

I Have A Family

I knew I was in the right place as I looked through the stacks of wooden crates. Stolen SHIELD weapons lined each one. Whatever sympathy I had for Karli became non-existent. She'd gone too far on the rails for me to even consider letting her go this time.

I hopped up onto one of the crates knowing she'd be here soon. I flicked the safety on and on my gun out of boredom. The sound of footsteps in the distance told me she was close. She was good, any normal person wouldn't have heard her. Unfortunately for her, I wasn't normal.

"Oh sweetie, skulking in the shadows won't help you now." I sang out sweetly.

Karli came down the metal stairs, her gun trained on me. I could hear the pounding of her heart as she took in my attire. I'd gone full winter soldier for this and it had the exact effect I knew it would. It scared her.

"Not so mouthy now are we." I smiled beneath my mask as I swung my legs, landing on my feet as I climbed down from my perch.

"How did you find me?"

I scooped. "I think that's the least of your worries right now." I gestured to the crates of weapons behind me.

"There was a time I respected you. Now you're just like them." Her voice was dripping with venom.

"Once upon a time I would've been insulted by that." I shrugged.

The sound of footsteps caught her attention, pulling a smile across my face.

Right on time.

"See now the thing is I have a family."

Bucky came into view his gun pointed straight at Karli as he edged to my side. "Put the gun down Karli." He warned her.

Her hands shook slightly as she gripped the gun tighter.

"You've been stalling." She finally put the pieces together.

"He's like a dog with a bone. I knew he'd find me eventually."

Bucky rolled his eyes but kept his attention on her.

"You think your precious boyfriend will stop me?" Her arrogance shone through. Something I'd told her more than once was going to get her killed.

"You think he's here to stop you?" I laughed. "Oh sweetheart. He's here to stop me."

I had no doubt that's why he'd followed me, he knew I could take Karli out without breaking a sweat. He just didn't want me to sink too far into the darkness I'd worked so hard to fight my way out of.

Karli raised the gun, ready to pull the trigger. "Don't be stupid Karli," I warned her as I readied my own weapon. Unlike her I didn't have to aim it at her to make my point. My shot would hit its target either way.

As her finger pulled the trigger, Bucky jumped in front of me. The bullet hitting him in the chest before he fell to the floor. Never before had I felt anger surge through me like I did in that moment.

No one gets to shoot Bucky but me.

I raised my gun, one well-placed shot and she was on the floor. It wouldn't kill her, it would do worse than that. It remind her for the rest of her life what she had done. How she had lost.

I rushed to Bucky, ripping my top as I did what I could to slow the bleeding. I couldn't lose him, I wouldn't survive it. What seemed like hours was likely only minutes. Sirens wailed around us as a strong pair of arms wrapped themselves around me.

I looked up to find Steve complete in full Captain America suit behind me.

"You need to let the paramedics take him."

I let Steve pull me away for a moment before I pushed away from him. I was still mad at him. Even seeing Bucky laying on the ground couldn't stop the hurt Steve's words had brought me.

Once Bucky was loaded into the ambulance I jumped on my motorbike, speeding off behind them.

It was twelve hours later when the doctor told me I could finally go and see him. They had repaired the damage from the bullet. What they were concerned with now was the trauma to his head when he hit the concrete floor.

The breath seemed to leave my lungs as I walked into the hospital room. He was covered in wires, the steady beep of the monitors stopped me breaking down altogether.

Tentatively I walked towards him, sitting on the chair beside his bed. I took his hand in mine, tears streaming down my face as I watched him.

"You stubborn idiot." I cried. It should've been me in that bed. Not him, never him. "I can't do this without you Buck, you're everything good in my life." I led his hand to my lips kissing it softly.

"Everything good?" Steve asked. I hadn't even noticed him by the doorway, watching me.

"Steve. Not now." I snapped, turning my attention back to Bucky.

I couldn't deal with the drama between Steve and I right now. That was a fight for another day.

Steve nodded, walking into the room. "You're right, I'm sorry." He slung his jacket over the chair the opposite side of the bed.

"Why are you here?"

"He's my best friend, I wanted to make sure he was okay."

I felt like such a bitch, I could hardly blame him for wanting to be there.

I sighed, looking down at the man that was my everything.

"He just jumped in front of me. There was nothing I could do." My voice became shaky as I replayed what had happened over and over in my head.

Steve reached over Bucky, taking my other hand in his.

"This wasn't your fault sweetheart."

I didn't push him away this time, needing the small amount of comfort he was bringing me.

"If I had just shot her on sight like I wanted to...he wouldn't be here."

"You did the right thing."

"The right thing?" I scooped, finally looking up from Bucky to look at Steve. "The right thing for who? Because I sure as shit don't feel like a fucking hero right now."

"You are."

"How's Karli doing?" I changed the subject, with a smirk on my face.

"She's okay. You missed any vital organs." Steve told me, completely missing the sinister look in my eyes.

"I'm aware of that. I know where to shoot Steve, that wasn't what I was asking."

That seemed to help him connect the dots.

"You want to make sure she regrets it."

"I know she's going to regret it Steve." Karli was many things but she wasn't a cold-blooded killer. I could almost guarantee that shooting Bucky was something she'd never done before. Setting off a bomb, killing people that way is different. It's not as personal, you don't see the damage you inflict. Shooting someone right in front of you is something you never forget.

"I only let her alive because I know the effect it's going to have on her. I want it to plague her every breath. Then when she thinks she's over it, I want it to consume her and pull her back under all over again."

I expected Steve to pull away at seeing how dark I could still become. Yet his grip on my hand only increased.

"You see Steve, there's more than one way to torture someone." I could feel that dark side of me washing over me like a tidal wave. I was ready to drown in it, to let it consume me.

"Y/N stop." Steve rounded the bed, crouching in front of me. "This isn't you anymore."

"Yes it is Steve. It always will be."

"No it's not. You're just upset." He tried to get through to me.

The problem was I didn't want him to. I wanted the darkness to sweep over me, consume me and I there was nothing left. Without Bucky I was a shell of a person and I couldn't face life that way.

"Just leave me alone." I pulled my hands from his, turning back to Bucky. My eyes stung from holding everything in.

With a sigh Steve put his jacket back on. "I'm not leaving you Y/N, but I'll wait for you outside."

"I'm not leaving him."

"I know." Steve looked over at me, trying his best to give me the space I needed. "But I'm not leaving you. So I'll be right outside when you need me."

I hated how much just knowing that was keeping me in control. Usually Bucky was the one that kept me from falling, it was scary how easy Steve could fit that role too.

I couldn't concentrate on that right now. I had to be there for Bucky. When he woke up everything would be okay.

It had to be.

2

[Continue reading next part](#) 