

Time To Talk

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I was thankful that for the last few days when I woke Bucky was nowhere to be found. Today I found myself wandering through the compound. Hushed whispers echoed around me as I walked past, I kept my head held high. If they weren't brave enough to tell me their opinions then I didn't much care what they were saying.

Almost instinctively I found my way down to Loki. He was pacing around the cell, looking extremely bored. I'd wracked my brain over and over trying to think of a way to get him out, but so far drawing a blank.

He heard my footsteps as they clanged against the metal flooring beneath me. "I thought you'd forgotten about me." The half smile on his face gave away his teasing.

I rolled my eyes at his theatrics. "I was slightly busy having a breakdown, but I'm back now." I smiled at him, he was my only friend in this hero filled hell hole.

"And how is my angry little one?"

I stepped closer to him, sitting on a chair next to his cell. "Better. Clearer."

He came closer towards me, a worried look on his face. "So do tell, what exactly is your plan?" Avoiding the gaze of the cameras I gently tapped the side of my head, giving him permission to read my mind. Something I'd never done before.

"Darling? What is it?"

"I don't have a plan as of yet but I promise I'm working on it."

"Are you okay?"

"I will be. Just give me some time."

"Keep up pretences for the others?"

I nodded my head and carried on our conversation out loud. "It wouldn't be much of a plan if I told you would it."

He smiled at me, that mischievous glint sparkling in his eyes. "Please tell me it involves you getting me out of here."

I stood up, crossing my arms as I walked towards him. "I'm working on it."

He gave me a large toothy grin, one that he no doubt scared others in the past. It oddly settled my nerves. "There she is. The woman I know you to be."

His encouraging words boosting my confidence once again. I knew he'd done bad in his lifetime, but had anyone actually taken the time to get to know him before? To take the time to peel back the defensive, cold layers and find the man underneath? I think I may be the first and I was grateful for that. He would always have my back and I knew it. My first true friend, I wasn't about to throw that away. Not even for Bucky. I'd get him out of there if it was the last thing I did.

I took another step towards him. "Loki-"

I get cut o by Steve storming in. His eyes flick between me and Loki, making it blatantly obvious that our entire conversation had been heard by the others. "Bucky's looking for you." He snapped at me, his eyes never leaving Loki's, almost like he was silently warning him. It was cute that he still thought of Loki as the threat.

"Then I better go find him." I patted Steve's arm on my way out, smiling up at him. He shook his head at my theatrics, a small smile fighting to come out.

Walking through the compound, I found Bucky in one of the corridors. He wasn't happy, that much was obvious. "Bucky?" I queried as I stepped towards him. He scratched at the back of his neck. He was nervous.

"You're not going to like this doll."

Before I could ask him what he meant, a woman came around the corner. Her shoulder length brown hair framed her wearied face. She stopped as she reached me. "Winter, it's nice to finally meet you. I've heard a lot about you." My eyes met Bucky's, he immediately looked to the ground, not explaining what the woman meant about finally meeting me.

She held out her hand. "I'm Dr Raynor, James' therapist." My eyebrows rose in shock as I shook her hand. "I'd er...say it's a pleasure, but I'm not a liar." I shrugged my shoulders at her. She gave me a so nod as she released my hand.

"Condition of your release. Session. Now." She barked at me before turning to walk further down the corridor.

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" I snapped back at her. Who the hell had set this up?

"You too James." She threw over her shoulder as she opened a door to one of the rooms further down.

Well at least I knew who was responsible for this bullshit.

"Oh hell no!" I looked at James but Dr Raynor answered. "That wasn't a request!"

I practically growled at Bucky as I stomped o behind the doctor. Sure therapy might work for some people, but generally they choose it. This was being forced on me and I was more than pissed o , I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt rage like I did in that moment.

Following Dr Raynor into the room, she sat behind a small wooden table, the windows behind her flooding light in everywhere. Two chairs sat in front of the table, I sat in one of them and Bucky in the other. Neither of us saying a word. Dr Raynor looked over at me. "So Winter, you've been through a lot."

My spine instantly straightened at the name. "Not Winter. Not anymore." That was Hydra's name, not mine. I associated it with too much pain, it had to go and it had to go now.

"Then what should I call you?"

