"No, Buck, wait," Steve reaches out to grab Bucky's arm, "Sit back down," Bucky reluctantly complies, "Look, Stark doesn't know, he thinks it's a car accident, just keep it quiet. If he found out, he wouldn't let you stay here, or me, frankly. I like Stark, I do, he might be hard to get along with sometimes, but he's an okay guy, but if you get on his bad side, I don't know what would happen."

"I don't deserve to be here, I'm, I'm using his stuff, and using his money, and nobody here likes me, only you, and I don't even think you like me that much, it would just be better if I left," Bucky stands up and moves off again.

"Bucky! Wait, please, I can't lose you again!" Steve stands up and walks over to Bucky. Bucky turns and soon their faces are inches apart. Steve glances down at Bucky's lips, but then he looks back at his eyes, trying to contain himself. He brings his voice down to a whisper, "Buck, you mean a lot to me, I may not show it as much as I could, but honestly, I don't know how to do that. I've been restraining myself and, I can't do it anymore."

Bucky, surprisingly, didn't back away from Steve, he usually hated close contact with other people, "What do you mean?" his voice is getting husky, and his breathing is becoming deeper and more controlled.

Steve looks into Bucky's eyes and notices his pupils are dialated, "I haven't uh, been exactly honest with you," Steve takes a deep breath, he can feel the desire running through his veins, "I, uh, soulmates, and um, I, we, are, um, that, and I was trying to keep you safe, and uh..." Bucky interrupts Steve's sentence, kissing him full force on the mouth. Steve moans into the kissing, opening his mouth. Bucky takes advantage and starts exploring Steve's mouth with his tongue. When they need to breathe, they pull apart, Bucky is smirking.

"I know, I knew it the moment I started to remember, there was always a pull," Bucky's Brooklyn accent is coming on thick with his arousal. Bucky is about to move into kiss Steve again, when Steve scoots back. Bucky growls, and tries to grab Steve.

"Woah, we should, uh, take this to my room, you know, uh, security cameras, I took the one out in my room, the one in the living room is still on," Steve points to the corner of the room, where Bucky spots the nearly invisible camera. Bucky nods his head slowly, watching Steve with his lust blown eyes. Steve walks off to his bedroom, Bucky following him. Steve barely has time to close the door before Bucky is on him.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 5 Hours
You were on your plane flying to New York City. You were the only passenger on the flight. The man who had met you at the airport had taken you on as his only passenger. It was a commercial jet, it was just you, him, and his co-pilot. You were sitting in first class, looking out the window and polishing your machine gun. Nothing interesting was happening, you were too high in the sky to see anything, plus, it was a cloudy day. You look down at your gun, it seemed clean enough. You sigh and place it in the seat next to you. You still had a few hours ahead of you. You shifted around in your seat and then you continued looking out the window, there wasn't much else to do besides that.

P.O.V. Switch

Steve is woken up by Bucky moving around and groaning next to him. Steve is very confused at first, then he remembers what had happened. Bucky started to mumble in his sleep;

"Оставайтесь вниз, не двигаться! Нет! Не надо! Она ничего не делал! Я сказал пребывания вниз!"

Steve didn't speak Russian, so he had no idea what Bucky was saying. Steve was about to turn to his side and go back to sleep, when Bucky starts to trash. The alarm Tony installed for nightmares didn't go off, that means Tony still hasn't connected Bucky to the system. Steve moves to shake Bucky on his shoulder, "Buck, wake up, it's just a dream." Bucky shoots up, looking around until his eyes land on Steve. When he sees him, he lunges over and grabs his neck with his metal arm, straddling his legs, "Buck," Steve manages to choke out, "It's a dream."

Bucky doesn't stop, he continues, staring at Steve blankly. Suddenly, the door bursts open and Thor appears, followed by Loki. Both of them lunge forward and grab Bucky off of Steve, holding him back until he calms down and looks around, his eyes landing on Steve again. This time, his eyes grow large in shock, "Stevie?"

Steve was coughing and holding his aching throat, now there would be hickey's and fingerprints on his throat, "I'm good." Thor and Loki are still holding Bucky back, "Guys, let him go."

They let Bucky go and they take in the scene in front of them. Bucky is standing in front of them, in nothing but his boxers. He slowly sinks to the floor. Steve, is still in his bed, sitting up, but the covers over his lower half. Loki comes to the realization before Thor, "Did you two...?"

Steve had finally stopped coughing, he glares at Loki, "Yes, we did, thank you for doing that, but could you leave now?"

"As you wish Captain Rogers," Thor turns and walks out the door. Loki stays in his spot for a few seconds before turning and shutting the door behind him.

"Bucky," Steve calls, watching Bucky, who was still sitting on the floor.

"We shouldn't have done that," Bucky says, standing up and walking over to grab his clothes scattered around the floor.

Steve swears he can feel his heart break a little, "Was I bad? Did we move to fast?"

"No, I, I can't trust myself, what I just did, I don't want it to happen again, I keep hurting you, and other people, I just," Bucky pulls his pants on and slips his shirt on over his head, "I'm scared of myself and this thing," he gestures with his flesh arm to his metal one, "I've hurt people and you aren't even scared."

"Buck, please," Steve moves to get up, but thinks better of it.
Bucky walks over to the door and opens it, "I can't Stevie, I'm going to hurt you, or someone else, I think I'm going to leave tomorrow."

"Buck!" Bucky walks out, shuting the door behind him. Steve gets up and searches for his boxers. He finds them and pulls them on. Then he opens the door and sprints out of his hallway, into the living room. He hears Bucky's door close. He sprints to the other end of his floor, stopping at Bucky's door. He raises his hand to knock, but he decides to just open it. Bucky was about to look the door when Steve walks in. Bucky walked away from the door and walks over to his bed, sitting on it. He looks up and watches Steve. He looks heart-broken, like a lost puppy, "Bucky, please! Stop thinking bad of yourself, we all want to help you. You're important to me, I don't want you to leave, we can work on the nightmares and we can work on the other part of you. I bet we could even take the metal arm off and get you a new one, or you don't even have to get a new one. Please, Buck, give us a chance, give me a chance."

"You're the only one who cares, the others just do it for you, they're all more worried about (Y/N)," he says your name like it burns his tongue to say it.

"They've known her longer, Buck, Clint's her brother, Nat's her best friend, Loki's her soulmate, the rest of them view her as a little sister, they all want her back, I want her back too, but," Steve takes a deep breath, "I'd much rather never see her again and have you here, than have her alive and here without you here."

Buck scoffs, "Yeah, right, I've seen the way you look at pictures of her, and the way you were looking at her stuff."

"Buck," Steve smiles slightly, "Are you jealous?" Bucky freezes, "I don't even know what we are right now, and we've only been this for about 5 hours and you're jealous," Steve smiles more, "God, I missed you."

"I, I'm still leaving, or at least I will when you find her," Bucky stands up and walks over to the window in his room, "Like I said, they don't care."

Steve frowns, "They do, I know for a fact that Bruce is currently working on a medicine or something to help you with your memory. And he told me that yesterday. Tony, he's working on different prosthetics for you, just in case. Thor talks to you on a daily basis. Everyone has offered to help you with learning about the things you missed. Buck, please."

Bucky sighs, and turns around to face Steve, "I hurt you Steve, I don't want that to happen again."

"And it won't and if it does, oh well, we can work on it, this guy, he'll always be there, lurking in the back of your mind, but we can make it grow so small, that he never comes to light," Steve steps closer to Bucky. In the same position they had been in a few hours earlier, noses just inches apart, "Try for me Buck, please, we can help you, I can help you."

Bucky leans his head on Steve's shoulder, "Okay, I guess."

Steve lifts Bucky's head off of his shoulder and looks him in the eyes, "Can I?" Bucky nods. Steve kisses Bucky's forehead, then his nose, then his cheeks, and finally his lips. Once Steve pulls away, he asks Bucky a question, "Would you, if you're feeling up to it, would you want to go out sometime?"

Bucky turns and walks to the bed, then he turns back around and sits on the bed, "You askin' me on a date, Rogers?"
Steve smiles, the real Bucky was peaking through today, it happened every once and awhile, but not that often, "Yeah, I guess I am."

"Well, in that case, sure," Bucky stands up and walks out of his room, calling from the hallway, "Let's go get some food from the kitchen."

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 10 Hours 47 Minutes

You pull up in front of the apartment building where your target was living. The light in his apartment was on. You see a shape at the window, staring out at the street, blocking the light, then it moves away. You grab the cellphone that was sitting in the glove box. You type;

"Angekommen am Standort
Warten auf Anweisung"

You send the message. A few seconds later comes the reply;

"Angriff"

Chapter End Notes

Gut, sind Sie wach. Du hast gut auf Ihrer letzten Mission, die Polizei nie herausgefunden, wer Austin Cao getötet. Aufgrund Ihres Erfolges entschlossen Baron von Stucker, Ihnen einen anderen, um abzuschließen, ohne Fehler, möchte ich hinzufügen = Good, you are awake. You did well on your last mission, the police never found out, who killed Austin Cao. Because of your success, Baron von Stucker, decided to give you another mission, to complete without error, I might add.

Gibt es ein Mann namens Frank Castle, er hört auf den Namen Punisher. Er lebt in einer Wohnung in Hells Kitchen, New York. Sie sind zu versuchen und bringen ihn, aber wenn nötig, können Sie ihn töten. Ist das verstanden? = There is a man, named Frank Castle, he goes by the name Punisher. He lives in an apartment in Hell's Kitchen, New York. You are to try and bring him, but if needed, you may kill him. Is this understood?

Jemanden nehmen sie in der Waffenkammer, braucht sie so viele Waffen wie sie tragen können = Someone take her to the armory, she will need as many weapons as she can carry

Vermögens-, beeilen Sie sich! = Asset, hurry up!

Sie fahren eine Stunde zum Flughafen von Antwerpen in Antwerpen. Sie sind das nächste Flugzeug nach New York City, New York, dann breit. Es wird eine schwarze BMW 5er-Reihe wartet mit den Schlüsseln zwischen dem rechten Vorderrad und die Karosserie des Wagens. Sie sind, fahren Sie das Auto bis West 34th Street in Teufels Küche. Dort sind Sie auf weitere Anweisungen warten. Ist das klar? = You are driving an hour and a half to the Antwerp International Airport in Antwerpen. You are to then board the next plane to New York City, New York. There will be a black BMW 5 Series waiting with the keys in between the front right wheel and the body of the car. You are to drive that car to West 34th Street in Hell's Kitchen. There, you are to wait
for further instructions. Is that clear?

Jetzt gehen, und glaube nicht, dass Sie nicht bestraft werden, wenn Sie nicht = Now go, and do not think you will not be punished if you fail

Eine weitere Sache, auf dem Flughafen wird ein Mann wartet auf dem Parkplatz. Sein Name ist Thomas, er wird Sie durch den Flughafen, keine Fragen gestellt, bekommen. Er wird auch Ihr Pilot sein. = One more thing, at the airport, there will be a man waiting in the parking lot for you. His name is Thomas, he will get you through the airport no questions asked. He will also be your pilot.

Оставайтесь вниз, не двигайтесь! Нет! Не надо! Она ничего не делал! Я сказал пребывания вниз! = Stay down, don't move! No! Don't! She didn't do anything! I said stay down!

Angekommen am Standort = Arrived at location

Warten auf Anweisung = Waiting for instruction

Angriff = Attack

There's chapter 30! Wow, I can't believe we're already at 30 chapters! Thanks for reading this everyone! I hope we have many more chapters to come! I hope the little scene in between Bucky and Steve was accurate to a degree. I might get into smut later, but I don't know. Anyway, hope you all don't hate me too much for the cliff hanger! That's all for now!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters except for (Y/N), General Novak, and the unnamed characters, the rest are owned by Marvel.
Soulmates, a word unfamiliar to you. You had failed your mission in retrieving the Winter Soldier, and for that, you were severely punished. You have been in and out of cryo for the past two months. Going on missions, and being put in cryo until the cycle restarted itself. The Avengers have almost adapted to having Bucky in the tower, they were now splitting their time in between looking for you and looking for Loki's scepter, both of which are nowhere to be found. They weren't going to give up though, not until the day Loki felt the pain of you dying, then, they would be forced to stop looking for you.

You pull up in front of the apartment building where your target was living. The light in his apartment was on. You see a shape at the window, staring out at the street, blocking the light, then it moves away. You grab the cellphone that was sitting in the glove box. You type;

"Angekommen am Standort

Warten auf Anweisung"

You send the message. A few seconds later comes the reply;

"Angriff"

You retrieve the machine gun from the passenger seat and the handcuffs from the glove compartment. You open the door and slide out shutting it as quietly as possible behind you. You look over at the apartment and see that the figure is at the window again, but then it moves, once again. This man must be extremely paranoid, which would be good for you, but bad for him. You decided stealth would be the best option, but the apartments don't have any balconies. You cross the street and look back up at the apartment building and you notice the windows have small ledges on them, but seeing as the man came and checked the window approximately every 2-3 minutes or whenever there was a noise, it would not be wise to go that way. That left you with one option, walking through the bulding and breaking down the door, which you don't ever do, it could wake the neighbors and compromise your mission, but it was the only option you had, unless you wanted to be taken out by him shooting you through the window. You walk up to the apartment complex door and see that it has an intercom and a keypad. You quickly realize that if you put in the wrong keycode at least three times, maybe less, that would cause the police to be informed, and you didn't like to kill more people then you had to, and you couldn't use water or fire to short circuit the system, the police would also be notified if the system short circuited. Wind couldn't do anything, you couldn't smash it was Earth and you couldn't shoot it with your handguns or your machine guns, and you couldn't blow it up, and a dagger wouldn't do anything. So, you had one option, press the intercom. You hit the button below the intercom and a gruff voice comes on;

"Yes?"

"I'm here to see Frank Castle," you say, looking around the street, making sure no one was there, because carrying around weapons was not a good thing to do if you didn't want to get arrested.

The line is silent for a few seconds, "Alright, come on up, I assume you know what floor."

"Yes, I do," you let go of the button and you try the door. It is unlocked, you walk through and
shut it behind you and look around. There was an elevator and two hallways, one going left, one going right. The Punisher lived on the second floor in apartment 28. You walk over to the elevator and look around for security cameras, you see one right by the elevator. You pull out your handgun and shoot it, the bang of the gun echoing through the empty hallways. No one came running out of their apartment, so you pressed the up button for the elevator. A few seconds later you hear a ding and the doors slide open. You step in and turn to face the doors. You press the button labeled 2 and the button that closes the doors. The doors slide shut and the elevator moves up. After about 15 seconds of upward movement the elevator slows to a stop and the doors open. You step out of the elevator and you look around once again for security cameras, you find none. You look left and right and decided to follow the hallway the goes right. You find apartment 28 quickly. You look around for anyone and when you find nobody, you grab your machine gun, and then you reach for the door handle. It was unlocked, which was strange, maybe he suspected you were actually an ally. You didn't know much about this Punisher, you only knew that Hydra wanted him dead or in their custody. So, without much more thought, you turn the doorknob and enter the room, machine gun out in front of you. You shut the door behind you and see nobody in the room. It was a living room and a dining room. Through an open doorway, you could see a small kitchen. There was a hallway next to the kitchen, on the left side of the room. You follow the hallway and find three doors. You open the first one on your right, it was a small bathroom, nothing fancy, just a shower, toilet, and sink. You shut the door and move on to the next room, this was a very plain bedroom, it had a bed, a dresser and a nightstand, no decoration like you usually saw. It reminded you of someone's bedroom, but you couldn't quite place whose bedroom. You move to the last room, he had to be in this one. You open the door to see a small armory of weapons, and the Punisher aka Frank Castle.

P.O.V. Switch

Clint groans and looks at the time on his clock, 3:30 am. His phone was ringing, and it was 3:30 am, this had better be good, because if it wasn't, he would kill them, or better yet, he would have Nat kill them, she would do a better job. Clint reached out blindly for his phone until his hand found it. He grabbed it and squinted so he could see the caller ID, it was Fury, great, a mission. Clint answers the phone, "Hello?"

"Agent Barton, we have a mission for you and Agent Romanoff," Fury sounds wide awake, despite it being 3:30 in the morning, did this guy ever sleep?

"Okay, and that would be," Cint closes his eyes, and brings his hand up to the bridge of his nose and pinches it.

"We need you to go undercover as security guards at Cross Technologies, we suspect the creator Darren Cross, is helping his cousin, William Cross, or Crossfire create some kind of brainwashing device," Fury explains.

"I thought we had some guy take care of that," Clint whines.

Clint can hear Fury frowning, "Crossfire escaped, and is trying to build an even better machine, and we need you and Natasha to make sure that doesn't happen, is that clear?"

"Yes sir," Clint sighs, great, a mission at 3:30 in the morning.

"We will have the debriefing sent to the main meeting room in Avengers Tower, you are leaving for Cross Technologies at 6," Fury adds, "Goodbye, Agent Barton, and good luck."

"Thank you sir," Clint hangs up the phone and reluctantly sits up. He turns his head slightly to look at Nat, who had one hand under her pillow, probably holding a gun of some sort, "Tasha," Clint
softly shakes his wife, no response, "Tasha," he says louder, he gets a groan, "Nat, we gotta go to a debriefing, come on," Clint pulls the covers off of himself and of Natasha.

Natasha's eyes open and she turns to look at Clint, "Baby, why am I awake?"

"Because we gotta go to a mission debriefing in the main room, we have a mission, we don't have to get suited up yet though, Fury said we didn't have to leave until 6," Clint slides out of bed and pulls on a pair of purple sweatpants to cover his boxers. He was already wearing a white t-shirt, "J.A.R.V.I.S., lights please."

The lights in their large bedroom turned on and Clint squeezes his eyes shut for a few seconds. When he opens them again, Natasha is already out of bed, putting on a pair of slippers to join her black cami and purple pajama shorts. Clint locates his slippers and pulls them on, "I have an idea," Nat comes over to stand next to Clint, she wraps her arms around his waist.

"And what would that idea be?" Clint turns to face his wife and kisses the top of her head. Her red hair was getting quite long, Clint knew she was probably going to cut it soon.

"After this mission, we should go spend a week or two at the farmhouse," she stands on her tippy-toes and gives Clint a kiss on the mouth, "I could use a break from the chaos of the tower."

"Sounds like a plan," Clint gives Nat a quick hug and then she releases him. The walk to the door, hand in hand, ready for whatever the world threw at them

P.O.V. Switch

Frank Castle was a rather tall man, about 6'1". He has blue hair and black eyes. And he was currently standing in front of you with bowie knife and a handgun. You keep your machine gun raised and you reach to unsheathe your dagger, with your metal hand.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you sweetheart," he chides, "Not unless you want your hand shot off."

You grab your dagger and hold it out, still holding the machine gun, "Two options, come with me, or die."

The Punisher seems to think for a few seconds, "I got a better idea, killing you." With that statement, he starts to fire his handgun at you. You hold up your covered metal hand, using it as a small shield, you back out of the room and run into the main room, the Punisher following you. You sling your machine gun over your back and pull off your gloves. You make a fire ball and throw it at Castle, "Ah, so your an Inhuman, maybe I could turn you over to S.H.I.E.L.D., make myself some money," he dodges the fireball and it hits his wall. You make it extinguish, you didn't need the bulding catching fire. Castle throws his knife at you, and you duck. The knife gets lodged in the wall behind you. He shoots at you again, one of the bullets hits your arm, one hits your gut. You grunt in discomfort, but continue, it would heal, in time. You throw your knife at him and he catches it, but cuts his hand in the process. You sling your machine gun back around and start to fire it at him, at least 5 of the 10 bullets you fired hit him. He gets closer to you and manages to rip the machine gun off of you. Now he had your gun and your knife, leaving you with five explosives, two handguns, your powers, and handcuffs. You decided to use your powers, you force the air out of Castle's body and he starts to choke, because you're keeping the air out of him. Castle was close enough to push you, so that's what he did, breaking your concentration. He slams you into the wall, next to bowie knife, "You should be dead by now, I shot you in the gut, unless," Castle trails off and a devilish grin creeps across his face, "You're that girl the Avengers are lookin' for, aren't you. I won't kill ya then, maybe just torture you, I owe Captain a favor," He grabs his knife that he lodged in the wall. You knee him in the gut, but it doesn't faze him, "Nice try sweetheart," you
make a fireball and then press it against his side. He yells in pain and backs away a few steps, "You bitch! You're gonna pay for that!" You throw another fireball, this one hitting him in the gut. It singes his clothes and burns his skin. He picks up the machine gun and starts to fire it at you. All of the bullets hitting you. You scream in pain, having at least 20 bullets go through you was not a fun experience. You try to make another fire ball, but you couldn't concentrate with the pain. You reach for your gun, just to be pushed against the wall again, "G'night." Castle hits you over the head with your machine gun and the last thing you see its his smirk, then blackness.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 3 Hours

Clint and Natasha are standing outside of the Cross Technologies bulding, both of them wearing the company outfits. A white dress shirt, labeled with the company logo with a black tie, black pants, black shoes, and a black belt, with a gun holster. Clint posing as the head of security, and his name for the day was Bradley Abbey. Natasha was going to be his second in command and her name for the day was going to be Anna Orlov.

"So, are plan is to find out where this William Cross guy is working and then arrest him?" Natasha clarifies, staring up at the large bulding in front of them. She reaches down for her husband's hand and squeezes it tightly.

"Yeah, I've heard of this Crossfire guy before, he has a machine that can turn us against each other," Clint looks at Nat, trying to catch her eyes, which he does, "We'll be fine, when have we ever failed a mission?"

Natasha let's go of his hand, "A few times, but we'll be fine."

"Exactly," Clint starts to walk towards the bulding, but then he turns to face his wife, "Coming Anna?"

Natasha smiles weakly, "Yeah, I just have a bad feeling about today," Natasha starts to walk towards Clint.

"You're just paranoid, we haven't been on a mission without (Y/N) in a long time, we'll be fine," Clint walks up to the door and holds it open for her.

"Alright, I believe you," Natasha walks through the door and then she walks to the elevator.

Clint jogs to catch up with her, "6th floor," he whispers in her ear.

Natasha nods her head and presses the up button. The elevator doors open and reveal a man who appeared to be about 6'0", he had one blue eye and electronic eye. He also had white hair, which was unusual for someone of his age. He was wearing a suit and tie, "Good morning." The man says smiling and walking past them.

Clint and Natasha, nod their heads and smile weakly. Then they both step into the elevator and stay silent until the doors slide shut, "That was him, wasn't it?" Nat sighs and leans against the elevator wall.

"Yep, he doesn't look so hard to defeat, just looks like a normal lookin' guy, with a cyborg eye of course, I mean, it didn't say he had any super powers, so it's not like he's Roy Batty," Clint presses the button labeled 6 and the elevator moves up.

"Still, he could get people to work for him, he does have lots of connections after all," Natasha points out.
"Yeah, and we have the Avenger's at our beck and call, if we need the guys, we can just call 'em, it's not like they have a lot to do," the elevator doors slide open and they both step out, "Try to be a little more optimistic, Tasha."

'I'm being a realist," Natasha says, walking down the hallway to the door labeled security, "Someone has to see the positive and the negative, unlike you."

"And that's why I love you," Clint catches up to Natasha, "Still, loosen up a little."

"Clint, we are on a mission, I have to be aware of our surroundings, if I'm not, we'll get killed," Natasha opens the door to reveal a small office with two desks, each one with a large number of computer monitors on them.

"Alright, jeez," Clint walks over to one of the desks and sits in the chair. Then he spins around in it, "Let's find Crossfire and then go from there."

"Sounds good to me," Natasha takes her place at the other desk and starts to watch the monitors. This was going to take a while.

Time Skip: 3 Hours 30 Minutes

You had been enduring lots of torture and interrogation for the past 3 hours. Castle hadn't gotten anything out of you, you have endured much worse, what he was doing wasn't even phasing you. He was cutting you, stabbing you, breaking fingers, he had taken you mask off and was punching you, he broke your nose a few times, but you hadn't said a peep, the most he got from you was a grunt of discomfort.

"You know what? Fine, I'm just gonna go call Cap, he'll have to deal with you, I don't know why he would want to though, you're a bitch," Castle leaves you in the living room and walks towards his bedroom, to grab his phone, you had to act fast. You had handcuffed you to a chair, both hands and both feet. You started to pull your metal arm away from the chair, hoping to break the wood. A few seconds later, the wood cracks and the handcuff slides off of the wooden stick. You quickly break the legs of the chair so you could stand up and then you free your other arm. You're still wearing handcuffs, just not attached to anything. You listen closely to the talking in the next room, "Yes, I have her, she came to me. I don't know, a mission maybe, do you want her or not, because if you don't, then I'm just gonna kill her. What? She a criminal, and I don't like people like her. I don't care that she was brain-washed, she's still a killer."

You decided that your best way of escape would be through the window. You grab two of the daggers that were sitting on the floor and make your way to the window. You unlock it and slide it open, there was a screen in the way. You punch through it with your metal arm and then rip it out. You look down, 2 story drop, you'd live. You slide one of the daggers in your sheathe and drop the other one down to the sidewalk. There was no one outside, it was too hot for people to be outside, plus it was a bad part of Hell's Kitchen. Wait, how did you know that? It doesn't matter, not important right now. You looked behind you and then you jumped. You tucked your legs into you and rolled, so that your arms and chest caught most of the impact. You look around and grab the other dagger. Then you sprint to your car. You open the unlocked door and grab the keys out of the glove compartment, you start the car and speed off down the road. There was a safe house about an hour from here, you would call your supervisors from there. And you would hope they wouldn't be too mad, because if they were, let's just say the torture Castle put you through would be like a paper cut, they stuff they put you though would be like having all your limbs cut off, which they might do, you never know.

P.O.V. Switch
Steve was in the gym, using the punching bag when his phone rang. Natasha and Clint had finally taught him how to use it, so now he keeps it with him, just incase anyone calls him. Steve unwraps his hands and walks over to his phone, which was sitting on top of his towel. It was a number he didn't recognize, but he picked up anyway.

"Hello?"

"Rogers, that you?" asks a gruff voice on the other.

"Who's this?" Steve asks, picking up his water and taking a drink.

"Frank, Frank Castle," the man replies.

Ah, it was the Punisher, Steve had encountered him once or twice, but he had no idea how the man got his number, "How'd you get the number?"

"All your stuff's on the internet, just gotta know where to look," Frank replies.

"What do you want?" Steve asks, sounding a little more forceful than he meant to.

"I think I got a person of interest in my aparment," he says, not revealing much information.

"And who would that be?" Steve asks, picking up his towel and wiping off his face. He hears the door open and sees Bucky walk in with Storm. He had taken a liking to (Y/N)'s dog, and Storm had taken a liking to him, which was unusual for her.

"The girl you've been lookin' for, uh, what's her name, um, (Y/N), (Y/N) Barton, yeah her," Frank says, nonchalantly.

"You have (Y/N)?" Steve asks loudly. Bucky gives him a strange look and he comes to sit on the bench next to Steve, Storm following.

"Yes, I have her, she came to me," Frank repeats.

"Why is she there?" Steve sits down next to Bucky and runs his hands through Storm's fur, she needed grooming, Steve added that to his mental checklist of things to do.

"I don't know, a mission maybe," Castle pauses, "Do you want her or not? Because if you don't, then I'm just gonna kill her."

"Castle, if you lay a hand on her...," Steve growls, Bucky is studying him, looking at him confusedly.

"What?" Frank asks, sounding defensive, "She's a criminal, and I don't like people like her."

"She was forced to do it, it's not her fault," Steve defends, he hated when people talked about (Y/N), and Bucky like that.

"I don't care that she was brainwashed, she's still a killer," Frank grumbles.

"Look, we'll come pick her up, me, Bucky, Loki, Thor, Bruce, Tony, and Sam, is that okay?" Steve asks.

"Yeah, it's fine, you know where I live?" Frank asks, assuming that he would know.

"No, I don't," Steve replies, sighing.
"Okay, I live in Hell's Kitchen, 11th Avenue, red apartment building, second floor, number 28," Frank rattles off, "Got all that Rogers?"

"Yes I did, look, we'll be there in about 30 minutes, okay?" Steve stands up.

"Alright, see you then," with that Castle hangs up.

"What was that?" Bucky asks, handing Steve his stuff.

"Frank Castle, Punisher, he's a, well, anti-hero I guess, lives in Hell's Kitchen, for some reason, (Y/N) is there with him," Steve walks to the door, Bucky and Storm following.

"Oh," Bucky sighs.

"Buck," Steve turns around, "(Y/N) will need you, she'll need your help. Please?"

Bucky frowns and then sighs again, "Okay fine."

"Great!" Steve steps forward, but then pauses, "Can I?" Bucky nods. Steve raises his arms and wraps his arms around Bucky, "Thanks you, it means a lot."

"Yeah I guess, plus, we still haven't had that date yet, and I'm not gettin' scamed out of that," Steve lets go of Bucky and Bucky smiles weakly.

"That's a good reason," Steve smiles, "Remember anything else lately?"

"No," Bucky pauses, "Well, I used to call you punk."

"Yeah, and I called you jerk," Steve turns back around and walks towards the elevators, "Come on, we gotta tell everyone else."

"What about, Clint, and Natasha?" Bucky asks, following Steve once again.

"They're on a mission, we can't interrupt them," Steve steps into the elevator, "Come on slowpoke."

"You know, I see why I called you punk, cause you are a fucking punk," Bucky grumbles, walking towards the elevator.

"Yeah, well you're a jerk," Steve smiles as Bucky steps into the elevator, "Main floor." The elevator starts to move up and then the doors open out to the common floor. Thor was playing with Gunnar, Peggy, and Max. Loki was on the couch, reading Harry Potter, again, while petting Onyx. Sam and Tony were in the kitchen, having a conversation about what movie franchise was better, Star Wars or Star Trek. Bruce was sitting at the dining room table, eating cereal and reading the newspaper, "Guys?" Everyone in the living room turned to look at Steve and Bucky. Tony and Sam walked out of the kitchen, "Frank Castle just called me, he said that (Y/N) was sitting in his apartment, I told him we would come and get her." There was silence for a few seconds before it erupted into chaos. Loki teleported over to Steve and Bucky, scaring both of them. Thor stood up, and called for his hammer, which he was using to play fetch with the dogs (they could lift it, nobody knew why). Bruce stood up and left his unfinished cereal sitting on the table. Onyx made his way over and started eating it. Tony started mumbling things about preparation and Sam was just staring at them in shock, "Guys!" Everyone stopped, "We have to be orderly about this. We're gonna need some kind of knock out drug and handcuffs. We're gonna need a car to take her home in. I would suggest her Impala, might help her start to remember things. And even then we still need to transport three more people because the car only holds 5 people. I know we're all very
excited, but we can't scare her or make her lash out, okay?" Everyone nods in agreement, "Alright, let's get everything we need."

P.O.V. Switch

"Hey, guess who's coming to pick you up? It's your old buddies the..." Frank trails off when he sees the destroyed chair and the open window missing a screen, "Damn it! Now their gonna think I was messin' with 'em!" Frank then catches sight of her mask, which was sitting on his coffee table, "Proof, there I have proof, and leave everything the way it is, good, there." Frank sighs, he really didn't need anyone else out for his ass, the government already didn't like him and Matt Murdock probably wouldn't pull him out of another mess, "If I ever see you again," Frank yells at the girl, even though she can't hear him, "You'll be a dead bitch!"

P.O.V. Switch

William Cross was in his temporary office, looking over the files of the new security guards that he passed on the elevator, Anna Orlov and Bradley Abbey, they looked extremely familiar, but he couldn't place them. He had other things to work on, but these two gave him a bad feeling. Where did he know them from? He didn't have friends, so they weren't his friends, they definitely weren't his wife's friends, so who were they? He sat in silence, staring blankly at the pictures on his computer screen, until it hit him, it was Black Widow and Hawkeye, whoever was running S.H.I.E.L.D., if it was even still around, must have caught wind of what he was doing. William sighs in frustration, but then, he realizes something, the device was ready to be tested, and he could test it on them, but he would need help. Willaim places his hands on his keyboard, he knew just who to contact.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 1 Hour

You shut off the car and opened your door, carrying your keys in your hand. You shut the door and take in the sight in front of you. It was one of Hydra's various safe houses. It was a red house with a brick lower floor and a balcony. You walk up to the door and look around until you spot a potted plant sitting on the railing of the porch. You dip your flesh and blood hand into the soil until you find something that feels cold. You pull your hand out and open it, it was the key to the house. You place the key into the lock and open the door. It was a nice enough house, but you had to report your mission. You look around for a phone of some kind. You finally find a disposable phone in one of the kitchen drawers. You dial the one phone number that you have memorized and then hold the phone up to your ear, it rings for a few seconds until the General picks up;

"Bericht," he says.


The other end is silent for a minute before General Novak speaks, "Ich schicke jemanden, der Sie abholen, dann bei Ihrer Ankunft im Stützpunkt Rekalibrierung und Strafe werden folgen."

"Verstanden," you reply calmly, "Ist das alles?"

"Ja, das ist alles. Ich bin enttäuscht Sie Asset," with that the General hangs up. You lower the phone from your ear and then crush it with your metal hand. Then you walk over to the trash can and throw it away. You then walk to the living room and you sit in a chair, facing the door. You
could be here for hours, or days, it all depended on how generous the General was feeling. But for now, all you could do, was sit and wait.

Chapter End Notes

Angekommen am Standort = Arrived at location
Warten auf Anweisung = Waiting for instruction
Angriff = Attack
Bericht = Mission Report


Ich schicke jemanden, der Sie abholen, dann bei Ihrer Ankunft im Stützpunkt Rekalibrierung und Strafe werden folgen. = I will send someone to pick you up, then when you arrive back at base, recalibration and punishment will ensue.

Verstanden = Understood

Ist das alles? = Is that all?

Ja, das ist alles. Ich bin enttäuscht Sie Asset. = Yes, that is all. I am disappointed in you Asset.

There's chapter 31! I hope y'all liked it! If you have any requests or suggestions, just PM me or leave a comment. I do believe that's it, so see you later!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Bucky, Sam, Loki, the Punisher, or Crossfire, they are owned by Marvel.
Soulmates, a word unfamiliar to you. You had failed your mission in retrieving the Winter Soldier, and for that, you were severely punished. You have been in and out of cryo for the past two months. Going on missions, and being put in cryo until the cycle restarted itself. The Avengers have almost adapted to having Bucky in the tower, they were now splitting their time in between looking for you and looking for Loki's scepter, both of which are nowhere to be found. They weren't going to give up though, not until the day Loki felt the pain of you dying, then, they would be forced to stop looking for you.

Steve opened the door to (Y/N)'s 1967 black Chevy Impala, sliding out of the seat and shutting the door behind him. He placed the keys in the outside pocket of his brown leather jacket. A few seconds later, Bucky, Loki, and Thor came out of the car and joined Steve on the sidewalk in front of the apartment where Frank Castle lived. Another car pulled up behind the Impala and soon, Tony, Sam, and Bruce joined them.

"So, this Frank guy, you sure he's not a liar?" Sam inquires, crossing his arms over his forest green t-shirt and looking at Steve.

"I may not agree with the way he does things, but, underneath all that, I think he's a good man who just lost his family," Steve looks up at the apartment building before walking towards the entrance, just as you had done, hours earlier. Steve presses the intercom and a gruff voice comes on;

"Hello?"

"My friends and I are here to see Frank Castle, he told us this was where he lived," Steve glances back at the other Avengers, taking in all of them. Tony was tittering nervously from foot to foot. Sam, and Bruce looked calm and collected. Thor had a serious look on his face, and Loki looked scarily composed for the situation he was in. Bucky however seemed the most uneasy, he was looking around timidly, like someone was going to jump out of nowhere and take him away.

"Okay, you know what the number is?" asks the voice on the other end of the intercom, sounding impatient, like Steve was wasting his time.

"Yeah, we do thanks," Steve replied. He placed his hand on the door and opened it to reveal a hallway leading down to an elevator. Steve let go of the intercom button and strode into the hallway, looking around. It was very bland with sand coloured walls and gray tiled floors. There was a mail box off to the side and a green door leading to what Steve assumed to be a maintenance closet. Steve spun around to see the other Avengers and Bucky waiting for his okay to come in, "Looks safe enough to me. You got the handcuffs and the knock out stuff?"

Bruce holds up a syringe, "Should be enough to knock out an elephant, or in our case, a girl with a very high resistance to things."

Sam pulls out a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. "Yeah, should hold her. If not, then we have two gods and two super-soldiers who could hold her back if needed."

"Good point," Steve spins back around and walks further into the building towards the elevator. He hears footsteps behind him, so he knows that they followed him. Steve turns back around to face
the Avengers, "We can't jump on her right way. She's not herself, if we do anything she might try to kill us, and I'm assuming none of you want to die." Everyone nods solemnly, "Alright, let's do this." Steve presses the up button on the elevator and the doors slide open.

"I don't think we're all gonna fit in there," Tony points out.

"Yeah, no shit," Bucky grumbles, adjusting the glove on his left hand.

"Since when did Mr. Perfect's boyfriend curse?" Tony asks, looking at Bucky inquiringly.

"I grew up in Brooklyn, and I was in the army," Bucky replies, looking up at Tony with a stone cold scowl.

"Okay, jeez, just asking a question," Tony holds up his arms defensively.

Steve looks at the elevator, and then looks around until he finds what he's looking for, a door with a sign that read 'Stairway', "Let's just take the stairs." Steve starts walking down the right hallway towards the door.

A few minutes later Steve was knocking on Frank Castle's door with everyone else gathering in the hallway behind him. Frank answers the door, "Took you long enough," he grunts, opening the door wider so the group of superheroes could get through.

Everyone looks around, not seeing any sign of (Y/N). The only things that peaked their interests were the mask sitting on the coffee table, the broken dining room chair, and the open window with the fluttering bug screen. Loki is the first to speak, "Where is she?"

"Well, there were some complications," Frank starts, looking around before looking Loki in the eyes.

"Enough of your games!" Loki half roars. His eyes start to change to brighter green, "Where is (Y/N)?!"

"She escaped when I was calling Captain Rogers, must've broken the chair, punched through the screen and jumped out the window," Frank answers, shrugging his shoulders, "I guess securing someone with a metal arm to a wooden chair wasn't the best idea."

Loki stepped towards Frank, eyes glowing and fists clenched. Thor pulled him back and held onto him, "You blithering idiot! You had her and then you let her escaped! I should rip you apart!"

Steve looks at Thor, "Could you take him somewhere? We need to have a calm discussion, and he won't calm down, no matter how hard we try."

"Yes, I can do that," Thor grabs Loki by the arm, and starts to lead him to the door, "Come Brother! Let us go out and do what the Midgardians call 'people watching'." Thor opens the door and walks out, practically dragging his brother behind him.

"Do you know where she went?" Sam asks, leaning on a wall that had scorch marks on it

"No, I didn't get anything out of her," Frank sits down on his couch, "She's on tough bitch to crack."

Everyone freezes in their actions, Steve is the first to react, and he takes three steps towards Frank and lifts him up, and shoves him into a wall, "What did you just call her?"
"A bitch," Frank replies, smirking haughtily, "I mean, I can't lie and call her nice, cause I mean, she did try to kill me."

"Say that one more time," Steve practically snarls his next words, "Come on, you know you want to, after all, as you say, it is true."

Frank weighs the pros and cons of each of his choices and decides to go with the one that wouldn't end up with him in jail or being punched repeatedly by Captain America, "Alright, alright, let me down, I shouldn't have said that."

Steve unwillingly lets go of Frank and then he backs away. He then turns and stands next to Bucky, who surprisingly seizes Steve's hand.

"What do you mean couldn't get anything out of her?" Tony asks, frowning.

"I couldn't just let her go without trying to get any information," Frank sits back down on the couch, crossing his legs and leaning back, "So, I tried to use some forceful persuasion to get her to talk. Didn't work though, like I said, she's tough to crack."

Steve surged forward again, but Bucky pulled him back in place. You may have been a fast healer, but if he hurt you... "What do you mean by forceful persuasion?"

