

## We Have A History

I so ly knocked on the door of Steve's room at the compound. I was more than a bit nervous about what I was going to tell him. Steve was a hero through and through but this was a mess that I had to clean up before someone else got hurt.

He opened the door with a smile.

"Y/N, you don't have to knock, it's not like you haven't seen every part of me." He teased with a wink, opening the door wider so I could walk in.

I kissed him so ly as I walked over to his kitchen area, hopping up on the counter.

"So...I'm gonna need you to not bite my head o about this."

"What did you do?" He smiled, coming to stand between my legs resting his hands on my hips.

"Technically, I haven't done anything yet."

Steve chuckled, shaking his head slightly.

"You and Buck get the same look in your eye when you're up to something."

I knew the look he was referring to, the lip biting was something me and Buck had in common. I couldn't deny that we were as bad as each other when it came to hiding things.

"That's fair." I chuckled, wrapping my hands around his neck. "I've got a mission."

"And why would I bite your head o about that?" He asked, nuzzling into my neck kissing across my collarbone.

He was making it insanely di icult to concentrate as he began nipping gently at my skin, the action alone making me nearly forget why I came here in the first place.

"I...erm...the person I need to bring in..." I struggled to finish my sentence as his hand started massaging my breast. "Fuck, Steve."

He moved his hand to my throat, pulling back to look into my eyes as he squeezed slightly.

"Language." He growled.

"Sorry Captain."

He smiled, releasing me. "You were saying?" He li ed my top up to expose my bra, pulling the cup down and exposing my breast.

"Right, mission. The target, we have..." He pinched my nipple between his fingers before leaning down and kissing the pain away. I could feel the desire pooling in me, all my thoughts dissolving away.

"Sweetheart, if you don't finish then I won't." He threatened with a smirk.

"We have a history!" I blurted out before he had time to start teasing me again.

He kept rolling my hardened peak between his fingers as he spoke. "What kind of history?"

"The I let her walk away and now people are dead kind." This seemed to snap him out of his lust filled haze as he pulled away.

The atmosphere dampened quicker than a bucket of water on a raging fire. I covered myself back up, looking down at my hands.

"She's killed SHIELD agents Steve, that's on me."

"Did you know she was going to do it?"

"Of course not!" I roared, o ended that he'd think otherwise.

He walked back over to me, putting his arms around my waist.

"Then it's not on you."

I so ened. "Regardless, it's my mess to fix." I had to fix it and I knew when he found out the truth about her that he was going to be less than impressed.

"What are you planning?"

I could feel the dark part of me creeping back to the surface as I answered him.

"To take down the bad guy as always." I kept my answer purposely vague, if I could get away with him not asking too many questions then maybe, just maybe he'd let me go alone.

Of course he saw through my bullshit. He'd gotten too good at reading me.

"What aren't you telling me?"

Here we go.

"She's only nineteen."

He pulled away from me, physically and emotionally as his body tensed. He was angry, he wasn't the only one of us that had learnt to read the other in our time together. A time I was pretty sure was about to come to an end. Where Bucky would always accept that I wasn't a true hero, Steve always seemed to hope for more.

"Oh god Y/N. You can't treat this like any other mission."

Why couldn't he understand that she'd le me with no other choice? "We wouldn't even be having this conversation if it was a thirty year old man! What's the di erence?" I snapped. I was only telling him about this as a courtesy, the attitude I could do without.

"She's a kid! How can't you see that?" He raised his voice, not helping with the anger I was now feeling, or the guilt I had surrounding Karli.

"Because I can't see past the lives she taken! That blood is on my hands Steve!" If a shouting match is what he wanted, then I'd give him one. "You think I want to do this? That I want to go back to the point in my life that I've le behind?!"

"Doesn't seem like you've le it very far behind."

I hid the way my heart shattered at his comment. Letting my complete rage take centre stage.

"Wow. Don't come by the house tonight. We're done here." I stormed past him, slapping his hand away as he reached out trying to stop me.

"You're ending this because of one argument?" He called out as I rested my hand on the door handle.

My body began vibrating with anger. "No you fucking idiot!" I roared out as I pulled the door open. "I'm saying I can't look at you right now!" I stormed out, slamming the door shut behind me.

I had to get this mission done, if I lost Steve in the process then so be it. If he couldn't see the bigger picture then that was his problem. I passed Nat in the hallway, completely ignoring her false concern at what had me so upset. I had to get out of there, the whole compound felt like it was stifling me. The weight of what had brought me here threatening to take over.

Stepping out onto the street I could finally breathe. I pulled my phone out, dialling Bucky's number. It went straight to voicemail which did nothing to help with my mood.

"Buck something's happened. I don't want to do this over voicemail but I've got no fucking choice at this point." I proceeded to tell him in detail exactly what had happened and part of what I planned to do. "I know you'll be there when it counts, I love you." I hung up, hoping he'd know that him following me was a rather large part of my plan.

I all but ran to the subway before heading home. I needed a shower and to make sure this mission would go o without a hitch. It had to.

She couldn't be allowed to hurt anyone else, not when I was able to put a stop to it.

This was my fault, people were dead because I took pity on her. I won't make the same mistake twice.

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