

Collateral Damage

A party? In the middle of Hightown? Steve really didn't know how the mind of a villain worked. Luckily for us, I did. I'd gone over and over the information. Finally figuring out why she'd been so obvious about hosting the party. Under the venue was a warehouse, one that was only accessible through the club. The perfect hiding place, one way in and one way out.

Everyone had their part to play and this had to work. I needed Steve to trust me to go in alone first. I took his hand in mine as Bucky drove us. "I promise Steve, I need to talk to her and if she sees you or Buck she's either going to run or shoot. Neither gets us what we need." He looked down at our hands and seemed to relax. "Okay, but any sign of trouble and you let us know." I gave him a nod.

Bucky opened the door to the car for me as we arrived at the club. Stepping out he gave me a soft kiss, "stay safe. I'll see you soon." I smiled and stroked my thumb across his cheekbone. "Right back at you Bugaboo." He rolled his eyes at the nickname before disappearing into the club. I followed a few moments later, the music pounding through me. I hated places like this, you could smell the sweat in the air, your feet sticking to the floor as you walked. Finding the door to the warehouse, I slipped in unnoticed. Quietly closing the door behind me, I pulled my gun out from the waistband of my jeans. I slowly made my way down the stairs, flicking the safety off in case she started shooting at me.

"You really think a party would fool me?" I called out as I reached the bottom of the metal stairs. I could still hear the music pounding above me, but my attention was fixed on the blonde that appeared from behind a wooden crate. Her gun drawn on me as mine was on her. "Drop your weapon," she tried to intimidate me, clearly underestimating who she was dealing with.

I kept my gun trained on her, my eyes never leaving her. I wasn't watching what she was doing, I was watching her body language to see what she was going to do. "Oh honey, I don't think so." We took a step closer to each other.

"You have been nothing but a pain in my ass since you left Hydra." She told me, the anger evident in her eyes. The thing with anger is it leaves you open to mistakes. It was one of the few things that I'd been thankful to Hydra for. They taught me how to bottle my emotions to focus on the mission. Which is what I was doing now. "I'd say I'm sorry, but we both know that's a lie." I told her as she took a step towards me. I knew what she was expecting, she wanted me to step backwards, so she could block me in. Instead I stepped to the side, circling her. She cocked her head to the side, playing for time. "So where are your groupies?"

"Busy. It's just you and me." I lied, thankful I'd opted for a wire and not an earpiece. The others would be able to hear us but she would notice no earpiece and believe I was alone. She slowly raised her gun in the air, before turning the safety on as she lowered it. I did the same, my eyes never leaving her. She was playing a game, but so was I, and I'd been playing it for longer than her. "So now you want to talk?" I kept moving, standing still was never a good idea in these situations.

She shook her head slightly, copying my movements. "You know when I took that shot, I thought for sure that Steve would come and get me. To defend his new favourite toy." Okay if that's what she thought, she really needed to update her information, but I kept quiet, letting her dig her own grave. "Yet he never did, he let me to run. Again."

I feigned boredom as I rolled my eyes at her, "are you planning on getting to the point some time soon?"

"This life," she lifted her arms to gesture around her. Her emotions were getting the better of her, which could be an advantage for me, but it also made her unpredictable. "It's the one he gave me."

I laughed at her, sarcasm flooding through me. "Oh no! You became collateral damage?" I put my hand over my heart just to drive the point home, before shaking my head at her. Raising my voice slightly to get my point across. "Newsflash sweetheart! You're not the first." Maybe I could've been nicer, tried to sympathise with being on the run, but she had tried to kill me. I had no fucks left to give when it came to her. "The difference between you and everyone else? You chose to kill people, to keep the empire you'd built."

She thought my words over for a moment, clearly unimpressed with the picture I gave her of herself. "Didn't you?" She sneered as a fake smile graced her face. As much as it touched a nerve hearing her talk about me like that, I kept it hidden. "I killed to survive. To stop anyone going through the torture I went through. You kill for power, so don't compare the two."

She shook her head, irritation clear as day on her face. "I'd love to know what they see in you. Other than something to fix."

I heard Bucky's footsteps as he rounded the corner with his gun drawn. "Doll?" He called out as he came into view. The second Sharon saw him, her body language changed, my grip on my gun tightened as she looked at me. "Time's up." Before she could let her shot off, I shot her. Her bullet grazed my arm before mine hit her directly in the stomach. "Next time try not to give your move away before you make it."

Bucky walked towards me, "you okay doll?" He looked at the red patch on my arm. I gazed down and shrugged my shoulders. "Yeah it's just a graze Buck, I'm fine."

"You bitch!" Sharon groaned out from her spot on the floor. Steve rounded the corner in his Captain America suit, of course he'd found time to change. He looked good, I had to quickly shake the thought away. "We told you to wait Y/N." Before I could respond another shot was fired as I fell to the floor, clutching at my side. "Fuck. That one hurt," I groaned out as Bucky rushed to my side.

Steve kicked Sharon's gun away, glaring down at her with a look I'd never seen on his face. He was angry, it was a dark anger and one I kind of wanted to see again. "Sharon enough," he growled down at her before turning to Bucky. "Get her out of here Buck."

Bucky rested his metal hand on my shoulder, "can you walk?" I could hear the worry in his voice. "Yeah," I let him help me to my feet, my gun still in my hand as my finger twitched on the trigger. "Just one last thing." I pushed round him, firing a shot straight between Sharon's eyes. I expected one or both of them to at least attempt to stop me or yell at me for what I'd done. Instead Steve just gave me a nod, like he finally understood that there was no other way to stop her. "Get her out of here Buck."

Bucky caught me as my balance failed me. I looked over at Steve, a genuine look on my face. I knew he'd struggle with the outcome of today. "I'm sorry Steve, she never would've stopped." He didn't say anything, just turned his back and walked back over to Sharon. As Bucky got us over to the stairs I could feel myself getting weaker, panic setting in. "Buck, I-" I didn't finish my warning as I passed out in his arms.

"Shit." Bucky muttered as he stared down at her, her face paling with every passing breath. He pulled her into his arms and ran, one destination in mind.

The hospital.

I woke up in a bright room, the lights giving away exactly where I was. Again. I sighed and threw my head backwards. A figure at the corner of my eye caught my attention. Steve stood in the doorway, a tired look across his face. I gave him a small smile, "so turns out I wasn't quite as okay as I thought." He walked into the room, throwing his leather jacket on the chair beside my bed. He sat on the bed beside me, "how are you?"

"I'll be fine. Just a bit of blood loss." I assumed, but given the lack of machinery attached to me, it was clear that it was exactly that that had led me here. He shook his head slightly, placing his hand over mine. "That's not what I meant."

"How bad is it?" I asked referring to the backlash of killing Sharon. He was an Avenger, he had rules to follow, I wasn't sure what the outcome of what I'd done would be. "The drive had enough evidence to connect her to multiple killings." That reassured me, squeezing my hand. "Besides she shot you first, that's enough to make it go away."

"You're okay with that?" I turned my hand in his, giving him a small squeeze back. I knew this would be hard on him, the hero in him wouldn't like the idea of me taking someone's life. He gave me a smile, his eyes almost smiling back at me. "Yeah."

"Why?"

"You kept your promise. You asked questions first." Steve pushed down the thought that Sharon had got what she deserved. He couldn't let himself think like that, he was a hero. Yet the more time he spent with Y/N, he could feel himself changing. A change that he wasn't totally opposed to.

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