"Uh, cutting, punching, bone breaking, stabbing, you know the basics," Frank leans forward and picks up a knife off of the coffee table, which seems to have blood on it, "Nothing too bad though, plus, she can heal fast, unlike me," Frank turns to face them, "You know she burned my side? She knows what she's doing."

"You said you didn't hurt her!" Steve booms, trying to surge forward again. But Bucky pulled him back.

"I never actually said that, I conveniently never mentioned it," Frank stands up once again and walks over to stand a few feet in front of Steve, "Look, she was driving a black BMW, and if I'm remembering correctly, the license plate was a New York one that said KAZ 215, if that helps at all. But if that's all I can do for all of you, I would request that you leave. I gotta clean up around here, and I got a meeting with Murdock soon."

Steve starts to walk towards the door, dragging Bucky with him. He opens the door, and walks out, saying one last thing before he left, "If I ever hear about you doing something, I will personally alert the police and watch as the arrest you, and I will be glad about it!"

P.O.V. Switch

Natasha and Clint have been looking at the monitors, trying to find Crossfire, they spotted him a few times, but he was never alone, which was the problem. They were about to take a break to go get some coffee or food, when there was a knock on the door. They looked at each other, determining what they would do. Clint stood up and drew his gun. He walked over to the door and pressed the barrel of the gun against the door, out of sight, but easily accessible. Clint slowly opened the door to reveal two people standing outside. One was an extremely tall woman with blue eyes, blonde hair, which was pinned up, and tan skin. She was wearing a red blazer and skirt with a white dress shirt, and white high heels. The other person, a man as tall as Clint with dark black hair, white skin, and bright green eyes. He was wearing a black suit, a white undershirt, an orange and green striped tie, and black dress shoes. He was holding a box in his hands. Clint quickly lowers his gun and pushes it back in his holster, then he opens the door wider, "How can I help you?"
The woman speaks first, moving into the small office, "Are you Bradley Abbey and Anna Orlov?"

"Yeah," Clint nods, his hand still resting on the door, "Who are you?"

"Sorry, that was rude of me," the woman smiles, in Clint's opinion she was too animated, "I'm Wendy Conrad, and this is Elton Healey. We just wanted to welcome you and Anna to the office."

"We brought some donuts," Elton raises the box he was holding.

"Oh, well, um," Clint looks back at Natasha, who nods her head, so he returns his gaze to the man and woman opposite him, "Thanks, you guys can come in, if you want, I mean, you're probably as busy as us…"

Elton and Wendy look at each other knowingly before stepping in the office. Clint moves his hand and shuts the door behind them. Nat looks at them suspiciously, "So, what kind of donuts did you get."

"Oh, all kinds," Wendy says, moving over to open the box. She opens it and pulls something out of the box, and it definitely wasn't a donut, it was a gun, "Alright, either you come quietly, or we shoot, simple as that."

Clint and Nat look at each other and they both nod. Clint and Natasha both pull out their guns and shoot at the man and the woman. Clint and Natasha duck behind one desk, they duck behind the other, "What should we do? Make a run for it?" Clint asks, right before going over the desk to shoot at them.

"No, there's too much open ground. If we let them take us, they'll probably lead us to Crossfire, so there's that," Natasha proposes, joining Clint and shooting a few rounds before ducking back down.

"Are you crazy?" hisses Clint, ducking back down, "They could just want to kill us. Because, if you haven't noticed we are Avengers! Everyone who's not with us wants us dead, and I would prefer to see my sister one more time before I die!"

"Would you prefer to have a higher chance of dying by making a run for it?" Natasha inquires, checking to see how much ammo was left in her magazine.

"No, not really," Clint huffs, "I guess your idea then." They both stand up, holding up their hands in submission.

Wendy and Elton both come out from behind the desk, "Drop your guns!" Wendy motions her gun down to the floor. Clint and Nat grudgingly place their guns on the floor, "Good." Wendy walks towards them, "This might hurt a bit," Wendy takes the butt of her gun and slams it into Clint's head. Clint tumbles to the floor, knocked unconscious from the blow to his head. Wendy then turns to Natasha, "You know, I admired you for a little bit, but now, look at you."

Wendy looks her up and down and then clucks her tongue, "Undercover operations? Not that impressive," Wendy then hits Nat over the head with the butt of her gun. The last thing Natasha sees is Wendy's devilish sneer before the blackness comes over her.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 1 Hour

Bruce, Tony, and Sam had spent the past hour searching for any sign of the license plate on street cameras. They also looked for who owned the car, Sam has found that Mitchell Carson was the owner of the car. When they informed the others, Steve had informed them that Mitchell Carson was the prior Head of Defense at S.H.I.E.L.D., but he ended up being an undercover Hydra operative. It was Tony who finally located the car. It was sitting in the driveway of a house in
Ozone Park, Queens.

"What's our tactic here?" Tony asks, spinning to face Steve. Everyone was currently in the debriefing room in the Tower.

"I think we should surround the house, then send someone to the door," Sam proposes, fiddling with a pen that had been sitting on the table.

"If we brought along a heat sensor, Tony and I could set it up so we could see how many people are in the house, then we could go from there," Bruce stands up and begins to pace around the room.

"I could teleport into the house right now and figure out who is in it, and if she is, I could teleport her back," Loki voices his opinion from the window, which he was currently looking out of.

Steve had stayed silent, listening to the ideas, but spoke up now that he had heard Loki's idea, "I think Loki's strategy works, but we have to make it a little but more detailed if we want it to be effective. For example, if she was there, and you are able to grab her, where would you teleport her back, or how would you secure her?"

"We could put her in the containment box meant for Dr. Banner, I would assume it could hold her, Thor places his hand to the table, "Then, once Lady (Y/N) has become calm enough, we could send someone in with her, I would suggest Loki, Clint, or you, Captain Rogers."

Sam nods his head, "That could work, I mean, if it can hold the Hulk, and Loki, why couldn't it hold her?"

Bucky speaks for the first time, "Her powers, she could get the glass to a high enough temperature and melt it."

"Bucky has a point, her powers are problematic," Steve turns to the man sitting next to him, "Is there any way to secure her powers?"

Bucky shakes his head, "Not that I know of, I mean, unless you have a way to freeze her safely," Bucky thinks for a few seconds before adding, "I think if something diverts her attention enough, then she can't focus enough to use them."

"So we have someone distracting her, talking to her," Tony puts a pen between his mouth and starts to gnaw on the end.

"I think it has to be an injury, a bad one," Bucky explains, sighing, "That way, most of her focus and energy go towards healing, not defending."

"We are not hurting her," Loki turns away from the window and sits across from Bucky, "So, unless you have any other suggestions, we'll just have to deal with the glass melting if the time comes."

"I don't like this plan," Steve sighs, and starts to tap his fingers on the table, "It has too many holes and I has a lot of ways that it could go wrong."

"I'll go with him," Bucky sits straighter and looks at Steve, "For all I know, she's supposed to still have an eye out for me, so, if she sees me, she'll follow me."

"No, absolutely not," Steve stops drumming his fingers and turns his attention to Bucky, "That's too dangerous, there could be other people there, you could get hurt."
"Steve," Bruce catches Steve's attention, "I don't mean to take sides, but after all, Bucky is a trained assassin, I think he can watch out for himself."

Steve frowns at Bruce before returning his focus to his soulmate, "I'll let you go on one condition."

Bucky nods, "And that would be?"

"You come back. You don't try to get yourself caught, you don't leave because you think we care more about (Y/N), you come back and when you come back, we'll have that date," Steve looks Bucky in the eyes, "That understood?"

Bucky smiles slightly and nods, "Like I said, I'm not missin' out on that date Rogers, I've already missed too many."

Tony clears his throat, gaining everyone's attention, "Well, if you two grandpa's are done with the touchy-feely crap, I believe we have a mission to plan."

"Let them be happy Stark," Thor claps his hand on Tony's back, "Love is a beautiful thing."

"Not you too!" Tony looks around the room, "You don't think it's gross?"

"No, not really," Bruce returns to his seat.

"Not at all," Loki stands up and walks back over to the window.

"Leave 'em be," Sam crosses his arms, "It's sweet."

"J.A.R.V.I.S., buddy, help me out here," Tony looks up at the ceiling.

"I will have to agree with Dr. Banner, Captain Wilson, and Master Loki," J.A.R.V.I.S. responds.

Tony groans and then mutters something about all of them being sickening.

"Alright, enough games," Steve sets both hands on the table, "Let's bring (Y/N) home."

P.O.V. Switch

Natasha opens her eyes and blinks a few times, getting used to the bright light. She looks around at her surroundings. She appears to be on a vacant floor in the building. Her eyes rest on the space across from her to see Clint tied to a chair.

"Clint," Natasha hisses. Clint doesn't stir, so Natasha increases her volume, "Clint Barton!" He still doesn't wake up, she tries one more time, "Clinton Francis Barton! Wake up!"

Clint jerks awake and looks around until he spots his wife, "Nat?"

"Yes?" Natasha answers, trying to untie the ropes around her wrist.

"Where are we?" Clint looks around once again, this time actually taking in his surroundings.

"We appear to be in an office, an abandoned office," Natasha replies, looking at Clint.

Suddenly a door opens and Crossfire enters their line of sight, "Good, you're both awake. Needed both of you awake so I could test out my machine," Crossfire walks over to stand in between the both of them, "The famous Black Widow and Hawkeye, caught by employed mercenaries," Crossfire saunters over to Natasha and takes her chin in his hand, "You're a pretty little thing aren't you?"
"Bite. Me," Natasha retorts, clenching her teeth.

"Maybe later," Crossfire lets go of her chin and walks away.

"DON'T YOU TOUCH HER!" Clint growls, struggling to get out of his bonds.

Crossfire looks at Clint, "A bit protective, aren't we? I've heard rumors that you two were soulmates, that true?" He doesn't get an answer, "Come on, satisfy the gossipers." Again, he is met with silence, "Fine, I don't care," Crossfire strides over to a table and he pulls out a gun, expect, it looks more futuristic, sort of like the laser guns in Star Trek, "Now, this is where it gets fun. This is my ultrasonic brainwashing device, you know what it does? No? Well, this machine is going to make you two want to destroy each other, if I did all of my calculations right. Now, if there is anything you want to tell each other or get off your chest, do it now."

"Nat," Clint starts, he looks like a sad puppy, "I love you."

"I know," Natasha smiles sadly, "I love you too."

"So it is true? Fascinating," Crossfire turns on his machine, "Well, good luck." Crossfire aims the gun-looking thing at Clint's head. He pulls the trigger and a blue laser comes out and hits Clint in the head. He freezes for a few seconds and then he looks at Natasha, his face full of loath and disgust. Crossfire aims the gun at Natasha, "I do hope you win, you would make a very good addition to my army," and with that, he pulls the trigger.

P.O.V. Switch

There is a knock on the front door. You immediately tense and grab the knife sitting on the end table next to the chair you are sitting in. You slowly, and soundlessly walk over to the door and look through the peephole. There was a blonde woman with sparkling green eyes, and dark brown skin. She was wearing jeans and a black jacket, which was odd for this time of year, it was the middle of August after all. But then you catch sight of the logo on the upper right chest of the jacket, it was the Hydra logo. You look down at your metal hand, which had the logo painted on, then you look back at the woman, specifically the logo on her jacket. It was the same, no doubt about it. You cautiously open the door, still gripping the knife with your left hand.

"Can I help you?" you inquire, looking out of the small crack in the door. The woman's head swiveled to see you poking your head out of the door.

"Ja, lassen Sie mich. Wir haben ein paar Dinge zu besprechen," the woman replies, stepping towards the door. You open the door the rest of the way and let the woman in. She looks around the house before returning her calculated gaze to you, "Ich habe von General Novak geschickt, kommen Sie zu bekommen. Wir werden Kopf zum Flughafen, wir müssen jetzt gehen, damit wir das nächste Flugzeug nach Belgien - fangen können—" she trails off when a loud crash comes from deeper within the house, followed by loud swearing in Russian;

"Что ебешь, Локи?! Не вы высадились немного к чертовски права?! Серьезно что ебешь?!"

Was that the Winter Soldier? No, it couldn't be. Why would he be in a Hydra safe house with someone named Loki? Soon, another voice joined the first one;

"Well, I'm sorry I didn't land in a perfect spot, I've never been in this house before!"

The woman looks at you, then she reaches into her jacket and pulls out two handguns, handing one
You nod and accept the gun. You cock the gun and point it at the floor. You walk deeper into the house, following the loud conversations that the two, by now you assumed that they were men, were having;

"Let's start looking for her."

"What are we supposed to do, scream (Y/N) until she comes running?"

"No, we are going to search the house. Why did I even agree to let you come?"

"More importantly, why did I volunteer?"

You follow the voices and find them to be coming from a bedroom. You push the door open slightly to see like you suspected, two men. One of them had shoulder-length black hair, green eyes, and pale skin. He was wearing a loose fitting forest green shirt with jeans and black boots. There was a silver chain around his neck, with what looked like a women's ring around the end of it. The other man was the Winter Soldier, just as you had suspected earlier, though, he did look cleaned up. He still had the long, thick, brown hair and blue-gray eyes, but now he had no stubble. He was wearing a navy blue sweatshirt with black jeans and gray tennis shoes. He was wearing a black glove on his left hand, covering up the metal one. You push the door open all the way, aiming your gun at the men. They freeze, looking astounded, "Hands up!" you bark, "Come with me, or I'll shoot!

"Take us back," the Winter Soldier said, "Take us back!"

"No," the other man retorted, he stepped closer to you, causing you to raise your gun higher, "(Y/N), love, listen to me, this isn't who you are, we can help you. You just have to come with us, please love, we all miss you, Steve, Bruce, Clint, Natasha, Tony. Do any of those names sound familiar?"

Suddenly, the other woman comes up behind you, coming to see what was taking so long. She halts when she sees the Winter Soldier, "Loki, now, we need to leave, now."

"Love, please," the man with black hair seemed close to tears, "Come with us!" You drop your gun, this man, he seemed trustworthy, something was pulling you towards him, "Yes, (Y/N), take my hand."

The other woman comes out of her shock and starts to shoot at the man and the Winter Soldier. One of the bullets hit the other man in the gut. He cries out in agony, "Loki, we need to leave, NOW!"

The other man at you longingly looks at you one last time, you reach out your hand, but they vanish before you can seize the man's hand. You end up grasping at the space where he was. You turn around to see the woman pull out another gun, this one was different, it was an icer. She aims and shots you a total of six times before you start to see black spots dancing across your vision. You feel your legs go out from under you and you collapse on the floor. The last thing you hear is the woman starting her message to General Novak, "Sir, ich brauche sofortige Abholung, Asset Bedürfnisse..."

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 20 Minutes

Natasha and Clint were currently trying to eradicate each other. Crossfire had provided them with enough weapons to supply an army. Natasha was currently hiding under a desk, putting more
ammo in her guns. Clint was searching for her and he was getting closer and closer. Soon he was a few desks away from her, and Natasha was running out of options. She looked at her array of weapons and her eyes landed on a small explosive, it was a grenade, but Natasha could tell that it wouldn't blow up the floor. Natasha picked up the grenade, pulled out the pin, and flung it over to Clint. The grenade detonated a few seconds later. Natasha risked getting up to see the destruction it had caused. She saw the Clint was lying on the floor, hands covering his ears. Natasha could have killed him right there and then, but something in the back of her mind told her not to. It told her to leave Clint alone and fire her gun at Crossfire, who was standing outside of a door, watching the whole thing happen. Natasha turned towards the door and saw that he was watching her, smiling devilishly. Natasha looked back at Clint, and then without a second thought, aimed her gun at Crossfire, and shot through the glass and right in-between his eyes. She walked over to the door and opened it. She looked down at her handy work and saw that Crossfire had been holding his brainwashing device thing. She had somehow managed to break out of the control, but Clint might still be under it. She aimed her gun at the machine and shot it until her ammo ran out, then she stomped on it a few times. Nat turned back to walk into the office and she went over to her husband, who was still lying on the floor. Hands covering his ears.

"Clint," she called, shaking him, he didn't uncover his ears or open his eyes, "Clint!" she shook him harder.

Clint finally uncovered his ears and then shouted, "Nat?"

"You don't have to talk so loud," Natasha said, smiling slightly, helping her husband sit up.

"I'm not talking loud," Clint yelled once again. Clint sticks a finger in his ear, then pulls it out.

Natasha stands up and walks a few feet away, "I have to call Fury, ask for a disposal team."

"What?" Clint asked, still shouting, he stood up and joined Natasha.

"I said I….," Natasha stops, and then her eyes go wide, "Clint, how close was that explosion to you head."

Clint frowns, "Um, two feet maybe."

"Are your ears ringing?" Natasha asked, growing worried.

"Yeah," Clint replies, looking confused, "Aren't yours?"

"No, Clint, they're not. How loud do you sound when you're talking?" Natasha questions, sitting down in a nearby chair.

"Uh, not very," Clint answers, sitting on a desk.

"Clint, you're shouting," Natasha says slowly, "I think, that explosive, it messed with your hearing."

"No, it didn't. I'll be fine, it's just the ringing," Clint crosses his arms.

"No, Clint, it's not, your ears should've stopped ringing by now if you were fine, and you wouldn't be shouting," Natasha frowns, then lowers her volume, she knew that if Clint couldn't hear her now, then something was wrong, "Clint, there's something wrong, we need to take you to the hospital."

"What?" Clint asked, frowning, "Can you repeat that?"
Natasha complies, "Clint, there's something wrong, we need to take you to a hospital."

"I'm fine Nat, you worry too much," Clint slides off the desk, "So, are you gonna call for some clean-up, you know get rid of the body."

Natasha stands up, "Yes, I am, and then I'm taking you to a hospital, something is wrong, and you know it."

"Fine, I'll go just so they can say nothing is wrong," Clint walks over to Crossfires body and looks at it, his eyes stopping on the brainwashing devices, he shudders, then turns back to face Nat, "Happy?"

Natasha mumbles something and then pulls her phone out of her pocket, it somehow hadn't been destroyed. She dials a number and puts the phone up to her ear, "We need a disposal team, we have a dead body and a number of weapons," She pauses, listening to the person on the other end, "No, we'll be gone, I'm taking Clint to a hospital, there was an explosion and Clint was near it, I think it messed up his hearing," Natasha nods, "Okay, thanks," she hangs up and then walks over to Clint, "Let's go."

P.O.V. Switch

Steve, Tony, and Thor were in the medical bay, listening intently to Loki as one of the in-house doctors was patching him up.

"And then, this other woman came in to the room and shot me," Loki finished, frowning, "We were so close, she reached out, but we disappeared a moment too soon," Loki slams his fist against the bed he was sitting at, "If Barnes hadn't been so persistent she would be here right now."

"Don't bring him into it," Steve says protectively, "If he hadn't made you leave, both of you would be dead."

"He has a point brother, it wouldn't do any of us any good if either of you were dead," Thor adds, adjusting his stance against the doorway.

"We would not have died, the woman fired five shots and only one of them hit the intended target," Loki stands up, he doctor had finished wrapping his wound, it would be healed in a matter of says.

"Woah, big guy, you need to rest," Tony steps forward, trying to push Loki back down.

"We cannot waste time, I am fine," Loki pushes Tony away, "We need to find more leads, keep searching."

Steve steps in front of Loki, "We don't have any leads at the moment, you need to rest, and we should wait for Natasha and Clint to come back, we all need a break."

Loki scowls, and then becomes cross, "Why should we wait? Does this situation not bother you anymore because you have Barnes back? Is that hole that you were trying to fill with (Y/N) gone now so you don't feel the need to look as hard? Tell me Captain, what makes you feel the need to put off searching?"

"You need to rest, you got shot in the gut, and Clint and Nat need to be updated on what happened, that's why we should wait a few days. And I do want her back," Steve sighs, "I was trying to fill the hole Bucky left with her, but it didn't work, Bucky was my soulmate, she wasn't, so instead I got a best friend, and she's gone, and now I have another hole, it might not be as big, but it's there. And like I said, we don't have any leads at the moment, we don't know where they're keeping her,
and she's not going to be at the same house if we go back, they'll have moved her by then. Look, if you want to not rest and search every corner of the world for her, go do that. I won't stop you, she's your soulmate, I get it, but it won't do her any good if you're injured when you find her.” Steve moves out of Loki's way and walks to the door, "If anyone needs me, I'll be in my studio." Steve walks to the elevator and takes it up to his floor. The doors open to revel Bucky sitting on the couch, he was reading a book. Steve strode past him and down the hallway to his art studio. He opens the door and steps into the room. He shuts the door behind him and he sighs, leaning against the door. He looked around and his eyes landed on a painting he was working on. It was based off of a picture they had taken on Loki's birthday, the last picture of all of them together. Loki and you were in the center of the picture, sitting on the couch, you were beaming at the camera and Loki was looking down at you, admiring you. Clint and Natasha were sitting next to you, Clint was making a fake disgusted face at you and Loki. Natasha was rolling her eyes and smirking at Clint's antics. Tony and Bruce were standing behind you and Loki. Tony was holding a drink up to the camera, smiling and Bruce was just looking at the camera with a smile on his face. Thor was sitting next to Loki, smiling at the camera, an arm resting on the back of the couch. Steve wasn’t in the picture, he had taken it. Steve walked over to the painting and he picked up the picture sitting on the easel. He smiled at it sadly before sitting on the floor. This was tearing the Avengers apart. They rarely had happy moments with everyone, Loki was usually solemn and irritable. Bucky was usually quiet and kept to himself, really only talking to Steve or adding something to a group conversation if he deemed it important enough. Everyone else usually was a least slightly happy, but Steve could tell the stress was getting to everyone. Someone was going to snap soon, and Steve had a feeling it would be Loki, or maybe even him. He was trying to lead them and stay neutral, be the voice of reason. But that act was slowly getting corrupted and Steve didn't know how much longer it would last, especially with everyone on edge. Steve stays on the floor for a few more minutes and then decides to get up. He walks over to a box filled with blank canvasses and he picks the biggest one. He grabs an easel and some paint and then he lets his hands make a painting, giving him time to think and figure out what he should do and how he should do it.

Chapter End Notes

Ja, lassen Sie mich. Wir haben ein paar Dinge zu besprechen = Yes, you can let me in. We have a few things to discuss

Ich habe von General Novak geschickt, kommen Sie zu bekommen. Wir werden Kopf zum Flughafen, wir müssen jetzt gehen, damit wir das nächste Flugzeug nach Belgien - fangen können- = I have been sent by General Novak to come get you. We are going to head to the airport, we need to leave now so we can catch the next plane to Belgium-

Что ебешь, Локи?! Не вы высадились немного к чертовски права?! Серьезно что ебешь?! = What the fuck, Loki?! Couldn't you have landed a bit to the fucking right?! Seriously, what the fuck?!

Erfassen sie und bringt sie zu mir = Capture them, and bring them to me

Sir, ich brauche sofortige Abholung, Asset Bedürfnisse...= Sir, I need immediate pick up, Asset needs...

There's chapter 32! I hope y'all enjoyed it! And if anyone was wondering why Loki was wearing a necklace with a women's ring on it, that was the engagement ring he
was planning on giving (Y/N). Is there anything you guys want to see in this story (besides getting (Y/N) back, patience, we still have a little bit), just let me know! That's all for now!
Soulmarks, a word unfamiliar to you. You had failed your mission on retrieving the Punisher, and you had almost escaped, you have been in cryo for the past month and a half, now they were finally taking you out. The Avengers are gradually being torn apart by your absence, Loki has been missing for the past month, and everyone assumes he is out looking for you. Steve is still trying to stay strong and be the leader everyone needs, but he fears, that just like Loki, he will too, go insane, but Bucky is managing to keep him stable. Clint is getting used to his hearing aids and is learning sign language, as is everyone else. No leads about you have been coming in, they fear you might be dead, and since no one can contact Loki, their fears are kept alive, though, they still search for you, and they will keep searching until they find you, alive or dead, if that's what it comes to.

Steve is walking around the living room, having a conversation with someone on his cellphone when Tony enters the living room;

"I need a table for two tonight. What times do you have? Um, 6:30 sounds good. Special requests? Um, could you make it a booth, preferably the one in the front right corner next to the window? Uh huh, yeah, thanks, see you tonight, alright, bye." Steve hangs up the phone and turns away from the window to see Tony standing behind the couch, watching him.

"Who you talking to?" Tony inquires, confused, Steve didn't normally use his phone for anything but the occasional tweet, Instagram picture, or text.

"I, uh, I was making reservations at a restaurant in Brooklyn," Steve answers, tucking his phone into his back pocket, a flush creeping up his face.

"Oh, are you finally taking Barnes on that date?" Tony asks, moving towards the kitchen.

"Yeah," Steve moves away from the window and follows Tony into the kitchen. Tony starts to make himself a cup of coffee, "I need some advice."

Tony nearly drops the mug he was holding, he turns to face Steve, "You need advice, from me?"

"Yes. Why is that so weird?" Steve sits down on one of the chairs at the island and leans on the counter.

"You don't seem like the kind of person to need advice, especially from someone like me," Tony replies, setting the cup on the island so he didn't drop it.

"Well, I need advice, and this is a serious matter, so don't give me anything fake," Steve is staring Tony down, making sure that he is hearing what he is saying.

"Okay, I hear you, actual genuine advice," Tony nods, then he crosses his arms and leans against the counter behind him, waiting for Steve to start.

"So, I'm taking Bucky on a date, and I haven't really been the one in charge of the date, and we haven't really ever been able to open about it, so, is there anything I should or shouldn't do?" Steve asks, looking down at his arms before meeting Tony's eyes.
"Well, first things first, what are you doing?" Tony grabs his coffee cup and moves it to the coffee maker, he presses start and then turns back around.

"I'm taking him to this diner in Brooklyn, it was there when we were younger, and it's still around. After that I'm taking him to this club in Hell's Kitchen that does swing music, and then I'm ending the night at Central Park," Steve recites, looking for some kind of approval.

"Sounds sort of old fashioned," Tony points out, grabbing his coffee cup, which was now full of steaming hot coffee.

Steve considers the comment, "Well, it's what Buck is used to, you know. I might take him to do something more modern later, but I thought old fashioned would be nice for a change."

Tony nods in agreement, "Well, knowing you Rogers, I think you can treat your man pretty well, although, I wouldn't recommend asking his foot size, if you get what I mean."

Steve looks at Tony in confusion, then he understands, "No! Why would I do that?"

"I was just joking with you," Tony takes a drink of his coffee, "Now go find lover boy and tell him what you're doing tonight," Tony waves Steve away.

"Alright, thanks Stark, knew you had to be good at something," Steve stands up, giving Tony a small smile before leaving the room.

"Don't forget to use protection!" Tony calls, then he adds in as an afterthought, "And lube!"

"I take it back!" Steve yells back, "You're a jerk!"

P.O.V. Switch

Loki is pacing around the one living man in the facility, he was encircled by the bodies of his dead compatriots.

"I'll give you one last chance," Loki spins to face the trembling man, "Where is she being kept?"

"Hail Hydra," he hisses, clearly terrified, but Loki had found also terribly loyal.

"I don't understand why you all are so loyal, I mean, you are just one small tiny screw in a giant machine," Loki strides towards the man, pulling out a dagger and stabbing the man in the gut, "But after all, if you take away enough screws, the machine falls apart."

P.O.V. Switch

Steve found Bucky sitting on the couch in his sweatpants with no shirt on their floor watching Clint, Sam, and Natasha play Mario Kart.

"Take that motherfucker!" Clint yells, sending a blue shell to Sam, who was in first place.

"Oh, you wanna play that game Hawkass?" Sam hollers, losing control of his virtual character.

Clint overtakes Sam, now holding first place. Natasha is silent, unlike the other two, she was in second place, and the home stretch was in sight. Natasha calmly presses a button and turns her character into a bullet, flying past Clint, and taking over first place, turning back into her regular character right before she passed the finish line, "And that boys, is how you win Mario Kart."

"What…the…fuck?" Sam murmurs, staring in shock at the screen, at Clint, and then at Natasha.
"Unlike you idiots, I don't focus my time on insulting people," Nat stands up gracefully, placing the controller on the couch where she had been previously sitting. "Come on Clint, we have to practice your sign language." Natasha walks behind the couch and past Steve, sending a smirk in his direction. Steve returns it with a slight nod of the head. Clint trails after her, not even surprised that his wife won.

Sam was still sitting there in shock, snapping out of it to look at Bucky, "How did she…?"

"I think you deserved it," Bucky replies, not even turning his head to look at Sam, "Don't you think, Steve?"

Sam turns to look at Steve, who he had not noticed earlier, "I choose not to interject myself into Mario Kart."

"Well, there was that one time…" Sam starts, smirking at Steve.

"We don't speak of that time," Steve stares Sam down, daring him to even think about it.

Sam shrugs, not even intimidated by Steve, "Whatever man, I'll just leave you and Mr. Grumpy Pants alone," Sam stands up, walking to the elevator, "Just, please don't start fucking on the couch, I don't need to see that."

"Can it birdbrains, you would love it," Bucky calls, taking a black hairband off of his wrist and putting his hair in a small bun.

Steve smiles, Bucky was in a good mood today, these days were getting more and more frequent, he still had his bad days, and on occasion, his really bad days, when his depression, and PTSD were worse than normal, were sometimes Steve had to talk Bucky out of doing the things he really wanted to do, or at least, thought he wanted to do.

Steve walks over to the couch and sits down just as the elevator closed, "So, I can see you're in a good mood today."

Bucky nods slightly, "Seeing people want to murder each other over a video game can be entertaining."

Steve nods, "Well, um, are you doing anything tonight?"

Bucky considers the question, "No, I don't think so."

"Well, we have reservations for 6:30 tonight, at Kellogg's Diner, that place is still around, believe it or not," Steve smiles, "So, what do you say?"

Bucky smiles, not one of his usual half-hearted smiles, a full-on grin, one that Steve hadn't seen for years, heck, decades, "Yeah, I think I'd like that."

Steve returns the smile, "Good, we're leaving at 6, we're gonna take (Y/N)'s car, we haven't started it in a while," Steve leans in, but withdraws before he reaches his goal, "Can I?" Bucky nods. Steve leans in again, kissing Bucky's forehead, then his nose, then each of his cheeks, finally kissing his lips softly. Bucky freezes for a few seconds, still not used to being kissed, but then he kisses back, at first softly, then it grows more heated. Bucky places his right hand on the back of Steve's head, trying to control some of his movements. Grudgingly, Bucky finally pulls away to take a breath, resting his forehead against Steve's, "Where'd that come from?" Steve whispers, smiling.

"I don't know," Bucky replies, pulling away, removing his hand from Steve's head and moving
back to his original position on the couch, looking at Steve, whose face was bright red, "But you enjoyed it, didn't you, doll?" Steve sucks in a breath, Bucky had called him doll, he hadn't done that since the 40s, and he had done it unprompted. Bucky notices Steve's reaction and he immediately frowned and shrank away, "I'm sorry, I thought you liked it."

"No!" Steve exclaims, realizing how his reaction might have looked to Bucky, "No, it was great. It's just that," Steve smiles affectionately, and blushes, "You called me doll."

"Is that…bad?" Bucky asks, looking extremely confused.

"No, not at all, it's what you used to call me," Steve confesses, blushing so much that now his neck was red.

Bucky still looks confused, "I thought I called you punk?"

"Yes, no, um," Steve bites his lip, trying to think of a way to explain it. Bucky's eyes travel down to Steve's lips, then back to his eyes, though, Steve takes no notice, "Punk is more of a friendly teasing sort of nickname, doll is more for relationships, more private moments, if you catch my drift."

Bucky nods slowly, "I…I think I understand."

"Good," Steve and Bucky sit in a comfortable silence.

"So, what do you want to do?" Bucky asks, his wandering eyes falling back on Steve.

"Wanna watch Friends?" Steve asks, standing up to turn on the TV. Clint had introduced Friends to him and Bucky when he made a reference to it, and was disappointed when neither of them got it.

"Actually," Bucky starts, standing up to join Steve, "Could we just do something quiet?"

"Yeah," Steve nods, walking back to the couch and grabbing his drawing pad.

"Do you have anything new for me to read?" Bucky asks, looking at Steve like an eager puppy.

"No, not at the moment, but we could go check out the library," Steve places his drawing pad back on the table, then walks over towards the elevator, stopping when he doesn't hear Bucky follow, "You coming?"

"We have a library?" Bucky inquires, plodding over to Steve in his bare feet.

The elevator opens and Steve steps in, holding the door for Bucky, "Well, technically it's Loki and (Y/N)’s library, but since neither of them are here…" Steve trails off, not knowing how to finish his sentence.

Bucky doesn't comment, knowing by now that (Y/N) and Loki, was a topic that Steve did not enjoy talking about. They spend the short elevator ride in total silence. When the doors open, a shock goes through both of them, the whole floor was a mess. Most of the furniture was flipped or broken, there was broken glass scattered around, the kitchen cupboards were all open and bare, there were empty alcohol bottles everywhere, and that was just what they could see.

Steve is the first to step out, "Watch your feet," Steve steps over the broken glass, and to the hallway the led to the library, "Come on." Bucky follows, watching the floor to make sure he didn't cut his feet, not wanting to deal with the blood, and a whiny Steve, the pain wouldn't bother him. The hallway wasn't as bad, there were papers scattered around, but that was about it. Steve
opens the door to the library, the room was probably the most neat and orderly in the whole floor. All the books were shelved, the floor was clean, and the only thing that was out of place was a copy of Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone, and upon closer inspection, Steve realizes that it was (Y/N)'s copy. Steve places it back down, "Alright, let's get you a book." Steve scans the shelves until his eyes land on To Kill a Mockingbird. Steve takes it out and hands it to Bucky, "Here, read this one, it's a classic."

Bucky inspects the book then he looks at Steve, "Alright, I'll give it a try." Steve and Bucky leave the library, and then the floor, leaving the mess and disarray behind. Once they get back to their living room, Bucky lies down, opening the book, Steve picks up his drawing pad and pencil, and opens it. He doesn't draw though, and Bucky is too captivated by his book to notice. Steve is staring at the wall, thinking about Loki and his fall to insanity, wondering if in the end, one of them would be force to kill him, wondering if (Y/N) was still alive. Each day since Loki had disappeared without a trace, his hope diminished, bit by bit, slowly but surely. Steve is too deep in his thoughts to notice Bucky staring at him. Bucky decided that Steve had been thinking enough, so he sat up and shook him. Steve jumped and looked at Bucky, "Hey, stop thinkin', draw somethin'."

Steve sighs, "I'm not in the mood," he stands up, placing his drawing pad and pencil back on the table, "I think I'm just gonna go to my room."

Bucky jumps up, blocking Steve's way, "No, you are not going to go be all sad and pouty," Steve opens his mouth, but Bucky cuts him off, "And no, don't try to tell me your just gonna sleep or something, I know your gonna go try and drown yourself in the shower or something. That's my job, Stevie, please, both of us can't both be negative and depressed as shit, one of us has to be positive. At least some of the time, and I'm always negative, so that means you gotta be the positive one. Let's watch Friends, how about that? Or if you really want to, you can tell me all about the shit that's going on inside of that big head of yours."

"No, Bucky, you have enough to deal with, you don't need any of my crap to deal with too," Steve attempts to shove past Bucky, but Bucky doesn't move.

"I'd rather deal with your crap, because compared to mine, it's probably comparing heaven to hell, and even that might be an understatement, so sit back down, put that stupid punk head of yours in my lap, and tell me about all of your shit, because if you don't, I'm not going with you tonight," Bucky brushes past Steve and sits back down.

Steve looks at Bucky, then down the hallway to his room. He sighs, and then slinks over to the couch. He sits down, then does as Bucky instructed, places a pillow on Bucky's thighs, then places his head on the pillow, "You wanna hear about my crap?" Steve asks. Bucky nods, "You're sure?"

"Yes, for fuck's sake Steve, just talk," Bucky hits Steve over the head lightly with his real hand.

Steve laughs, "Okay, jeez, um, where should I start?"

"The beginning," Bucky answers.

P.O.V. Switch

Warmth, light, sound. Those are the first words that come to your mind when you exit your chamber. There are men and woman around you in white lab coats, the scene is familiar, people darting around you, yelling out numbers that don't mean anything to you, but have everything to do with you. Soon, you are being lead out of the room. The halls are long, every few feet, it seems there is another hallway branching off of the main one. The man leading you stops at a door and
punches a few numbers in a keypad, probably not realizing you had seen and memorized it, the code might be important. He steps in, then points to a pile of black clothing. You walk over, stripping the clothes you were wearing before and putting on the new clothes. A black tank top, a jacket that had various pockets and straps for weapons, that was cut off at the middle of your right forearm, the one that was metal from that point down, a pair of heavy duty, but light weight pants, and last, a half face mask, that met the collar of your jacket at the neck. You turned back around and were lead through the hallways once again. The man stops at another door, enters another key code, and then opens the door. This room was bigger than the one you had last been in. And there was a man sitting in the desk, General Novak, "Mörder, habe ich auf dich gewartet. Wir haben eine neue Aufgabe für Sie, wenn Sie auch auf diesen einen, ein schwerer tun umso wichtiger, dass die Aufgabe gegeben werden. Diese Aufgabe scheint einfach und unter Ihren Fähigkeiten, aber, wenn Sie, gut fehl, Sie wollen wahrscheinlich nicht zu wissen was geschehen wird."

You nod, knowing that if you somehow failed this, the consequences would probably be a matter of life and death. And at the current moment, the less machine and constrained version of you, though very small and unimportant, told you there were things, and people worth living for, and for some reason, you decided to listen to that voice, and simply reply, "Ja, Herr."

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 3 Hours

Loki sighs and places his drink on the bar. He looks around at the other people in the bar with him, all of them normal people, with normal lives. He looks down at his clothes, he looked fairly normal for a place like this. A dark red shirt, jeans, and converse. His hair was pulled into a bun, keeping it out of his face. He picked up his chain and fiddled with the ring on the end of it. It was a silver ring with emerald and diamond jewels intertwined together on the front. If it had fit him, he would be wearing it, but it didn't, so the chain would have to do. Loki rises and places a 5 dollar bill on the bar top and walks away. He opens the door, taking a deep breath, enjoying the city air. He walks down a few blocks and then stops at a building. A building he had called home for years, now, it felt like just another building on Midgard. The florescent blue of the A was glowing bright in the sky. Loki sighs, looking away from the top of the building to the doors. He knew he would be welcomed back, but he would feel out of place, he knew that too. But, the Avengers probably need information on (Y/N), by now, Loki had a feeling that they thought she was dead, or even that he was dead. Loki looks at the people walking past him, normal people, with normal jobs, and the biggest worry in their minds was probably something along the lines of a late paper at their job or what their significant other was making for dinner. It would be nice if Loki was one of them, if he didn't have to worry about (Y/N) being killed every minute of every day, if he didn't have to worry about making sure he didn't die. Loki then comes to a realization, the faster he found (Y/N), the faster he could have that life with her, if she wanted it, and even that he was dead. Loki looks at the people walking past him, normal people, with normal jobs, and the more brains and bodies working on that, the faster she would be found. His one-man war against Hydra wasn't getting him anywhere, and wouldn't get him anywhere, Loki knew that since the day he started, he just choose to ignore it. But now, it couldn't be ignored, because Loki knew it was true. Loki sighs again and looks up at the tower. Then he makes his way to the doors, knowing that this was his home, and he should stop running away from it, and his friends, no, the other Avengers were more than friends, he might considered them family, but he would never admit that to them, he would one day, but that would be a long way off. Loki opens the door and makes his way to the elevator, the doors slide open, and he is met with the familiar voice of J.A.R.V.I.S., "Hello Master Loki, and welcome back."

"Thank you J.A.R.V.I.S. it's good to be back," Loki smiles slightly, then he leans against the elevator walls, "Please take me to the common floor, and gather the Avengers, but don't inform them of my arrival."

"Yes, Master Loki, though, Captain Rogers and Sergeant Barnes will not be attending, they are

"That's fine, thank you J.A.R.V.I.S.," the elevator doors slide close, sealing Loki's fate.