I had to think about it. I wasn't sure what I wanted to be called, it was the first time I'd been given that choice. Hydra took me from the streets, I had no parents that I could remember. My memories of my time before Hydra were fuzzy at best, but I couldn't remember anyone calling me anything other than Winter my whole life. Now I had a choice, who did I want to be.

Both of them sat watching me as I thought it over. Then something clicked, a name I'd used on missions. It was a persona I'd taken on that I loved, one of a well loved woman. A confident, loved and good woman.

"Y/N." I looked up at her, answering her next question before she'd even asked it. "It was the name I liked most on missions."

"Remind me who chose that name again." Bucky looked at me with a smirk. Of course he'd think it was because he'd chose the name. That wasn't it, at least I didn't think it was. It was the person the name represented. Someone I wanted to be but never could, but maybe I could have a chance to try.

"Yes because my entire life revolves around your stubborn ass." I snapped back.

"I'm the stubborn one?" He sco ed. "Have you met you?"

I didn't get a chance to launch myself at him, Dr Raynor stopped our escalating argument. My walls were up, and they weren't coming down.

"Turn and face each other." Dr Raynor instructed us.

I couldn't help but roll my eyes at her. "You have got to be kidding me." I argued back but turned my chair to face Bucky anyway.

"What's wrong doll? Afraid of getting lost in my eyes again?" He taunted as his chair scraped against the floor.

"No. Just afraid I'll punch you in one of them." I sat back in my chair, crossing my arms over chest.

"Stop bickering and get closer." Dr Raynor interrupted us again. I had to respect her, we weren't the easiest pair to be in a room with, and yet she sat there making it seem like we just a couple of kids she didn't have time for.

We shu led our chairs towards each other, our knees knocking against each other. "You could save us some time and sit on my lap again." Bucky taunted me. I wasn't sure what had crawled up his ass but he was the one that wanted this.

"Aww, are you missing my touch that much Bugaboo?" I smirked over at him. Resulting in one of his signature stares looking back at me. I arched my eyebrow at him. "Are you trying to look constipated or just does it just come naturally?"

He shook his head, his tongue wetting his bottom lip before he looked away from me. I couldn't help but clutch my thighs together, there was just something about him doing that. It sent a burst of heat straight to my core.

It was a few minutes before Dr Raynor broke the silence. "Alright Y/N. Why do you hate James so much?"

I looked straight at him. "He knows why."

"You know I never meant to leave you behind." His voice was so er than it had been before, as if he was trying to get what he was saying to sink in. The thing was, whether he meant it or not. He le me. "But you did leave. You knew what would happen to me. You'd seen it with your own eyes before."

His hands clenched in his lap, frustration written across his face. "I tried to find you. I used every contact I had."

Rage surged through me as I leant forward, my face not far from his. "You tried?! Is that supposed to make me feel better?" I spat at him.

"When I remember the way he raped and assaulted me, because of you! Is that supposed to comfort me?" I slumped back in my chair.

"No! It's supposed to show you I care, like I always have!" Tears fell from his eyes as he snapped at me, leaning forward as he did. "Why can't you just admit that you love me?"

"Is that what you want?" I leant forward my arms resting on my knees, my hands brushing against his legs. "For me to say I love you."

He brushed his pinky finger against my hand. "Yeah." His voice calmer than it was a moment ago.

I couldn't sit that close to him anymore, standing up quickly my chair hit the floor as I run my hands through my hair. "Fine!" I turned to show him the tears now streaming down my face. "I love you! Gods, I love you more than I want to breathe sometimes!" I finally admitted the truth to both him and myself. "But I hate you too. I hate that you le me. I hate that you got everything you ever wanted. And I hate that no matter how much I hate you, I can't stop wanting you!"

I didn't wait for his response or to listen to what Dr Raynor had to say. Instead I stormed out walking straight into Steve as I did. He placed his hands on my arms to steady me. "Hey, what's going on?" He asked, concerned.

"I just...is there a spare room anywhere? I can't be near that self righteous asshole right now."

He nodded his head, not probing any further. Placing his arm around my shoulders he led me to an empty room on the next floor, next to his and opposite Bucky's. I thanked him before closing the door. Once I was alone I let it all go. Sobs consuming me as I slid down the door.

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