




XL. Who The Hell Is Bucky?

A/N: For a moment, I don't know if it's still true by the time I get the chapter up, but for a moment, this book was #1 in Scarlet Witch. I feel very proud of this story. Thank you all for reading it. Also, we have reached 2k views, so again, thanks. Finally, I saw the Avengers Endgame trailer and I am thoroughly terrified. 

Steve ran at the Winter Soldier, his speed propelling him as he grabbed his shield and prepared for a fight with the mysterious man. The two began fighting as more enemy agents began shooting at Sam and the girls.

Auralie became invisible, thin layers of light wrapping around herself. She ran towards the enemy, skirting around the bullets, which they were firing rapidly. She came up behind them, then dropped her shield and used her light to burn a hole through one's brain and another one's stomach.

Her heart twisted inside of her chest. She had never liked killing, preferring to imprison, but these men were Hydra, and she could not afford mercy when dealing with them. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Steve being blown off the highway. She saw him crash into a bus, but she knew the soldier would get up. It would take more than an explosion to kill the man who jumped out of planes without a parachute.


Sam's wings had been taken off, but he was holding his own. His military training and general talent were impressive, and Auralie was even more glad they had him for an ally. Meanwhile, the Winter Soldier had thrown another explosive at Natasha.

Natasha used her grappling hook and came swinging down, breaking into a run, a smirk on her face as she taunted the assassin with the fact that she got away. Auralie knew what she was doing, trying to make the enemy mad, throw him off balance, make it easier for her to win. She had taught her light manipulator trainee to do the same, though it really wasn't Auralie's forte.

The Winter Soldier followed them. He had ripped his goggles off to reveal bluish green eyes that were alert and didn't miss a detail. Auralie and Nat dove behind a car.

Natasha whispered, "help me with this." She held up a small voice recorder.

They quickly recorded a message and put it on repeat. Then, quietly, wrapped in the layers of light to hide them, they snuck away. The Winter Soldier heard the recording and approached, so slowly, cautiously, and with the care of a professional, who was perfect at his craft. He rolled a bomb under the car, which gently clanked against the recording device before blowing up.

The Soldier, seeing that his quarry had not been killed, just turned and walked away. That was when Natasha ran at the brunette assassin, using her signature move, which Maria called, "killer thighs" to try and stop him. She had out her garrot and was trying to cut his head off, but he threw her off of him and she went flying. Auralie shot a beam of light at him, but it wasn't strong enough and he reflected it back at her using his metal arm. 


Auralie ducked behind a nearby car, and when she peeped her head out cautiously, she saw the Winter Soldier continuing to advance on Natasha.

That was when Steve was back on his feet, running at the Winter Soldier, shield in hand. Natasha and Auralie got away, running back to help Sam with the other agents, which he had been skillfully handling all on his own.

Auralie spared a single glance back at Steve and the Winter Soldier. The assassin was attacking the superhero with a knife. Steve's face was tense as he fought back.

The fight moved down the streets, onto a nearby bridge. Steve and the Winter Soldier continued to fight, and the other three kept the enemy agents at bay. Eventually, Natasha cried out and told Auralie to go and help their supersoldier friend.

Auralie listened, running to Steve's side. Together they knocked the metal-armed man back, his muzzle flying off. He turned to look at them, his brown hair framing his face, stubble on his chin, tension in his shoulders. Steve let out a gasp and said, "Bucky?"

The Winter Soldier replied, "Who the hell is Bucky?" 

James Buchanan Barnes, AKA Bucky, was the man who had been Steve's best friend through thick and thin. Auralie had heard of him in the reports and the historical accounts, but only once from Steve. As she looked at the man Steve had called Bucky, she felt that memory stirring.

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Auralie was looking for Steve to share a forensics report that had to do with a mission they had participated in. She found him alone, in one of the dark rooms filled with files. He was looking at one, sadness written on his face, tears brimming in his eyes.

"It would have been his birthday today!" Steve had sobbed. She had looked at the picture, which was from an army file. James Buchanan Barnes was the name of the man.

"He was a part of your team," Auralie remembered.

Steve sighed, "for a while, he was the only member of my team. He was always willing to help me out. He let me live with him, he kept me company when most people didn't want to spend time with a scrawny kid like me, he comforted me through my mother's death. I used to get into fights constantly, in back alleys, and he used to come and drag me away from the fights so I didn't get hurt. He was my best friend ever, Bucky was my best friend."

"I'm so sorry Steve. He died on a mission, didn't he?" Auralie asked, her curiosity overwhelming her instinct to leave him alone.


Steve nodded, "yeah. We were capturing a Hydra scientist on a moving train, on the side of a mountain. Bucky fell off. I couldn't catch him."

Auralie touched his arm delicately, "Steve, I know how hard it is to lose someone close to you. A part of you never stops grieving for them. I'd like to say it gets better, but honestly, I don't know if it does. Maybe for some people but some of us still wake up screaming."

"Yeah," Steve choked out, "that sounds accurate."

"Do you want me to leave you alone?" Auralie asked.

She made to leave, but Steve reached out and took her hand. There was a sort of desperate look in his eyes and he whispered, "no."

Auralie pulled out the chair beside him and sat down. He put his head in the hand that wasn't holding on to her fingers, and she realized that Steve didn't want to be alone in the dark. He had led so many people behind, he was afraid of the ghosts of his past. And Auralie completely understood how that felt. She didn't want to face her ghosts either. So they sat there, a man out of time and a girl trapped in her own head and soul. Both with hearts shattered by loss. Somehow brought together by a little thing called friendship. 

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Auralie didn't know what had happened, it was all a blur. She had frozen at the pure shock of Bucky, and if she had frozen, she could hardly imagine how Steve felt. Rumlow and several others had her, and Steve, and Nat, and Sam on their knees, guns pointed at her head. She would be dead before she could fight back.

Rumlow was about to kill them when one of the others whispered, "not here."

Auralie looked around and noticed helicopters and crowds of onlookers. Of course, they would want to hide this from the news. They began leading Steve, Sam, and Nat into the back of a truck. Auralie didn't move, even when they poked her with the gun.

So Rumlow grabbed her roughly by the arm. She squirmed and fought back, but he threw her roughly in the back of the truck, right alongside the others. She mouthed, "I'm sorry," to Natasha and Sam. She should have had their backs. She had failed as a partner and a friend, and it wouldn't happen again.

For Steve, she just put her hand on his shoulder. His eyes were blank and he appeared to be in another time. She didn't bring him back to reality. Auralie knew that sometimes fantasy was much sweeter.

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