P.O.V. Switch

Steve is in the living room on his floor, pacing back and forth, waiting for Bucky to come out. Steve walked over to the elevator doors and check his appearance once more. He was wearing a royal blue dress shirt with his brown leather jacket, jeans, and brown leather dress shoes. He ran his fingers through his hair, wondering if he should put gel in it, but his decision was made for him when he sees Bucky come up behind him in the elevator. Steve spins around quickly, then he freezes, taking in his soulmate's appearance. Bucky had pulled his hair back into a ponytail, keeping it out of his face. He had shaved, so the stubble that he had earlier that day was gone. Bucky was wearing a forest green t-shirt with two sliver dog tags, one of them of Steve's, one was Bucky's. He was wearing a jean jacket over his shirt, a leather glove over his metal hand, jeans, and black converse. Bucky also seemed impressed by Steve's outfit, so both of them just stand there for a few seconds, looking at each other.

Steve clears his throat, "Ready to go?"

Bucky nods slowly, "Yeah."

Steve turns back around to face the elevator doors, they open, both of them walk into the elevator, "Garage," the doors close and they begin to move down, "You look good."

Bucky looks down at his feet, "Thanks. You don't look to bad yourself, I guess."

Steve nods slowly, and the rest of the elevator ride is spent in silence. The doors open to reveal the garage. Bucky and Steve walk past all of Tony's expensive cars, Clint and Natasha's Tesla, and Steve's motorcycle. They stop in front of the oldest car in the whole garage, (Y/N)'s '67 Impala. Bucky walks over to the passenger door and is about to open the door, when Steve jumps forward, opening it for him. Bucky snorts, but gets in the car, Steve shuts the door after him and then walks over to the driver's side and gets in. He pulls the keys out of his pocket and starts the car. The familiar purr of the engine adding a reassuring noise to the awkward silence, "So first we're going to the dinner, you good with that?"

"Yeah, sounds good," Bucky answers.

Steve nods and pulls the car out of the parking space, and then the garage, turning left to get out.

P.O.V. Switch

"So, anybody know why we're here?" Clint asks, taking a drink from his beer.

"Nope," Tony replies, "J.A.R.V.I.S. just said I needed to be here, didn't say why, just said it was urgent."

"So, if it wasn't one of us, and Steve and Bucky are out, who was it?" Sam asks, turning away from the window to look at the Avengers sprinkled around the room.

"It was me," Loki speaks up, appearing in the center of the room, "Hello."

Thor was the first to react. He stood up quickly and walked over to his younger brother, "We thought you dead," Thor exclaims, seizing his brother's shoulder.
"Yes, well, I am not dead," Loki replies, smiling at his brother slightly.

"I have a question for you then," Natasha sits up, leaning her elbows on her legging clad thighs, "Where the hell were you?"

"Ah, yes, well, I took it upon myself to try and find every Hydra base in existence, and eradicate all of them until I found her," Loki answers, sliding out of Thor's grasp, "I did destroy a number of bases, not all of them by any means, and I did find evidence of (Y/N) or Barnes being at some of the bases, but not a living, breathing (Y/N)."

"Is she still alive?" Clint asks, looking up at Loki, a hopeful gleam in his eyes.

"As far as I can tell, yes," Loki replies, nodding his head. And with that, everyone exhaled, letting the breath they were holding in go, "If she was not, I would not be here."

"What bases did you take out?" Bruce asks, grabbing the laptop he had brought from the table and opening it.

"Most of them were in Russia, two or three in Germany, and one in England," Loki pauses, "Yes, that sounds about right."

"Did you fine your scepter?" Tony asks, standing up and walking over to his bar to refill his glass.

"No, no sign of it either," Loki sighs, and sits down, "I am sorry for leaving like that, now that I think about it, not leaving a note of any kind was probably not a wise thing to do."

"No, not really," Natasha agrees, "Steve was furious with you, I don't know if he still is. He's dealing with his own shit at the moment. I think the pressure is getting to him."

Sam nods in agreement, "I've tried to get him to talk to me, but he refuses, he only talks to Bucky, which I think is a stupid idea because Bucky's already dealing with his depression and PTSD."

"How is Barnes?" Loki asks, accepting the drink that Tony brought him.

"He has his bad days and his good days," Bruce answers, "Somedays, like today for example, he seems almost normal, other days, he seems like the Winter Solider, and there are rare days were nobody but Steve can talk to him."

"J.A.R.V.I.S. informed me that Barnes and Rogers were out," Loki takes a drink, and swallows, "Where are they?"

"Steve took him out for a date," Clint replies, "I think they're going to some kind of diner."

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 1 Hour

Steve and Bucky walk out of the diner, talking and laughing. A wind picks up, so Steve pulls his jacket tighter around himself.

"I think you scared that waitress half to death when she saw your signature," Bucky said, laughing slightly.

"Yeah, I don't think it's every day that Captain America walks into your restaurant," Steve agrees, smiling.

"So, we going back to the tower?" Bucky asks, reaching the car, waiting for Steve to open the door.
"No, not quite yet," Steve replies, opening the door for Bucky, "I still have some surprises."

"Should I be scared?" Bucky questions, sliding into the car.

Steve closes the door and walks over to the other side, entering the car, "No, I don't think so."

"Good, because I'm havin' a pretty good time Stevie," Bucky ruffles Steve's hair.

"Hey!" Steve calls, laughing.

"Just get on with it Rogers," Bucky replies, leaning back. Steve complies, starting the car and pulling away from the restaurant.

Time Skip: 35 Minutes

Steve parks the car in the club parking lot. He gets out and walks to the other side of the car, opening the door for Bucky.

"Swing 46," Bucky reads, "You brought me to a club?"

"No, not exactly," Steve replies, looping his arm around Bucky's waist, pulling him closer, "You'll love it, trust me."

Bucky looks unconvinced, but let's Steve walk him to the door. They walk past the line and stop at the front. The bouncer opens the door without question, letting Steve and Bucky in. Bucky's face changes from apprehension, to almost delight when he hears the music and sees the people dancing, "Stevie," he says softly, "Dancing?"

"Yeah," Steve replies, looking around before his face lands on Bucky, "What do you say Buck, can I have this dance?"

Bucky looks at Steve, as if he said the most ridiculous thing in the world, "We can't Steve, not in public."

"It's different now, remember?" Steve unloops his arm from Bucky's waist and grabs his arm, "People don't care as much."

Bucky nods his head, "Okay," the song changes, and Bucky seems to recognize it, "This song, it sounds familiar."

Steve nods, his smile growing, "It was your favorite song, If I Could be With You."

I'm so blue
I don't know what to do.
All day through I'm pining just for you
I did wrong when I let you go away.
For now I grieve about you night and day.
I'm unhappy and dissatisfied,
But I'd be happy if I had you by my side…

Bucky stays quite, listening to the lyrics of the song. "I like it, it's…, familiar, feels like home, you know?"

"Yeah, I know," Steve moves his hand down to Bucky's glove clad metal hand, "So, can I have this dance or are you gonna leave me hanging?"
Bucky smiles slightly, "Yeah, I guess you can, you big sap."

"Only for you, Buck," Steve replies, pulling Bucky to the dance floor, "Only for you."

P.O.V. Switch

Crunch

The man falls limp in his chair, his neck broken, head lolling to one side. The wife and two kids are tied to three other chairs, looking at you terrified, but not screaming. You move to the wife, looking at your handler, wondering if he has questions for her. He shakes his head. You pull out a gun press it against the woman's head, and shoot, the shot rings in the house for a few seconds and the woman falls limp. The kids are crying, but again, not screaming, mostly because they have gags in their mouths. You walk over to them, stopping at the boy first, he couldn't be more than 8. You place your metal hand on his throat, cutting off air supply. You wait for him to go flaccid, which is a few seconds later. Then, you turn to the girl, she was older, 13 or 14 maybe, she looks up at you, tears falling out of her eyes. You don't even blink when you snap her neck. You look at your handler once again, wondering what to do with the bodies.

"Brennen Sie, und das Haus," he answers, walking to the door. You close your left hand, concentrate, then open it. A flame is dancing on your palm. You walk around the room, lighting various things on fire, then setting the bodies on fire last. You walk out the door, shutting it behind you. Then, you will the flames to rise higher, burning faster than normal fire would, when you reach your motorcycle, the whole house is ablaze. You start the motorcycle, waiting for the other car to pull away. It does, you follow it, soundlessly, not even caring that you just killed a whole family. There was a small pang of guilt, very deep in you, but you didn't take notice. It was the part they couldn't change, the part that was still old you, not that you knew that. But that part was screaming at you, willing you to go back and put out the flame, the part that wanted you to turn yourself in. You glance back at the house, one more time, before leaning forward on your motorcycle, willing it to go faster.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 1 Hour 30 Minutes

Steve was waiting by the car for Bucky to come out of the bathroom in the club. He had been in there for 5 minutes and Steve was starting to get worried. Steve was about to move to the doors when Bucky came out, scowling slightly. Steve immediately froze, this was not good. Bucky makes his way to the car.

"Buck?" Steve asks, furrowing his brow. Bucky doesn't answer, he walks past Steve, opens the door to the car, and slides in. Steve gets in the car, still looking at Bucky, "What happened?"

"Some guy hit on me," Bucky grumbles, still scowling.

"Oh," Steve relaxed slightly, "What'd you do?"

"Told him I had a boyfriend," Bucky replies, crossing his arms over his chest.

Steve almost smiled at the thought of Bucky calling him his boyfriend, but he didn't, "And?"

"He still tried, said the guy wouldn't care if we had a bit of fun," Bucky explains, his metal arm making noises, "I told him to fuck off and then I came out here before I strangled him and turned into..." Bucky trails off, Steve could tell he was going into dark places.

"Hey," Steve slides over, cautiously bringing Bucky closer to him with his arm, "You didn't hurt him, you didn't turn back into it, you did good. Do you wanna go back to the tower? I had one
more thing, but we can do that another time."

Bucky considers the offer, "No, you planned this, I don't want to ruin it by being a jackass."

"You sure? I don't mind," Steve suggests, making sure Bucky wasn't just doing this for him.

"Yes, I'm sure," Bucky replied. Steve nods, even though Bucky didn't see. He starts the car and pulls away, heading to the last destination of the night.

Time Skip: 20 Minutes

Steve parks the car and both of them get out. Steve had brought them to the big lake in Central Park. Steve takes Bucky's hand and leads him in silence to an overlook of the lake. The moon was bright and giving the lake a slight glow. Steve and Bucky sit on a bench looking at the lake, both of them thinking.

"I'm sorry," Bucky says, sighing.

"Why?" Steve asks, turning his head so he could see Bucky.

"Because I was grouchy and…" Steve cuts him off;

"No, Bucky, I get it, I would have been frustrated too, don't let it ruin the rest of the night, just enjoy the view," Steve turns back to look at the lake.

Bucky looks away from the lake to look at Steve, "Yeah, the view is pretty good, has been all night."

"What do you…?" Steve trails off when he catches Bucky's meaning, "Oh."

Bucky smiles triumphantly and returns his gaze to the lake. The sit in silence for a few more minutes, the ever so occasional honk of a car breaks the silence, but other than that, it was peaceful. Steve looks at Bucky ever so often, wondering if he should kiss him. Bucky was doing the same thing, and whenever they caught each other looking, both looked away quickly like they were 3rd graders looking at their first crush. Bucky finally decided he had had enough of the looking, "You know what?"

"Wha…?" Steve turned to look at Bucky and that's when he took his chance. Bringing their lips together. They kissed each other slowly for a few minutes, taking small breaks for air every once and a while. Bucky finally broke away, looking back at the lake, flushed, he hadn't ever been the one to start a kiss, it was usually Steve. Steve however was still looking at Bucky with a big dopey grin on his face.

Bucky finally looked back at Steve, "What?" Steve didn't reply, he just smiled more, "Knock it off ya punk."

"Can't I appreciate you?" Steve asks, still smiling.

"No, you can't, 'cause it's creepy," Bucky replies, looking back at the lake, "Seriously, knock it off."

"Fine," Steve looked down at his hands before slowly bringing his left arm up and putting it across Bucky's shoulders. Bucky leans his head on Steve's shoulder, messing up his hair slightly. Then, they both sit there, watching the lake, and enjoying each other's company.
Time Skip: 2 Hours.

Bucky and Steve exit the elevator on the common floor to get something to eat before they go upstairs to ‘watch movies,’ as Steve put it. The other Avengers were watching a movie, so they tried to be quite, but Tony noticed them.

"Hey! Lover Grandpa's are back!" Tony pauses the movie and turns to face them, "How was your date?"

"Fine," Steve replies, "It was great, you can go back to your movie. We're just getting food."

Natasha snorts, "Yeah, food for what?"

"A movie," Bucky replies, a little too fast.

"Why don't you just watch this movie then?" Thor asks, confused.

"Because, brother, they aren't actually going to watch a movie," Loki answers, forgetting that Steve and Bucky didn't know he was there.

"Loki?" Steve asks in confusion.

"Oh, yes, hello," Loki turns his head, "How are you?"

Steve clenches his fist, "How am I?"

"Well, yes, that is generally what one asks," Loki replies, not realizing that Steve is getting angry.

"Where the hell were you?!" Steve explodes, stepping towards the couch, "You left and didn't tell us where you were going! We thought (Y/N) was dead or something!"

"Yes, looking back on it all now, it was probably a bad idea," Loki answers, calmly.

"You think?!" Steve is now within arm's length of Loki, "What gave you that idea?!"

"Steve, man calm down, everything's good, (Y/N)'s alive," Sam stands up, slowly making his way towards Steve.

Bucky is the one who is able to calm Steve down, he steps forward and puts a hand on his shoulder, "Stevie, it's okay. Doll, calm down.

Steve takes a few deep breaths, and unclenches his fist, "Sorry, I, um…" Steve trails off and the room falls into an uncomfortable silence.

J.A.R.V.I.S. breaks the silence, "Sir, a news story just came from Ravenna, Italy. There was a house fire, and a family of four was found dead, but they were not killed by the fire. Two of them had their necks broken, one was shot in the skull, and they are not sure about the last one. Tapes from the nearby traffic cameras show a car and a motorcycle coming away from the scene. The woman on the motorcycle has been identified as the Assassin."

P.O.V. Switch

You let out a grunt of irritation as you are shoved down into the chair.

"Warum haben Sie in die Kamera schauen?" General Novak demands, pacing back and forth. You don't answer. The General stops, "Na ja?!"
"Ich weiß es nicht," you reply.

The General sighs, "Ich bin enttäuscht von Ihnen. Wischen Sie sie, dann legte sie zurück in cryo," the General walks away.

Someone pushes a button and you are strapped to the chair. The arms come down around your face, someone shoves a mouth guard in your mouth. You keep your eyes open, even though only one of them can see your surroundings. You see the button being pushed, so you know when to expect the shocks, but they still end up surprising you. You scream in pain around the mouth guard. The scream echoes around the base, causing people to stop their work momentarily. The shocks stop, and you let out a breath, but they start again, your throat was already hoarse from screaming the first time, but you screamed in pain once again. After 5 more minutes, the shocks stop, and you fall limp, breathing hard and deep. Someone starts reading out words;

"Wunsch, Stärke, Turm, Zweck, achtzig-acht, neun, Krieg, gefroren, zwei, erfasst," Something clicks in your mind and you sit up. "Assassine?"

You don't even think, the natural reply to the question just comes out, "Bereit zu erfüllen."

Chapter End Notes

Mörder, habe ich auf dich gewartet. Wir haben eine neue Aufgabe für Sie, wenn Sie auch auf diesen einen, ein schwerer tun umso wichtiger, dass die Aufgabe gegeben werden. Diese Aufgabe scheint einfach und unter Ihren Fähigkeiten, aber, wenn Sie, gut fehl, Sie wollen wahrscheinlich nicht zu wissen was geschehen wird. = Assassin, I have been waiting for you. We have a new task for you, if you do well on this one, a harder, even more important task will be given. This task may seem simple and below your abilities, but if you fail, well, you probably don't want to know what will happen.

Brennen Sie, und das Haus = Burn them, and the house

Warum haben Sie in die Kamera schauen? = Why did you look at the camera?

Na ja?! = Well?!

Ich weiß es nicht = I don't know

Ich bin enttäuscht von Ihnen. Wischen Sie sie, dann legte sie zurück in cryo = I am disappointed in you. Wipe her, then put her back in cryo

Wunsch, Stärke, Turm, Zweck, achtzig-acht, neun, Krieg, gefroren, zwei, erfasst = wish, strength, tower, purpose, eighty-eight, nine, war, frozen, two, captured

Assassine? = Assassin?

Bereit zu erfüllen = Ready to comply

There's chapter 33! Sorry it took so long, I started school about three weeks ago and I'm still figuring out my writing schedule! This one was longer then normal to make up for it! If you have any requests, ideas, or comments, just PM me or comment them down below! Thank's for reading!
Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Loki, J.A.R.V.I.S., or Bucky, they are owned by Marvel. I also don't own the lyrics to the song used.
Soulmates, soulmarks, terms that you have forgotten over the course of almost a year and a half. You had been on various, destructive missions for the past 7 months. Assassinating people, causing disturbances, that kind of thing. You had been doing well at keeping your assistance in the matters a secret. The last news report on anything involving you had been the house fire. The Avengers were getting radio silence from anything about you. Loki was growing more restless, disappearing for days at a time, but always coming back. Clint didn't talk to people, he kept out his hearing aids, and the only way to communicate with him was through sign language. Steve was doing pretty well, or so it seemed. Bucky was doing a lot better, he would actively talk to people, and joke around with Sam, and Clint. He did have the very rare bad day, and when they were bad, they were bad. Tony was spending his days in the lab, trying to find a way to track (Y/N) and Loki's scepter. He also went away for 2 to 3 weeks at a time to work on converting one of his Dad's old storage units into living and working quarters for the Avengers, seeing as the Tower was getting cramped. He came out to get coffee, or maybe to have a short conversation with Bruce about something. Thor, Sam, Natasha and Bruce were the peacekeepers, making sure fights didn't break out, or taking people out when they began to get cabin fever, if they didn't go out themselves. Hope was wearing thin, but luckily, though no one knew, things were going to get better.

Flashback

December 18th, it had been officially a year since your disappearance. Even though Christmas was a week away, the atmosphere of the Tower was anything but merry. Sure, there were Christmas decorations adding pops of color to the rooms, and the smell of freshly baked cookies was traveling through the tower, but it wasn't improving the mood.

Steve was in the kitchen, stress baking. So far today he had made 2 dozen gingerbread cookies, a yule log, 2 dozen snickerdoodles, and he was currently working on decorating 3 dozen sugar cookies. Steve pauses in his decorating to take a breather, he looks around, his eyes widening at the realization of how much he had baked. Steve places the icing down, sighs, and then places his head in his hands, where was Bucky when he need him?

Bucky, who was usually stuck to Steve's side, showering him with affection whenever he could, was in the library on Loki's floor, reading Grapes of Wrath. This day didn't seem any different to him than any other day. Sure, a year ago he remembers seeing you strapped to a chair. He remembers holding eye contact, and he remembers your screams. He knew that you were a good person, from the way Steve, Clint, Loki and the others talked about you anyway. Always putting others first, accepting people's differences, you sounded like a female version of Steve. Bucky sighs and returns his attention to his book, not aware that his boyfriend was in desperate need of him at the moment.

Clint was playing with all the animals in the playroom, trying not to replay the voice mail of his sister for the 20 something time that day. Max, Storm, Peggy, and Gunnar run to retrieve the ball Clint had just thrown. Clint looks down next to him, his phone is sitting there, tempting him. Clint sighs, giving into the temptation, he picks up his phone and unlocks it. He hits the voicemail app and hits the one voicemail he has saved, it starts playing;

"Hey Clint, it's (Y/N). Loki probably already told you I'm on a mission, so, here it goes. I'm in a
base in Adutiškis, Lithuania, and I'm am currently in an office, hiding. Brock Rumlow and I came here on a mission from Fury to find some info and there are about 12 other guys in S.H.I.E.L.D. gear. But I don't think they're with us, when they saw me, the raised their icers and started to shoot at me. I am outnumbered by 11, and I know I'm probably not going to make it out of this, so I have a few things I want to say to you and the others, because I know you'll let them hear this. So, um, Clint, you're the best big brother I could've ever asked for, you've been there for me since day one and you've never wavered. Nat, you are one of my best friends and I don't know what I'd do without you, you and Clint are perfect for each other, and I hope you find another good friend to share jokes in Russian with. Steve, you're basically my other big brother, except nicer. Just kidding Clint, but seriously, you're always there for me when I need you and you know just what to say or do to make the pain stop. You were a big help these past two months. Tony, you are the bane of my existence, but, you make life fun, and it's always nice to have someone to tease, and play pranks on, you're like my other big brother, you might be even more protective than Clint, which is saying something. You always know how to make me smile when I need it, I'll miss that. Thor, you are always happy and willing to do whatever with me, even if I want to do your hair or something. You are just a ray of happiness and I don't know what I'd do without your booming laugh. Bruce, you're always there to patch up whatever wounds that need help. You've always been quiet, but it's nice to have someone who will always listen or just do something relaxing with you. Loki, I, uh," you stop talking to cough and sniffle, "I don't have words to describe what you've done for me in the past year. You're always there for me, no matter what, and I was lost when you died. I, um, I can't really describe how you make me feel, but I guess these three words describe it, I love you, and I always will. I love all of you, you're that good family I never had, a mismatched group of superheroes with so many problems and yet we manage to coexist." You pause for a few seconds, probably gathering yourself, then you continue, "This is probably it, so I love you all, and..." Faint gunshots come interrupt you, "Guys, I'll miss..." You are cut off and Clint hears a faint thump, you were out. Footsteps come on next, then a faint new voice comes over the voicemail, "Is she knocked out?" A new voice answers, "Yes, sir!" "Good, search her for a tracker, Stark probably has one somewhere, oh, and take out that comlink." There is a rustle of movement then a crackling noise, then silence.

Clint turns his phone off, placing it back on the floor next to him. His reaction to the voicemail never changes no matter how many times he hears it. Clint wipes a single tear that had fallen out of his eye. Max walks over and noses his face. Clint smiles sadly and brings the bloodhound in for a hug, sometimes the only thing he could do was cope.

Sam was in the living room watching The Grand Budapest Hotel, though he wasn't really paying attention. Like Bucky, this day didn't mean as much to him as the others. But unlike Bucky, he hadn't met you, sure he knew about you from the news and the other Avengers, but you weren't a huge part of his life. He looked over to the kitchen, noticing that the comforting noises had stopped, "Steve?"

"Yeah?" comes the reply.

"You okay in there?"

"Yeah," there was a slight pause, "Want some cookies?"

"Sure man, I'll come get 'em," Sam gets up from the couch, pausing the movie. His troubles forgotten for the moment.

Tony was working away on his Iron Man suits, updating them, fixing them, and polishing them, even though there was nothing to improve.

"J?"
"Yes, sir?"

"Play some AC/DC would you?"

"Right away sir, any specific song?"

"Surprise me," Tony sets his polishing rag down, then he looks over the chest piece. Spotless.

Living easy, living free
Season ticket on a one-way ride
Asking nothing, leave me be
Taking everything in my stride
Don't need reason, don't need rhyme
Ain't nothing I would rather do
Going down, party time
My friends are gonna be there too

Tony taps his foot along to the music, moving his attention to a hand piece that had been malfunctioning.

Natasha was sparring with Thor in the gym, both of them taking out their frustration, regret, and sadness in punches. Thor flips Natasha over, but lets his guard down too soon. Nat wraps her legs around his neck, throwing off his balance. She uses her newly gained momentum and Thor's off balance weight to land him on the floor next to her.

"Well done, Natasha! It seems you have bested me yet again," Thor pulls himself up into a sitting position.

"Again?" Nat asks, sitting up as well, not even acknowledging Thor's praise.

"We have been doing this for a few hours, would it not be best to rest?" Thor suggest, looking over to Natasha.

"I still wanna keep going, you're free to go," Natasha stands up and walks over to the bench, wiping off her face with a towel and grabbing a bottle of water.

"I shall stay and keep you company," Thor decides, standing up and joining Nat at the bench.

"Alright," Natasha finishes off her bottle and sets in on the bench, "Let's go again."

Bruce was in his lab, critiquing a design for a replacement of Bucky's arm that Tony had given him, making minor adjustments here and there. Bucky hadn't given any sign that he wanted a new arm, but Tony kept on giving new designs to Bruce for him the critique. Bruce was happy to do the work, it kept his mind off of other things. The mood in the tower seemed to be getting worse each day. Everyone was interacting less and less. He missed the friendly atmosphere of the tower, people always talking, someone always willing to start a conversation. He wanted to do something about it, but it seemed that nothing could be done about it, not for the time being at least.

Loki was sitting on the roof, staring at the afternoon sky, the cold not bothering him. He was fiddling with the engagement ring, the small trinket giving him some comfort, even though you had never touched it before, or even seen it, at least when you, were actually you. He was contemplating many things, life, death, and if it was worth it to just jump and end it. Loki knew it would be stupid to just jump, he had been alive for millennia, and ending it all by jumping seemed unsavory, and ill-advised. There was so much more instore for him, and he was aware of that. Loki stands up, and steps forward to the edge, looking down. Not today, he decided, especially not this
day. It would be a disgrace to you, and the Avengers did not need another tragedy for this day. Loki steps back and turns around, looking around him and remembering the memories he had made with you. They had their first date here, their first fight, as well as many other things. It would also be a disgrace to jump from here, it would tarnish all the good memories. Loki turns back around and sits down, eyes on the mid-winter skyline of New York City once again.

P.O.V. Switch

Dark, and cold, those were the only two things you knew at the moment. This day was nothing special in your mind. But then again, your mind was a blank slate, waiting to be filled with information.

Time Skip: 4 Months, 13 Days

You had just finished a successful mission in Russia. Someone had refused to help rebuild Hydra, and you had to kill her and her family. The mission was short, only 5 hours, and it didn't take much effort. The family had been out for lunch and four strategically placed shots later, the lunch had ended abruptly.

After the mission you were escorted to a nearby base in Sokovia. The base had been up and running for about a year, or so you were told, and apparently they were housing two other enhanced. They were twins, the girl had various mental abilities, such as telekinesis, while the boy had superhuman speed. The base was also housing Loki's scepter, whoever that was.

You were presently under the base, put away in a hidden room within a hidden room. They were planning on wiping you again, as they did after every mission without fail. There was something different about this time though, they had put you in the chair, and they were about to start, when another man ran into the room and said, "Sie alle verlassen, aber lassen Sie sie hier.

Everyone looked at each other and then they scurried out of the room leaving you strapped to the chair, waiting patiently. You wonder briefly why they had left so suddenly, but you don't contemplate the thought for very long. Your mind goes blank, processing things, but not thinking about what you were processing. It was quite peaceful, you didn't get to do this much. You close your eyes and lean your head back, maybe you could get some none forced sleep for once.

P.O.V. Switch

The Avengers are strewn around the perimeter of a Hydra Research base in Sokovia. Tony and Bruce had pulled together along with some anonymous information to locate Loki's scepter. Bruce was running around as the Hulk, smashing various soldiers, and tanks. Clint, and Natasha were in a jeep, driving around and taking people out. Steve was on his bike using his shield as a weapon. Thor was flying around, taking people out from the air. Tony was trying to get into the base, but had found that Loki's scepter was creating a shield around it. Loki was teleporting here and there, taking people out with Steve one minute, trying to help out Tony the next. Bucky was sitting the mission out, he had deemed himself not ready for combat, despite not having a large break down in a few months. Sam was at the tower, staying with Bucky and making sure he didn't get himself in any trouble.

Tony passes the north tower, where JARVIS had said the power source for the shield was. A few people take fire at him, so he flies around them and swings back around taking them out, "I think the shield's down guys!" Tony moves to enter the building and runs into the not so gone shield, "Shit! Nope, not gone, scratch that."

Steve flips off his bike, taking out a row of soldiers, "Language!" He grabs a gun from one of the
fallen soldiers and takes out some of the other soldiers with it.

"Just figure it out," Clint calls, pull an arrow from his quiver and aiming at a group of soldiers. He fires and a few seconds later the arrow explodes in the center of the group.

"Is no one going to comment on the fact that Cap, who I might add, has a boyfriend who has a mouth that would make a sailor blush, just said language?" Tony questions, firing at some of the guards surrounding the north tower.

"I was not going to say anything," Loki appears in a tank heading for Thor. He slams two of the men into the walls of the tank, rendering them unconscious. He teleports out of the ship and Thor hits it with a bolt of lightning a few seconds later, causing it to explode.

"It just slipped out," Steve retorts, running to jump onto the jeep Natasha was driving.

"No offense Cap, but that's a pretty lame excuse," Nat looks back at Steve momentarily before swerving to avoid a tank, she misses and the car flips. Clint, Steve, and Nat land safely a few feet away, thanks to Loki.

"There is a large bunker about 20 yards that way, I advise one of you go take it out," Loki disappears, leaving the other three alone.

"I got it," Clint takes off towards the bunker, he gets close, but is knocked down by a blue blur, which solidifies momentarily into a 20-something boy with dirty blonde hair;

"You didn't see that coming?"

The boy speeds off before Clint can get a shot at him, and because he was so preoccupied, he didn't notice the gun on top of the bunker aim at him and fire. The bullet hits Clint and he goes down, groaning in pain.

"Clint!" Nat exclaims, running to her husband, "Clint?"

Clint coughs, "I'm good."

Natasha scoffs, "If you already weren't in so much pain, I would slap you."

Steve is fighting off soldiers when he gets knocked off of his feet by the same blue blur, "We've got an enhanced on the field."

"Yeah, we know," Natasha replies, looking around to see the bunker still up and running, "Clint's hit pretty bad, we need evac. And could someone please take care of the damn bunker?" The Hulk comes running towards the bunker, smashing through it, "Thank you."

Steve is ambushed by more soldiers, "Stark, we need that shield down, sooner rather than later."

"I'm workin' on it," Tony replies, flying closer to the north tower, "We close enough yet, JARVIS?"

"Yes, sir, there is an open path right below the tower," JARVIS replies. A few seconds later the tower is blown up and the shield becomes visible and disintegrates.

"Drawbridge is down people!" Tony calls, flying away from the now destroyed tower.

Thor lands next to Steve, helping him take out the last few soldiers, "And what of the enhanced?"
"He's a blur," Steve replies, turning to face Thor, "I've never seen anything like it, and I haven't even seen it yet."

"Guys, we need evac, Clint's hurt pretty bad," Natasha interjects through the com, "So, less chit-chat more saving."

Loki appears next to Steve, "My brother and I shall take Natasha and Clinton to the jet. You and Tony must retrieve my scepter."

Steve nods curtly, "Copy that."

Thor nods in agreement, then gestures his hammer to the lineup of tanks and soldiers, "I think they are lining up."

"Yeah, they're getting excited, can you blame them?" Steve lifts up his shield and braces himself. Thor hits his hammer against the shield, the force knocking all the soldiers and tanks down.

"Find the scepter," Thor reminds, looking at Steve before flying off. Loki nods at Steve before disappearing without a trace.

"And for gosh sake's watch your language!" Tony chides from the com.

Steve sighs, shaking his head at the ground, "That's not going away anytime soon."

"Oh just wait," Tony adds, entering the base through a large window "I'm gonna tell Frosty about it when we get back."

"Oh god," Steve looks up at the sky in annoyance, "What have I gotten myself into?"

Tony quickly takes out all of the soldiers in the room, "JARVIS send all the files to Hill would you?"

"Right away sir," JARVIS replies.

"J, they've got more right?" Tony steps out of his Iron Man suit and walks around the room, looking for a secret door, "Give me a scan of the room."

"I am detecting steel reinforcements and an air current on the wall to your left," JARVIS answers helpfully.

"Please be a secret door, please be a secret door," Tony pushes the wall in and a doorway opens, "Yay!" Tony makes his way down the stairs, keeping a hand on the wall.

Steve comes over the coms, "I've got Strucker, and there is a second enhanced, female, don't engage."

"I think I got something bigger," Tony replies in awe. He had reached the bottom of the stairs which had revealed a large room. In the room were artifacts from the Battle of New York, including one of the Chitarui whales. Tony then spots the glowing scepter in the middle of the mess, "Loki, I got your precious scepter." Suddenly the whale comes to life and passes him. Tony looks at it in a state of confused awe. He then turns his eyes back to see all the Avengers dead in front of him, including Sam and Bucky. Tony steps forward and checks Steve's pulse, when Steve grabs his hand;

"You could have saved us," Steve dies, but his voice echoes in Tony's head, "Why didn't you do
Tony turns and sees he is in the Chitarui realm, where an even bigger attack is being launched on New York. Tony then snaps back to reality, looking around confusedly. Tony stands there is silence for a few seconds before lifting his hand up. A bunch of armor comes flying and attaches itself to his hand. He was about to pick up the scepter, when he hears a crash coming from somewhere in the room, "J, do a heat scan."

"There seems to be one person in a hidden room to your right," JARVIS replies.

"A hidden room within a hidden room?" Tony mumbles, walking over to the door, "Tacky."

P.O.V. Switch

You had almost fallen into a peaceful slumber when an explosion rocked the room and the base you were in. You jerked your head up, looking around for intruders, but you see none. You stay alert, straining to hear anymore noises signaling the base was being attacked, but nothing else explodes. You relax again, leaning your head back and closing your eyes. A few minutes later, a faint voice floats through the door, it sounded male, but you couldn't make out what he was saying. You tug up on your arms, expecting to be able to stand up, but you couldn't, your arms and legs were still strapped to the chair. You clench your metal fist, concentrating your strength and then you pull up. No luck, the restraints don't budge. You knew it would take a while to melt the cuffs, but you could start, maybe giving yourself a small head start, seeing as the person most likely didn't know you were here. You concentrate your power to your metal hand, hoping the once you free that hand, it would be able to break open the other cuffs. You lean back and relax, concentrating all of your energy on melt the cuff. A few minutes later the cuff breaks and falls to a floor with a crash. The voice comes back again, this time louder, but still not clear. A few seconds later, a new voice joins the old one. You look at the door for a few seconds before returning your attention to trying to rip off the cuff on your left hand. Suddenly the door opens and a man steps in. You freeze your actions and look at the man, he wasn't a guard, or an official. He wasn't wearing the right clothes, and he definitely didn't seem like the kind of man Hydra would higher. The man stares at you with wide eyes before he speaks, not to you, probably through a com, "Guys, all of you will want to see this."

P.O.V. Switch

Tony stares at you in shock. You don't make any move to attack him, probably because three of your four limbs were secured to a wicked looking chair. There was no one around to stop him from taking you, it seemed everyone who knew you were here had died or escaped, not giving you a second thought.

"Guys," Tony says slowly, still looking at you, "All of you will want to see this."

"Where are you?" Steve's voice comes through the coms, "All of us are back on the plane, and Clint won't be able to come, his conditions are too delicate."

"In the hidden room within a hidden room," Tony replies, not realizing how confusing his instructions were, "Just ask J to show you where I am."

"Alright, we'll be there is a few minutes," Steve's voice cuts off, someone had turned off the com system, most likely Nat, she probably didn't want to worry Clint.

Tony steps closer to you, "Do you know who I am?"
You squint your eyes at him and hiss, "Warum würde mich interessieren? Sie sind unwichtig und ich gebe nicht zwei fickt über Sie."

"Look, uh, I don't speak German, at least, I think that's what language you're speaking, so, English?" Tony is now walking around your chair, inspecting it.

You sigh, and repeat yourself, "Why would I care? You're unimportant and I don't give two fucks about you."

Tony looks at you in surprise, "Since when did you get such a dirty mouth? Have you and Bucky been hanging out?"

You squint your eyes in confusion, "The Winter Soldier?"

"Sure, let's go with that," Tony stops in front of you, looking at the restraints, "How the hell do we get you out of here?"

P.O.V. Switch

You stay silent, knowing that you are only supposed to speak when spoken to. You observe the man as he walks around, looking for a way to free you. The man seemed to think high of himself, he was walking around like he knew what he was doing and that he had a purpose. But he did not look the part, he was wearing a black t-shirt and jeans. His facial hair needed trimming and his brown hair was windblown. He walks over to the various machines over in the corner and he starts to press buttons before he realizes the machines are out of power.

"Huh," he mumbles, then he looks back at you, "I guess we'll have to wait for reinforcements."

Time Skip: 10 Minutes

The man was leaning against the wall, looking at you when a new voice comes out of nowhere; "Stark? Where are you?"

The man, Stark, pushes himself off of the wall and calls back, "In here Cap!"

A new man walks into the room, looking around before his eyes land on you. He had dirty blonde hair and piercing blue eyes. He was wearing a tight dark blue suit with a white star on the chest and red and white stripes on his stomach, "Tony, is that...?"

The original man, who you had deemed as Tony replies, "Yeah, that's her."

"And she's alone?" the blue eyed man questions, his eyes not leaving you.

"Apparently," Tony nods, "But there's a slight problem."

Blue eyes looks at Tony, "And that would be?"

"Well, she's kinda stuck in that chair, and she doesn't know us, or like me, at least," Tony answers, looking at Blue eyes.

Blue eyes looks away from Tony and walks towards you, crouching down once he is close enough, "(Y/N), we're gonna get you outta here."

You lean forward as much as you can, bringing you to be a few inches from Blue eyes face, "Bite me."
Blue eyes leans back in surprise, "I, uh, call the others in here, would you?"

Tony sighs and looks towards the door, "Hey, the rest of you, get in here!"

Two more men enter to room. One of them had long dirty blonde hair, tan skin, and blue eyes. He was wearing a red cape and battle armor and carrying a hammer. The other one had long black hair, pale skin, and blue-green eyes. He was wearing green, black and gold armor with black boots.

Black hair looks at you in confusion, then shock, and finally joy, "(Y/N)?"

You frown, why do these idiots keep calling you that? Didn't they know your name was Asset 2.0? You decide to tell them just that, "That's not my name."

P.O.V. Switch

Loki's face falls and he feels his heart shatter. You didn't know yourself, which meant you didn't know him. Loki doesn't know what to do, so he stands there, staring at you and wondering what Hydra had done to you.

Tony breaks the uncomfortable silence, "Look, someone needs to break the cuffs so we can get her outta here."

Loki blinks and looks at Tony, "I'll do it," Loki steps forward and walks towards you, Steve stands and moves out of the way. Loki stops at your feet, looking down at you, "Something tells me if I let you go, you'll try to escape. Am I correct in my assumptions?"

"I can do whatever the fuck I want, bitch," you reply, leaning back and smirking at yourself.

Loki freezes and the colour drains from his face. You said them, the words, again, and you didn't even know. Loki turns, then states, "I can't," then he leaves the room. He looks around and then goes back to the stairs. He collapses on the stairs and places his head in his hands. And for the first time in a long time, Loki cries. Not single tears, but sobs. And he couldn't seem to stop.

P.O.V. Switch

Black hair scurries out of the room, leaving you, Blue eyes, Blondie, and Tony.

"What…?" Tony asks, looking at Blondie, a questioning look in his eyes.

"Those are his words," Blondie replies, looking at you sadly, "His soulmark words."

Blue eyes and Tony look at Blondie in sudden realization. The room is filled once again with an uncomfortable silence.

Blondie speaks up, "I shall go check on my brother," and with that, he turns, leaving the room as swiftly as he had come in.

