

## New Friends

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For the next few weeks, I pretty much kept to myself. The only time I really ran into anyone was when I was training, and then they avoided me as much as possible. I'd kept to my word, stayed in the compound and helped Fury when he wanted it.

Bucky continued to keep his distance, but I often felt his eyes on me. Today was no different, I was at the punching bag, my thoughts floating in a thousand different directions. So when a set of hands on my arms stopped me, I spun round and instinctively punched them in the face.

Bucky's face snapped to the side before he smirked at me. "Damn doll, if I'd known that was all it would take for you to look at me, I'd have done it a lot sooner." His eyes sparkled as he looked down at me.

"By all means Barnes, keep your arms on me and see what happens next." I smirked back at him. You could cut the sexual tension with a knife and I couldn't help but love it. This cat and mouse thing we have going on, it was something I loved and he knew it. I may still hate the man in front of me, but I couldn't deny how much I wanted him too. So when FRIDAY interrupted us, I was more than pissed.

"Mr Stark has an announcement. Miss Y/N is hereby to be known as White Fang."

Bucky's arms immediately left mine. "He's in the lab." He laughed allowing me to storm off.

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"Stark!" I bellowed as I walked into the lab, seeing him stood behind a screen as usual.

"What drama can I help with today?"

I stood with my hands on my hips, as mad as I was, I couldn't help but smile at him. He'd become the only other person, apart from Loki that I'd spent any time with lately. "Why is FRIDAY informing everyone that I have a nickname?"

He never looked up from the screen, but I could see him biting back a laugh. "Because I don't like Y/N."

I threw my hands up in frustration. "And how is White Fang any better? I'm not a fucking wolf."

I could see the gears turning in his brain and knew I wasn't about to like what he was going to say. "No you're not. Thinking about it, you're more like Little Red Riding Hood."

I rolled my eyes and knew I was about to regret my question. "I know I'm going to regret this, but how?"

"You act all innocent and you're still running from the wolf that wants to eat you." He smirked, moving from behind the screen the other side of his lab. Picking up a pen on his way. I couldn't even deny what he was saying.

"What is it with you and wolves?" I queried, moving from my spot to sit on the workbench at the side of the room. Picking up a packet of blueberries, I popped a handful in my mouth. He always had food laying around, it was one thing I actually liked about him.

"I'm not sure." He waved the pen in my direction. "You bring it out in me."

With a sigh I ate some more of his blueberries before jumping down. "I don't have the energy for you today. Just tell FRIDAY to get my name right."

"Sure." He gave me a look that told me he was about to do the opposite of what I told him. "FRIDAY. Log Y/N's name as Little Red."

"Gods I hate you." I sighed rolling my eyes.

"You asked for a God?" Loki appeared behind me giving me a smile that told me, he'd been waiting for the perfect opportunity to appear in front of us.

I rolled my eyes and huffed. "Nope. I'm out." Storming out I heard them both chuckling and I couldn't help but smile. They were assholes but I cared about both of them, something I never thought possible.

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I ended up knocking on a door I never expected to. Walking in I saw Natasha sat on her bed, fresh out of the shower. I leant against the door with my arms crossed. "Can we talk?"

She huffed as she continued to dry her hair. "If we have to." Her tone was as clipped as mine. Yeah we weren't becoming friends any time soon.

I pushed open the door and walked over to the chair next to her bed. I sat down resting my arms on my knees. She watched every move I made, as if she was waiting for me to do something.

"Does he know?" I found the words leaving my lips before I registered what I was saying. That wasn't why I'd come here, but apparently my mouth had a mind of its own.

She looked worried for a moment before she let out a sigh. "You know?"

I chuckled at her. "It's painstakingly obvious. So does he know?"

"I don't think so." Her eyes never left me, judging me. Wondering what I was going to do next. I couldn't stand her, but I could respect her. She didn't lie to me and that was something I liked about her.

"Is that why you've been so against me staying?" I wasn't even sure why I cared at this point, but I might as well find out while I'm here.

"Partially." She paused. "It was more about what you did to Steve."

I knew they were close, but I couldn't understand how Steve could move on and she couldn't. "I won't apologise for what I did." My words came out harsher than I intended. I was sorry for what I did to Steve but I couldn't admit that to anyone. That would make me look weak. I took a deep breath, looking down at the ground. "But I do regret hurting him." My voice came out softer this time. I had to give her something, I might not like her but I need her skill set. Acting like a bitch wasn't going to get me what I want.

"You did what you had to, to survive." Her gaze wondered, as if she was remembering something. When she looked back at me, her expression was less hostile. "I don't like it, but I can understand it."

We both sat in silence for a while before I stood up. "I'm here for the foreseeable future Nat." I turned to face her. "And I could use your help." I finally got to the reason I came here in the first place.

"Why me?"

Well that was a two part answer but I only gave her half of it. "Because you're the best at what you do." I admitted.

I also want to see where your loyalties lie. With the team I'm expected to be a part of, or SHIELD.

If it turned out to be the latter, I was going to have to take her down with them. I knew where Steve's loyalties lied, it's part of what made me trust him. He believed in individuals. Something I could appreciate, I knew if it came to the team or SHIELD he'd chose the team every time. Yet I wasn't sure about Natasha, this was my chance to figure it out.

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A few days later we were on our way to a secure SHIELD server, located on a ship in the middle of the Indian Ocean. There was only us and two SHIELD agents that Nat trusted. No one else knew about what we were doing or where we were going. This was my chance to prove that SHIELD was as dirty as Hydra. Someone was selling secrets and I needed to find out who.

"Are you sure about this?" Nat asked as stood to the side of the jet.

"The power broker is getting his information somehow." I gave her a bit of information, gaining her trust little by little. I still had no clue who the power broker was but they were connected to SHIELD, it was part of why I wanted to take them down. The power broker was a dangerous person, eyes and ears everywhere. You take down one of their sources and they'll retaliate, making themselves vulnerable.

"We need to find you a hobby." She smirked at me as we walked towards the doors for the jet.

Putting in my earpiece I laughed. Hitting the button to lower the ramp. "Careful Romano, you're starting to sound like you care."

She smiled over at me, before clipping her gun into the holster on her thigh.

I couldn't help but smile back. "Oh she knows how to smile." I teased. From anyone looking in it would look like we were friends. We both knew better. I knew she wasn't here because I'd asked nicely and she knew I wanted the intel for more than one reason.

"Maybe you're not so bad."

I smirked and walked out to the end of the ramp. Once I could see the ship below, I turned back to face her. Holding my arms out to the side I smiled. "See you down there." Then I let myself fall backwards, spinning in the air before landing on my knee, my hands on the ground in front of me. I stood up shaking off the fact I'd just landed in the typical superhero pose.

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Nat watched as she jumped from the jet with a small laugh. The SHIELD agent next to her looked on in shock. "Did she have a chute?"

Nat strapped her own parachute to her chest as she looked over to him. "She likes to make an entrance."

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