Tony walks over to you and raises his right hand. You realize that it was covered in red armor. You look down at your metal arm, and you remember being told that a man in red armor had caused you to lose your arm. You shake the thought out of your mind and look back to Tony, watching as he opened the palm of his hand to reveal that there was a repulsor there. A yellow tinted ray comes out of the repulsor and hits the cuff on your left foot. A few seconds later you hear the cuff break open and the beam hits your foot for a few seconds. It stings, but you don't cry out. The beam shuts off and then a few seconds later is hitting the cuff on your right foot. After a few beats of silence, your right foot is free. You see your chance and as Tony is switch to your left arm you lurch
forward, the force of it breaking the left cuff. You hit Tony, knocking him to the ground. Blue eyes jumps towards you, pushing you off of Tony and slamming you into a wall. He keeps you pinned to the wall, you struggle, trying to get out of Blue eyes grip, but failing. You concentrate your energy to your palm and a fire ball appears in your hand. You press your hand to Blue eyes side and he grunts in pain, but doesn't move. You were so focused on Blue eyes that you didn't notice Black hair and Blondie run in. Black hair rushes over, to you and a green fog is surrounding his hand. The pain becomes unbearable for Blue eyes, so he lets go and steps away. Black hair steps in front of you. The green fog surrounds you and keeps you against the wall. Blue eyes comes back to you, and looks at you sadly and whispers, "We're gonna fix you," and then grabs your head, slamming it against the wall. Your vision fades to black and you feel yourself slide to the floor before you become completely unaware of your surroundings.

P.O.V. Switch

Steve, Tony, Thor, and Loki walk onto the jet. Loki was carrying you in his arms, looking down at you every few seconds. You looked so delicate when you were asleep, at least when you didn't pay attention to the metal arm with the Hydra logo painted in red on the back. Natasha looks up when she hears the footsteps, as does Bruce and Clint.

"What took so long?" Natasha questions, not being able to see you yet because Loki was at the back of the group.

Loki steps out from behind the others, revealing you to the remaining Avengers.

"Oh my God," Natasha whispers, staring at you in shock.

Clint takes one look at his younger sister and he moves to get up, but is reminded of the pain in his side.

Bruce stands up slowly and walks over to you, "How'd you knock her out?"

Steve answers, looking down at his feet, "Slammed her head against a wall"

"WHAT?" Clint roars, once again trying to sit up again, but failing

Thor clarifies, "She attacked Tony, and was hurting Steve, so Loki used his powers to push her against the wall and Steve had to knock her out using the most convenient way possible."

"She's going to wake up soon," Bruce decides, "Put her in a seat and strap her in."

Loki moves to a nearby wall and places you sitting upright in the seat. He takes care in strapping you in, making sure it was comfortable for you. He looks down, satisfied at his work and before he turns away, he places a kiss on your head. This was the first kind gesture that you had received in a year and a half, not that anyone knew that.

Bruce moves back to where he had been sitting earlier, "Someone will want to give her some sedatives, make sure she doesn't kill us before we get back to New York."

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 5 Hours

You blink your eyes once. Then again, adjusting to the bright light. You close your eyes for a few seconds before slowly opening them. You look around the room. It was a medical room, you knew that. It was mainly white, with a window, looking out on a city. The room was too neat and orderly to be a Hydra medical room. You move to get up, but you find your arms secured to the bed you were lying in. You huff in disappointment and go back to looking around the room. There were
various high tech medical instruments around the room. There were two chairs in the room, both unoccupied, but you could tell they had been moved from their original spots, so people had been in the room with you. The door opens suddenly opens and Blue eyes walks in, accompanied by the Winter Soldier. Flashes of memories comes to you, being in a room with Blue eyes and the Soldier, running down a busy street, shooting someone. You shake your head and go back to reality, watching the men as they walk towards the bed. Soldier leans close to Blue eyes ear and says something. Blue eyes shakes his head and says, "No, it's fine."

Blue eyes walks around the bed to sit on your right side. Soldier takes the chair from the other side and puts it next to Blue eyes. Blue eyes looks at him in confusion and Soldier says, "She'll be able to see us, it'll make her feel better."

Blue eyes nods and returns his stare to you, he sighs and then speaks, "Your name is (Y/N) (M/N) Barton."

"No, it's not," you respond, looking at Blue eyes with intensity in your eyes

"Yes it is," Blue eyes insist, "I've known you since 2012, and in all the time I've known you, your name has been (Y/N) (M/N) Barton."

"I've never seen you before," you lean forward, "So check your facts."

Blue eyes looks at Soldier for help. Soldier sighs, "Look, you were kidnapped by bad people, same people who took me, Hydra," Soldier nods towards the symbol on your hand, it wasn't a clear as you remember it being, someone had tried to scrape it off, "They took you from these people, or so I'm told. Hydra brainwashed you, took away your memories and used some science shit to turn you into an Inhuman."

You frown, that did explain why you don't remember being a kid, and why they placed you in the chair after every mission, only letting you remember key parts. But still, it wasn't true, these people, you need to kill them and leave, go find your handler and forget this ever happened, "You're wrong, Soldier."

Soldier tenses at the name, but doesn't speak. Blue eyes does, "Alright, fine, say we're wrong, but remember that we're a team," Blue eyes stands up and walks away. Soldier stays there for a few seconds, looking at you as if he was staring into your soul before he stood up and joined Steve at the door.

Steve? Where had that come from? Was that his name? Why did you remember it? And why did that line he had said, 'we're a team' sound familiar? You whisper the name, "Steve…" you say it louder and as more of a question, "Steve?"

Blue eyes, no, Steve turns and looks at you, a gleam of hope in his eyes, "Yeah?"

"Steve," you repeat, then something else pops into your head, a last name, "Steve…Rogers?"

Steve smiles at you, tears starting to collect in his eyes, "Yeah, that's me."

You nod solemnly, not remembering anything else.

Steve's smile falls and Soldier pushes him forward, saying at the same time, "Give her time, I'm surprised she even remembered…" Soldier's voice fades as he and Steve leave the room.

"Steve," you repeat, looking down at your lap. The name felt familiar, and like there was a fondness behind the name, but you weren't sure why. You would figure it out in the silence of the
pristine white room, and if you had only learned one thing, it was that you needed to familiarize yourself with your captors before you could leave, you needed to know how they acted and what they did. Once you figured that out, you could leave this room and get back to your job.

P.O.V. Switch

Loki finds himself on the roof once again. The roof of the tower had become his spot, where he went to think, and when he was up here, no one bothered him. The warm afternoon air was comforting and because of how high he was, there was a strong breeze. Tony had mentioned moving their base of operations to a new facility in Upstate New York, he said it would be bigger. Loki didn't want to leave, he liked the tower and the memories that were here. And Loki thought it would be bad for you. You need to be in a memorable environment, but if everyone moved, nothing would be familiar and that could slow your progress. Sure, you could visit the tower once everyone left, Steve took Bucky to Brooklyn all the time, but it wouldn't be the same. Loki sighs and blinks back tears that were threatening to fall out. He thought it would be easier getting you back, that you would just remember. But you had changed since that last time Loki had seen you, you remember less, he could tell. You had even said the words, not even realizing their significance. Maybe Loki could say your words, try to get you to remember, that would work. Loki turns to walk to the elevator, but then he sighs and sits down on the roof. He couldn't do it, not today.

Clint and Natasha are sitting on the couch on their floor, watching TV. Neither of them were paying the TV any attention though. Natasha sighs and turns off the TV, then she turns to look at Clint, who didn't even notice that the TV was off.

"Clint?" Natasha calls softly, moving over to lean against her husband's shoulder.

Clint snaps back to reality and looks down at Nat, "Yeah."

"Are you okay?" Natasha sits up and looks at her husband seriously.

"Yeah, Doc patched me up good," Clint answers nodding his head.

"I mean up here," Natasha taps her head for emphasis.

Clint shrugs half-heartedly, "She's back, and I'm happy, but she's not the same, she won't ever be the same (Y/N) that I grew up with. She'll be able to try, and I know she will once she gets more of herself back, but…" Clint trails off sighing.

"You want old her back," Natasha finishes, "But you know it's unrealistic."

Clint snorts and nods his head, looking at the wall, "Yeah, that about sums it up."

"Well," Natasha sighs, sitting up. "We'll have to help her along, tell her about herself, and us. Bucky only really has Steve to help him, but (Y/N), she has you, me, Loki, Steve, Tony, Bruce, and Thor. It might go faster and she might turn back into herself, you never know."

Clint nods thoughtfully, "I guess you have a point."

Nat smiles, "I always have a point."

"I guess that's true too," Clint moves to get up, but flinches, "Will you stay with me?"

"Always," Natasha replies, moving to lie her head in Clint's lap.
Clint raises his legs and puts them on the coffee table and then leans his head back, closing his eyes. Sleep was a good option at the moment, so that's what he was gonna do.

Steve and Bucky were in the kitchen. Steve was making both of them some coffee and there was a comfortable silence over both of them.

"Doll," Bucky calls, looking at Steve intently.

Steve turns at the sound of his nickname, "Yeah?"

"Relax a little," Bucky stands up and moves to stand next to stand behind Steve, wrapping his hands around his waist.

Steve sighs, leaning his head back to rest it on Bucky's shoulder, relishing in the warmth of another person, "It's just weird, you know? We spent all this time looking for her and we found her. I just thought it'd be more emotional, more...I don't know."

Bucky turns his head to nuzzle Steve's hair, "You wanted her to burst in the tower like I did and remember all of you."

Steve closes his eyes, letting out a long exhale, "I guess, I mean, it would have been easier for all of us. I mean, she remembers my name, but that's it, nothing else."

"You know what you and the others should do?" Bucky asks, unwrapping his arms and spinning Steve around so he could look him in the eyes, "Tell her stories about old her, tell her stories about you, tell her anything that you deem important. Like that fact that you hate New Jersey or tell her how we met. Have Barton tell her about their childhood, even though I've heard it was a shitty one. Have Loki tell her about all the dates they went on. Any one story or fact might lead her to remember hundreds of others."

Steve nods thoughtfully, "You're pretty smart, you know that?"

Bucky's mouth turns up slightly, and he pecks Steve's lips, "Well, one of us has to know what's going on."

Steve laughs softly, chasing Bucky's lips. He finally captures them and the kiss leisurely for a few minutes.

"Hey, what's taking you idiots so...?" Sam enters the kitchen to find Steve and Bucky making out by the coffee machine, "Really?!"

Steve and Bucky jump apart. Steve looks down at his feet, blushing. Bucky however was grinning, "Like what you see?"

Sam makes a disgusted face, "This is a public place, man you can't just decide to start making out!"

Sam spins around grumbling.

Steve looks up at Bucky, still blushing, "Oh, cut the act," Bucky huffs turning to pour them both coffee.

"What?" Steve asks defensively.

"The whole, 'I'm Captain America, I don't know what sex is' act. It's such bullshit," Bucky downs half of his coffee, wiping his mouth with his real hand.
Steve smiles accepting the coffee from Bucky, "I don't know what you're talking about," Steve walks away, taking small sips of his coffee as he goes.

"Get back here you..." Bucky runs after Steve, somehow not spilling a drop of coffee.

Thor enters your room, seeing that you are asleep. He tries to stay quiet as he places himself in one of the chairs, "Hello Lady Barton," Thor opens the book he brought with him, "I thought I might read you a book that I have seen your reading, Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone, I have yet to read it, and I believe you don't remember it, so let us begin the journey," Thor flips to the first page, clears his throat and begins to read, "'Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much.'"

Bruce is pouring over a science article when Tony enters his lab carrying Loki's scepter.

"What are you doing?" Bruce asks, looking up as Tony places the scepter on the center table.

"We can use this to get Ultron up and running," Tony replies, looking at Bruce.

"Did you ask?" Bruce inquires, walking over to stand next to Tony.

"Uh...no...but it's fine, will give it back in like, three days," Tony walks to the door, "I'm gonna go grab my notes, you start doing your thing."

Bruce sighs and looks at the scepter, they had been working on the program for months, and the scepter might be the key to creating it. Plus, who was it hurting? Loki didn't exactly need it at the moment. Bruce walks over to his file cabinet and pulls out all the notes on Ultron. If they got this right, the world wouldn't need them anymore. Tony could focus more on Stark Industries. Steve and Bucky could get married and live in Brooklyn. Clint and Natasha could move into their farmhouse, and have kids without fear of them being used as blackmail. Thor could go home and rule Asgard. You could get better and you and Loki could go to Asgard or stay on Earth. And he could do anything, help Tony, make his own company. If Ultron worked, the possibilities, were endless. Bruce closed the file cabinet and walks back to the scepter. He and Tony had to succeed, even if it was the last thing they did.

Chapter End Notes

Sie alle verlassen, aber lassen Sie sie hier = All of you leave, but leave her here

There's chapter 34! Yay! (Y/N)'s finally back! I hope y'all are satisfied with how everything went down. And I'm sorry this took so long! If you'll notice this one is longer. Anyway, I belive that is all for now!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Avengers, Loki, Bucky, or JARVIS, they are owned by Marvel. The only character I own is (Y/N). I also don't own any of the lyrics used in this song (Highway to Hell By AC/DC).
Soulmates and soulmarks. These words meant nothing to you for months, but suddenly, with your return to the Avengers, they are becoming a newly found, very important part of your vocabulary once again. While the other Avengers were recovering from saving the world once again, you were trying to make sense of this new world, and the new facility you had been moved to. The Avengers hadn't noticed any change in your condition, you were silent most of the time, and you slept a lot. And you hadn't had any nightmares yet, which Bucky found strange, but he knew that meant you weren't remembering anything yet, which wasn't good. Hydra might have wiped you too much and your memories might be buried too deep to remember them. Bucky hadn't mentioned his hypothesis yet, but if this went on much longer, he would tell them, just to save the Avengers heartbreak. But he was determined to help you, he wasn't sure why, but it felt like the right thing to do.

You are sitting in a chair in your room. They had moved you to a new facility about 4 days ago. The new building was larger, but you had only seen a small portion of it. The people had put you in this room and you hadn't been out since then. This room was bigger than the last one and now you weren't strapped to the bed. This room looked like a bedroom, expect it had concrete walls. There was a large floor length window made out of bulletproof glass on one side of the room. There was a large king size bed in the middle of the room with brown and white sheets. There was a desk with some paper and writing utensils pushed off to a corner of the room. There were two chairs in the room, ones that you would expect to find in a living room. The last thing in the room was a bookshelf, you had scanned the bookshelf a few times since you had come here, but you hadn't taken any books off of the shelf. The books seemed to range in age, some of them, like one titled The Hobbit, seemed to be falling apart with age, while others, like one, titled, The Giver, seemed to be falling apart because of how well loved the book was.

Since the day you got here, you have been doing one of a few things, eating the food they slide through a slot, sleeping, showering (you hadn't had a good shower in god knows how long), or thinking. No one had come to visit you, at least not when you were awake. You couldn't leave the room, the door was locked and couldn't be opened with force (you had tried) and the window couldn't be broken (that's how you figured out it was bulletproof)

Today was no different from all the other days, you were curled in your chair, the one facing the door, and thinking about one of your favorite topics, how you would get out of here and kill everyone in the building. You were imagining lighting Black hair on fire and watching him burn
when the door opens. You jump up and reach for, nothing, they had taken your gun, so you go with
the next best option, making a fireball. You concentrate and a fireball appears in your hand.
Someone walks through the door, it was a new person you had not encountered yet. He had short,
messy, light brown hair, sparkling blue eyes, and a hint of scruff. He was wearing a purple t-shirt,
black joggers, and no shoes. The man's eyes widen when he sees the fireball in your hand. He
raises his hands in the air, showing he meant no harm. You narrow your eyes and scowl at the man
before reluctantly extinguishing the flame.

The man sighs and then proceeds to sign something with his hands. You frown at him. What in the
world was he doing? The man realizes his mistake and then reaches up to his ear. You notice that
he had hearing aids, he must have had them off, "I'm Clint."

You sit back down with a huff, "That's nice, I don't particularly care."

The man, Clint, walks over and sits across from you, "Do you remember me?"

"Nope," you reply, staring at him, confused as to why he was sitting down.

Clint sighs, "Do you know who you are?"

You think for a few seconds. You had been told your name was (Y/N) Barton, but you only recall
being called Asset, "I have been informed by Steve that my name is (Y/N) Barton."

"Steve, you remember him?" Clint questions, leaning forward in interest.

"I know his name is Steve Rogers," you mumble, bringing your knees up to your chest and hugging
them.

"Well," Clint runs his hand through his already messy hair, "That's a start," you both sit in silence
for a few minutes before Clint speaks again, "What do you know about (Y/N) Barton?"

"That it's apparently my name," you snap, couldn't this guy just leave you alone.

Clint continues, not fazed by your sudden change in temperament, "Something that's not obvious."

"I'm 25," you answer. You blink, where had that come from?

Clint seems shocked by your answer as well, "Um, you're actually 26, but hey, progress right?"

You narrow your eyes, "Progress?"

"In your memory," Clint replies, leaning back in the chair, crossing his legs.

"My memory is fine," you retort, releasing your knees and letting them fall off the chair.

"Okay, when's your birthday?" Clint questions, leaning forward.

"I…I don't know," you sink deeper into your chair, suddenly feeling ashamed.

Clint nods, not surprised, "August 17th."

"What?" you ask, cocking your head slightly.

"Your birthday, the day you were born, August 17th, 1988," Clint repeats, he leans back in his
chair, "I was 2 the day you were born. I don't really remember that much, but I think mom was in
the kitchen making me and Barney lunch when she went into labor. Dad was at work, so Barney,
being the savior of the day, called him and told him. Dad came home and then we all went to the hospital. At 9:52 pm, you came into the world."

You stay silent, processing the information, "So…you're my…brother?"

Clint nods, smiling slightly, "Clinton Francis Barton at your service."

You nod, biting your lip, "And Barney?"

Clint sighs, his smiling disappearing, "He was our older brother, he died about 4 years ago. He would be 32 if he was still alive."

"What about our…parents?" you question, on some level, you were intrigued about this supposed past.

"They died in a car crash when you were 4," Clint answers, nodding, "We got put in the foster system and we spend 6 years in the system until we ran away and joined the circus. That lasted until you were 18 and then we left and traveled around a bit until you were 20, then we joined S.H.I.E.L.D."

S.H.I.E.L.D., that name was familiar, but only vaguely so, "What's S.H.I. .?"

Clint frowns, "Oh, uh, it stands for something really long and stupid, but basically it's an espionage, law enforcement, and counter-terrorism agency. We were field agents before we joined the Avengers."

"The Avengers," you repeat, scrunching your eyebrows together, "Is that who's captured me?"

"Captured?" Clint asks, confused, "You're not captured, we rescued you from Hydra. They were brainwashing you into killing people and helping them."

You shake your head, "No, they were, helping me," you sound unsure of yourself, "Right?"

"No," Clint replies, frowning, "They're bad people. They killed millions and caused at least one apocalyptic-like event." That didn't sound completely right, but it didn't sound wrong either. After being out of your handlers care for so long, you are realizing some of the things they did weren't for your benefit, such as the constant wiping and cryofreeze that seemed more beneficial to them, "Look," Clint announces, standing up, "I'll let you process all of this. If you need anything, just ask JAR…Friday."

"Who's Friday?" you question, looking around for someone in the room.

"Hello, Agent Barton," a voice with a heavy Irish accent calls.

You jump up from the chair, "What the fuck?"

"Don't mind her," Clint's voice comes from right by your ear. It startles you, so you spin around and push him against the nearest wall, your metal arm on his throat, "(Y/N)," he chokes out.

You don't stop, your mind has gone into kill mode, and there was no one in the room to stop you from killing him. Suddenly the door is thrown open and Soldier steps in. He looks around until he sees you choking Clint to death. He moves towards you and he rips you away from Clint, "Go," he says sternly. Clint looks at you sadly and then leaves. Soldier's eyes fall on you, "(Y/N), it's okay." You advance on the man, watching him for a few seconds before you strike. You slam your knee into his chest, surprising him. You elbow him in the face shoving him towards the wall, he
wasn't fighting back, which was strange. With one last kick in the gut, you have him against the wall, in a similar position you had Clint in, metal hand on his throat and normal arm across his chest. Soldier shoves you back and then pushes you to the wall across the room. Now he has you pressed against the wall, using all of his force to keep you there. Then, without any hesitation, he slams your head against the wall, then he lets go of you. You slide down the wall, black spots clouding your vision. You feel yourself being picked up and moved to the bed, then a garbled voice, "Friday, get Doctor Cho in here, I think I might have given her a concussion."

The black spots finally overwhelm your vision and you fall into unconsciousness.

**P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 2 Hours**

Bucky and Steve were sitting in the living area of the new facility. Bucky was sitting hunched over on the couch, arms clasped between his thighs. Steve was next to him, looking out the window at Vision and Wanda, who were playing with the dogs outside.

Bucky sighs and sits up, "I should've done something else."

Steve looks away from the window to Bucky, "Buck, there was nothing else you could've done. You didn't know how to handle sedatives and I doubt talking her down would've done anything at that point, she was too far gone."

Bucky sighs again, rubbing his face, "She's not getting any better."

Steve nods slowly, biting his lip, "It's only been a week, it's not like she'll get better overnight."

"She should've remembered more by now," Bucky answers, looking at Steve, "I mean, more names or at least a few things."

"Maybe she has," Steve shrugs, "She might just still be apprehensive about us. I mean, in a way, we did kind of kidnap her."

"I guess it could look like that," Bucky leans over and rests his head on Steve's shoulder, "What was Clint even doing in there?"

Steve turns his head slightly to look at his boyfriend, "I suggested that he should go talk to her about their childhood."

"Is that what made her angry?" Bucky questions.

"I don't know, you'd have to ask Clint," Steve replies, "But then, I guess you'd have to find him."

Clint had run off after the incident and no one was sure where he was. Natasha was currently looking for him on the grounds, she thought he might have found a tree or something to climb into.

"Yeah," Bucky answers. They fall into a comfortable silence, enjoying each other's company. They had been doing that a lot recently. Bucky was coming out of his shell at a faster pace, which was great, they could do more now. Going on day trips to Brooklyn seemed to be one of Bucky's favorite things at the moment, he liked seeing how much it had changed, "We should get Loki to talk to her."

Steve scoffs, "How? He's not really open to human interaction at the moment. When Thor went to invite him to eat dinner with us, he almost got his arm taken off."

"He needs to talk to her," Bucky replies firmly, "I think that's part of why she isn't doing as good as
she could be, if that makes sense," Steve nods, so Bucky continues, "You were there for me when I came here and basically didn't leave me alone until I remembered enough to make you satisfied, and you being there helped. I think Loki being there for (Y/N) would help her. And Clint being there too, I mean, he probably knows the most about her."

Steve nods, "So, operation get Loki to talk to (Y/N) is a go?"

Bucky lifts his head up, "Think of a better name and then it's a go"

"What's wrong with the name?" Steve looks at Bucky like he's truly offended.

"Everything," Bucky replies, standing up, "I'll rally the forces, you think of a better name."

Bucky walks off to locate the others, despite Steve's calls of "Not fair!"

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 45 Minutes

You were watching yourself driving a motorcycle through a crowded road in a city. You had been in that city before, but it looked somehow different. The shadows seemed more ominous like they were trying to reach out and suck you into the depths. The world seemed to lack color, everything was gray, except for anything red, red cars, red hair, red shirts. They stood out like a beacon in the dark.

Suddenly, Blondie lands in front of fake you, who tries to swerve around him. This proves unsuccessful, Blondie grabs the bike trying to pull them off. They jump off the bike, roll a few feet, and then sprint to the sidewalk. Blondie follows after them and Black hair appears in front of them. They try to push past Black hair, but he appears to have the ability to teleport, as he appears in front of them again. Fake you conjures a fireball and launches it at Black hair. The civilians who had been standing around watching, scream and then scatter at the sight of the fire. The clothes black hair was wearing are signed, but he seems otherwise unharmed. After distracting Black hair with the fireball, they create a small, human-sized tornado to encircle him. You can see green sparks coming from within the tornado, but nothing comes through the swirling air surrounding him. Blondie, who had been watching, now steps forward trying to grab them. Fake you raises a chunk of Earth and forces it towards Blondie. The mass shoves him back a few feet, but before he could advance, they punch him in the face with their metal arm.

Suddenly, a new group of people runs towards fake you. You only recognize two of them, Clint, and Tony, the others are new. One has bright red hair, one has curly gray and black hair, and one was African American.

You look back at fake you and the panic in their eyes is obviously growing. They look around for a few seconds before locating something that pleased them. They reach into the crowd of fleeing patrons and come out with a little girl, no more than 5. She has bright red hair and has tears streaming down her face. Her mouth is open like she's screaming, but no sound comes out. That's when you realize everything had gone silent. The background city noise had stopped, and there was no screaming or talking.

Fake you pulls a gun out of their jacket and points it to the girls head. Then a conversation begins, probably bargaining for the girl's life. They all seem to come to an agreement because fake you moves to release the girl, but then the sound comes back and a shot rings out. Fake you turns and runs and the girl falls to the sidewalk.

You don't follow fake you, instead, you move to see the little girl clearly. You are at the front of the crowd, the girl is lying on the sidewalk, her red hair matted with blood, which was also on the
sidewalk. Her eyes were wide in shock. The girl's mother is crouching by her, holding her close and sobbing. You turn to look at the others who were chasing fake you and you see that all of them were shocked. You look back to the girl, the blood puddle was growing, more red coming into view. You collapse on the sidewalk next to the girl.

Had you done that? Why? What had those people done to you?

You wake up, gasping for breath. You sit up and look around, you were back in the plain bedroom. You looked down at your hands, expecting to see them drenched in blood, but they were the same. One scared flesh hand, one metal hand. Had you been the one to kill the girl or was this just a figment of your imagination? Friday, you think all of the sudden, she would know. Despite your earlier hesitance towards the bodiless voice, you need answers, "Friday?"

The voice comes on, "Yes Agent Barton?"

"Did I ever kill a little girl with red hair?" you question, still trying to catch your breath, so your answer came out in gasps.

The voice comes on a few seconds later, "Yes, a girl named Fiona O'Bryan, age 5, was shot and killed by the mercenary deemed Assassin by the public, in New York City months ago."

Your breath hitches and then you start sobbing. One-half of you was screaming, why are you crying? This is your job! You kill people! No matter the consequences! While the other half was screaming, you monster! You killed an innocent girl just to save yourself! You deserve to be killed, or better yet, do it yourself to stop the pain!

That last voice was right, you had been captured and found out that your whole life was a lie, who knew how many people, children, families that you had killed. It seemed that you didn't even have a reason to be alive, there was nothing for you, just these people, who you didn't even remember. You were also just tried, after who knows how long you had been killing people, you were tired, and you need a break and you couldn't see any way out other than death. You knew that your captors wouldn't kill you, they liked you too much to even consider it. You would have to do it yourself. You get out of your bed and ignore the pounding in your head. You look around wildly, searching for anything sharp. There was a mirror in the bathroom, you could break that. You walk over to the bathroom, to be greeted by a door that was shut and locked, "FRIDAY," you roar, pounding on the door, "UNLOCK THE FUCKING DOOR!"

"I'm afraid I can't" Friday replies, "I have strict orders from Mr. Stark that if you seem to be having symptoms of suicidal thoughts or actions, I am to secure anything that you could injure yourself on. I was also told to inform the others if this happens, so be expecting company."

Right on cue, the door bursts open and Solider, an all red man, and Blondie burst in the room. You lean against the door and slide down, still sobbing for unknown reasons, "Just kill me already," you whisper, looking at the men, "Just end it."

P.O.V. Switch and 30 Minutes Earlier

Bucky had brought all of the Avengers to the living room, minus Loki of course. All of them were sitting around the room, talking to each other and wondering why they were there.

"Guys," Steve calls, trying to gain everyone attention. It seems to work because all conversation dies down and all eyes turn to face him, "So, Bucky and I were talking earlier and he made a suggestion."
"And that would be?" Tony questions, waving his hands in a go on gesture.

Steve looks to Bucky, "We need to get Loki to talk to (Y/N)."

Wanda looks up from Storm, who she had been petting, "Who is this (Y/N)?"

Vision answers for Steve, knowing that for obvious reasons they had not introduced Wanda to (Y/N), "(Y/N) is an old Avenger. She was captured by Hydra about a year ago and she was rescued right before Ultron was released on the world. She was known as the Asset among Hydra agents and deemed Assassin by the public. She was given the power to control the elements and was born with the ability to self-heal."

Wanda nods, "I think I heard some of them speaking of her."

Natasha is the next to speak, "I think that's a great idea, but just one question, how do you propose we do that?"

Steve clears his throat, "Well, that's why you're all here."

"Great," Clint sits up, "Anybody have any ideas?" No one answers him, "Well, there you go. Loki's not going to talk to my sister until he wants to."

Steve looks at Thor, "You don't have any ideas?"

"Sorry, Captain," Thor answers shaking his head, "My brother won't do anything that he doesn't want to do, and at the moment, he does not want to talk to Lady (Y/N)."

"Great," Bucky huffs, sitting down on a bar stool, "Seriously, you guys don't have any ideas on how to get that son of a bitch to talk to his fucking soulmate?"

"Watch your language Barnes," Tony chides, shaking a finger at him, "Your Captain doesn't appreciate that kind of talk."

Bucky scoffs, "You should hear him when we…"

Steve interrupts him, his face turning a bright shade of red, "But seriously, what should we do? Loki might be our only hope for getting her memory back."

"Steve's right," Natasha stands, walking over to the kitchen, "Who knows what she doesn't tell us? She obviously doesn't trust any of us, I mean, we did kind of kidnap her."

"I have a great idea," Sam declares, "We ask Loki to visit her."

"Sam does have a point," Vision agrees, "One of us may be able to convince him."

"Any volunteers?" Clint inquires, looking around at his fellow Avengers. No one speaks, "Nobody? Tony? Thor?"

"I'm not doing it," Tony announces, standing up and walking away.

"I guess I shall do it," Thor answers hesitantly, "But one of you needs to join me!"

"I'll help," Bucky stands up, despite the look Steve was giving him, "Knock it off Stevie, I'll be fine."

Steve grumbles something inaudible but nods his head slowly in frustrated agreement.
"I shall accompany the both of you," Vision walks over to Thor and Bucky, "If things do go downhill, I will be able to protect Sargent Barnes and Master Thor from Master Loki."

Steve seems to relax at the statement, "Alright, just, please try not to make him angry. We do not need another birthday incident."

"Are you referring to what happened on Agent Barton's last birthday?" Vision inquires, looking at Steve for confirmation.

Steve nods, "Yeah, we do not need that to happen again."

"We shall try our best!" Thor declares, walking to the door that leads to the living quarters, Vision following him, "Now, let us go, my companions, and try to convince my brother to talk to his beloved."

Bucky shoots Steve a look that reads, "oh God what have I gotten myself into," before he trails after Thor and Vision, clearly regretting volunteering.

Natasha starts to laugh once the others are out of earshot, "Damn, I feel bad for Barnes, he's in over his head."

Clint nods in agreement, "I almost feel bad for Loki, he's being bombarded by his brother, the brains, and the muscle."

"Loki does not like people much, does he?" Wanda inquires, moving to sit next to Steve on the couch.

"He used to be okay, but it just kind of went downhill after (Y/N) left," Steve answers, looking at the younger woman sitting next to him, "I think (Y/N) will like you once she gets better, don't you think Tasha?"

"Yeah," Nat nods her head, standing up, "I'm going to go watch a movie, anyone wanna join?"

"I will," Sam stands up, "But this time, let's watch an actually good movie, not another rom-com."

Natasha and Sam walk away to the theater, "You loved Sleeping with Other People, don't lie."

Sam and Natasha's bickering fades as they walk further away.

Steve's attention turns back to Wanda, "You'll like (Y/N) too, she's a generally kind person, her mindset at the moment is just kind of messed up."

Wanda nods, "I'll take your word for it," they sit in silence for a few seconds before Wanda asks another question, "So Loki became hostile just because (Y/N) disappeared?"

"Yes and no," Clint answers, patting the couch so Max would come up on the couch, "Loki was gone for about a month right before (Y/N) got taken. He showed up a week before everything went to shit. I think part of it is that he was gone and didn't get to spend time with her and then she got taken."

Steve was about to add something when Friday comes on, "I have been programmed by Mr. Stark to inform all of you if Agent Barton is having any signs of suicidal thoughts or actions, and I regret to inform you that both of the following are happening right now."

Steve and Clint stare at each other in shock before jumping up and sprinting to your temporary
P.O.V. Switch

Loki is sitting alone in his room, reading one of his books and drinking some Midgardian whiskey, while Onyx is sleeping on his lap. The silence is interrupted by Friday, making an announcement;

"I have been programmed by Mr. Stark to inform all of you if Agent Barton is having any signs of suicidal thoughts or actions, and I regret to inform you that both of the following are happening right now."

Loki sits on his bed in shock for a few seconds before standing up quickly, knocking Onyx to the floor. He places the book face down on the bed and albeit drops the glass on his nightstand. Onyx meows in displeasure before hopping back up on the bed. Loki ignores his cat and rushes to the door, which has been closed for the past 4 days, he had not even left for food. If he got hungry, he just teleported to the kitchen quickly, grabbing what he needed, then disappearing once again. He pulls the door open and looks up and down the hall. He steps out and starts sprinting down the hallway when he realizes that he had no idea where they had put you. He slows down and then looks at the ceiling, "Friday, where is (Y/N)?"

"Keep going down this hallway, make a right, then it's the 5th door on the left," the AI answers.

Loki nods, then he begins sprinting again. The hallway forks less than a minute later, he turns right and counts doors, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5." Loki stops at the open door and peers inside.

P.O.V. Switch

Soldier, Red guy, and Blondie walk into the room, watching you carefully. You don't do anything other than sob and every once and a while whisper, "Please, just end it."

Soldier is the first to unfreeze, he turns to Blondie and Red guy, "Can one of you make sure anything in this room, no, everything in this base that could be used in a bad way be secured?"

"Sargent Barnes, I do believe you aren't the most stable person to be…" Red guy starts, looking over at you.

"Look, I know you haven't known me that long, but trust me, I know what I'm doing," Soldier turns and walks over to you. Blondie and Red guy look at each other before walking out of the room, "(Y/N), you can talk to me. I get that you don't trust any of us and that all of us could kill you, but trust me, I've been here, more than once, and talking helps."

You let out a sob, "I…there's just nothing to live for…I'm…I'm tired…and all those…people…"

"What do you mean?" Soldier asks, he sits on the floor across from you.

"I've…I've killed people…like…like that one girl…she was 5! And I murdered her out of cold blood!" you scream, tears streaming down your face.

Soldier stays silent for a few seconds, "Nightmare?"

"It…it was real…I did that! I…I asked Friday…and…I killed her…who knows…how many other…people are dead…because of me…" you let out a weak sob and then you let your head fall on your knees, "I…don't deserve to be alive…just…kill me…or give me a gun…please."

"I've killed a lot of people too," Soldier sighs, "The first one your remember it always the worst,
and it always hurts when it's kid, and some days are worse than others, but you can get through it.
When I first realized all of the crap that you're realizing, I tried to ignore it, but then one day it just
broke and I almost jumped off a building, but then I realized I had someone pulling for me, I didn't
know who at the time, but I just felt it. I knew I couldn't do it because it would hurt that one person
so much. You just have to find that person, or just a small reason, like who's gonna read all those
books on the shelf over there is you don't. You just need something to fight for, to keep you going."

You look up from your knees sniffling, "I don't have anything."

Suddenly, two people slide into the room. One was Steve, one was Clint. Soldier looks at them,
then he turns back to you, "What about them?"

You shake your head, "Don't care enough about either of them, they're just people."

Soldier nods, "I get it," Soldier stands up, "I'm going to go grab someone, you stay here with them."

Soldier walks away and Steve and Clint come over and sit across from you, as Soldier had been
doing, "Hey sis," Clint says cheerfully, though you could still hear the pitying tone underneath,
"You want something?"

You laugh weakly, "A weapon? That'd be great."

Steve looks at you sadly, he wasn't as good as hiding his emotions, "(Y/N)...please, don't joke
about it."

You snort, a few tears streaming down your tear-stained cheek, "I'm serious, you asked, I answered.
I'm not joking."

Soldier enters the room with Black hair. Black hair looked a little worse for wear. He had a somber
expression on his face, and his eyes were dull and empty, unlike the usual mischievous twinkle that
you remember. You snort, great time to remember a tiny detail. Black hair's hair was poufy and
Soldier was handing him a hair tie to pull it back. He was wearing regular clothes, which was
strange compared to the last time you had seen him in the fancy armor of his. Black hair pulls his
hair back and then walks over to the ever growing group of people around you. He does something
different, though, instead of being cautious and sitting across from you, Black hair sits next to you,
back against the bathroom door, legs spread out, and his bare feet almost touching Clint. He sighs
and then looks at you, "Love, I know you don't know me, and frankly, I assume you want to kill
me, but, at this moment, I won't force you to talk, or to not do anything, I'm here for you, even if
you don't want me to be."

The room falls into silence, the only thing interrupting it is your sniffles. This man was different
than the others, for some reason, he seemed to know what you wanted. You didn't want to hear
people trying to stop you, you wanted someone to just say they were there and that was it. No fuss,
and somehow, this man, who you don't remember, seemed to know that, and you appreciated it.
Three people enter the room, Tony, an African American, and one with red hair. When she enters
your breath hitches and you start sobbing again.

Black hair makes a displeased noise, "Love, what's wrong?"

"Red," you manage to say.

Soldier speaks, "Natasha, you gotta leave."

Red hair, no Natasha looks confused, "Why?"
"I'm not sure, but something with red hair, you have to leave, or you're gonna make it worse," Soldier explains, leading her out.

Your sobbing dies down and you realize how tired you are. But you don't want to fall asleep, you could remember more, you could realize you killed thousands of kids. Instead, you let go of your knees and stretch out your legs and silence reclaims the room.

A few minutes later, you feel yourself nodding off, you lean your head towards Black hair, but then your jerk up. Steve looks at you, "You can sleep, and we're here if anything happens."

You shake your head. Soldier enters the room again, "She doesn't want to," he explains, "She's afraid of more nightmares. Luckily, I thought ahead." Soldier walks over and opens his real palm, inside sat one white pill, "I went to Doctor Cho and asked her for this. It makes sure you have a dreamless sleep. I've had them before, so you can trust me when I say they actually work.

You take the pill and inspect it, normally you would make sure it wasn't poison, but at this point, you could care less. You put it in your mouth and dry swallow it. You lean back against the door and close your eyes. You feel someone picking you up and they move you to the bed. Your awareness then slowly fades and soon you fall into a dreamless ensured sleep.

P.O.V. Switch

The Avengers stay silent until they are sure you've fallen asleep. Clint leaves the room, muttering something about filling Tasha in. Sam leaves a few minutes after, announcing that he was gonna go make all of them some drinks because they deserved them, and Tony follows, saying that he has to make sure Birdbrains makes them right. That leaves Bucky, Steve and Loki alone in the room.

Loki moves the desk chair next to your bed and plants himself in it, observing you. Steve and Bucky sit in the other chairs in the room. No one talks until Bucky asks the question all of the Avengers had been wondering, "Where the hell have you been?"

Loki looks away from you momentarily before returning his eyes and speaking, "In my room, reading."

Bucky snorts, "Yeah, but seriously where the fuck have you been the past week?"

Loki licks his lips and considers the question, "I have been staying away.

"And why's that?" Steve questions, joining the questioning.

"Because," Loki sighs, "Because I have not been ready to face this," he nods towards your sleep forming, "I am overjoyed to have her back, yet terrified. Overjoyed because she is back and I know that no one can hurt her without going through us. Terrified because...well, because I'm afraid that I'll mess something up. It took me months to get all of you to trust me, and because she doesn't remember me, and doesn't know how I seem to change temper every minute, I might do something to make her hate me, and...I don't think I could live with that. And if I couldn't live with that, well, I would probably do something stupid and cause harm to those that I care about. And then everything would go downhill from there. One of you would be forced to kill me, and then she would have to deal with the pain, again, and it wouldn't go away until she died."

Steve and Bucky sit there is silence stunned. Steve bites his lip, "Well if it helps, I think you're doing a pretty good job."

Bucky nods in agreement, "I think you gave her what she needed, someone who just said they were there, but didn't do anything, you left her alone unless she needed something. Some people need
that kind of thing, but other people need the attention. And you know her well enough to know what she likes and doesn't like," Bucky pauses and then swallows, "And sorry to bring you down, but honestly, I think if you hadn't been here, she would be here."

Loki nods slowly, "I do believe you are correct," you reaches out and places his hand on top of yours, "I am truly sorry that I locked myself in my room. If I hadn't, we wouldn't be sitting here now."

"Well, you're here now," Steve replies, looking at your sleeping form, "And I think that's all that matters."

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter 35! Sorry, it took so long to write! And I hope this wasn't too dark and that none of you think I'm psychotic *nervous laughter* Anyway, as always if you guys have any requests just send 'em to me! That's all for now!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters used expect (Y/N) the rest belong to Marvel.
Soulmates. This single word started you on a journey 3 years ago with a god named Loki and a group of superheroes called the Avengers. Fast-forward 3 years and now you have been through unimaginable trauma and torture. The Avengers are now just people to you, not close friends and defiantly not a significant other. It has been a week since your first break down, and three more have transpired over the last week. All three times, Black hair has been the one to calm you down and all three times you had become more violent. The Avengers are growing more and more concerned, thinking there is a high chance that you are going to revert back to Assassin mode, and if that happens, things will go downhill fast.

The Avengers are assembled in the living room, discussing what they need to do to help you. Your breakdowns are getting worse by the episode, nothing seemed to be working. Everyone has a different idea on how to solve it, and no one is agreeing with each other.

"We need to get her a therapist," Tony suggests, watching a live feed of you in your room on his phone, he was on watch duty tonight, making sure nothing happened while you were sleeping.

"No," Steve shuts down Tony's idea, looking over at the man "She doesn't need to talk to some random person about how she's feeling. (Y/N) needs us, we should have a cycle, so one of us is with her at a time."

"I could go into her mind and try to fix her," Wanda proposes, looking over to Steve.

Bucky shakes his head, "Too risky, it could do more harm than good. Not that you're not capable." Bucky gives her a reassuring look, "It's just that her mind is too fragile to fix anything or do anything too extensive."

"I have an amazing idea," Loki speaks up, swirling his whiskey, looking up once everyone was staring at him, "We could not lock her in a room. If I remember correctly when Barnes first came to us, Captain Rogers was always with him and he was allowed to wander the tower, he was never confined to one room."

"But Bucky was further along," Sam counters, watching the god with a skeptical look on his face, "He was pretty predictable, and knew what he was."

"And she doesn't?" Clint questions, eyes narrowing with irritation, "My sister is fully aware of who she was. If I was in her place, I think being locked in the one room for two weeks would feel confining as hell."

"Brother Clinton does have a point," Thor concurs, standing up to move to the kitchen, "I feel as if staying in such a small room for a long period of time would make one go insane."

"So, let's just go let her out now." Natasha stands, preparing to move towards the hallway that leads to living quarters.

"Is she stable enough though?" Tony inquires, looking away from the live feed, "Sam's right, how do we know that as soon as we let her out, she won't attack us. I mean, I love her like a little sister, but I would prefer not to die."
"She needs someone to be with her at all times," Bucky decides, wrapping his right arm around Steve's shoulder, pulling the man closer, "She needs something to hold onto, like a safe place. Like Steve was always there for me, (Y/N) needs someone like that."

All eyes fall on Loki, who sucks in a breath, "I…I'm not…"

"Loki Laufeyson," Natasha gives him a death stare, daring him to disagree with her, "If you do not help my sister-in-law, so help me god, I will kick your ass so hard that you won't be able to do anything but whimper in pain for the century."

Clint snorts, quickly turning into a cough when Natasha turns her glare to him, "I would do what she says man, she's serious."

"I am not a reliable person," Loki retaliates, frowning at his drink, "Nor am I the most stable, as all of you know. Captain Rogers would be a much better choice."

"I may have been friends with the old (Y/N), and I may think that I knew her inside and out, but I know that I don't know this (Y/N), and I know that you knew and know her better than any of us, plus you're her soulmate, if anyone is the best choice, it's you. And even if she doesn't know about your romance in the past, she still trusts you the most, and that counts for something," Steve ends his speech with a reassuring smile.

"Plus you will have all of us," Vision adds, speaking for the first time since the conversation had started, "It's not as if you'll be alone and have the weight of it only on your shoulders. We are a team if I'm not mistaken."

Loki stays silent for a few seconds, considering the whole thing, the pros, the cons, and everything in-between. Finally, he nods, "Fine, I shall try."

"Well, I'm not trying to be a Debbie downer or anything, but Princess is still sleeping," Tony nods to your sleeping form on his phone, "We won't be doing anything for a while. Plus, it's almost midnight, I think we all need some sleep."

"For once, I agree with Tony," Natasha turns and starts walking down the hallway, "Sleep sounds like an excellent idea."

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 8 Hours

You jolt awake, covered in a cold sweat. You don't remember what exactly caused you to awaken, but you knew it couldn't have been anything good. You sit, trying to catch your breath. After a minute or two of deep breathing, you slowly slide out of bed and walk over to the window. The sun is up and seems to have been up for a few hours. There was a slight breeze, so the leaves on all of the trees at the edge of the field were quivering. The dew had dried up on the grass, which was brilliant, robust green colour. No one was outside to disrupt the peaceful morning. You stood there for a long time, just watching. For some reason, the sight was calming. You make a mental note, telling yourself to watch the world outside the concrete walls more often.

After what must have been 30 minutes, four dogs came into view. One was a golden retriever, one was a bloodhound, one was something that looked like a German Shepard, and one was a husky. A few seconds later Blondie comes out carrying a large hammer with strange ruins decorating all of the faces. You observe the group, watching as Blondie throws the hammer across the field previously empty field. The dogs go sprinting after it and only a few seconds later the German Shepard looking one comes running back with it. The game continues for a few more minutes before the dogs seem to lose interest. Blondie calls the dogs and all of them disappear, letting the
field become peaceful once again. You turn away from the window and look at your small room, you had grown more comfortable in the space, even going as far as taking a peek at some of the books on the shelf. You then you're your attention to your clothing. You had been wearing this outfit for a few days, not bothering to ask for anything else to change into. It was a pair of red plaid pajama pants, and a plain black t-shirt. Now that you think about, you hadn't showered in a long time either, even though showering often was a new thing to you, you had begun to enjoy them, having a time reserved for just thinking could be a blessing or a curse, but then again, the only thing you did now was think. You shake yourself out of it, deciding that it would be in your best interest to go shower and see if you could find new clothes to wear.

You walk over to the small adjoining bathroom and shut the door behind you. You look around and meet your own eyes in the mirror large mirror hanging over the vanity. You step closer, looking at yourself. Your (H/C) hair was just brushing the top of your breast, it was stringy with horrid knots all through it, most likely coming from the lack of care. Your (E/C) eyes were sunken into your face and you had immense bags under your eyes. Your usually bulky frame was thinner than normal and your clothes seemed to hang off of your body. You turn away and begin to strip, dropping the clothes into a corner of the room. You walk over to the shower and turn it on, letting it heat up when you hear the door open in the main room.

"(Y/N)?" the voice sounded like Steve's, "Where are you?"

You look at the bathroom door for a few seconds, debating whether or not you should announce your presence. You decide that it would be in your best interest to do so. You walk over to the white door and open it slightly. You poke your head out and find Steve looking around the room.

Steve heard the door open, so he turns to look over at you. His usually perfect dirty blonde hair was a little messy and his blue eyes were sparkling as always. He had a white undershirt and a pair of gray sweatpants on, "There you are. You wanna come out?"

You stare at him for a few seconds before begrudgingly answering, "I'm getting in the shower."

"Oh," he answers, not faltering, "Well, I'll wait until you're done," Steve proceeds to sit in one of the chairs.

You almost close the door before poking your head back out and slowly saying, "I think I need new clothes?"

Steve turns back to look at you, "Clothes? Yeah, sure, I guess you've been wearing those for a while. Any preferences?"

"No, just clothes," you answer before closing the door and leaning against it. You take a deep breath, regaining your composure before you catch yourself in the mirror once. You watch your image become less clear as the mirror becomes overtaken by steam from the shower, thinking of a metaphor. As you find more of yourself and get warmer towards the others or talk to them more, everything you know becomes foggier. You turn away from the mirror and step into the shower. Steve wanted something and just standing around wouldn't accomplish anything, even if you weren't that fond of any of them, you had learned that if you didn't follow orders, you would get punished.

Time Skip: 20 Minutes

You step out of the shower, cleaner than you had been in a few days. You grab a towel that had been hanging on the rack and dry off your body and hair. You look at your bare body in the mirror before you leave the room. You don't have any scars, the only imperfections you could find were
the occasional freckle and your metal arm. The joining of skin and metal started right below your elbow, in a nasty looking scar. You weren't sure why it was metal, but you weren't going to ask anytime soon, mostly because you could feel the hatred for the arm growing day by day. You turn your attention to your powers, you could feel the energy rushing through you, but you wanted to make sure it was still there. You concentrate on your metal hand, willing it to heat up, a few seconds later a small flame flickers into existence. You extinguish it by closing your hand. Next, you focus on the water in the room, you will it to collect about the bathtub, just as before the water forms a small ball, which you drop. You turn away from the shower and start to concentrate on the air in the room, forcing it to move and surround you, once it was spinning in a tornado-like formation, you start a small fire, causing the air to heat up. A few seconds later, you were free of water in your hair and on your body. You release the air, letting it cool and fill the room once more. Last you close your eyes and search for any imperfections in the concrete. You find one in the corner, you focus in on that one spot, forcing the walls around it to shift, allowing the small crack to close. You open your eyes to see that the crack had disappeared, leaving no trace as to what had originally been there. You sigh, relieved that at least one thing hadn't failed you. You move to the door and open it, not caring that you were not clothed.

"Hey, I brought you…" Steve trails off when he turns to find you naked, "…clothes," Steve keeps his eyes trained on your face, not letting them wander from that spot.

You look at him strangely before walking over to the bed to find a pile of clothes. There was a pair of black underwear on the top, under it was a white bra, a gray t-shirt with the word, 'I solemnly swear that I'm up to no good,' a pair of blue sweatpants, and a pair of red and black plaid slippers. You quickly put on the clothes, wondering if whoever owned the clothes you had been wearing liked plaid, seeing as a large number of it had been. You pull on the slippers last and then walk over to Steve. You stand in front of him and wait for a few seconds, he seemed to have spaced out. He blinks and jumps slightly noticing you in front of him, "Oh, good you're done."

You nod, wasn't that kind of obvious? You turn and seat yourself in the other chair. You bring your knees up to your chest and hug them, waiting for Steve to tell you why he was here.

"So, we've made an executive decision," Steve then clarifies himself, realizing that you might not know who we are, "The other Avengers and I, I mean. But we've come to the decision that you've been locked up in this room for a while, so we're gonna let you wander around the place. But, you'll have supervision at all times. That sound good?"

"Yes sir," you answer, releasing your legs once you realize he was giving you an order. You sit up straight and give him your full attention.

Steve frowns at your address and your change in posture, "That wasn't an order or anything, and you don't have to call me sir. Just call me Steve, okay?" he gives you a reassuring smile.

You nod once before realizing that he probably wanted you to be vocal, so you add, "Okay… Steve."

Steve smiles wider before standing up, "You're gonna stick with me for a little bit, though. Thor, Vision, Bucky, and I are the only ones who are awake, so I guess you can enjoy the peace and quiet before everyone else wakes up."

You stand up, slinking after Steve. He opens the door and looks behind him, "Come on," he motions, trying to get you to walk through the door. You look at him wearily before doing as he said. You turn around to face him as soon as you exit the door. You didn't know if he had a weapon or not, so you didn't like exposing your back to him. Steve walks out of the room, letting
the door shut behind him. You look around at the hallway. There were a few expensive pieces of art, and a picture or two covering the walls, but other than that it was pretty empty. Steve started walking away from your door, so you speed-walk to catch up to him. He stops suddenly in front of a painting, causing you to stumble before you turn to look at it. It was a portrait of people surrounding a couch. Black hair and a girl were sitting on the couch. The girl was staring straight out, with a grin on her face, while black hair was looking down at the girl admiring her. The girl seemed familiar, but you couldn't quite place her. Clint and Red hair were sitting next to the girl. Clint was making a disgusted face at Black hair and the girl. Red hair was rolling her eyes and smirking. Tony and another man were standing behind the couch. Tony was holding out his drink with a smile, while the other man was just smiling. Blondie was sitting next to Black hair, beaming at the viewer. Steve was missing from the picture, but he was smiling at the painting as if the moment it was capturing was a memorable one. Steve and you both stay silent for a few minutes before Steve remembers you're there, so he turns to you, "See that person?" He points to the unknown girl, "That's you. That was the last day we all were together before it all went downhill."

You nod and look at the girl, no, you. She seemed happy. She had (Y/H/L) (Y/H/C) hair, and (Y/E/C) eyes. She was absolutely stunning, but she wasn't you, she couldn't be.

Steve watches you, realizing that you wouldn't believe him, "Alright, let's go. I'm making breakfast this morning, so I better get a move on," Steve begins to walk away, you trail after him, "You should help. You used to love cooking."

You frown, scrunching your eyebrows together. The only thing you knew how to cook was Ramen noodles, and that was only because that's what you ate on a mission when you were on your own.

While you were thinking about your lack of cooking knowledge, Steve had come to an open doorway leading out to a living room looking area. You freeze at the entrance, while Steve goes in and disappears from view. You slowly inch your way out enough to look around at the room. In one corner of the room the TV was on some sort of show with a small blonde man wearing a gold crown sitting on a throne that seemed to be made of painted swords of various length. He seemed to be complaining about something to two other men.

Soldier and Blondie were intently watching the show, paying no attention to your entrance. Soldier grumbles, "Заткнись заискивающий кусок дерьма. Никто не заботится о вас и ваших чертовски проблемы. Вы, действуя как Драко Малфой, но более ехидным."

You frown, who was Draco Malfoy? The name sounded familiar, just as the girl in the portrait had, but this time, instead of wondering in silence, you speak out, "Кто является Драко Малфой?"

Steve turns around and faces you, looking concerned, "Buck? What'd she say?"

Soldier, Buck, whoever he was spins to face you, as does Blondie. Buck thinks for a few seconds, "She asked who Draco Malfoy was, but that's because I made a comment about that S.O.B. in Russian," he jerks his thumb towards the frozen blonde man on TV.

Steve seems to relax," Oh, I thought…" he trails off, "Never mind what I thought. Could you two keep an eye on her while I make breakfast?"

Blondie seems to light up at the suggestion, "Of course Captain! It would be our honor."

"Alright," Steve nods, then turns his attention to you, "Go sit with Thor and Bucky, I'm sure they'll turn off the TV and actually interact with you," with that, he turns and walks to the large kitchen in one corner of the room.
Soldier, who now is known as Bucky grumbles something unintelligible in what sounded like Russian before reaching for a remote and shutting off the TV. You stand in one corner of the room, looking at your surroundings. There was a small sitting room in the close to you. There also was a rather large kitchen on the other side of you, which was covered in cooking materials as Steve began to cook breakfast. Next to the kitchen was the den, where Thor and Bucky were currently sitting. In the middle of the room was a small dining table. At the far end of the room was a meeting room, separated by a glass wall. Along one corner of the room was a set of stairs and a railing that ran the whole length of the room. There were large windows on all sides of the room and three doors leading to different places.

You started to make your way over to the den when four dogs run up the stairs and start jumping all over you. You didn't know what to do, so you stand there frozen not so much in fear, but in confusion. Bucky seems to sense your discomfort and comes to your rescue, "Hey, leave her alone, guys, knock it off," Two of the dogs immediately back off, one runs over to Steve, it was the golden retriever, the other was the German Shepheard looking dog, who ran over to Thor. The husky and the bloodhound continue to bounce around excitedly around you, "Storm, Max, knock it off!" The bloodhound slinks away, but the husky plants itself besides you, looking up at you with its sparkling blue eyes, much like Steve's, "Storm, come on," Bucky stands up and walks over to you and the dog. Storm, "Come on Storm, leave her alone," he reaches out to grab your arm, but before he could, Storm jumps up and growls at him, and you grab his arm, twisting it.

"Не трогайте меня," you growl, dropping your hold on his arm before moving to sit at the very end of the couch, away from Thor and where Bucky was previously sitting. Strom runs over and jumps up onto your lap, lying across it and preventing you from moving. Bucky didn't seem stunned by your outburst, but it takes him a second to make his way over to you, preparing to push the dog off. You stop him with a harsh stare, "Don't…it's nice…I guess."

Bucky nods, biting his lip before making his way over to where Thor was sitting. Everyone is silent for the next couple of minutes, the only thing disrupting it was the banging coming from the kitchen.

You look down at the dog lying across your lap, it seemed nice enough, and it was now asleep. You cautiously rest your hands on its back. It was soft and thick, but it was comforting. You run your hands through the fur, keeping a rhythm with the strokes. It was strange, having something be somewhat comfortable around you. Even though the people you were around, and they were nice enough, you knew they weren't totally relaxed around you, there was a tension in the air, and you could sense it.

Bucky clears his throat, gaining your attention. You look up at him, frowning at his interruption. He sighs before nodding to the dog on your lap, "That's Storm, she's your dog if I'm not mistaken," Thor makes an agreeing noise, "She's a Husky, you got her at in animal shelter down in the city. At least, that's what I've been told."

"She is very protective of you," Thor adds, watching you thoughtfully, "Has been since they day we brought her home." He looks down at the dog lying across his lap, "This is Gunnar, he is my dog. A Norwegian elkhound. I got him at the same place you got your dog."

Bucky picks up the conversation, "The golden retriever following Stevie around like his some kind of god, which he's not, by the way, is Peggy."

"Don't start teaching her your ways Buck," Steve calls from the kitchen, "I don't need another one of you."

Bucky snorts, looking over at you with a grin on his face, "He may be cute, but he's a bit bossy.
Not that it's a bad thing in some places."

"The…the dog?" you question, confused by the banter happening. Bucky snorts again before he bursts out laughing, "Wait, did…did you mean Steve?"

Thor smiles at Bucky's antics before turning his attention to you, "Yes, I do believe Brother Barnes meant Captain Rogers."

Bucky takes a few seconds to calm down before he finishes talking, "And…" he takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself down, "That dog over there," he points to the dog sleep in the corner, "That's Max, he's Clint's dog. There are also two cats roaming around somewhere. One is Aglaij, that's Natasha's cat, it's a Siamese. The other one is a black cat, Onyx, he's Loki's annoying cat."

"Annoying?" you question, continuing to pet the dog, Storm, on your lap.

"Let's just say my brother's cat only likes certain people," Thor explains, frowning, "And those people include him, you, and that dog," he nods to Storm. As if right on cue, a black cat strolls into the room, looking as if he owned the world, "And that would be him." The cat prances over to you sniffs your leg, then jumps up on to the arm of the couch. He meows impatiently, so you reach out a hesitant hand and start stroking his back. He begins to purr happily before deciding he had enough and he jumped off the couch.

"Идиотские чертовски кошка," Bucky grumbled, watching as the cat slinks away, still full of himself.

You frown at Bucky before snapping at him, "Перестать быть сырой, кошка не вредит никому."

You hear a soft snort come from the kitchen, causing you to turn your head sharply in that direction. Steve was silently laughing, "I don't even know what she said to you Buck, but boy, I think she told you."

"Shut up doll," Bucky grumbles jokingly, looking over at Steve with a smirk.

Steve goes bright red and stops laughing, "Buck…"

You scrunched your eyebrows in confusion, "Are you two…?"

"Yep," Bucky agrees proudly watching Steve with a look that you couldn't identify, "Have been since 1930, on and off, though. We're soulmates."

"Soulmates," you repeat, testing how the world felt in your mouth. The word sounded familiar, but not at the same time, "That…it's familiar."

Footsteps echo from the living quarters and two people enter the living room. Clint, and Red hair, both holding hands. Clint and Red hair notice you sitting on the couch, "Hey," Clint greets softly, smiling at you.

You nod in greeting before focusing back on the topic at hand, "Does everyone have a soulmate?"

"Woah," Red hair interrupts, frowning, "Let's have this discussion when the person of interest is in the room."

"I agree," Steve calls, walking over to the den, "Besides, breakfast is ready. We're having pancakes."
You become interested at the prospect of food, "Pancakes?" You shove the dog off of you and turn to face the man, "Where?"

Everyone in the room chuckled, "On the dining room table," Clint answers with a smile, "I can see somethings haven't changed."

You nod before pushing past the others to see the display of food on the table. Pancakes, bacon, eggs, toast. It was a feast, "Isn't this wasteful?"

"Well, we have two gods, three super soldiers, and the rest of the Avengers, so no, it's not wasteful," a voice answers. You spin to see Red guy standing behind you. He then addresses the rest of the room, "I took the liberty to inform the rest of the household that breakfast was ready. Mr. Stark, Master Loki, Captain Wilson, and Miss Maximoff will be joining us shortly."

Bucky watches as you eye the table hungrily, "I think we'll start without them," He looks around at the others, "If that's okay with the rest of you."

"That works with us," Thor agrees, making his way over to you, "I do believe that means you can, as they say, dig in, Lady Barton."

You pull out a chair and sit down, reaching for the nearest bowl. You plop half of it on your plate before you start wolfing it down.

"I think you might need to make more," Clint comments, watching as you finish the eggs and reach for a plate of bacon.

"Yeah," Steve agrees, before sighing, "I suggest we start eating before there's nothing left."

Time Skip: 30 Minutes

Over the course of your breakfast, four people had joined the meal. One was black hair, one was Tony, one was the African American, and the last was a girl that seemed familiarly. Steve had to make another serving of pancakes, seeing as you had eaten about 5 of them. There was chatter happening all around you. Clint, who was next to you, was rambling on about something to the new girl, Bucky, who was on the other side, was calling to Steve in the kitchen, teasing him about something. Red hair and the other man were conversing about a movie they had watched a week or two ago, something called The Exorcist. Tony was talking to Thor about some kind of technology from a place called 'Asgard." Red guy was observing the rest of the group, but his focus seemed to be on the new girl. Black hair was sitting across from you, but he wasn't speaking to anyone, nor was he eating, he was just pushing a piece of soggy pancake across his plate. He seemed to be thinking about something, and he was looking past you.

Steve comes back over to the dining room, placing another plate of steaming hot pancakes in front of you. You reach for some syrup and pour an ungodly amount of it on the stack. You cut into the stack and shove a mouthful into your mouth when Steve clears his throat, gaining everyone's attention. You look up at him, mouth half-open with the fork sticking out. Steve looks around until his eyes rest on you. When he fully takes in your appearance, he snorts once before he starts to laugh a little, "Uh..." he snickers, "Sorry, um...as I was trying to say. So, if you all did notice, (Y/N) is out with us now," all eyes switch from Steve to you. You take the fork out of your mouth and chew your food, watching all of them menacingly, not backing down your stare. Most of them looking at their plate or look somewhere else, while Red Hair, Bucky, and Steve continue to look at you, "Anyway, I have a feeling you don't really know much about us, or about any of us at all," Steve was directly addressing you now, so you break the stare you had been holding with Red hair, "So I thought we could go around and say our names, and maybe something about ourselves."
Tony snorts, gaining everyone's attention, "What? It sounds like the first day of school," Tony takes on a higher pitch, authoritative voice, "Okay boys and girls, we're going to go around and introduce ourselves. Say your name, a fun fact about yourself, and something fun you did this summer."

"He's not wrong," Clint chimes in, then he shudders, "Ugh, School."

"Alright, fine," Steve huffs, eyeing the others, "What do you suggest we do then?" Nobody speaks, "That's what I thought."

Bucky looks over at Steve with a shit-eating grin on his face, "Alright Mr. America, you should go first."

"I…uh…" Steve turns red, looking down at his feet, "Yeah…uh…sure," Steve pulls his shirt collar away from his neck, "Alright, so, (Y/N), I'm Steve, but I guess you knew that. Um…this was a horrible idea."

"Are you done?" you question, eyeing your pancakes, "Cause I wanna finish my pancakes."

"Let her eat," Black hair speaks for the first time, lifting his head up and looking behind you at Steve with his bright green eyes, "She needs nutrition. Who knows how many times they actually fed her?"

You look at the man and give him a nod of thanks before scarfing down your pancakes. You planned to eat as much as you could, who knew if they'd feed you again? That's what always happened back there. They usually fed you huge meals, but sometimes they made you go days without food for punishment.

A few minutes later, you had finished off the pancakes and the glass of water in front of you. You sit back and closely observe the others, something you had not had a chance to do since your arrival. You could read most of them quite easily. You had trouble with Bucky, Red Hair, and Black hair, though, they all seemed reserved. You must have been distant for longer than you thought because Clint elbows you. You jump a little and then glare at him, "You okay over there?"

"Fine," you growl, slouching down in your chair, waiting for someone to tell you that you could leave. You fall back into your own thoughts and start wondering about those words you had found on the back of your shoulder, at first you thought it was identification from Hydra, but once you had figured out what it said, you doubted that. Plus, it looked like part of your skin, not a tattoo. The words, which you had finally read with great difficulty, had said, "You dare attack me, you mewling quim!" Your curiosity about the words was growing each second, and you had a feeling that the others knew. So, with great reluctance, you speak up, "I have a question," the words come out quiet and rushed. You look around and notice that no one seems to have heard you over the conversations. You speak louder this time, and hopefully clearer, "I have a, um, question."

This time you catch the attention of Bucky he seemed to have the sharpest ears, "You have a question?" You nod reluctantly. Bucky turns to face you and smiles slightly and begins to talk in a calm, soothing voice, "Alright, what's your question?"

"I, um," you swallow, trying to comprehend that someone was actually being nice to you, "I, I have these words on…on my right shoulder blade…and, um, I'm not sure…" you trail off, hoping he knew what you meant.

"Do they look like a tattoo, or like part of your skin?" Bucky inquires, looking at you with his blue-gray eyes that seemed like they were hiding something.
"Like, part of my skin," you answer, turning yourself in your chair so you could face Bucky. You were growing more confident, but you weren't sure why, "And it says, I think, you dare attack me you mewling quim," you see a flash of movement in the corner of your eye and see Black hair had become more attentive and was now watching you with a worried look in his eye.

"That would be a soulmark," Bucky answers but before he could continue, you interrupt;

"Soulmark? Like, soulmate?"

Bucky nods, "Yeah," he then chuckles, "You're pretty smart, and quick, I suppose Steve wasn't wrong."

"But what are they?" you interrogate, your curiosity overwhelmingly your regard for the compliment that you think Bucky gave you.

"I think Loki would be a better explainer of that," Bucky replies, nodding to the black haired man watching the both of you intently, "Isn't that right?"

Black hair, who had now been revealed as Loki sat straight up in his chair and seemed at a loss for words, which you had a feeling wasn't normally like him, "I, I suppose."

"Well, that's settled," Bucky turns back to you, giving you a reassuring look, "Loki will explain things to you while he shows you around the compound."

You eye Loki suspiciously, he seemed terrified at the idea. You had noticed that he seemed to get uncomfortable around you, except when you were having an episode. He seemed to be hiding something, and you didn't know what.

Loki makes eye contact with you before standing, "I'm going to take (Y/N) for a stroll around the place if you need us," he announces.

"Alright," Steve answers, watching as you slowly stand up and push the chair in, "If you need anything just ask for Friday. But if you go outside, get one of us."

"I believe I can work with that," Loki walks away from the table before turning to face you, "Shall we?"

Without hesitation you reply, "We shall," you then frowned, confused as to why those words had come out of your mouth. Loki, however, seems to be pleased with your response.

"Well then, come on love, this place is much larger than it looks," Loki walks towards a new hallway, with a spring in his step that wasn't there before. You reluctantly trail after him, glancing back at the others. Bucky gives you a reassuring nod, while Steve looks concerned. Well, new experiences might be good, right? What's the worst that could happen?

Chapter End Notes

Заткнись заискивающий кусок дерьма. Никто не заботится о вас и ваших чертовски проблемы. Вы, действуя как Драко Малфой, но более ехидным = Shut up you whiny piece of shit. Nobody cares about you and your fucking problems. You're acting like Draco Malfoy, but more bitchy
There's chapter 36! Sorry, this took so long! I had finals and went on a short vacation, and I know this one is a bit shorter than normal, but I figured the end was a good place to cut off. Let me explain 2 things to y'all that might have confused you. First, the title, yes, I know it's weird but there is a song titled The Trapeze Swinger by Iron & Wine, which fits the theme, if you don't believe me, look up the lyrics. Second, the 'shall we' 'we shall' bit at the end. If you remember, closer to the beginning of the story, like the first few chapters (ugh, I need to rewrite those) that was something that Loki and Reader said quite a bit. I hope that cleared a few things up! If you have any questions or requests, just comment them or pm me! That's all for now!

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters except (Y/N), the rest are owned by Marvel.
Soulmarks. This word, this single, seemingly insignificant word took you on a journey 3 years ago. The only reason it was halted was an unwanted outside force that ripped your whole life apart, not that you recall much about that previous life anyway. After almost a year and a half, your old life found its way to you again. You were reunited with the so-called family of yours; 2 super-soldiers, a veteran, an Inhuman, an AI in a body, a billionaire, a Russian assassin, a god, your biological brother, and Loki. Loki couldn't be described in words, you knew he was very important to you, but not how. Today was the day that all that would change, for better or for worse.

Loki was leading you through a bland hallway, one much like the one Steve had shown you an hour or so earlier. Neither of you had spoken so much as a single word since you had left the others. Loki thoughts seemed to be wandering somewhere other than his current location and you favored silence, it gave you time to think. Currently, your thoughts were on this 'soulmark' that donned your skin and why Loki was supposed to be the one to explain the unfamiliar concept to you. Your thoughts were cut short, however.

Loki abruptly stopped in front of one of the many nondescript doors, almost causing you to collide with the tall man. He reaches to turn the doorknob but stops a few centimeters before he touches it. He turns to face you, observing you for a few seconds before speaking, "This is my favorite room in the compound, other than my room. It used to be your favorite room before," Loki trails off, his mind wandering away from the conversation for a few seconds, "Anyways, welcome to the library," Loki opens the door to reveal a massive library.

The shelves took up about 95% of the wall space, leaving a small space for a window seat which was looking out towards the large field you had a view of in your room. There was no activity outside, making you wish to go out. You pull your eyes away from the window and look at the books once again. You notice Loki at one particular shelf, seemingly searching for something. He seems to have found it because he pulls a worn book out of one of the shelves. He smiles fondly down at it before spinning to face you, "This is yours," you slowly make your way towards the man, tentatively taking the book out of his hands when you reach him.

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone. The title sounded familiar enough. You open the book, skimming a few pages as you flip through. You close the book and tuck it under your arm, "I think I'm going to read this later?" you phrase your statement into a question, not knowing what you could and couldn't do under this new arrangement.

Loki smiles at you and you feel a spark of something from deep inside your chest. His smile, which you had not paid attention to the very few times you had seen it, was enchanting. His lips are thin, yet somehow oh so plump. They part in such a way that allows his sparkling teeth, straight and pearly white, to show themselves to the world. When his lips spread, his eyes crinkle in an adorable way. The beautiful thing about his smile is that it wasn't restricted to his mouth, his eyes showed it as well. They sparkled with a mischievous air around them, adding to the depth of his brilliant green eyes. His voice draws you back to reality, "I think we could fit that in somewhere."

You frown at yourself, why had you been thinking about Loki's eyes? What was so extraordinary about them? You'd never done this to anyone else, at least not to your knowledge. What did that mean and why did you have a feeling that it had to do with your so-called 'soulmark'?
Loki seems to notice your frown, "Love, are you quite alright?" You look up to see genuine concern appearing in his eyes. No, you need to stop thinking about his eyes! But, when was the last time someone was concerned about you, not pitying you in some way? Loki questions you again, "Love?"

You shake yourself out of it and look him straight in those eyes of his, "I'm… I'm fine. Could we, uh, just move to another room?" You curse at yourself internally, why did you sound so needy and pleading? This man was doing something to your brain and you wanted to know what it was. So, before Loki could leave the room, you speak up again, "What is a soulmate? Nobody would tell me back at the table," you leave out the part about him making you feel strange, feeling as though that would reveal too much.

You notice Loki's composure crack slightly, the only hint being that his eyes lose some of their defining sparkle. He nods slowly and moves towards the window seat you had been admiring from a distance earlier, "Why don't you come sit down? This might take us a bit." You cautiously follow him to the bench. He sits down first, scooting over so you could have room to sit as well.

You place your book behind you on the seat and sit down next to the man. You almost find yourself leaning towards him, but you stop yourself. What was he doing to you? You feel the cushion shift, Loki was now facing you. You copy his position, leaning your back against the small sliver of a wall making the seat more of an alcove. He stares at you for around half a minute, he must have been doing the same thing you had been a few minutes before, falling into the trap of staring into someone's eyes. This thought relaxes you slightly, maybe it was something everyone did.

Loki clears his throat suddenly, sitting back against the opposite wall. He takes a deep breath before starting, "I shall start with a tale to get you introduced to the idea and then I shall get into the real thing. Is that alright with you?" he looks at you, waiting for some sort of agreement. You give him a slight nod. He seems to release a breath he had been holding in, "This tale starts long ago, only a few centuries after Ymir created the first man and woman…"

P.O.V. Switch

After Loki and you had left the rec room, the Avengers had slowly dispersed, everyone having their own tasks to do that day. Steve and Bucky had been the last to leave as they always took clean duty. They had finished washing dishes and putting them away rather quickly, allowing them to withdraw to their shared quarters.

Bucky was sitting on the couch reading yet another book. He had informed the others that books were the way to learn about the world without having to do anything but sit in a room. He was currently reading 1984, which was recommended to him by Tony, who wasn't much of an avid reader, but he swore this would be the best book he would ever read.

Steve was sitting next to Bucky, drawing pad and pencil in hand. He was trying to find inspiration for a new painting, but his mind kept wandering and the only thing he had gotten down was a profile of Bucky, which was something he could draw with his eyes closed. Ever since you had returned, his thoughts had been going to one topic, remembering a wish he had yearned for ever since he was a child. It had been pushed away to the back corner of his mind over the years, for he knew that it wasn't a realistic dream, especially in the atmosphere he was currently residing in, which would most likely be the place where he would spend the rest of his life.

Bucky had set down his book momentarily to grab the glass of water sitting on the coffee table when he noticed that Steve seemed to be day-dreaming, but he looked unhappy. Bucky immediately frowns, placing his water back on the table before shaking his boyfriend, "Stevie?
You okay?"

Steve jolts back to reality, faced with Bucky's worried expression, his blue-gray eyes had deep concern running through them. Steve clears his throat, "Yeah, I'm good, everything's fine."

Bucky squints, "I know your lying, doll. I'm not an idiot," he reaches over to his book, shutting it before he leans on Steve's shoulder, "You can tell me stuff, I might not be the best at giving advice, but I'm good at listening to people's shit, probably because I have a ton of shit in here," he taps his forehead for emphasis, pausing the push away a bit of hair that had escaped his ponytail.

Steve looks down at Bucky, who was returning his look with equal emotion. Steve considers Bucky's request for a few seconds before replying with, "I'll tell you if you tell me something." This was a game Steve had invented a few months ago. If one of them noticed the other was worried about something, they both had to say something that was bothering them or something along those lines.

Bucky huffs in exasperation, but he still manages a hint of a smile, "You drive a hard bargain punk, but I'll agree to your stupid terms." Bucky sits up, extending his flesh hand to Steve for a handshake. Steve shakes his head in amusement but does the same. They shake hands and Bucky returns to leaning against Steve. He chews the inside of his cheek for a few seconds, presumably trying to recall something that was bothering him. He seems to come up with an idea because he glances up at Steve before slowly speaking, "I'm worried about (Y/N), even though you guys know her much better than I do. I'm worried that she'll never be able to fully connect with any of you again because of fuckin' Hydra," Bucky spits out the name as if he had never tasted anything more bitter in his life, "I'm worried that I'm so fucked up that I'll never fully be able to leave this place other than on missions or with someone else. I hate this stupid metal arm so fucking much that sometimes, I want to rip it off me because I can't feel. I can feel temperatures, weight, pressure, movement, all sorts of shit like that, but I can't feel. I don't know if something's soft or hard, wet or dry, everything like that, I can't feel with this fucking monstrosity."

Steve shifts his body so his chest was what Bucky was leaning against, allowing him to enfold himself around him. Bucky graciously accepts the hug, Steve was truly the only person he let touch him, especially in intimate ways. Steve kisses the top of Bucky's head. Both of them stay silent for the next few minutes, both focusing on each other's steady heartbeat. Steve takes a deep breath and slowly exhales, preparing himself to talk. Steve then murmurs in his low, deep voice, "(Y/N) is an unbelievably strong and capable woman. She is also extremely smart. We'll regain her trust, it might take a while, but we will, I promise," Steve pauses to let Bucky absorb the information, knowing it was a lot to process, "Next, you are not messed up. You've gotten so much better over the past year and you could go out by yourself if you wanted. But, if that's not what you want, maybe we can go out later this week, do something fun and different," Bucky makes an agreeing noise in his throat. Steve smiles down at him, giving his head another soft kiss, "Last, we could get Tony to build you a new arm, or update the one that you have. You aren't stuck with it by any means, but if you want to keep it unchanged, we can work on you getting more comfortable with it, alright?" Bucky nods into Steve's chest. Steve could tell that he was feeling much better than he had before. Sometimes Bucky kept things in for weeks if Steve didn't confront him about it. This must have been one of those times.

The men stay silent for a long time. Steve was beginning to think that Bucky would leave him alone, but he knew that would never happen. Even if Bucky wasn't in the mood to have emotional baggage, he would always willingly help share the burden of Steve's, after all that's what boyfriends were for. Bucky changes his position so he was now lying his head in Steve's lap, which allows Steve to turn back to his original position, his back resting against the couch. Bucky's eyes were open, searching Steve's face for something. He must have found it, because a few
seconds later his eyes close and he murmurs, "Your turn."

Steve hesitates, trying to give an excuse, "I don't think you're really up for any more emotional stuff. We can talk later." Steve gives Bucky a non-convincing smile when he opens one eye.

"Yeah, nice try, Stevie," Bucky smirks at Steve before shutting his eye again. He lifts his real arm behind him, searching for something. He finds it a few seconds later, Steve's right hand. He grasps it tenderly in his callused hand, rubbing the back of Steve's hand in small, repetitive circles, "Take your time, but you do have to talk at some point."

Steve leans his head against the back of the couch, sighing deeply. He observes the ceiling for a few minutes, trying to procrastinate. Finally, he relents knowing that Bucky was right, he had to talk about it at some point and the sooner, the better. Steve lifts his head back up, looking down at Bucky, his hair was billowing around him, almost like a halo. He had a minimal amount of scruff coming in, which meant he hadn't shaved in a day or two. He seemed peaceful like that, but Steve had to talk, "I…, uh, I'm not sure how to start," Steve confesses, rubbing that back of his neck with his free hand.

"Just say the first thing that comes to mind, doll," Bucky encourages his voice picking up his Brooklyn accent while he gives Steve's hand a reassuring squeeze, "You'll say everything you want to eventually."

"Okay," Steve sighs again. He searches his mind for the right start, finally settling on the one that got straight to the point, but it would end up causing him the most emotional turmoil. Not that it would be any worse than starting with the least revealing sentence because then he would have to explain himself even more. Steve closes his eyes and then slowly speaks, "I want kids," The silence in the room is unbearable. This causes Steve to do what he does best, ramble, "But we can't have them. None of us. It's too dangerous an environment to bring kids into. I mean, there's a chance of a hostage situation. I don't trust myself with a kid, you wouldn't trust yourself with a kid. And there really aren't any other options. 'Cause who else in our friend group can have one? Tony and Pepper aren't ever really together anymore, I don't know why, but they aren't. Same with Thor and Jane, they don't really ever talk. Clint and Natasha can't have kids and they wouldn't want to adopt any kids for the same reason we wouldn't. That leaves Loki and (Y/N). It's not like they're in any state to have kids. They used to be my hope for that thought. I mean, she used to love kids and Loki loves it when she's happy. But that hope's gone, she's too far gone and Loki is the opposite of mentally stable," Steve had begun to cry at this point. Nothing like loud sobbing, more like a few tears and sniffles, "I just always loved the idea of having a family, 'cause I mean even if we didn't have any kids, someone else would want that we love. We'd be uncles, we'd be the fun uncles. But after you went to war and I followed you like the stubborn bastard I am, everything just went downhill."

At this point, Bucky had opened his eyes and sat up. Steve hadn't noticed the absence of weight on his lap, he was too busy rambling. Bucky soon puts a stop to it. He reached over, gently grabbing Steve's head and bringing it to his chest. He enveloped his arms around Steve's shaking body. He lets Steve cry for a long time, letting him get the built up emotions out. Bucky thought his stuff was bad, but compared to what Steve had been keeping shut up, it was a field of daisies. Bucky then does something similar to what Steve had done earlier, "Stevie, hey, you're alright. I know it's hard. I…" Bucky pauses, he was not the best at giving advice, "I know right now it looks like there's nothing that we can do to make that happen, but you never know, it might. Sure, it might not be a safe environment to bring up a kid in, but hell, that kid would be so loved and so protected that everyone would know that if they even tried to fuck with them, they would die the second they thought about doing something bad." Bucky stops again, he just had either a brilliant idea or a very stupid idea. It was probably a horribly stupid idea, but it would make Steve feel better, so he went with it, "I'll make you a deal, in 2 years, if nothing bad happens and (Y/N) is doing a lot better,
we'll bring it up to everyone and see what they think. Maybe all of us could adopt a kid together, or two people could adopt the kid or something like that. How's that sound?"

Steve had halted his tears a while ago. He was breathing in Bucky's signature scent. It was musky with a hint of that vanilla soap he used. Steve was considering Bucky's suggestion. It seemed like a perfectly good idea, but so much could happen it 2 years. People could die, there could be another world threatening issue that calls the Avengers in, anything could happen. Maybe that's why it would work. 2 years would judge the Avengers capability of keeping everything together, which would show the world and themselves that one or two kids would be a cakewalk. Steve sniffs once and then pulls away from Bucky. He looks straight into Bucky's blue-gray eyes with his baby blue ones, "You have a deal."

Bucky smiles, glad that he could do something to help his Stevie. He leans forward to give him a kiss on the cheek, but Steve beats him to it, kissing him full force on the mouth. They break apart for an air break a minute or two later and before they continue Bucky could've sworn he heard a soft "I love you" coming from Steve.

P.O.V. Switch

Loki had finished his long story of the creation of soulmates, then he had moved on to the more scientific version of what they were and how they help humans. That had not taken as long because science was usually very straight forward.

"So," Loki was looking at you with his piercing green eyes that were full of curiosity, "Do you have any questions?"

You consider the question, thinking back to everything he had told you. The story had been entertaining, but not very enlightening; while the scientific version had been the opposite. Everything had been very straight forward, but there had been 3 questions haunting your mind. You ask the easiest one to answer first, "Where did you first hear that story?"

Loki smiles, pleased that you were speaking freely with him, "My adoptive father told me the story when I was a young boy," Loki chuckles at your bewildered expression. Even when you had been yourself, his family history had confused you in the beginning, "I am not actually of Earth, neither is my brother, Thor. We are of Asgard," he then clarifies, "That is the home of the Gods in your Norse mythology. My adoptive father is Odin, who is also the AllFather. Thor is his biological son, first in line for the throne. I am actually not of Asgard, I am of Jötunheim, which is the home of the Frost Giant." Loki's skin then suddenly transforms from the pale, flawless skin you had grown used to, to a dark blue hue with raised markings. His green eyes turn into a blood red.

The change from the Loki you knew into this new one startles you. You jump up from your seat, eyes flashing with fear. Loki immediately sees that this was not the brightest idea in the world, so he quickly wills his skin to change back to his normal, though not natural, appearance, "I'm sorry, love. I did not mean to startle you. Please, sit back down. I promise that nothing unexpected will happen."

You look at Loki suspiciously, waiting for his promise to be a lie. Your small amount of trust for the man had grown much smaller in the past few seconds. You stand silently for a few more seconds, but then you sit down again, now keeping as far away from the man as possible.

Loki stays silent, knowing that you needed a minute or two to regain your composure. He waits patiently, not pushing you to hurry, but he does keep a careful eye on you. He wants to make sure his unethical decision did not trigger anything from you. Luckily, nothing happens that would call for you to be placed back into your small room, confining and solitary.
You take a deep breath and look directly at the man in front of you. He was looking back, his eyes still holding that mischievous glint you had noticed earlier. That sudden change had scared you slightly, but for some reason, you doubted he meant to scare you. This was a strange feeling to have, the complete faith in a person. You had noticed the feeling growing as you had spent more time with Loki, which connects with your other 2 questions you wanted to ask him. From the descriptions he had given of soulmates that was consistent from both perspectives, you had found connections with some of the things you had been feeling or thinking about Loki. Soulmates had complete trust in the other, they noticed when the other felt anything other than happy, and they noticed minute details about the other. All of these had been happening to you since you had set eyes on the man and had become more apparent over the course of this past hour you had spent alone with him.

This leads you to speak suddenly, as you found yourself doing when something on your mind was urgent enough, "Who's your soulmate?" As soon as the question flew out of your mouth, it snapped shut with an audible click.

Loki seems taken aback by your forwardness. He leans back ever so slightly, something you think that only you would notice. He blinks a few times and his eyebrows scrunch together. He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out, you have somehow made him speechless. You have a feeling that it is very hard to do this to him. He finally seems to come to his senses and manages to stutter out, "I… uh, I didn't expect to be admitting this so soon," he fidgets uncomfortably, causing you to frown, were you not supposed to ask this question? "My soulmate, she is the most gorgeous, intelligent, benevolent, courageous, and jubilant thing I have ever encountered in all of the nine realms. She is my moon, my sun, and all of my stars. I love her dearly and I doubt I will ever care for anything as much as I care for her," Loki looks at you, his eyes filled with an unreadable emotion.

Apparently, you were wrong in your assumptions. The feelings you were having for this man must have just been caused by him acting normal around you and not being afraid or cautious as you had noticed the other Avengers doing over the past few weeks. He was so dearly in love with this woman, it was almost unbearable to hear. You lower your head, almost ashamed of yourself for thinking these things, "She must be a very lucky woman," you answer with a slight waver in your voice. What was happening to you? One minute you were waiting for all of the alone time you could get, the next you were fawning over some guy.

"She has no idea," you can feel Loki's beautiful eyes on you, almost burning a hole in the top of your head. It doesn't let up even after a few minutes of no reaction from either of you. Finally, you relent, slowly looking up and meeting his eyes. He seemed to be waiting for some kind of reaction from you, but the most he was going to get was a blank stare. A few more minutes pass, both of you just staring into each other's eyes, waiting for something to happen or someone to say something. The silence is finally broken, Loki speaks softly, "It's you. It's always been you."

Time seems to come to a stop around you, the moment frozen. Your mind, however, is racing at a speed that seems impossible. This man, this god, this giant, couldn't love you. The things he said before had to be fake. You weren't gorgeous or intelligent or any of the others he had said, you were the complete opposite. You didn't deserve love nor a person who loved you so much that it must hurt them to love you. He was toying with you, there was no other explanation or was there? What if it was true? The things you felt, they were real, not just a trick of your, broken mind. You don't know what to do with yourself. You want to run and hide, but at the same time, you felt stuck in place, unable to do as much as blink.

P.O.V. Switch
Loki is watching you carefully. He is the most terrified he has ever felt. If he had said this too early, then nothing but disaster would occur. Your face was blank, but your eyes revealed everything; you seemed to distrust him, yet be scared at the same time. If he knew you at all, you were currently doubting him and yourself, as you had done for a small amount of time at the very beginning, 3 years ago. He wished he could do something to break the unnerving silence, touch you, hug you, kiss you, anything to help make the moment less nerve wracking on the both of you. He wished that you would speak, confirming your feelings, even though he knew that they were buried in you somewhere.

P.O.V. Switch

Time seems to start again. Loki is staring at you intently, you could see that every waking second you stared back and didn't reply, that his heart was breaking. You take a deep breath, reassuring yourself that everything was real and that this wasn't just some painful torture Hydra has issued. Nothing changes, so you assume it was all real. You can feel your heart leap at the realization that everything was real and falling into place so perfectly that it almost felt like a trick. Your mind, however, was still skeptical and preventing you from speaking.

It seems almost like hours before your brain finally comes to a solid decision. He wasn't joking. From what you had seen from Loki, he was not the type to joke about serious issues such as this one. But there was a nagging coming from the back of your head, something warning you not to hurt yourself in this way. It was going to end badly and something deep inside of you knew that. You take a deep breath, centering yourself and getting rid of the negative thoughts. The past 2 weeks you hadn't let yourself be happy, you should give yourself a chance to go back to this supposed normal life you had. You focus in on Loki, whose gaze had not wandered from you since his confession. You open your mouth, words coming out this time, "I… I think, I think I knew."

You can visibly see Loki relax. His shoulders slump in relief. He lets a breath out, one that he must have been holding in for a long time, "I know this was quite forward and…"

You interrupt him, "I was the forward one. Look, you don't have to commit to anything with me, okay? I know you must have been in love with the 'old me.' I can tell you right now, I won't be the same. So, don't get too attached to me, because I'm going to disappoint you," you look out the window, trying to avoid any eye contact with Loki.

"Love," you hear him say quietly after a few minutes, "Love," you reluctantly turn your head towards him, knowing that you needed to look at him, "I don't care if you changed. I will always love you, it doesn't matter what you did or who you are. As I said earlier, soulmates are not about physical looks or personalities, they are the souls of two people being pulled together by unknown forces. You are destined to be with me and I with you," Loki stands up, walking the few steps to be standing right next to you. He holds out his hand, waiting for you to grab it, "Let me show you."

You look up at the man reluctantly, you were beginning to wish you had never said anything. You do take his hand finally, letting him pull you up. Now you were only inches apart. He was a bit taller than you, causing him to be looking down at you. He brushes a piece of hair out of your face, causing you to flinch, the times you remember people touching you were always harsh, not gentle. He gives you a reassuring look, which for some reason fulfills its purpose.

"Love," he whispers, making your heart flutter in some strange way, "I would give up anything in the Nine Realms to be with you. I would do anything to keep you safe. If that does not tell you how much I love you than I have no other way of convincing you," his green eyes look directly into your (E/C) ones.

Both of you stand frozen in that moment of time, staring into each other's eyes, sharing the same air
as you inhale and exhale at almost the same time. Your brain was telling you to pull away and save yourself and him. Your heart was telling you to lean in. You were beginning to follow your heart leaning into Loki slightly, trying to ignore the screaming coming from your brain. Before anything more could happen, you were interrupted by Friday;

"The base is under attack. Everyone to…"

She was interrupted by another voice, one you thought you would never have to hear again, General Novak;

"Kommen Sie, herauskommen Sie, wo immer Sie sind. Sie können nicht für lange Anlage verstecken, wir finden für Sie."

You freeze in your forward movement. He was here. You sink slowly to the floor, ignoring Loki's urging, something about going somewhere and hiding. They were here and they were going to take you back. Nothing could save you from them now, not even the mighty Avengers.

Loving you was the most exquisite form of self-destruction

David Jones

Chapter End Notes

Kommen Sie, herauskommen Sie, wo immer Sie sind. Sie können nicht für lange Anlage verstecken, wir finden für Sie. = Come out, come out where ever you are. You can't hide for long Asset, we will find you.

There's chapter 37! WOW, it's been a long time since I've written this one! Sorry, it took so long, I've had some changes happen out here IRL. I want to wish Bucky Barnes a belated 100th birthday, seeing as his birthday was yesterday. I hope y'all liked this chapter, I know it was a bit shorter than normal, but it was jam packed with important stuff. I hope I didn't wreck you emotionally too much, but then again, I manage to be pretty good at that. Anyway, if you have any requests just comment them down below or contact me on one of my other platforms. Kudos, comments, and follows are always appreciated. That's all for now!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters mentioned above other than (Y/N) and General Novak. The rest are owned by Marvel.
Soulmark. This word has been shaping your life since the day you were born. It was been a blessing and a curse, as it was to everyone. Having the universe decide who you were supposed to spend your life with was a daunting and frightening thing. You had just found out that your soulmate was none other than Loki, for the second time in your life, though you can't remember the first time you found out. This was not your biggest worry at the moment, General Novak had found you. He was going to have to annihilate the Avengers to get to you and then drag you out kicking and screaming. Or he would blow up the whole compound, successfully killing you, the Winter Soldier, and the Avengers in one go.

Both of you stand frozen in that moment of time, staring into each other's eyes, sharing the same air as you inhale and exhale at almost the same time. Your brain was telling you to pull away and save yourself and him. Your heart was telling you to lean in. You were beginning to follow your heart leaning into Loki slightly, trying to ignore the screaming coming from your brain. Before anything more could happen, you were interrupted by Friday;

"The base is under attack. Everyone to…"

She was interrupted by another voice, one you thought you would never have to hear again, General Novak;

"Kommen Sie, herauskommen Sie, wo immer Sie sind. Sie können nicht für lange Anlage verstecken, wir finden für Sie."

You freeze in your forward movement. He was here. You sink slowly to the floor, ignoring Loki's urging, something about going somewhere and hiding. They were here and they were going to take you back. Nothing could save you from them now, not even the mighty Avengers.

"(Y/N), please!" Loki's voice was urgent. He was pulling on your arm, trying to coax you to move, "We need to get you somewhere safe and hidden." Loki was looking around the room, eyes going from the door to the window, on the lookout for intruders.

"How did he find me?" You whisper. You were still on the floor, in shock. How did he find you? Did you have a tracker? Or has he been watching you, knowing when to strike you at your weakest point?

"I wish I knew, love, I truly do. But we can figure that out later. But now, we need to move you somewhere else, we don't have much time. If they've managed to hack into Friday's mainframe, they will be able to control the whole building rather quickly." Right on cue, the lights shut off and the window goes dark. Loki jogs over to the door, it was luckily still unlocked. He turns back to you, "We don't have enough time to hide you now. We are going to need to fight, are you up for that?"
You stand up slowly, finally getting ahold of yourself and wrapping your head around the situation that had become your reality in the past 2 minutes. You look over at Loki, considering his question. Your powers would be sufficient, but a weapon or two would be helpful, "I think I am. You wouldn't happen to have a gun on you?"

He suddenly disappears only to reappear a few seconds later. He now had a hand gun with additional ammo, "Will this be enough? There is more if you need it." Loki takes in your startled appearance and realizes that you hadn't seen him teleport in your recent memory, "I can teleport if that wasn't clear by now."

You take a deep breath, you were under attack. Now was not the time to be startled by things. You needed to show General Novak that you had a hold of yourself and could kill him without a moment's hesitation. You walk over to Loki, taking the gun from his hand. You tuck the gun and the ammo into a pocket of your pajama pants. You look to Loki, waiting for him to say what you were going to do.

He watches you for a few moments, some unreadable emotion in his eyes. He finally speaks, "We should go find the others. I do not have a way of communication at the moment. So, we will have to search for one of them." Loki steps out into the pitch black hallway. Without thinking, you conjure a bit of flame, to allow the both of you to see better. Loki watches the flame dance in the palm of your metal hand for a few seconds before looking back at you. He considers your face again before speaking, "This man, do you know who he is?"

You shudder, wishing you didn't have to speak of the man you knew to be the bringer of death and everything that came with it, "His name is General Alaric Novak. He was in charge of me back when I was..." You trail off, knowing the rest was not needed for Loki to understand.

Loki nods solemnly. Both of you are silent for a few moments before he spoke again, "Come, we need to find one of the others."

You follow him once again. Your fire was giving the walls an eerie glow as the flames dance across your palm. You follow Loki when he starts to move forward. You were now noticing that both of your steps were echoing loudly in the hallway, preventing you from hearing much else.

Loki stops suddenly, causing you to almost run into him. He motions for you to extinguish your flame and be quiet. You do both of those things within seconds. He motions to the door in front of and then mouths, "Tony." You nod, reaching into your pocket for a gun, just in case. Loki puts his hand on the doorknob, twisting it. He pushes it open to see that Tony was not in the room.

You restart the flame and follow him once again. You had a feeling Loki was leading you towards the main room. Suddenly you stop, hearing voices. You extinguish your flame and reach out for Loki, pushing your arm into his chest to get him against the wall. You put your fingers to your lips, motioning for him to be silent. You listen intently, trying to figure out what they voices were saying and whether they were speaking in German or English as well as where they were coming from.

The voices seemed to be coming from the direction Loki and you were heading. They were growing closer and were becoming more discernable. A few seconds later, you could hear the voices clearly, "Keine Spur von die Rächer, Solider oder Asset in Abschnitt man."

You look over at Loki and mouth, "Hydra. Should we attack?” Loki considers your question for a few seconds before nodding. You take a deep breath, readying yourself for a silent attack. You didn't want to draw attention to yourselves, so it would have to be silent. You were going to kill them, if you didn't and just knocked them out they could wake up and inform General of your presence.
The voices were growing closer and closer, soon they would be passing you. You look over at Loki one last time, nodding as a signal to go. The figures appear, all of them wielding flashlights. All of the flashlights hit you and Loki. Before any of them could talk, you concentrate on the air around the three armor clad figures. You pull the air from their lungs, causing all of them to gasp for air. It takes all your concentration to keep the air away from them. It was pushing against your hold, wanting to fill all of the space in the room. You were creating a vacuum around them people and the air didn't like that. You were running out of strength, you were going to have to let the air go soon. You notice the figures had stopped gasping, so you let the air fill the space once again.

That had taken a lot out of you. You had never kept the air from more than one person at a time, let alone a part of a room. You lean against the wall, needing it to support you. Loki comes out of his shell-shocked state. He checks on you before walking over to the three people collapsed on the floor, "They are alive, but unconscious. We will need to disable their radios before continuing."

You try and push yourself away from the wall, but fail. You were still not strong enough to stand on your own yet. You do have enough energy to speak, "No, we need to kill them. If we don't, they will report that we were sighted."

"That is why I'm going to crush their radios," He looks over at you, able to see due to the flashlights still being on. He looks you up and down before speaking again, "There is no need to kill them. They will be arrested once this is over and charged for their crimes. Killing them would be meaningless. It is not worth your strength or our time."

You grumble in displeasure. These people were trying to kill both of you, it only seemed fair that you got to kill them in return. You keep your thoughts to yourself, you did, for some reason, trust Loki's judgment.

You watch as a green fog travels towards the people, you hear a crunch and then the fog disappears. Loki looks back at you, his eyes glowing momentarily. He blinked and they returned to normal. You look to the radios to see that they were now crushed, "Are you alright to continue?"

Loki walks over to you, clearly concerned.

That was something to take getting used to, someone being concerned about you for no other reason than concern. You take a deep breath and push yourself off of the wall, this time having no trouble. You passed the bodies on the floor, feeling more confident, "Let's go. You had almost forgotten the rush it gave you. Even in your incapacitated state, you got a rush from missions and tracking. Now, the rush was more evident than you ever remember it being. You only had one thing on your mind. This was the first time in a long time you had the choice to do something. You were going to kill General Novak for all the pain he caused you and no one was going to stop you. This is what you wanted and you were determined to make your first want in who knows how long become a reality.

P.O.V. Switch

The other Avengers were scattered around the compound when Friday alerted them and was interrupted by the German speaking man. Nobody knew what he had said or who he was. But they were assuming that he was here for you. He was going to have to get through the Earth's mightiest heroes to reach you and that wasn't going to happen.

Tony was in his workshop when Friday was hacked. He couldn't go out with his suit because without Friday, he would be flying blind. When the lights went off and the compound shut down, he was stuck in his workshop. The doors were locked and couldn't be unlocked until the shutdown was overridden. Tony had designed this feature himself to keep his suits safe in case of an attack, but now it was protecting him. He was at his laptop, trying to undo the override so he could turn
the lights on and join his fellow Avengers in whatever was happening.

Clint and Natasha were in the gym when the man spoke. The immediately sprinted for the armory which was only a room away from the gym. They grabbed their respective weapons and made it out seconds before the compound shut down, if they had been even a millisecond slower, they would have been locked in the armory. It, like Tony's workshop, locked automatically for the same reason. They didn't want anyone getting more weapons if they attacked. Clint and Natasha share eye contact for a few seconds before loading their weapons. Natasha checked her gun and Clint got an arrow ready. They were going to make for the main floor and protect you, even if they died in the process.

Thor had been in the living room with a com in his ear because he was talking to Sam as he was keeping watch. He had lost contact about a minute before it happened. All the dogs were with him and he needed to get them away from the fight. Thor quickly shut his book and grabbed his hammer. He called the dogs and sprinted to the meeting room. There was a hidden door to a small room made for people or animals during an attack. This was the room that Loki had wanted to get to. Thor got all of the dogs in there and the door closed when the power shut off. They would be stuck in the sound proof room until someone got the system back online. He heard footsteps coming up the stairs and he turned to face them. He began swinging his hammer when the first head of the enemy came into view. He was going to stay here and try to keep most of them contained, hoping the other Avengers were making their way to the main floor to help him fend off the main point of intrusion.

Sam had been keeping watch. He was flying around when he noticed a few mysterious cars pull up the driveway. He was about to call it into Thor when the cars came to a stop and people got out. The one man wearing a general suit noticed him. He nodded for someone else to shot Sam. Sam tried to avoid the bullets but one of them took out his left wing, causing him to crash land at the edge of the field. The impact had knocked him out.

Wanda and Vision had been in Wanda's room. Vision was helping her with her powers when Friday first spoke. Vision immediately wanted Wanda to stay and hide in her room, but she refused. This was the first time she would be back in the field without her brother and she wanted to show the others that even though her brother had been one of the closest people in the world to her and she was devastated when he died, that she could function and fight without Pietro by her side. They began making their way towards the common room, as Vision figured that is where everyone would immediately head too. They were almost to the common room when the compound shut down, leaving them in darkness. Vision took Wanda's hand and began to lead her to the end of the hallway. They were almost there.

Steve and Bucky were in the middle of an emotional moment when the German was first heard. Steve had just admitted that he wished for a child and Bucky was trying to console him. They immediately split apart and reached for the nearest weapons they could find. Bucky ran to his bedside table and pulled out two guns and a handful of ammunition. Even though his paranoid days were over, he always liked to have a gun or two within arm's reach when he was sleeping. Steve reached beside him to grab his shield, which he had been polishing a few days ago and just had not gotten around to putting it back in its rightful place. They both made their way to the door when the lights shut off. Bucky ran back to his bedside table and grabbed a flashlight. He was prepared for anything or so it seemed. Bucky put a finger to his lips to let Steve know they had to be quiet before they headed out into the pitch black hallway. Why Tony didn't put any windows in was beyond either of them. Bucky was leading the both of them to the common room, figuring that's where most of the action would be happening. Steve almost tripped over a body about halfway there. Bucky immediately spun around and put his flashlight on the body to find it was a group of three Hydra agents. One or two of the others must have been through here. Steve and Bucky share
a look before continuing, now looking out for bodies, hoping not to find one of their own.

P.O.V. Switch

After about 10 more minutes, Loki and you emerge into the common room. The normally bright room was pitch black as all the windows were blacked out. You now figured that the compound had shut down, seeing as that would trigger a power outage and the windows going dark. Loki and you make your way to the middle of the room, hoping to see someone in the faint light the fire was giving off.

Suddenly, someone grabs you from behind, holding you in a choke hold. You try to elbow them in the gut as Loki realizes what happened. Just as suddenly as it happened, the arm disappears. You turn around to see none other than your brother standing behind you. He gives you an apologetic shrug as you scowl at him. Even though it was dark, he should at least check to see who he's attacking before attacking. A few more people step into the glow of the fire, joining you and Loki. The Brunette Girl, Red Guy, Natasha, and Thor.

"Where are the others?" Loki questions. This causes you to notice you seemed to be missing Steve, Bucky, Tony, and the African American Guy. You find yourself hoping that they were okay. This causes you to frown, why did you care about these people, you don't remember them that well. They seem okay enough, but only four of them had earned at least a smidge of trust from you and trust didn't always mean that you were worried about them, it just meant you would allow them to talk to you freely and ask you questions.

"We're not sure," Clint's answer draws you out of your thoughts. He looks at you for a few seconds before continuing, "Thor said he lost contact with Sam a minute before the attack started. Sam was out on watch. Last I saw Stark was in his workshop. Last time I saw Steve and Barnes they were in the kitchen cleaning up after breakfast. Which was right before Nat and I went downstairs to spar." Clint squints, trying to look past the light the fire was giving out, "We don't know how many of them there are, whoever they are anyway. Nat and I must've taken out at least 5, maybe a few more. Thor said he must've taken out at least 10."

"We, well, (Y/N), took out 3 of them," Loki looks over at you. He had an emotion in his eyes that looked suspiciously like pride. You choose to ignore it and went back to focusing on getting your flame to be brighter and larger. You were also trying to not use up all of your energy. Taking out the three guards had taken a lot out of you and the flame was slowly pulling on your energy as well.

You hear two pairs of feet coming from the same general direction Loki and you had come from. You immediately close your hand, extinguishing the flame. You prepare your senses, ready to use any of your elements to attack or kill whoever was coming. The footsteps come closer and you see the faint glow of a flashlight. The only people you had seen with a flashlight were the Hydra agents in the hallway, so you concentrate on a part of the concrete floor directly in front of where the footsteps were coming from, willing it to liquefy. The concrete will prevent the people from moving any closer to you and the others. If they turned out to be a friend, you would push them out. If the turned out to be a foe, you will let the rock solidify, trapping them in the concrete until you release them.

The footsteps are now almost on top of your liquid rock. You hear a squishing sound and a line of Russian cursing in a gruff voice, "Что за? Чего же чертовски застрял в?" You recognize the voice as Bucky. The flashlight swings down to the spot he was stuck in. You hear him sigh and then speak, "(Y/N), я знаю, что это ваш делать. Это меня и Стив. Теперь могли бы вы сделать мне оложение и поймите меня ебать из этой сжиженного бетона."
"You sigh and then speak loudly, "Это ваш собственный черт вина. Вы могли бы объявил себя прежде, чем вы пришли сюда. Просто убедившись, что если бы вы были, вы бы ловушке агента." You start to push Barnes' foot out of the concrete when the lights suddenly flicker back on. You see that Bucky is scowling at his foot and Steve is standing behind him, trying to suppress his laughter. A few seconds later, Bucky is out of the concrete and it had solidified once again.

"Well, at least the lights are back on." Natasha looks around her and then looks to the windows, seeing that they are going back to their normal clear state.

Steve and Bucky join the congregation in the middle of the room. Bucky was still grumbling in Russian about your trapping him in the concrete. Clint looks around at the group for a few seconds before speaking, "Alright, if no one's gonna ask, then I will, who the hell was the dude who cut off Friday?" Loki looks towards you. You avoid his eyes, not wanting to have to speak the man's name again. He had already caused you enough pain, why should you acknowledge his presence?

You then hear the distinct sound of someone walking up the metal stairs across the room. Everyone turns to see who was coming up the stairs, assuming that it would be Tony. At first, everyone was right it was Tony, then everyone realized that his face was bloodied and one of his eyes was swollen shut. You then notice a gun behind his head and then another person walks up the stairs behind him.

There he was in all his glory. Wearing his General outfit that was reminiscent of what Steve and Bucky would have seen in World War 2. You huff at yourself now was not a good time to be remembering things. You look back at the man trailing behind Tony. His hair was dirty blond and his eyes were a dull green. But now they were shining with a look all too familiar to yourself. It was his look of murder. He had a devilish smile on his face. He wasn't an unattractive man, but being evil and capturing you for a year really put a damper on his attractiveness. He looks over at you, his eyes traveling over your face and body. His smile turns into a smirk, "Ich sehe, sie behandeln Sie gut, Assassin."

You scoff. Was he really saying that? He had treated you like a slave for a year, then again, that's what you essentially were to him and probably still were. That's why he was going through all this trouble to get you back, "Viel besser, als Sie jemals mich, General Novak behandelte."

His mouth twitches in amusement before he turns his attention to your companions. He then begins to speak in English with a heavy German accent, "Ah, ze Avengers. 'Ow is my Assassin treating you?" He gets no response other than people gripping their weapons tighter, but no one dares to move, not wanting to endanger Tony's life, "Such a… quiet group you have here, Assassin. But I will get out of your hair rather, how you say, quickly if you just hand over Assassin to me. Then I will release this no good der Mistkerl back into your custody." He gestures to Tony with his gun, as if he accidentally shot him, it would be no big deal.

"So, you're the asshole who took my sister?" Clint looks the man over, smirking. General Novak was of average height, but he was about an inch taller than your brother, "I bet your all bark and no bite, after all, you did have to take (Y/N) to do all your dirty work."

Novak chuckles menacingly, the murderous gleam in his eyes was getting more and more prominent as the conversation continued, "You underestimate me, Clint, is it? I didn't take your sister, she was given to me as a gift by Alexander Pierce. He was the one who wanted her captured and brought to Hydra, not I. I am perfectly willing to kill each one of you off one by one to get what I want. And judging by the fact that you haven't killed me yet, you are all extremely loyal to one another. None of you wish to endanger the life of Mr. Stark here. So let's just make this easier on everyone, Assassin, hand yourself over willingly and nothing bad will happen to any of your
friends."

That was your last straw. He was right, you should have killed him by now, and you could have moved Tony away from him by now. This conversation shouldn't have even started, you should have killed him the moment you saw that dirty blond hair of his. You stepped forward, making a split second decision. General smiled devilishly, thinking that you were giving yourself up to him. But that was so far from the truth it was funny. So funny, that you laugh like a mad woman at the thought. This shocks and confuses everyone, giving you the time you need.

You focus on the air molecules around Tony. Once you have complete control over all of them, you push them against Tony shoving him to the side. Using the same air current, you push the gun out of the General's hand, sending it sprawling to the floor with a crash. You are now the one smiling like you were criminally insane. You step closer and closer to the man, ignore the sounds of the other Avengers, either rushing to grab Tony or calling for you to leave Novak alone.

You can almost feel the fire rushing through your veins as you conjure a flame. You use both of your hands to form it into a whip. Your glove was already burned from conjuring the small fire earlier, so you didn't care at this point. You crack the whip teasingly over the General's head, singing off the ends of a few hairs. You laugh as his face contorts into something one would describe as pure terror. That's when your strike. You lash the whip out towards his face, burning the side of it. You then move it to his arms, waist, legs, and back up again. You were keeping the Avengers from reaching you by making the air molecules around them push against them, much like what you did with Tony.

After a few more minutes you got tired of the whip and extinguished the length of it. The General is in tears at this point, the pain must have been unimaginable, but it was payback for everything he put you through. This was your revenge. You reach your hand down to the concrete floor and pull up a chunk of it. You then begin to shape it into a dagger-like formation. You look back at General Novak and smile at him, mirroring the smile he had been showing you only moments earlier, expect yours was somehow much more menacing. Using a combination of your air and earth manipulation, you pushed the now sharpened chunk of concrete towards Novak, forcing him to move backward. Finally, his back hits the wall. You keep the dagger shaped rock pointed at his neck until you were right in front of him. You then released your hold on the concrete, causing it to fall to the floor with a clatter. You grab the General's throat with your metal hand and push him up the wall until his feet were off the floor, which was an accomplishment for you seeing as he was at least a few inches taller than you.

He struggles against you, hopelessly trying to get you to release your hold on his neck, but your grip was too strong for him to even attempt to slip out of. Normally if you wanted to choke someone to death you did it with your powers, it wouldn't leave a fingerprint or show signs that the person had been murdered. But this time, you wanted someone to die by your own hand. You wanted this man who had brought you so much pain and suffering over the course of a year, to die by your own hands. You wanted to watch as the life slowly slipped out of him as he suffocated. You wanted to feel the last bit of struggle before he passed out and died. You wanted to be the bringer of death for this man and nobody was going to stop you.

You watch the light begin to fade from his eyes, his struggling was beginning to lessen, you wanted the last thing he heard to be you, so you speak, "Ihre eigene Kreation töten Sie, ironisch, nicht wahr?" You see his eyes widen in surprise for a moment before they slide half-shut and his body goes limp. You almost release your hold on him before you put your hands on the side of his head and twist, snapping his neck. If he wasn't dead before, he definitely was now.

You release your hold on the Avengers, falling to your knees as you do so. The battle had drained
the rest of your energy. The adrenaline had made it last much longer, but now it was gone. The last thing your mind processes before you pass out, is Loki, Clint, and Steve rushing towards you, their faces a mix of horror, panic, and sadness.

P.O.V. Switch

Hours had passed since the Avengers had witnessed you murder your former captor, General Alaric Novak. Since then, his body had been disposed of and the other intruders had been arrested. The dogs had been let out of the hidden room as well. Loki had carried you to your room as soon as Bucky confirmed that you had fallen asleep after passing out. Now you were sleeping in your room, which was locked from the outside once again. Tony had received medical attention and Sam had been revived and declared healthy aside from a small bump on his head that would be fine in a few days.

The others were shocked by your behavior. This was the most violent you had ever been, even on their few run-ins with you as the Assassin. It was almost as if you had gone momentarily insane and hell-bent on revenge. Everyone had thought today would have been the best day for you mentally in a very, very long time, but it was anything but. This had been the first major decision you had made in a long time and it had been on deciding to kill a man.

Nobody knew what to think or do. Some of them had become slightly afraid of you, even if it was a very small part of them tucked deep away inside of their psyche. Nobody knew how to go forward with you, not even Bucky, who usually had the best ideas on how to handle the situation as he had been through it once before. The outburst wasn't as surprising as how you acted with it, you tortured a man before killing him in a way where you could feel him die. They didn't know if they should leave you alone in the room again or act as though nothing happened and let you roam the compound with supervision.

Loki was the most shocked of them all. His (Y/N) had killed a man so violently, he could barely watch as it happened and he had killed people without mercy himself. Before everything happened, you would have only killed someone if they were going to kill you or if they were harming others. This was just a murder based on nothing but a need for revenge. *He didn't know what would happen when you awoke from your slumber, would you regret everything and try to kill yourself once again or would you feel no regret whatsoever and continue on with your life as though this was normal.* Loki didn't know which one was worse. You had come quite far since the Avengers had rescued you, but today, you had gone backward in your progress. He didn't know if he or the others would ever be able to look at you without thinking of this day. Maybe time would cause the memory to fade and everyone would look back at it as an episode that had a more violent outcome than others, but that might not be the case.

Today was supposed to be the day where everything took a turn for the better. But instead, everything took a turn for the worse. The hope of your full recovery was small before, but now, it was almost minuscule. Everyone knew originally that you would never go back to being 100% old you, Bucky hadn't and wouldn't. But now, there was a doubt that you would ever go back to being even 50% old you. None of the Avengers would admit it to each other, but they wanted you back, the old one. You had been a light in the darkness for all of them. You had brought Steve to a place where he could at least be happy without Bucky. You brought Clint and Natasha closer together. You helped Tony and Bruce become closer with the others. You had brought Thor closer to the others despite him literally being from a different world. And most importantly you helped Loki take a turn for the better and kept him from going down a very dark path. You had helped make the Avengers a family. You had been the thing to hold them together and keep them happy, but now you might be one of the things that end up tearing them apart.
It's getting colder
and so is my heart.

It's getting darker
and so are my thoughts.

The leaves are falling
and so am I,
falling
(apart)
b.o.

Chapter End Notes

Keine Spur von die Rächer, Solider oder Asset in Abschnitt man = No sign of the Avengers, the Solidier, or Asset in section one

Что за? Что ад я чертовски застрял в? = What the fuck? What the hell am I fucking stuck in?

(Y/N), я знаю, что это ваш делать. Это меня и Стив. Теперь могли бы вы сделать мне одолжение и поймите меня ебать из этой сжиженного бетона = (Y/N), I know that this is you're doing. It's me and Steve. Now could you do me a favor and get me thefuck out this liquefied concrete

Это ваш собственный черт вина. Вы могли бы объявил себя прежде, чем вы пришли сюда. Просто убедившись, что если бы вы были, вы бы ловушке агента. = It's your own damn fault. You could've announced yourself before you came in here. I was just making sure if you were an agent you would be trapped

Ich sehe, sie behandeln Sie gut, Assassin. = I see that they treat you well, Assassin.

Viel besser, als Sie jemals mich, General Novak behandelt. = Much better than you ever treated me, General Novak

der Mistkerl = bastard/dirty swine

Ihre eigene Kreation töten Sie, ironisch, nicht wahr? = Your own creation killing you, ironic, isn't it?

There's chapter 38! Damn guys, it's been a fucking while since I've updated this story. Sorry, it took me so long! I've been super busy for the past few months and this was really one of the first time's I've been able to just sit down for a few hours and write. For the past few months, it was mostly just, I have an hour of time here, let's see how much I can actually crank out. Again, sorry it took so long and I'm by no means abandoning this story. Anyway, Marvel SDCC panel was yesterday and we learned
some stuff but not that much, maybe some of you even saw the leaked trailer for Infinity Wars (I did and it was fucking amazing)!
Likes/Kudos/Comments/Votes/everything else I'm forgetting are always appreciated!
If you have any requests, just give me a comment! That's all for now!

Disclaimer: The only characters I own are (Y/N) and General Novak. The rest are owned by Marvel. Titled inspired by This is Gospel by Panic! At The Disco.
"You dare attack me, you mewling quim!" This single sentence changed your life more than 3 years ago. Loki Laufeyson, a frost giant adopted by Odin, was the being that said those words. He had been on a warpath, planning to take over Earth and rule it as his own. But you helped him overcome his desire for a revenge of sorts and turned him into a worthy and respectable member of the world's mightiest heroes, otherwise known as the Avengers. Now, Loki had to do the same for you. 2 years after that fateful night in the German town of Stuttgart, you were captured by Hydra on a fake SHIELD mission. They changed you into Asset 2.0, deemed 'Assassin' by the public. The Avengers finally located you after months upon months of searching the globe for you. You were slowly becoming more comfortable with your old teammates, who you have once considered your family, and you were beginning to come out of the shell Hydra had surrounded you with. But General Novak, your old captor, had found you and tried to take you back. This is where it all went wrong. One of the first life-changing decisions you had made for yourself in over a year, was to kill a man in a brutal and torturous way. You didn't feel remorse, not even a month after the incident. Or at least that's how it seemed to the Avengers, who didn't know how to progress with you. Wanda had been the one to convince them to leave what had happened in the past after weeks of them dancing around you. They had forgiven Loki for attempting world domination, so why couldn't they forgive you for killing one man who had ruined your life?

Today was a mundane Monday in the new Avengers compound. Steve and Bucky had left early that morning for a trip to New York City, wanting to spend a week or so away from the hustle and bustle of being superheroes. Thor had left a few days prior to a trip to Asgard, something about completing a diplomatic mission to Álfheimr. Tony and Pepper were working on closing some business deals for Stark Industry in the meeting room with various other CEOs and billionaires. Natasha was off doing an impromptu mission in Saudi Arabia for what was left of SHIELD and Clint was spending his time worrying about his wife while communicating with Sam as he did watch duty. Wanda was cooking in the kitchen while Vision was watching her and trying to learn. You were outside with Loki, experimenting with your powers.

"Now, if my hypothesis is correct, if you manipulate the air molecules around you and force them to push up on you. You should be able to achieve aerokinetic flight." Loki watches as you continue to strengthen your air manipulation by keeping a collection of objects in the air, "Aerokinetic flight could give you a multitude of advantages in a fight and if you can fly, that means you can help others to as well. If you perfect your flying, then you could join Stark, Sam, Vision, and my brother in the air during any battles, which would give the team an advantage as well," Loki then adds in as an afterthought, "If and when you decided to join the Avengers once again."

You lower your hands, letting the various things you were keeping up fall to the ground. You glance at the towering metal A that was on the building next to you. You knew that you lived with the Avengers and that you had once been one of the original Avengers along with Tony, Natasha, Clint, Thor, Steve, and a man named Bruce, who you were told had disappeared two days after you had been found. You never figured that the invitation to join the ever-growing team would be extended to you. After all, you had been working with an organization that they had been fighting to take down for over a year and you killed innocent civilians for no reason what so ever. You look back at Loki, the god who was your soulmate. You were lucky in the fact that he had been understanding in your wanting to take whatever this was, slow. You finally speak, "I could be an Avenger?"
Loki walks towards you, stopping once he was only inches away, "Well, you technically still are an Avenger. You never stopped being one." You freeze. No, that couldn't be possible. You were still an Avenger when you did all those horrible deeds for Hydra? Every person you had killed, you had killed as being a protector of Earth? Loki immediately notices that your mind has gone into overdrive. He places his steady hands on your shoulders, bringing your focus back to him rather than in your thoughts, "(Y/N), love. Take a deep breath." Loki demonstrates with his own breathing and you soon begin to copy it. After a minute or two, you have calmed down enough for Loki to feel comfortable speaking again, "Love, you don't have to be an Avenger. After you got taken you could consider that the end of your Avengers era. You could be like James and only assist us when it is needed. Or you could retire from the superhero life. We could buy a house or apartment anywhere in the world and live out our lives there." Loki senses that all the choices he is giving you are overwhelming, so he backtracks, "Love, none of these decisions need to be made now. I know having so many choices can be overwhelming for someone who hasn't gone through everything that you have."

You take in everything that Loki has said in the past few minutes. From becoming an Avenger again to leaving this life behind. You knew that this choice didn't have to be made now, as Loki said, but you couldn't help but think about what would happen. If you became a full-fledged Avenger, you'd be thrust into the spotlight once again and there was a chance that people could step forward and recognize you as someone who killed their spouse or child or friend or sibling, the list goes on and on. If you retired, life would be good, at least for a while. But in the few months that you had been discovering yourself again, you know that you would get stir-crazy about not doing anything. You push these thoughts to the back of your mind. You had enough to think about already. You still were learning to trust the others, you were trying to figure out what you and Loki were doing, you were learning things about yourself and about who you were, and you were coming to terms with all the people you had killed, including General Novak, the man that had brought this mess upon you.

You weren't sure how you felt about killing him. But you do recognize that you scared the others, even though you knew they were trying their best to act normal around you. You've witnessed the Avengers reaching for their nearest weapon absentmindedly when you stand or enter a room. You've noticed that Wanda, Clint, Steve, and Tony flinch slightly if you ever reach out towards them or make a sudden, unexpected movement. You've even noticed that Loki seems weary around you, such as when you're working with your fire manipulation or when you've gotten emotionally distraught, not that everyone didn't already do that anyway. You know they're afraid that you're going to lash out at them, not that you blame them. You finally pull yourself out of your thoughts to meet Loki's green eyes that are filled with concern. You try to ease his concern by managing the smallest hint of a smile. Your smile almost turns into a frown when you realize that you were doing something to make someone else feel better. You put that thought in that back of your mind, giving yourself, even more, to think about later. You look Loki in the eyes, "You said I could fly?" Loki nods, the concern fading into the back of his thoughts, "Only one way to find out."

P.O.V. Switch

It had been Bucky's idea for the two super-soldiers to leave the compound for a few days, especially after what had happened the past few weeks. Steve had been the one to suggest they stay at the tower and explore New York City and all of the burrows within, as they had done decades ago in their youth. A lot had changed in 70 years, both with them and the place they had once called home, and the men wanted to experience it all over again. They planned to spend at least a day per burrow, starting in Brooklyn, their home. Both Steve and Bucky wanted to start their adventure at Coney Island.

Steve and Bucky enter the area of Brooklyn that has been reserved for Coney Island for more than
a century. Bucky decided that neither of them would be hiding their identities for this trip as he wanted to experience New York City being as authentic as possible. Sure, they would get people coming up for autographs and pictures, but neither of them minded. Steve always loved talking to fans and Bucky was slowly but surely getting over various fears and hesitations that he had, so he was more open to doing pictures and autographs. Steve and Bucky look around at their old summer hangout, taking in what it had become. Bucky reaches for Steve's hand, drawing Steve away from the view, "You know, it's a lot smaller than I remember with a lot fewer rides."

Grey eyes meet blue, one waiting for a response from the other, "Well, that just means we get to enjoy the few rides they have and then see what's new." Steve squeezes Bucky's hand, smiling at his boyfriend with love in his eyes.

Bucky rolls his eyes at Steve's lovey-dovey act before leaning towards his ear and then albeit growling, "Ya know, if you keep staring at me like that, I might just have to do somethin' 'bout it." Steve pulls back slightly, his cheeks now tinged pink. Bucky smirks at the younger man and then looks around as if nothing happened. His eyes land on the rollercoaster that is rising about all the other rides in the section of Coney Island, "Is that what I think it is?" Bucky pulls Steve towards the coaster, forcing Steve to jog so he could keep up. He skids to a stop at the entrance to the coaster, which has the name above it, "Coney Island Cyclone." Bucky's eyes light up and Steve smiles, happy to see his soulmate so ecstatic, "Stevie, we have to ride this."

Steve laughs, "You know, the last time I rode that, I'm pretty sure I threw up on you." Steve looks up at the top of the coaster, watching as the cars on it go down the tallest hill.

"Yeah, but that was back when you were skinny. I bet your digestive system is stronger now, plus if you do throw up on me, now I can punch you without feelin' bad." Bucky smiles and then tugs on the war hero's arm, "Now, stop bein' a scaredy cat and come with me." Steve relents and lets Bucky pull him towards the historic rollercoaster, happy to do anything for Bucky, especially something making him so joyful.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 2 Hours

You had managed to get yourself 5 feet off of the ground when you and Loki decided that you should be done practicing today. Your stamina was getting better and you could now use more of your powers for a longer period of time, but you still got drained. The both of you went inside after the decision to get something for lunch.

Wanda looks up from the kitchen when you and Loki climb the stairs. She smiles at the both of you and waves you over. You had only talked to Wanda a few times since you arrived here. She was kind but an extremely capable woman. You had seen her powers at work and from what you've seen, her powers could cause more damage than yours. You knew that she had been a willing volunteer to the experiments of Hydra, as was her twin brother, Pietro, was his name you believe. You had never met him, as he had died only two days after you had been rescued, but from what you had heard from the others, his death had saved not only a child's life but also your brother's. You didn't know what to think about that fact that she willingly volunteered herself to be experimented on by the same organization that ruined your life. Whenever you interacted with her, something in your head wanted you to be bitter with her about it, but you knew she didn't deserve that. She was just trying to help her country, as Steve had down so many decades ago.

Vision was standing across the counter from Wanda and nodded in greeting as the two of you reached the kitchen counter. You had also talked to Vision a few times, seeing as he was always with Wanda. He was a strange being, aside from the fact that he was an android. Apparently, he had been Tony's electronic butler of sorts before he was put in the synthetic body. If you ever had a
question about anything, Vision was someone that you could rely on to answer it. His powers were probably the most frightening out of any of the Avengers and he hadn't even reached the full potential of the 'Infinity Stone' in his forehead. Loki had told you about the stone, saying that it had previously been in his scepter before another android named Ultron had tried to use it to fashion a body for himself, the one that Vision was now using. Loki had informed you the 'Infinity Stone' was one of 6, together they would able a person to control the universe. The one Vision had in his forehead was called the Mind Stone and the extent of its powers was unknown, even by Vision.

"You're both just in time." Wanda draws you back out of your head. You often got lost in your thoughts and didn't realize that someone was speaking to you, "I just finished making some Spätzle." You and Loki share a confused look, you had never heard of Spätzle, then again, you did have memory problems. Wanda realizes that the two of you didn't know what she was talking about, so she explains as she puts the food on two plates for you, "It's a dish my mother made when I was younger. It's a kind of noodle. I put some cheese and onions on it for flavor, as it's very plain if there's nothing on it." She gives each of you a fork.

You glance over at Loki before placing the fork in the pasta. You stab a few noodles and then raise the fork to your mouth. You glance up at Wanda who smiles encouragingly. You nod and then place the food in your mouth. You chew thoughtfully for a few seconds before swallowing.

"Well, what do you think?" Wanda gives herself a plate before placing the pot off to the side. She looks at the both of you waiting for an answer.

"It's very good, Wanda," you reply, keeping your answer short. It was very good, but you still weren't one for talking much, you enjoyed listening more. You place more noodles on your fork and continue to eat.

Loki nods in agreement, "You have quite a talent, Miss Maximoff. You should assist Steven with meals, I'm sure he would appreciate the help as well as the talent." Loki looks over at you, "You know, you could help him as well, you used to be quite the cook yourself. I'm sure he and Wanda would help you learn."

You look over at the trickster god. What was it with him today? He seemed to be trying to get you to do things the old you did. Was he realizing that he didn't actually care for you in any shape or form? Or was he trying to transform you into the old you, because that's who he actually loved, not you? You finish your Spätzle in silence, not answering Loki's question or participating in the conversation that Vision started after you didn't respond. Once you finish, you place the plate in the sink and walk towards the living quarters without another word. You needed some time to yourself to contemplate everything that Loki had said, as well the questions that were always swirling in the depths of your mind.

P.O.V. Switch

Loki watched you leave the room, confused as to why you suddenly fell silent. Was it what he said? Sure, he had mentioned something about your past, but he hadn't thought it was a big deal. He thinks back to what he said about you being an Avenger again. Then, he realizes it was what he said. He groans, letting the fork drop to his plate and placing his head in his hands. Why had he been so stupid? He was getting more and more familiar with how your mind worked now and sometimes he slipped up, not remembering that you were different, more fragile, for lack of a better term. You were probably thinking that he wanted the old you back and that he didn't love you.

Sure, he wanted the old you back but not for selfish reasons. He wanted the old you back because then, you wouldn't have gone through the traumatic experiences that you had and you would have spent a year more with him. You would have been married, maybe even with child at this point.
Loki did love you and nothing could ever change that. Not you changing, not his father wanting something else, not the world trying to tear the two of you apart. Nothing could stop him from loving you. Yes, love was the most beautifully painful thing he's ever encountered, but he would rather go through pain and heartbreak then not have it at all. It broke his heart to see you this way, having to remember everything you've ever done. All of it. The good, the bad, and the ugly. He wished there was a way for him to go back in time and save you. He had looked into it, or he had Thor look into it when he went back to Asgard. Thor had told him there was nothing safe that could be done to reverse time and save you. There were ways of course, but all of them could have dangerous consequences.

"Loki? You alright?" None other than your brother was the one to draw Loki out of his thoughts. Loki lifts his head up to meet Clint's eyes. He seemed genuinely concerned, which would have confused Loki a few months ago, but he and Clint had grown closer, mostly over the concern for you.

"I do believe I said a few things I shouldn't have to (Y/N)," Loki replies. He takes note of Clint's face, which had a multitude of emotions going across it, but before Clint could start yelling at him, Loki continued, "I mentioned that she could join the Avengers if she so wished and that Steve and Wanda could teach her how to cook again, not thinking about how (Y/N) would respond to such things. I know I made a mistake, but I cannot do anything now. For if I do, I will just make it worse and I will help nobody."

"Well," Clint looks thoughtful for a few moments before speaking, "If I know my sister, and I do, she probably thinks you're trying to get her back to the old her and thinks you don't love her." Loki nods in agreement, "You know what you could do? Do something romantic for her. Not over the top, but like a small gesture, you know?"

Loki nods again. He thinks for a few seconds before realizing the perfect thing to do, "Thank you, Barton. If I am not mistaken, you've given me the push in the right direction." Loki pats Clint's shoulder in a brotherly manner. He places the now empty plate in the sink, just as you had done, "Thank you for the delightful lunch, Wanda." He then turns and heads towards the living quarters, a slight spring in his step.

P.O.V. Switch

The two super soldiers had spent the rest of their morning running around their old summer hangout. They had stopped for lunch at Nathan's Hotdog's because if you go to Coney Island, you have to get a Nathan's hotdog. After finishing their lunch, they left Coney Island hand-in-hand. The rest of the day was to be spent wandering around the burrow they had once called home. They walked up and down streets, talking about what had changed and what hadn't.

Steve suddenly halts, forcing Bucky to stop as well. Steve was looking up at a seemingly plain faced brownstone apartment building. Steve smiles to himself before glancing over to Bucky. Steve's eyes were glistening as if he was trying to hold back tears. "Remember when I used to live here? We would play in the street with the other kids," Steve chuckles, "I bet we would get hit by a car if we played in the street now." Steve looks back at the building, noticing something. He lets go of Bucky's hand and jogs over towards the stairs. Bucky follows him, worry coursing through his face, what had Steve seen? Steve skids to a stop in front of a small plaque that Bucky hadn't even noticed. Steve laughs softly before reading the plaque aloud, "This apartment building, 253 Cumberland St, Brooklyn, NY 11205, used to be the childhood home of World War II hero, Steven Grant Rogers, aka Captain America. He lived here with his parents Joseph and Sarah Rogers, until their death. He then lived with his best friend, James Buchanan "Bucky" Barnes until he was drafted and Rogers became the beloved hero, Captain America."
"See, they seemed to have gotten one thing wrong." Bucky turns Steve away from the sign so they were looking each other in the eyes, "We're not just best friends." With that Bucky pulls Steve towards him, causing their mouths to crash together. They kiss for a few more seconds before pulling apart, both men breathing harder than before. Bucky smirks before pulling Steve back down the stairs. They continue walking down the sidewalk, this time in silence. Bucky spots something down the street, turning his head to Steve, "You ever wanted to get a tattoo? Nat has two that she showed me and it made me kinda want one." Steve gives Bucky a confused looked, causing Bucky to backtrack, "She was wearing a low-cut shirt and I noticed the tip of an arrow, so I asked her about it. She has an arrow over her heart and a black widow spider on her lower back."

Steve releases a breath he didn't realize he was holding in. He considers Bucky's question, did he want to get a tattoo? He had thought about it during the war, maybe to commemorate his time, but after crashing the Valkyrie and being unfrozen, he hadn't thought about it since. Steve sighs before speaking, "I mean, why not? I always thought about it in the war, so why not do it now?"

Bucky nods in agreement, "Well, it's settled, let's go get a tattoo." Bucky starts walking towards the tattoo parlor he saw that sparked the question in the first place.

Steve reaches out for Bucky, grabbing his shoulder before he could go any further, "We can't just walk into a random tattoo parlor, we have to look them up on the internet and find the best one." Steve pulls out his phone, "Tony was telling me that's what you do nowadays. Plus, if we're gonna put something permanent on our bodies, we should find the best, right?" Steve looks up at his boyfriend, giving Bucky his famous puppy dog eyes. Bucky sighs, relenting as he turns around and plants himself on a nearby bench. Steve sits next to him and starts to look up tattoo parlors. Bucky leans his head on Steve's shoulder, watching as he tries to find the best one. These quiet moments were the ones Bucky loved best and watching his soulmate be so like himself, did things to him. Bucky sighs, adjusting his head so he was more comfortable, they would be here a while, Steve could be very picky when it came to anything, but since he was putting something on his body forever, he would be even more picky than usual.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 2 Hours

You had holed yourself up in your living quarters for the past 2 or so hours, not wanting to interact with anyone after this morning. It had given you time to think. You had so many things swirling around in your brain all the time now and sometimes if you didn't just take an hour or so every once in a while to think, you would feel as though your head was going to explode. You had a feeling that this was from not having any of your own thoughts for a year and you were still getting used to having some many things jumbled around in your head.

You had come to the conclusion of a few things during your most recent thinking session. The first was that Loki didn't mean to upset you by saying all those things and that though he did love the old you, he loved you now too. He was just trying to give you things to look forward to in that future and give you things to do to keep you busy. Two, you would like to learn how to cook, seeing as the furthest your cooking knowledge went was boiling water because you had seen many of the others do it on various occasions. Three, you wanted to explore all the options when it came to your future with the other Avengers. And the fourth thing was what you spent the most of your time thinking about, your future with Loki.

Loki loved you, that you were most certain on above anything else at the moment. He reminded you of that every time he used your nickname, 'Love.' You knew that you definitely weren't the same person he had fallen in love with and that you would likely never be that person again. But for some reason, that didn't matter to him. It didn't matter to him that the one person he had held closest to his heart and the person who was his other half, wasn't the same. Maybe this is why the
universe put his handwriting on your right shoulder and why it put your handwriting on his chest or so that's where he said it was. It put the marks there because it knew that something horrible would happen to you and it knew that Loki would still love you, no matter what. The universe was definitely not your favorite thing most of the time, but you had to admit, it knew what it was doing.

This thought brings another question you had floating up to the forefront of your mind. Loki was a Frost Giant and a god, making him immortal. The only reason you had figured that out was that a week or so ago, you had asked him how old he was and his reply was, "Physically, I am no older than your mortal 32. But my true age, well, I stopped counting centuries ago, to be honest, but I do believe I am somewhere around 1,000 or so, quite young for a Frost Giant really." But this was not the question, nor the problem that was becoming apparent in your mind. You were a human and humans live short lifespans compared to say an Asgardian or a Frost Giant. But you had powers. Specifically, healing powers. You weren't sure about the science behind it or really much of anything about it besides that fact that only three things could possibly kill you and that everything else was just a minor inconvenience. But if you managed to not be killed by any of those three things, would you just continue to live until one of those things killed you? You supposed this might be another reason the universe put the two of you together, knowing that neither of you could die very easily.

You could pose this question to Loki or possible Tony later, but now, you were tired. All of this thinking and sorting through your mind's content always wore you out. You stand up from the armchair you had been curled up in for the past two hours, stretching your limbs and hearing the satisfying crack once they had been loosened up. You look outside, taking in the silence and emptiness of it before making your way over to your bed. You slip off your sneakers before lying on it. You close your eyes and speak to the empty room, "Friday, could you turn off the lights?" The AI complies with your request without a sound, as well as blacking out the windows for you. You turn to your side, your breathing slowly evening out as slumber took you. Your last waking thought was hoping that you wouldn't have any nightmares and that for once you would have a restful sleep.

P.O.V. Switch

Loki had spent the last 2 hours searching for an envelope, but not just any envelope. This envelope contained the last thing you had given him before you had been captured. The day before you went missing had been Loki's birthday, he believed it was his 1,057th, although he wasn't positive. You had given him a few presents that day. The first was a mind-blowing way to wake up, Loki smiles to himself as he recalls what had happened that morning. There were other presents, but his favorite was the last one you gave him, it was a sealed envelope with your beautiful handwriting on the front, addressing it to "Loki Laufeyson, my love." Inside were 2 sheets of notebook paper, with each line graced with a number, starting at 1 and ending at 100. Each of the numbers had a short sentence that centered around one topic. Him. Each number was one reason why you loved him.

He was beside himself. This letter had gotten him through the long year you had been gone, even though he hadn't opened it for a month or two after you disappeared. He had taken it out every day to see your handwriting and to try to keep himself somewhat sane and grounded. He was 100% positive that he had packed it and taken it with him when Tony had moved them to the new compound. Loki was beginning to grow frantic, fearing that what had kept him grounded for so long had suddenly disappeared. He hadn't taken it out in so long, being too focused on you to need the comfort of the letter. Loki looked around his small quarters, trying to think about where he hadn't looked when he finally remembered where he had put it. He walked over to the small bookshelf near his bed. This was where he kept his favorite books, ones from Asgard and ones that you had introduced to him. He scanned the shelf before finding the book he was looking for. He gripped the spine and slowly slide it out. The Hobbit. It was one of your books, another one that
you loved. He opened the front cover, sighing in relief when he saw the envelope with your handwriting.

He walks over to his desk, placing the envelope in the center of it and the book off to the side. He sits down in the sturdy chair, sliding himself closer to the desk. He closes his eyes and rubs his face. Hopefully, he hadn't offended you too much and that you would forgive him. He opens his eyes and looks down at the envelope, he was surprised it hadn't fallen apart at this point. He turns it over, untucking the flap from the inside of the envelope. He carefully pulls the two pieces of paper out and unfolds them with the utmost care, they had been folded and unfolded so many times that one wrong move could tear them. He scans the papers, making sure nothing had ripped before he began to read:

My Dearest Loki,

Every day you show me somehow that you love me, I thought it was only fair to give you this to show that I love you as much as you love me. So, without further ado, 100 reasons why I love Loki Laufeyson:

1. Your eyes
2. Your smile
3. Your laugh
4. The way you bite the inside of your cheek when you're thinking
5. You always know how to make me laugh
6. Your intelligence
7. Your kindness
8. Your kisses
9. Your voice
10. You always know what I'm feeling
11. Your compassion
12. Your love of books
13. The way your eyes twinkle when you're holding a laugh
14. Your hugs
15. The fact that you love me no matter what I've done
16. You put up with my shit
17. Your there for me when I have nightmares
18. You keep me company when I'm doing the most mundane tasks
19. You greet me every morning with the same enthusiasm
20. The way you say my name
21. The way you pull me tighter when I try to leave you in the morning
22. Your mischievous streak
23. The way you look at me when one of the others is being stupid
24. The way you look at me
25. You accept all my flaws
26. You never fail to tell me I'm beautiful, even though I don't think it
27. Your hair
28. The way you tuck a strand of my hair behind my ear
29. The way you know how to make my body sing
30. You love my brother as one of your own (even though you don't show it)
31. The way you encourage me
32. Your chivalry that could rival Steve's
33. The way you make sure I'm always hydrated and well fed
34. The way you protect me when we're in the middle of a battle (I'm quite capable by the way)
35. The way you always make sure I'm okay after I get hurt even though whatever it is will be gone in a matter of minutes
36. The way you watch me when you think I'm not looking
37. The way fire comes into your eyes anytime anyone hurts me
38. The way you keep me grounded when I'm angry
39. When you let your mischievous side run wild when Tony started a prank war
40. Your willingness to try anything I recommend to you
41. Your hands
42. Your composure
43. The way you walk
44. The way you move
45. The way you fight
46. The way you always are touching me whenever I'm near you
47. When you can't touch me, the way you always lean towards me
48. The way you absentmindedly play with my hair
49. The way you always eat whatever I make
50. The way you always tell me the truth
51. The way you trace your words on my body with such care
52. The way you look at me when I'm singing
53. Your thoughtfulness
54. The way you always deal with the conversations I want to have at 1 in the morning
55. Your bravery
56. Your courage
57. The fact you know how I like my tea
58. The way you know everything there is to know about me
59. The way you put my needs before your own (even though I tell you not to)
60. You always know what to say to keep me calm
61. You are my other half
62. You are everything I never knew I needed
63. You always keep your promises
64. The way you're a softie (even though you try to hide it)
65. Your patience with me when I'm being stubborn
66. Whenever there's a spider you always take care of it
67. I know I can always be myself around you
68. When you sing under your breath and think that I can't hear you
69. The fact you can speak Old Norse
70. The way you call me Love
71. You always know when I'm getting stir-crazy, so you take me out on a surprise date
72. You don't try to change me, you except me for me
73. You always laugh at my horrible jokes
74. Whenever we're on a mission, you always check up on me if we're apart (even though it annoys the others to no end)
75. How you look at me when I have to get dressed up (which honestly isn't that much different from the normal way you look at me)
76. Your jealously whenever someone is trying to hit on me
77. The way you can hold a conversation with me for hours and not get bored
78. You always speak your mind
79. You're not afraid to show your emotions
80. All the memories we make together
81. How you still make me weak in the knees
82. You love me
83. You know that I'm not perfect
84. I know I can always show how I feel around you
85. I know I can trust you to have my back
86. Your forgiveness
87. How you always seem to know what I'm going to say before I say it
88. You're a gentlemen on the streets
89. And a god (literally) in the sheets
90. You saved me in everyday
91. You always know when I feel worthless and know how to make me feel like I'm worth something
92. Your laugh (and how contagious it is)
93. You have a good heart
94. Your curiosity never wavers
95. And you teach me new things
96. You've taught me to enjoy the simple things in life
97. I feel like every time I'm with you, my heart smiles
98. Because even though we came together in a less then desirable way, I couldn't love you more
99. Your hopefulness
100. The fact that you think you can keep a secret from me (I know it's early, but yes!)

Loki's heart always breaks at the last reason. You knew that he was going to ask you to marry him and you had already said yes. He places the letter down and pulls the chain he always wears around his neck, out of his shirt. Your engagement ring was hanging on it like a pendant. It was a silver ring with emerald and diamond jewels intertwined together on the front. He knew that you hadn't seen it, but he knew that you were a spy and quite observant, so you had most likely put two and two together.
Loki places the chain back under his shirt before opening his desk drawer and pulling out two sheets of paper and a pen. He sets the paper on the desk next to your letter. Even though you most likely didn't remember giving this to him, he was going to return the favor, hoping that this would help resolve some of the tension he had brought upon the two of you. He stares at the paper, realizing that the last time he had written something down, it had been in Old Norse. He knew how to write in English, he just didn't have a need to do it often. He studies your handwriting for a few moments, slowly remembering how to form the 26 letters of the English alphabet. Loki sighs, picking up the pen, if worst came to worst, he could always get the help of one of the other Avengers, having them transcribe his words in English so he could copy them. He places the pen on the paper and begins to write, hopefully, this would turn out in the way he wanted.

I promise you
I will try harder
to be better
I have battled with things
inside me
for longer than you know;
I do not know
what they are
or why they are there,
I only know
that they feel
manageable,
defeatable,
when I
am around
You.
-Tyler Knott Gregson-

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter 39! Y'all, I'm so sorry I haven't written in so long! I've been super busy with my new school (high school in a new state), especially with AP (which can be a bitch sometimes). Anyway, I hope this makes up for it and that y'all don't hate me too much because of the last cliffhanger and because of this cliffhanger. Anyway, kudos,
likes, comments, favorites, etc. are always appreciated. That's all for now!

Disclaimer: The only character that belongs to me is (Y/N), the rest of them are owned by Disney/Marvel Studios. The title of this work is based on the song Control by Halsey.
Loki is the god of mischief. Prince of Asgard, Odin's son, rightful king of Jötunheim, and your soulmate. You didn't know much about this world you now find yourself in, but Loki seemed to be the one thing that you were sure of in this confusing place. You had been a brainwashed assassin for an organization known as Hydra for a year and a half before the Avengers found you. They called themselves your family, one of them was even your biological brother. You were still grappling with the fact that you had killed so many people who were innocents. It didn't help that the one thing that you were usually sure of had been absent for the past week. The others had told you not to worry, that Loki got like this and the only thing to do was wait it out. You had waited and now you were beginning to think that his sudden disappearance had to do with one thing. You.

You were sitting on the window seat in the library with Storm sitting next to you, her head in your lap as she slept. You were running your left hand through her thick, soft fur as you watched the summer thunderstorm outside. You wanted to go out and just stand in the rain, letting it soak through clothing and run down your face, but you didn't want to bother any of the others. There had been an intruder last week and they were still trying to track him down. Clint had offhandedly mentioned to you that the guy had a suit that gave him the ability to shrink down to the size of an ant and still have the strength of a full sized man.

Steve and Bucky had returned from their mini-vacation yesterday and were proudly showing off the souvenirs they both got while they were there. Bucky had informed you that they were called tattoos, sort of like soulmarks, but you could get whatever you wanted. Steve had gotten a red star on the side of his left shoulder to match the one on Bucky's metal arm. Bucky had gotten one across the back of his shoulders, starting at his metal arm and ending on the opposite shoulder. It was a stylized depiction of flames dancing with snow. Bucky had said it was a representation of how he came to be where he was now. He hadn't gone into detail and you hadn't pushed, somehow knowing that it would bring up memories that he didn't want to think about.

You had voiced during the same conversation that you were interested in possibly getting a tattoo, now that you had been informed of their existence. You thought of it as a way to reclaim your body after everything Hydra did to you; they gave you scars that would never heal from the time they took away your healing powers and a metal arm that you hated with every inch of your being. At first, the super soldiers weren't even sure you could get a tattoo because of your healing powers but the resident doctor, an Asian woman whose name you had yet to learn, had told all of you that the ink wouldn't be pushed out or healed over. The problem would end up being your healing factor during the inking itself; she said she would look into it and try to find an unpainful way to suspend your powers in order to receive the tattoo.

In the meantime, Steve had volunteered to help you come up with a design, explaining that he was an artist. You had agreed but told him you needed time to even think of a topic you would want to have as a tattoo or the place that you would want to put it. This was one of the reasons you were in the library, to try and think of something you would want as a tattoo.

The library had become your space after you had felt too trapped in your room. It had a good view of the yard and it was typically empty. If someone came in, they would find the book they were looking for and then leave once they found it; at least that's how it went you were in the room.

Loki was the other frequent occupier of the library, but he had been noticeably absent from every
part of the compound for the past week. You had passed him in the halls a few times but he hadn't
even stopped to say hello or even smiled in your general direction; he was always in his own head
with a small, green notebook in one of his hands. You had come to the decision that he regretted
revealing that the two of you were soulmates and that he was avoiding you so he didn't have to hurt
you.

The rain was beginning to slow as the door to the library opened. You immediately stood up and
faced the intruder, hands ready to manipulate whatever element was needed. This woke up Storm,
who whined slightly before readjusting her position. You relaxed when you realized it was just
your older brother. The Hydra attack had frayed your nerves and you had yet to become less jumpy
after the incident. You resume your position on the window seat and Storm moves her head back to
your lap.

The blond makes his way across the room, coming to a halt in front of you. He reaches up to his
ears, turning on his hearing aids. He told you the other day that he kept them off sometimes to
mess with the others. Thor was the only one who had caught on, but he had sworn the god to
secrecy, wanting to see how long it took the others to notice. He didn't do it with you though,
knowing that jokes such as these, were not something you were comfortable with yet.

"Steve mentioned that you wanted to get a tattoo?"

You nod in confirmation, before glancing at the empty space next to you. You would feel more
comfortable if he sat down, but you didn't want to ask, not wanting to inconvenience him.

Luckily, Clint was a spy and your brother, so he knew your cues. He sat down, keeping a bit of
distance between the two of you, knowing that you still weren't completely comfortable with other
people touching you. He reaches out to pet the Husky, looking at you, "Any ideas yet?"

You had thought of a few ideas, but none of them had really stuck. You shake your head before
explaining yourself, "Nothing good."

Clint nods in understanding. He leans back against the cool window, watching you for a few
seconds before speaking again, "You've been hiding for the past week. We're worried about you."

You snort in slight amusement; of course, they had sent Clint to come and check on you. You think
back on the past week, you had spent a majority of your time away from everyone else, not that
you spent much time with them before, but the rare time you did spend with the others had become
even more infrequent. You look at your brother, trying to read him. He was bouncing his knee
slightly, which would normally be a sign of nervousness, but you knew from the here and there
memories you did have, that he was constantly moving. His posture was relaxed and open towards
you, meaning that he wanted you to know that he was there for you and that he didn't mean you
any harm. You finally met his brown eyes, looking at them for a few seconds before moving them
to the dog sprawled out beside you, "I didn't really notice."

Clint knows you're lying, but he doesn't correct you. He usually didn't, no one ever did. That was
one of the things that had come to frustrate you; after you had killed General Novak, they were
treating you like you were made of glass, which you certainly weren't. Loki was the only one who
didn't dance around you as much as the others. Sure, he was careful, but it wasn't the main thing he
was worried about, which you appreciated greatly. But due to his absence, you were getting more
and more frustrated with the others, "I know that the way Loki is acting is bothering you but we've
told you that he does this. He disappears into his own little world for a week or two and then he
comes back just as he was before."

You ignore his statement, shooting back with a slightly hostile question of your own, "Why does
everyone here treat me like I'm going to break?" Everyone except him. You leave out that last bit, not wanting to vocalize how your mind was usually on the god. You couldn't believe how quickly after he told you that you were destined to be together that seemingly all you thought about was him. Most of the things you were remembering were usually centered on him or it was something he had been present for. It was as if he had flicked a switch in your mind and everything was suddenly clearer. Not that anyone knew that, not even him. You focus back on Clint, taking in his shocked expression. You didn't blame him, you usually weren't so forward with your questions but today, you found that you didn't particularly care how blunt you were.

It seemed as though you had made the archer speechless because it takes him a few moments to gather himself to try and answer your question, "I… I don't think I have a good answer to that." He rubs the back of his neck, looking down sheepishly, "You haven't been exactly open with us and I know that you don't know us or remember us that well, which is a good reason to not be, but I guess what I'm trying to say is that we don't know how to interact with you. You don't really talk that much and if you do talk, it's usually only to Loki. Not that that's any kind of problem. I just don't know how you want us to treat you."

That was actually a very good answer. A much better one than you had expected. You go over what he just said a few times before nodding in understanding. Clint was right, you didn't really remember them that well, which made you cautious. You look your brother in the eyes now, wanting him to hear you and understand what you were saying, "I don't like being treated like I'm a child or like I'll break the second you breathe in my general direction. I want to be treated like a normal human being who just so happens to have a memory problem."

Clint visibly relaxes as you conclude your answer. He seemed to feel much more comfortable around you now that you had told him what you wanted, "I will relay that to the others then." You both sit in silence for the next few minutes, you were watching the rain as it finally came to stop and Clint was watching you. Clint speaks again, breaking the silence, "Do you want to come spar with Tasha and me? I know you really haven't been doing that much physical activity and I thought you might-"

You cut him off, standing up as you do so, "Okay." Storm looks up at you, tilting her head slightly. You reach down, scratching behind her ear. You had learned quickly that it was one of her favorite spots. She had been helpful in ways the others couldn't be since the day you met her. She kept you company and you could talk aloud with her in the room and not feel like you were being judged.

Clint nods slowly, a smile forming on his face as he does. He stands up and starts walking to the door, looking behind himself to see if you were following, "Follow me."

You smile slightly as you exit the library, Storm following you. You had actually come across various members of the Avengers sparing since you had been allowed to roam the compound and you had thought it looked interesting but you hadn't joined for fear of them not accepting you or going easy on you. But no such worry existed now, you had been invited to join and once Clint explained what you had told him to the others, you had a feeling they would try to include you in more activities around the compound, sparing being one of them.

P.O.V. Switch

Loki yells out in frustration as he crumples yet another piece of paper into a ball. He throws it towards the already overflowing wastebasket, not particularly caring if he missed it. He puts his head in his hand and sighs, how had you done this in a week?

For the past week, he had been trying to make his own list of reasons of why he loved you, but it was proving much harder than he thought. Nothing sounded right in his head and if he put it on the
paper, it didn't look right. He had come close to giving up at least once a day since he started, but
he persevered, wanting to give you something to show how much you meant to him. He needed to
show you that despite what it seemed, he did love you even though you weren't the same. He
wanted you to know that every day you had been gone, it felt as though he had been lost in some
dark place and would never see the light of day again. He wanted you to know that he didn't care
that you would likely only live for a fraction of his life. That he would spend every day you lived
loving you with every part of him and that the day you died, a part of him would go with you.

Except, he couldn't seem to put any of that on a piece of paper. He had never been much of a
writer. He enjoyed literature and could happily read for the rest of his life and he was quick with
his words, making them eloquent and full of double meaning when necessary. But he couldn't write
a well-formed paragraph for the life of him and here he was, trying is hardest to do the impossible
for you.

He knew he should probably just give up now and go apologize to you for what he said. The
problem was, he was stubborn and once he put his mind to something, he didn't want to give up
just because it was hard. He pulls out another piece of paper and grabs one of the Midgardian
writing devices that they called a pencil, getting ready to start again when there is a knock on his
door. He looks behind him and scowls slightly before deciding to just ignore it and continue
working.

There is another knock at the door, this one slightly louder and more insistent. If he just didn't
answer, whoever it was probably would go away and leave him in peace. He starts writing an
introduction to his list, which was the best one he was written so far when the door is opened and
heavy footsteps walk into the room.

"Brother, why do you hide in your room when (Y/N) is clearly in need of your attention and
assistance?" Thor walks over to the armchair Loki had put in a corner of his room, watching his
adopted brother.

Loki closes his eyes and sighs. He had been wondering when Thor was going to come and ask him
why he wasn't with you. He was surprised it had taken him this long. He opens his eyes and turns
his body slightly so he could face the god of thunder, "I am trying to work on a gift for her and if I
wasn't getting interrupted by you or by Friday's calls for meals, I would likely be finished with it by
now!" That was a blatant lie, but Thor didn't need to know that.

Thor looks over at the overflowing wastebasket and then back to Loki, "Is it really going that well?
That bin has more discarded papers in it then Natasha has weapons." He stands up, walking over to
the mound of papers and picks up one from the top. He unravels the ball and reads it to himself and
then crumples it again, placing it back on the mound. He turns to face his younger brother, a slight
smile on his face, "You're a horrible writer. Did you know that?"

"Yes, I did, thank you!" Loki snaps at Thor. If Thor, who wasn't much of an avid partaker of
reading, thought that, then what would you think? You had a fondness for books before you had
been taken and it was obvious that you still did. You would be able to tell that it was bad writing
immediately and the only thing that it would do would make him look like more of a fool. He
looks over at the blond, feeling unsure of himself, "Then what am I supposed to give to her? I've
been pouring myself into writing this for her and the only thing I've managed to do is write a few
horrible paragraphs."

Thor looks genuinely surprised at his brother's plea for assistance. Loki never asked anyone for
help, least all of his older brother. Thor takes a few steps back to sit on Loki's bed, trying his best
not to rumple the perfectly smooth green fabric. He thinks for a few seconds before speaking,
"Well, writing is obviously not your strong suit, so I would recommend giving up writing whatever you're trying to write." Loki nods in agreement, pushing the chair away from the desk so he could stand, "What exactly are you trying to convey to her? You must have a very good reason for ignoring her for the past week even though you are trying to make her something."

Loki walks over to the cat tree in the corner of his bedroom, petting Onyx who was sleeping on one of the tiers. The cat makes a startled sound but stretches into Loki's palm, happy to be given some attention, "I didn't think through some things I said to her and made her believe that I wanted to turn her back into the old her. Clint came in a few minutes after she left, wondering what happened and I explained to him what had occurred. He suggested that I do something to show her that I truly care and it made me remember a letter she wrote for me as a present." Loki sighs, walking back over to his desk and he pulls an envelope out of his notebook. He hadn't told any of the Avengers of its existence, but for some reason, he trusted Thor enough to read it. He opens the envelope, pulling out the sheets of paper. He unfolds them with care and hands them to his brother, "Please, be careful with it. You can be an oaf with delicate things."

Thor gently takes the papers from Loki's hands and begins to read. Loki resorts to pacing the room, pausing every few rounds to observe his brother. After a few minutes Thor looks up from the papers, slowly letting his hands fall to his lap, "She knew," He mumbles, a mixture of shock and sadness clear in his gaze.

Loki walks over to his brother, holding his hand out expectantly, "That's not the important part. Besides I came to terms with that a long time ago." Thor hands him the papers, still looking a bit distraught, "The point is, I wanted to do something like that for her. I was hoping it would somehow jog her memory as well as let her know that I care. But, I've realized I'm a terrible writer and now I've just been an ass for ignoring (Y/N) for a week." Loki places the letter back in the envelope before collapsing on the bed next to his brother, their knees knocking together.

The brothers sit in silence for a few moments, giving Loki enough time to begin to regret telling his brother his problem. He was about to send him out of the room when Thor finally speaks aloud, "You want to show her you care. That is your main goal, is it not?" Loki nods in agreement, looking over at his brother, "Then do not try to do something she has already done for you, even if she doesn't remember doing so. Right now, all she wants is you. If you had been wandering around the compound instead of shutting yourself in your room, you would have noticed that she has also been absent. She shuts herself in the library or her room with Storm for hours at a time. Clint finally decided to try and talk to her, much like I am trying to do with you. All of us have had to tell her that this is normal, that you do this and you would be back with us in a week when we didn't know if that would be true."

"I…I did not realize…"

Thor cuts him off, not wanting Loki to think he came in here to berate him, "You should take her on what Midgarians call a date. Jane used to always insist on those." Loki was surprised that Thor had brought the woman up. She had become a sore subject after she had left him a month or so after last Christmas. She had admitted to him that another soulmark had appeared on her skin and that his were disappearing. Thor had been heartbroken, but of course, he had understood and wished her the best. Her mark had faded from his forearm a few months later, but another one had yet to appear, "But that is beside the point. Have Steve help you prepare a picnic. You know she loves the outdoors as well as food. Tell her stories from our childhood, sing her our songs. Do whatever you deem fit to show her that you care. Just, for all of our sakes, don't disappear like this again."

Loki stays silent for several minutes, not really knowing what to say. His brother was giving him
genuine advice and was proving that he actually was worried about him. Loki hadn't realized how isolating himself would affect you. In fact, that thought hadn't even crossed his mind. He had been so worried about trying to redeem himself to you, that he hadn't even realized he would be digging himself into a deeper hole. He looks down at his hands, before speaking softly, "Thank you, Thor. I suppose I should have you knock sense into me more often." Loki looks over at him, a slight smile on his face.

Thor returns the smile with a large grin, patting him on the back before standing up, "I'm glad I could be of help, Loki. Should I leave you to plan or do you require more assistance?" Thor feels something brush against his leg and looks down to see that Onyx was rubbing his body against him. That was strange, the cat normally hated anyone who wasn't Loki or you. He looked up at his brother before bending down to pet the cat.

"Thank you for the offer, but I think I've had my fill of brotherly advice today." Loki smirks slightly at the size difference between his brother and his cat as the god of thunder picks him up, "Do you happen to know where Steven is? I think I might follow through on that idea of yours."

Thor pets the cat, still confused as to why the creature was suddenly interested in him. He finally looks back at his brother, answering his question, "The last I saw him, he was talking to Sam and Rhodey about something pertaining to the intruder of last week in the security room downstairs. I would suggest finding Bucky and asking him. He usually knows where Steve is."

Loki nods, brushing past Thor and walking to the door. He stops in the doorway, looking back at his brother, who hadn't moved, "I do trust you, but I would appreciate it if you didn't stay in my room while I am not in it." Thor nods curtly, placing Onyx back on the ground. The two of them walk towards the door and Loki pulls it shut behind all of them. Thor wishes him luck before walking down the hallway, off to do who knows what. Loki closes his eyes, picturing what the common room looked like, perhaps Barnes would be there. He disappears, traveling through a whirl of colors until he rushes to a stop, now in the middle of the common room.

Bucky did happen to be in the common room and he jumped up the second Loki popped into existence, the noise startling the former assassin. He mumbles something in Russian before switching to English to address the god, "Is there a reason you appeared in the living room or do you just like scaring people for shits 'n' giggles?"

"I do happen to have a reason," Loki answers, ignoring the obvious insult Bucky had laced through his words. Bucky still didn't trust Loki fully and Loki still didn't trust him. Bucky didn't like that he couldn't read him, causing him to feel uncomfortable around him and Loki didn't like that Bucky was constantly trying to figure him out. Natasha had already spent years trying to do it before giving up and learning to trust him. He wondered how long it would take Bucky, "I was wondering if you knew where Steven was, I need to ask him for a favor."

Bucky looks at him suspiciously before answering, "He's in his studio working on designs to show (Y/N) for her tattoo." He sits back down, still watching Loki, "What do you want to ask him?"

"I need his assistance putting together a picnic basket. I know he is a good cook and a bit of a romantic, so I assumed he could...what are you doing?" Loki watches as Bucky stands up and walks past him. He enters the kitchen and opens the fridge, pulling out various ingredients.

"Like I said, Steve's busy and since I assume this is your apology to (Y/N), I'm helping you." He pauses his work, looking over at the god as he pulls his long hair into a bun, "Besides, who do you think taught that punk how to cook anyway? I'm Jewish, it would be a scandal if my boyfriend didn't know how to cook."
"Are you warming up to me, James? If so, it must be some kind of modern-day miracle," Loki jests as he walks over to the kitchen, leaning against the island as Bucky continues to pull ingredients out of cupboards and the fridge. Loki takes a second to conjure a hair tie and pull his hair back, it seemed like a good idea.

Bucky pulls out the last of his ingredients, setting them down on the counter. He looks over at Loki again, "Do you want help or not?" Loki stays silent, walking over to the sink to wash his hands, "That's what I thought. So, as soon as you're done with that, come over here and slice these potatoes. We're going to make Latkes."

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 2 Hours

Your sparing session with your brother and Natasha had turned out better than you had expected. They had both hadn't held back and had even agreed to let you use some of your powers. By the end of the session, all of you were drenched in sweat and were growing sore.

You were sitting in the middle of the mat, stretching. You hear footsteps walking over to you, causing you to look up quickly, but it was only Natasha. She holds out a towel in her, "I figured you might want something to wipe off all the sweat with." You nod in thanks, taking the towel from her hands. You wipe off your forehead and the back of your neck and then stand up, keeping an eye on the redhead in front of you. She was one of the Avengers that you trusted the least. You couldn't get anything from her body language and though she was always nice to you, there was something there that scared you. You didn't like fear because fear came from things you couldn't control and you had already had enough of not being in control of anything.

You stretch your arms above your head and then let them fall to your sides. You watch the woman for a few more seconds before speaking, "You have good form." You didn't ever offer compliments and this wasn't a compliment, at least not to you. Natasha was well aware of how good her form was, you could tell that much about the woman. You don't think she made an obvious mistake the whole time. You had beaten her, but you recall hitting the mat more times than she did.

"One of the very few perks of being trained by the KGB," She answers with a strained smile on her face. You rack your brain, trying to find some bit of information on the name but come up short. Before you could even ask, Natasha answers you, "It was the main security agency for the Soviet Union. They took me from my parents at a very young age and trained me to become a spy in one of their Red Rooms. I would probably be dead now if it wasn't for Clint and you. You were both on a mission to take me out when I said Clint's words. You both convinced Fury to take me on as a SHIELD agent and the rest is history."

You suddenly understand Natasha much better than you had before. She had been through something much like you and Bucky, although it wasn't as obvious. That was why you couldn't get a read on her, she had been trained to make it impossible to. You find yourself losing your previous fear and being replaced with some form of respect.

Clint walks over to the both of you, a bottle of water in his right hand and a towel similar to yours thrown over his left shoulder, "Good work today. I think I'll be feeling this for a week." He moves his free hand to his lower back, where you had elbowed him to get out of a chokehold, "Same time next week?" Clint tries to phrase the question as one meant for the both of you, but you could tell it was more for you then Natasha. You had a feeling this sparing was fairly routine for them, but now you were going to be in on it.

You chew on your lower lip, thinking. This would help you become more acquainted with the Avengers and give you the practice you desperately needed. It would also hopefully help jog your
memory, as what Natasha had said to you was bringing back flashes of a conversation in a hotel room in a foreign city, with you acting as a translator between the man and woman standing in front of you. You finally nod slowly, "Same time next week."

A smile flashes across both Clint and Natasha's faces at your response. Something told you that you used to be the closest with your brother and his soulmate out of all the Avengers. You could somehow tell that there was more history between the three of you than there was with any of the others.

Clint's voice draws you out of your thoughts, "Well, I don't know about the two of you, but I'm going to go take a shower because I feel fucking disgusting." Clint wipes his face with the towel and walks towards the door. He throws the used towel in a bin and then walks out, disappearing from your vision.

"If you'll excuse me, I need to make sure that asshole doesn't use all the hot water in this compound." Natasha shakes her head slightly and then walks out of the door, calling out for your brother. There was some kind of love between to two of them. There obviously had to be because they were soulmates, but it wasn't the same thing as what Loki had for you. It was different. It was deep and prominent but also laidback and teasing. They were lovers and best friends.

You walk over to the door, discarding your towel in the same bin Clint had earlier. Your brother had made a great suggestion. You felt disgusting as the sweat was beginning to dry on you, making you feel like there were layers of grime on you. After your shower, you decided you would sit in the common room with a book. You had grown tired of hiding yourself away and after your sparing session, you realized that even though you weren't 100% comfortable around the others, you needed some form of social interaction. Hopefully, Wanda would be in the kitchen making food, because you were famished.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 45 Minutes

Loki had finally completed preparing his picnic with help from Bucky. The assassin had helped him make Latkes and steak and cheese sandwiches. Bucky had also recommended that Loki cut up some watermelon and take along a few squares of the brownies that he and Steve had made earlier that day. Loki had then packed it all in a picnic basket that Bucky had found tucked away in one of the cupboards. Inside, all the food was neatly arranged with napkins on the top and two bottles filled with lemonade. Loki had also found a blanket to use in one of the many closets scattered around the compound. Now, all that was left was asking you to join him.

Clint and Natasha had passed through the common room with Max on their way to take him for a walk just as Loki was finishing up. He had asked them if they had seen you around recently. To his surprise, they said yes and had informed him that they had been sparring with you in the gym almost half an hour ago and that you had most likely gone to your room to take a shower.

That was how Loki found himself shifting from foot to foot outside of your room with a picnic basket in one arm and a blanket in another. He had changed his clothing that had been covered in flour from the cooking and had run a brush through his hair. He was dressed in a short-sleeve black button down with black jeans and black dress shoes. He had pulled his hair away from his face and it was in a small ponytail while the rest of his hair was down. He had been standing in front of your door for almost 5 minutes at this point. He knew he had to knock sooner or later, he just was still doubting himself. Finally, he takes a deep breath and raises his right arm to knock on the door. He does three short knocks and then steps back slightly, not wanting to jump on you the second you appeared.

This could only end one of two ways; you would either accept his apology and go with him or take
one look at him and slam your door in his face. He didn't know which one was more likely at the moment and he was hoping it was going to be the first one and not the second.

P.O.V. Switch

Your shower had been wonderful. The hot water had cleaned off all the sweat and grime and it helped you clear your mind, which allowed you to relax. You had dried your hair with your powers and then changed into a clean set of clothing. You didn't have much variety in your wardrobe, so picking out an outfit was always easy. You had settled on a pair of dark wash jeans paired and a plain white shirt along with a pair of black tennis shoes you had found under your bed.

You were scanning the small bookshelf in your room, trying to decide on a book to bring with you. Your eyes had rested on the book Loki had given you in the library about a month ago, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*. You hadn't gotten around to reading it yet, so you supposed now was as good a time as any.

That's when a knock on your door startles you out of your thoughts. You straighten up and look over to the white door only a few feet away from where you stood. You had no idea who it could be. Was it Bucky, inquiring about a design for your tattoo or could it be Wanda, offering to teach you how to cook something? You even dared to let yourself hope it could be Loki coming to explain himself but that thought soon died, why would he after so long? Even though you had come to terms with what he said a week ago, his disappearance had rattled you. You had let yourself grow too attached to the god and you were now dealing with the consequences.

You suppose the only way to find out who was on the other side of the door would be opening it, so you walk over. You place your hand on the doorknob, twisting it and then pulling it open.

Loki was a few steps away from the door, glancing down the hallway with a distraught look on his face. He was holding a basket of some kind as well as a checkered blanket. His hair was pulled back from his face, which lit up as soon as you opened the door. He took one step towards you but stopped himself before he could take any more.

He opens his mouth to speak, but you beat him to it. After telling Clint what you really felt earlier, you realized that it had made you feel better, so you hoped doing the same with Loki would have similar results.

"Why have you been hiding? Everyone says that you do it all the time and that I shouldn't worry about it but I don't believe any of them. One second you say that we're soulmates and that you want to help me and the next you disappear for a week after saying something stupid, which I forgave you for an hour later. I didn't want to let myself get attached to anyone, because in my recent memory, anything good has been taken away from me, but I let myself get attached to you and let myself think that we had something. But then, like everything else, it's taken away from me. I like you, Loki and you're the only one of them that I fully trust. I don't know why, but that's what I feel in here." You tap on your heart for emphasis, "I just don't want to let myself get even more attached only for it to hurt me in the end."

You had no idea where all of that had come from, but it felt as though a weight had been lifted off of your chest. That was the most you had ever spoken at once since the Avengers had rescued you and it was everything you had been feeling about this god. He had gotten close to you, only to leave you alone when you needed him most. You don't think that you had ever had so many emotions flowing through you at once in any of the memories you had.

Loki had stayed silent, listening to your whole speech and not trying to interrupt at all. He had even waited a minute or so after you had finished just to make sure that you were indeed, finished.
shifts the basket to the other arm and then takes a deep breath. He looks directly at you and then he speaks;

"I apologize for all the grief I have caused you. It was not my intent to do this. I was trying to make you a gift as an apology for the things I said to you. I wasn't trying to imply that I didn't love you now, because I do. Just as deeply as before. I know that you probably don't feel the same way and I can live with that, but I wanted to make you something to show you that. I tried writing you something and that's what I've been off doing for the past week. As you can clearly see, it didn't work out well. When I did that, I wasn't thinking about how you might be feeling due to my sudden lack of interaction; I was thinking about how I wanted to make up for what I had done. I didn't think I would make the situation worse for myself. I know why I did that and it was because I thought that you were the you from before and I shouldn't have thought that. You are not the same and I do not wish you to be. I wish you had not gone through the pain and suffering that you did, but I am happy with the you I have because as long as I have a (Y/N) Barton to love, I am happy. I know you placed your trust in me and that I misplaced that trust and for that, (Y/N), I am deeply sorry. I wish to make it up to you or at least begin to make it up to you with this." He lifts his arms to show the basket and the blanket, "James helped me prepare a picnic for you, per the suggestion of my brother. If you wish to join me then I will have you but if you decide that you do not wish to, then that is fine as well. Your choice is your own and I will not force you to make the one I would prefer. All I ask is that you forgive my words from last week and that you forgive my ignorance."

You didn't know what to say to that. You didn't even know what to think. This god, who only a minute ago you thought had decided he regretted ever telling you anything, had just given the most heartfelt statement you had ever heard, not that you had anything else to base it on. He had been ignoring you for a week to give you a gift. Something in you told you that even though he had spent a week making something for you, he still shouldn't have shut you out but he had realized his mistake and obviously felt horrible about making it. The same part of you also told you that you should forgive him or at least start to.

You stay silent for a long time, trying to figure out what to say. Loki, although trying to not show his visible concern with your lack of a response, was failing miserably. He was constantly shifting his weight from foot to foot and was moving his arms every so often. You know that whatever you do end up saying, won't be exactly what you want to say, but you still were working on transforming your feelings into thoughts and in turn words.

You finally speak, "Thank you for being honest. Most of them don't tell me everything." You immediately regret saying that, so you steer your statement back on track, "Also, thank you for the apology. I can't say I understand why you did it, because it wouldn't be true. But then again, I don't understand a lot. What I do understand is that you're sorry and that you… care for me." You didn't want to say, love, that would make it too real and you were nowhere near ready for that. Hell, you were barely ready for this conversation, but life hadn't given you much of a choice, "I still trust you more than the others and I do like you. I think. I'm still not great at reading my feelings. I guess what I'm trying to say is that a picnic sounds good." You shrug your shoulders. You weren't sure if you had said the right things or the wrong things but you said what sounded right to you.

Loki gives you a nod and then his face is graced by a small smile. He moves to the side of the door to allow you space to step out, "Shall we then?"

You knew you would have to have a more serious conversation at a later date but neither of you was ready for that and probably wouldn't be ready for it for a very long time. But right now, you could settle for this. You step out of your room, pulling the door closed behind you. You look over at the god of mischief, a smile still on his face. You nod your head, feeling a smile tugging at your lips as you said the words, "We shall."
Life is unpredictable,

It changes with the seasons,

Even your coldest winter,

Happens for the best of reasons,

And though it feels eternal,

Like all you'll ever do is freeze,

I promise spring is coming,

And with it, brand new leaves.

~e.h

Chapter End Notes

There's chapter 40! Wow! I can't believe this is the 40th chapter! It's been a hell of a ride over the past 3 years and I'm glad that I'm still working on what started as the fantasy of a 12 year old who just started getting into Marvel. I hope y'all have enjoyed it as much as I have. Don't worry there is still much more to come! Thank you for all your comments, kudos, likes, follows, etc. over the whole story and I hope you're all going to stick with me until the end, whenever that may be. I hope y'all enjoyed this chapter! As per usual, comments, kudos, etc. are appreciated! That's all for now!

Disclaimer: The only character I own is (Y/N). The rest are owned by Marvel. The chapter titled is inspired by the song A Better Life by Grace Vanderwaal.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Memory is a fickle thing. Some days, every action becomes a trigger for a new memory. Other days, you feel as though you are wandering around in another person's body, living a life that doesn't belong to you and never will. Loki has been helpful when it comes to memory. He would mention past events, helping triggering memories for you. You had been remembering fewer events of your Hydra days and more of your days as an Avenger and even before. You were linking this to your growing acceptance of the Avengers. But memory is always a fickle thing and sometimes it doesn't work the way you want it to, no matter how much you wish it did.

Two bodies moving against each other. One male, one female. Groans and moans float from the bed that was illuminated by light from skyscrapers outside the high-rise window. You inch closer and closer until you can distinguish who it is that you're seeing. It's Loki and you, the pre-Hydra you.

You shoot straight up in bed, looking at your surroundings. Once you figure out that you are in your room in the Avengers compound, you lie back down, your hand running through Storm's soft, thick fur as she rested her head on your leg. The glowing red numbers on the clock on the nightstand read 3:00 AM. You get comfortable and let your eyes fall closed, not knowing what to think of what you had seen but falling back asleep before the confusion keeps you awake.

This time, gunfire and the pain of a gunshot course through your system. You look down to see blood seeping from your gut, but you force yourself to keep going. Your target was at the other end of the gun and you needed to kill her.

Suddenly, you're directly in front of the woman, gun pointed at her head as she looks at you with fearless eyes. You meet her eyes, both of your stares unwavering. You feel your finger pull on the trigger of its own accord.

Before the bullet was out of the gun, you were in her place, looking at yourself as the bullet hit the center of your forehead. You fall to the side, still able to see as the other you bends down and looks at you. She grins evilly before hissing, "Кого, по-твоему, ты обманываешь? Мы оба знаем, что вы никогда не оправдаете их ожиданий."

Who do you think you're fooling? We both know you'll never live up to their expectations. The words echo in your head until you find yourself shooting up in bed for the second time. This time, you stay sitting as you try to calm yourself down to prevent the impending panic attack. You could feel the panic bubbling under your skin as you started to gasp for air. You bring your knees up to your chest, trying to count to 100, but for every number, you went up, the more intense the panic became. Storm had roused and was trying to nuzzle her way between your legs, wanting to see what was wrong.

You looked up at the ceiling, wanting to call for help before you were completely unable to speak. "Fri...Friday." You gasp for a breath, "Get...get Loki." You didn't hear the AI's reply as you rested your head on your knees as you try to get another bout of oxygen into your lungs.

P.O.V. Switch

Loki was up earlier than normal this morning as Onyx had woken him up at 7:00 AM wanting
food. That's how he found himself being the only person in the common room as he placed Onyx's food on the floor. He turned to the coffee maker, figuring he might as well start a cup as Steve would be passing through in 30 minutes after his morning jog, grabbing a cup for himself and his soulmate. He supposed he could indulge himself in a cup as well, perhaps make you a cup of tea and bring it to your room.

He smiled at the thought of you opening the door to him and a caffeinated beverage. You would likely be trying to hide a smile and perhaps invite him in to enjoy his own drink with you.

After the picnic two weeks ago, the relationship between the two of you had grown. He wasn't quite sure what the relationship was at this point, but it didn't need a label. Whatever it was, he was happy with how it was progressing, more specifically, with how you were progressing. You not only had been more open with him but with the others as well. You were showing up to more meals and could be found sitting in the common room reading a book or perhaps watching a movie. In conversations, you were speaking more often than before and for longer amounts of time. You seemed more interested in learning about your past and you seemed to be remembering more and more.

You had also decided on a tattoo design. Loki, you, and Steve had sat down together one afternoon and had come up with a design for one on your right arm, a few inches above your vibranium arm. It was going to be the symbol of the four elements you controlled in a circle. Steve had suggested the idea, thinking of it as a way to show that you controlled your powers, not the other way around. Now all that was left was for Doctor Cho to devise a way to suspend your healing factor for a long enough amount of time to allow for the tattoo to be given.

Loki was putting the freshly ground coffee beans into the coffee maker when Friday spoke, "Prince Odinson, Ms. Barton is requesting your assistance. She seems to be on the verge of a panic attack due to a nightmare."

He drops the container of coffee grounds on the counter, not even caring that they spilled as he pictured the door leading to your room and teleported himself there. He raised his hand to knock on the door, just as you opened it and collapsed into his arms.

P.O.V. Switch

You didn't know how long it had been, but you were growing desperate. You couldn't calm yourself down and you were prone to doing stupid things when you were panicked. You were planning to go to his room, hoping Loki was there. Lucky for you, when you opened the door and felt lightheaded, he was there to catch you.

Loki caught you when you fell towards him as you tried, but failed to even your breathing. He bent down, scooping your body up into what could only be called a bridal carry and walked towards your bed. He set you down, his hand touching your real one, "Love, listen to my voice. Just focus on my voice. Don't worry about anything else, just my voice."

You looked up at him, trying your hardest to ignore the panic bubbling below your skin. You shook your head, just listening to his voice wasn't enough. If this got any worse and you passed out, you'd have to go to the medical wing.

You could see Loki realizing it wasn't working and trying to think of something else. After what felt like hours, which in reality was only a few seconds, he speaks again, "I'm going to lie next to you, alright?" He narrates his actions as he does them so you knew what to expect, "I want you to rest your head on my chest if you're comfortable doing so." You look at him for a few seconds before doing as instructed, trying to bury whatever insecurities that came with doing this. After you
seemed comfortable, he spoke again, "Listen to my heartbeat and the rhythm of my breathing. Let it
guide your own."

You close your eyes and listen to his even breathing and steady heartbeat. You try to copy his
breathing while focusing on his heartbeat. After a few minutes of listening, you felt the panic that
was rising in you begin to lower as you could finally catch an even breath.

It took 20 minutes for you to regain some feeling of normality, but you did want to sit up and ruin
the moment. His arm had gone around your waist, perhaps out of habit, and you felt some strange
but good feeling replacing the panic. It was a mixture of butterflies in your stomach and an
unexplained sense of calm settling in your mind.

Loki finally broke the silence, "Might I ask, if not too painful, what caused this sudden attack?"
You knew he was only asking so he could help you in the future and so he could know what you
were worried about. If it was anyone else, even your brother, you would likely dodge the question,
but this was Loki.

You recall the dream that woke you up and set you into a sense of panic, starting with the gun and
ending with a rough translation of the Russian your dream-self had spoken. You had opened your
eyes at this point but didn't dare move your head to look up at him, instead, looking out to the yard
through the large windows.

"I would have to disagree with your dream-self, love." His voice sent shivers up your spine that you
tried to hide by coughing softly. You could tell he felt it because he paused for a few seconds
before continuing, "You're not fooling anyone, but not for the reason she said. You're not fooling
anyone because there are no expectations to live up to. None of us are expecting anything from
you. All that we want is for you to feel comfortable with us and to become comfortable with
yourself again, both of which are happening at a quite successful pace."

You take his words to heart. You were slowly beginning to realize that they didn't want you to be
the old you. The you that you envied with a passion because she had everything that you wanted
and didn't have this constant anxiety hanging over her head. To you, she was perfect, something
that you thought they wanted you to strive for. But even just over the past two weeks, you had
realized that they weren't looking for that, the Avengers were looking for you to feel happy and not
be tortured by a past you don't remember and a violent past that you do.

"There was another dream…from earlier in the night." You surprised yourself when you spoke.
You had been planning on keeping that to yourself. Loki was silent, waiting for you to talk at your
own pace, "I'm not sure if it was a memory or just a figment of my imagination. I was a bystander
in this one…but it was me, well me from before, and you…in a bed…doing uh…well." You take a
deep breath and swallow the saliva building up in your throat, "We were having sex…I think."

You weren't sure if you had stunned Loki into silence or if he was just going to ignore your
comment but you weren't sure which one was worse. Finally, he speaks, "I assume it was likely a
memory as we did use to have sex." He sounded nervous, which was making you uneasy, why did
you have to say anything? "That did not add to your panic attack?"

You finally push yourself off of his chest, now putting yourself over his body. "No, it didn't. All it
did was confuse me." You were going to stop there, but you decided to quickly add, "Not in a bad
way, just, I need to figure some things out. Not that that's unusual." You weren't sure why you were
so nervous all of a sudden, but not a bad nervous. You actually weren't sure what it was.

You suddenly realize that Loki had sat up as well and the two of you were only inches apart from
each other. You knew what he wanted you to do. He wanted you to kiss him. You couldn't blame
him, he was in love with you but he had said that you didn't have to reciprocate his feelings. You didn't even know what you were feeling at this point. You knew you were feeling something for him, but that something scared you. You weren't ready for this yet, not all the feelings that came with it. You were still trying to figure out everything inside of you and adding more to it would be overwhelming.

At least, that's what you were telling yourself. You knew that in reality, you wanted to lean in and kiss him. You had wanted to for at least a month, but you were scared. You were scared that he would reject you because of what you had done or that he would reject you because he would realize that no, he didn't actually love you and that he just loved the idea of you. You had started to do things that scared you and this was one of them. If you leaned into him right now, nothing would ever be the same, but you knew he would let you take the time you needed and he would never, ever try to take advantage of the vulnerable state you were in.

You were about to lean in, about to take yet another leap of faith when Friday interrupted you. You jump back, your face red as though you were caught doing something you weren't supposed to as Friday spoke, "Captain Rogers is wondering if Ms. Barton would like to help him make breakfast for the Avengers."

You stand up, trying to regain your composure and trying very hard not to look at the god on your bed, "Tell him I'll be there in a few minutes." You finally look over at Loki, who was watching you with a face blank of emotion. You almost wanted to apologize, but that would be silly; what would you be apologizing for? Instead, you decide to try to make plans to do something with him later, "Do you want to walk around outside after breakfast? After I shower and everything, of course."

Loki smiles at you, sliding off of your bed as well, "Yes, I do believe I would enjoy that." You still couldn't read him, not that you were letting him read your body language.

"It's a date then," you say, not even thinking about your choice of words and the situation that had just occurred until it was too late. You were worried that he would be confused by all the mixed signals you were sending, but you couldn't help it. Your mind was a mess of emotions and it was hard to decipher one from the next

Loki replies to your statement before you could try to correct it, "It's a date." He seemed happy enough to agree with you and didn't seem bothered. Maybe he knew that you wanted to move things forward, although slowly and he recognized what you were going through. That wasn't a maybe though, this god knew you in ways that you didn't even know yourself in.

You manage a small smile in his direction as you walk to the door, Loki following behind you. You open it, letting Loki walk out first. You whistle for Storm, who had been lying in one of your chairs while Loki and you had been on the bed. She jumps off and prances over to you and the two of you leave the room together. You turn to Loki, who seemed to be going back to his room, likely to get ready for the day, "See you at breakfast then."

"See you at breakfast."

P.O.V. Switch

Loki watched you and Storm walk down the hallway and disappear from view. He knew you had been about to lean in and kiss him. He knew that you were confused about your feelings and he didn't mind either. He didn't want to do anything that he wasn't sure if you were comfortable with. He had almost absentmindedly done things he used to do, such as grab your hand or place a kiss on your head, but he always caught himself before he did.
But when you rested your head on his chest, he didn't realize his arm was resting on your side until it was too late. You hadn't seemed to mind though, so he hadn't moved it. Then, when you told him about your dream, it had stunned him. You never talked about what the two of you had been before and you definitely never had dreamed about it, at least not to the best of his knowledge.

He sighed, turning to head to his room. He needed a shower to clear his head. He just wanted you to be happy and he wanted to be happy as well. He took you asking him to do something with you later as a good sign, especially when you said it was a date, even though he knew you hadn't meant to say it. It meant subconsciously, that you wanted something more. He smiled slightly to himself, this meant you were getting better. As long as you were getting better, that's all that mattered to him.

P.O.V. Switch and Time Skip: 2 Hours

You had enjoyed making breakfast with Steve. It had helped that Bucky was watching the two of you and constantly teasing Steve. You had no idea how long it had been since you laughed like you truly meant it. Everyone seemed to approve of your cooking, yet another thing to improve on your good mood. By the time you were on your walk with Loki, you didn't feel the need to try to smother your smile or good mood.

Storm was on your walk as well. She was always a few feet ahead of the two of you but she would turn around every so often to make sure that you were both still there. She had found a large stick and was carrying it in her mouth, seeming very proud of herself.

Loki had been doing most of the talking as you were concentrated on trying to hover a few inches off the ground. You were still wary of trying to fly, but you were willing to work on getting off the ground a few inches at most. He was currently talking about his home, Asgard. He said you had been there twice before, but you didn't remember anything. Every so often, he would describe something and you would be able to picture exactly what it looked like, but not any of the events that had occurred while you were there.

"The Library of Asgard is my favorite place. Midgard has only had few libraries that rival ours, such as the Library of Alexandria that was burned down. We have books from around the universe as well as our literature. If you ever wish to go, I could show you some of our most revered books and some of our rarest." He looks over at you just as a gust of wind stirs your small amount of controlled air and causes you to stumble and lose your concentration. He reaches out to steady you, unknowingly placing his face close to yours when he looks up. He wasn't used to being the same height as you, so his judgment was off. He moved to step back and apologize, but the way you were looking at him stopped him in his tracks.

You didn't know why you were thinking about leaning in and closing the gap again. But you wanted to, oh so badly. You were having one of your better days today and this would make it perfect. But there was still that bit of fear in your mind that was stopping you. You were trying your hardest to overcome it, but it was more intense the more you tried to go over it. Before you could get through it, Loki seemed to sense your hesitation and pulled himself away with an apology.

You weren't going to allow yourself to add that to your insecurities, you knew that he stepped back because of how you were feeling and he wanted to give you space. You decided you had enough of the floating and you let yourself fall gently back to the ground. You give him a smile to let him know you were okay and then speak, "Why don't you tell me about before I was taken. You're the only one who doesn't talk about it and I'd like to hear about before from you."

He pauses his walking for a moment, looking at you with a confused expression on his face. He
searched your eyes for something but didn't seem to find anything bad in them, so he nods. He starts walking again, keeping his strides short so the two of you could walk at the same pace as he clasps his hands behind his back, "I'll tell you about how we met. You mustn't think badly of me, as I am a changed man, but you have a right to know or at least begin to remember our not so pleasant beginnings."

He begins to describe events from 3 years ago. You are able to picture flashes of the events he describes as the two of you walk back towards the compound. You were looking at him as he talked, studying him. He looked up at you every so often, a small, sweet smile on his face every time. Each time he did look up at you like that, you felt something stir inside of you. It was that same feeling from this morning that you weren't familiar with. You needed to figure out what it was soon because it could be dangerous for you or for others. You smile at him, trying to hide the worry that was running through your brain. Once you were back in the safety of your room, you would ask Friday about it. The AI would have to know and would be able to advise you.

*Time Skip: 4 Hours*

You had gone to your room as soon as you had excused yourself from Loki's presence. As soon as you entered and shut the door, you told Friday your symptoms and asked what it was. You needed to know if you were sick or experiencing symptoms from your already diagnosed PTSD.

Friday's response had ended up scaring you more than the feeling had.

She said you were having common symptoms of being in love.

You, one of Hydra's most feared mercenaries, was in love?

You knew that you had been in love with Loki before Hydra. Although no one had outright said you were, it would be impossible not to know with the way he acted around you and the way he talked about you from before.

Love wasn't a feeling you had remembered yet. You knew you had loved the Avengers. You knew you probably would again. But this was a different kind of love. This wasn't familial love or love shared between friends. This was romantic love or at least, it had the beginnings of becoming romantic love.

You didn't know what to do with this information. When Friday sent the request from Tony to join the others for lunch, you declined and told Friday to say you had a headache and would eat later. You knew someone would come to check on you eventually, but surprisingly, no one did. Perhaps they trusted you enough at this point to realize that you wouldn't lie to them.

You were trying to figure out what to do with your new knowledge of what this feeling was. Did you tell Loki or keep it to yourself? If you told Loki, what would the possible consequences for doing so? If you kept the knowledge to yourself, what would those consequences be?

You needed advice for this, but the problem is, you wanted to go to Loki for advice but obviously couldn't. Clint and Natasha were out of town, some mission they couldn't tell you the details of. Thor seemed to be another option but he would likely just tell you to go tell his brother what you felt. Wanda and Vision, although they would be logical about it, would also just tell you to go tell Loki how you felt. Steve and Bucky would be the same. You didn't know Sam or Rhodey well enough to ask. That left Tony Stark. He was notoriously bad with dealing with feelings, or at least that's what the news said about him when you had been doing research on the Avengers.

The thing about Tony Stark is that he hasn't found his soulmate yet. He and Pepper Potts said that
they were soulmates, but when they broke up around the time you had been rescued from Hydra, it came out that they weren’t soulmates and had been lying the entire time to save themselves from ridicule. Tony was the more logical and least emotional of all the Avengers and that made you think he was the best man for the job.

That was why 4 hours after you learned what you were feeling was called, you asked Friday where Tony Stark was and found yourself walking to what Tony called his workshop.

As soon as you walked in, he turned around from what he was working on and said, "Friday said you wanted to talk, what’s up?"

"I need advice." You left out the bit where you were going to say he was the only one who would give you the logic you needed to figure it out.

He smiles and stands up, making his way over to you, "You are the last person I ever thought that would come to ask me for advice but hey, things change." You watch him, something in you beginning to regret coming down to ask him this, "You want to talk here or somewhere else?"

"Here’s good, but do you have somewhere we can sit?" You watch him, trying to get a read on him. With the short amount of time you've ever spent with him, you had never quite been able to get a solid read on him. He had layers to his personality; he wore so many masks that you weren't even sure if anyone knew the real him.

He leads you over to a small sitting area in the corner of the room. You sit down, expecting him to sit down as well, but instead, he walks over to a small fridge, pulling out a bottle of whiskey and two glasses from the top of the fridge. He pours some in each of the glasses and hands you one of them, "Judging by the fact that you came to me for advice out of everyone else, I figured alcohol would help."

You look at the glass before slowly accepting it from him. He sits down next to you, a bit closer than you would have preferred, but you didn't shift away. You knew you needed to become more comfortable with others and this was a start, "I…" You have a sip of the alcohol, making a face at the burn as you continue, "I was feeling a way I never have before around Loki and I asked Friday what it was and she said…she said that I was in love with him and I don't know what to do."

Tony downed half of his drink before he could muster a reply, "So, you want to know if you should tell him or not?" You nod in confirmation as he leaned against the couch and looked at you, "I can't tell you what you should do, that’s your choice in the end, but I can talk you through it the best I can." He stands up, going back to the fridge and bringing back the entire bottle, "Start from the beginning and then I'll see how I can help you."

You look down at your drink, taking another sip. You knew alcohol was supposed to make you feel light and fuzzy, but this was doing absolutely nothing for you. Maybe you needed to have more. You down the rest of your drink before pouring yourself more, "From the beginning? I guess…that would be when he told me we were soulmates."

*Time Skip: 4 Hours*

Tony had turned out to be a better advice giver than you thought. You walked out of his workshop with a clear plan on what to do, not even feeling the slightest bit tipsy although you drank more than half of the bottle by yourself.

Tony and you had come to the conclusion that you were in no way whatsoever ready to tell Loki how you were feeling. You were still mentally unstable from all the memories being wiped from
your head god knows how many times and from everything that you had done as the Assassin.

The next conclusion you both came to was that even with the doubts that you did have, you wanted to take things a step forward with Loki. If you didn't want to, the thought wouldn't have even crossed your mind. Tony had even eased some of your doubts about by telling you story after story about what he had seen before you had been taken. He even told you about an engagement ring that Loki wore around a chain on his neck even though you had never even laid eyes on it.

Lastly, although this conclusion you had come to yourself, you were going to kiss that god today. After too many hesitations and what if's, all due to your fear, it had been long enough and you wanted to see what all this fuss was about.

You walked through the common room, hoping that he wasn't in there, because you really didn't want to do this in front of everyone. Luckily for you, Loki was nowhere to be seen. Wanda was making dinner with help from Sam as Rhodey and Thor watched on. Vision was sitting in a chair in the living room reading a book while Steve and Bucky played a game on the TV. Loki and Tony were not present.

Wanda noticed you walking through, calling out your name with a smile, "(Y/N)! Dinner is almost ready, would you mind telling Loki? If you are joining us, that is." She had this hopeful look on her face as she awaited your response. Despite never having known this woman before you had been captured by Hydra, you liked her. She had never been anything but kind to you and she always tried to make sure you were included.

"Yeah, sure. I was heading to his room anyway." You could feel everyone in the room look up at you for half a second before returning to their respective tasks. Even though you were becoming more comfortable around everyone, you still apparently surprised them. Wanda nods in thanks before turning back to whatever she had been doing before as you head back to the living quarters.

You reach Loki's door a bit sooner than you would have liked. You take a deep breath, trying to quell all of the nerves building as you reached up to knock on his door.

You hear shuffling from inside and the door opens to reveal Loki, whose face lit up the second he saw you, "(Y/N) to what do I owe the pleasure?" He opens his door wider, possibly hoping you wanted to come inside.

You allow yourself to smile at him just the smallest bit, "Well…I come with a message from Wanda as well as something for myself." He nods, encouraging you to continue, "Wanda says that dinner is almost ready, so you should be out there soon." You stop for a few seconds. This was it… what everything had been leading up to. You take a deep breath, "And uh…this is kinda long overdue."

Without any hesitation, you lean forward and softly capture his lips with your own. In all honesty, you had no idea what you were doing, you didn't have any memory of kissing anyone. But luckily, your body seemed to remember immediately.

Loki was frozen against you for longer than you thought was normal, so you quickly pulled back. You looked at his face. He looked utterly shocked at your actions. What if you had just ruined everything? You were about to apologize and rush away when he seemed to come out of his senses. He reached for your arm, pulling you back into him and he kissed you deeply, giving you a sense that he had wanted to do this for a long, long time. One of his hands was around your waist, the other on the back of your head as you kissed him back with the same enthusiasm. You found your arms going up around his shoulders in response.
You both only pulled away when you ran out of oxygen. One of your hands landed on the doorframe to steady yourself after what, in your amateur opinion, was an amazing kiss. You finally regain your breath, looking up at the god, who seemed the happiest you had ever seen him. You speak, not wanting to ruin the moment, but you had something to say, "We need to talk, at some point. Not now, but soon. For now, let's get dinner."

Loki nods, a contagious grin on his face. You found yourself smiling as well, but not one of your half-hidden smiles, a real one. "Dinner sounds amazing. I'm famished." He stepped out of his room, prompting you to move back a step or two. He looked down at your hand as he closed his door, "May I?" You answer by your action, slipping your hand into his, which felt right to you. Your hands fit together like puzzle pieces.

You knew that the Avengers would be able to tell that something happened, if not by the hand holding, then by the big smiles on both of your faces. You didn't particularly care about what they thought. What mattered to you is that after months of everything feeling wrong, something finally felt right to you. You could honestly say you were happy for the first time in a long time.

Whatever happened next, you were ready for it because you had Loki at your side.

*She wasn't sure which scared her more,*

*the fact that he wanted to explore her*

*depths and understand her…*

*or the fact she was willing to let him.*

*Emma Blake*

Chapter End Notes

That's chapter 41! Wow, it's been a long ass time since I've written in this story. High school as me super fucking busy, as I'm going into my junior year. Sadly, I don't have as much time for writing as I'd like because I really do miss it! I'm seeing Far From Home in two days and all I can think of is how far I've come. I started writing this in 7th grade and here I am, 4 years later, still a fan and still writing, although not as often. For those of you who have been with me from the beginning, thank you! I have so much more planned for this story and I hope y'all stick with me. As always, kudos, likes, comments, etc. are always appreciated. Thanks for reading!

Disclaimer: Title is from the song Can't Help Falling in Love by Elvis Presley. I don't own any of the characters except for (Y/N), the rest are owned by Disney and Marvel.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!